
샤시미
한자루로
아카데미를
씹어먹음

Information

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“If I slash, it will be cut.”

I, who was once called the best swordsman in the nation, have ended up in a mobile game I've only spent money on a few times. And I've even received the blessing of the 'Sword God'!

But… the only weapon I can use is a sashimi knife?

Just one minute a day. I become a Sword Saint with a sashimi knife.

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Ch. 1 Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 1

Episode 1: A Master Doesn't Blame His Equipment (1)

It's been almost a year since I was thrown into the game.

'Miracle Protection M'.

A mass-produced mobile game that needs no further explanation.

It can be summed up in one word. A typical pay-to-win model, a typical auto-hunting system. It's a game that would probably be ranked 5th to 10th on the store rankings.

There wasn't really a story.

But why did I play this game? I simply liked the appearance of the female characters in the game. But who would have thought that I would get sucked into a game that I started playing every now and then to get some air in my nostrils?

I didn't play multiple times, and I didn't pay extra to get any special benefits, so why am I grumbling for half a year? Now, I've gotten used to it to some extent and am living a satisfying life.

Let me say this again: I am not a character in a game, I am a person in a game.

A background character A, who is worse than a passing NPC, that is exactly my current address.

Here my name is Kang Geum-ma.

I know what three-letter name flashed through my mind. It's a name that naturally brings to mind the line, "A woman… talking back?"

When I first heard it, I burst out laughing.

The character for sword (劍) is written with the character for devil (魔), making it strong.

I wanted to erase it right away, like resetting a nickname, but my father in this world spent a lot of money on a naming shop to make it for me. There was a bullshit theory here that the lower the status of a name, the longer you live. But I still think the devil is a bit harsh on his son.

… I want to change my name, but there is a useless reality check that says minors need the consent of their guardians, so I have to live with this name at least until I become an adult.

Anyway, aside from the minor flaw in the name, it was somehow livable.

Although it is a little below the middle class, it is a harmonious family with no shortcomings, and fortunately, the setting of 'Miracle Protection M' is Korea. That part narrowed the gap between the world I originally lived in and this place. The names, place names, and geography were almost the same, with only a few minor differences.

Thanks to that, I was living the life of a teenage boy who was born with a spoon in his mouth.

On Earth, my family went bankrupt when I was in high school, so I spent my childhood doing dishes and cleaning at a local Japanese restaurant. Just being able to eat warm stew and rice three times a day made me feel incredibly blessed.

A year passed like that. When I was slowly forgetting that this was a game, a piece of paper that seemed to drive home the truth, 'Huh, this isn't real,' flew into my house.

Admission notice from 'Joaquin Academy'.

= = = =

Notice of Acceptance

Exam Number: 4982-A

Name: Kang Geom Ma

We would like to inform you that the above person has passed the academy in 2034. Please respond to the following ( ).

1. Date and Time: 09:00, April 17, 2034

2. Location: Joaquin Academy Auditorium

3. What to bring: Your own weapons and belongings

= = = =

‘Oh my god! Look at this, honey!’

‘Hahahaha, Geomma, you are the pride of our Seori Kang clan! As expected, you were born with good fortune with a good name. You are great, our son!’

The parents congratulated me on my admission with their faces brightened. I tried to stop them from going down to the hometown of Seori Kang to slaughter a pig. No, the family hometown is Seori. Are your ancestors thieves?

“…under.”

A deep sigh escaped my lips. As the day of admission approached, I couldn’t help but frown.

My simple plan to live an ordinary life in a wealthy family has been ruined. Damn it.

‘How on earth did this bastard Kang Geum-ma pass?’

The situation was as follows. Before I was possessed, Kanggeomma manifested his blessing and took the entrance exam for Joaquin Academy, and passed.

The favor was usually hereditary. Outstanding heroic families tried to solidify their vested rights by getting married in advance, and the background for this was the birth of the ‘Joaquin Academy’. It was a school for the upper class where the children of heroic families judged each other and formed a future.

Of course, compared to other academy cadets who entered with all sorts of honors hanging from their faces, I wasn’t all that special.

Those who were not from heroic families usually found significance in being able to enter as ‘special students’.

Honestly, even at this point when I’m packing my bags, I still wonder how this guy, Kang Geum-ma, passed.

I wonder how well I did on the written test. Thanks to that, I got to smell ink, which I never had in my fortune.

“Gahora… … .”

As I briefly shouted ‘Protection’ in my head, a status window appeared on my retina.

= = = =

[Painless Protection]

The pain goes away.

[※ Activation time: 30 seconds, Cooldown: 12 hours]

= = = =

As I looked at the protection that Kanggeomma had manifested, I felt gloomy. The ability itself seemed like a very attractive protection.

The problem is that the activation time is only 30 seconds, but the cooldown is 12 hours. The activation time is only 1 minute per day.

While rolling my eyes and laughing, my gaze stopped at the corner of the status window.

‘Yeah, there was this.’

A new protection bestowed upon me by coming here, not as a strong swordsman.

＝＝ ＝＝

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

[※ The protection is activated only when the blade is less than 30 cm long and less than 5 cm wide.]

＝＝ ＝＝

His name is Geomma (劍魔), but his guardian deity is Geomsin (劍神).

There is no concept like this concept.

The simple content, which contrasts with the lengthy name, felt rather vague.

Among them, the condition stood out the most.

Blade length less than 30cm, width less than 5cm. It’s a size that’s embarrassing to even call a sword.

The specifications were exactly like those of the sashimi knife I had been holding my entire life. I wondered if they were telling me to cut sashimi even here.

Of course, it was something I was good at and enjoyed, but I wanted to try something different with my new life.

But what can I do, the restraints of the system are gnawing at me. I am satisfied that the standards are not excessive.

… Life really doesn’t always go the way you want it to.

“after.”

The moment I let out a short sigh and started to slowly finish packing my bags.

“Oh, that’s right. I didn’t bring any weapons.”

Now that I think about it, the characters’ families and warriors in the work suddenly came to mind.

Even the lowest-grade E-rank weapon costs tens of millions of won, while the average C-rank weapon costs hundreds of millions of won. The A-rank and S-rank weapons were treasures in and of themselves.

I thought about it for a moment and then shook my head.

Our family, which was an ordinary middle-class family, did not have the financial means to purchase such expensive weapons.

The academy’s tuition alone was murderous by our standards. I didn’t want to increase unnecessary spending while being pushed into admission.

Even though it clearly says to bring the required items, I felt like I would get banned from the first day if I didn’t bring them…

I thought about it for a moment, then got up and grabbed my wallet.

“Let’s go to DAIXO.”

‘A master never blames his equipment.’

It was a habit of my first teacher who insisted on using only Japanese knives worth one million won.

* * *

“… New student. Is this really a weapon?”

“yes.”

On the day of the entrance ceremony,

The instructor looked back and forth between the black-haired student and the armed examination stand.

I wanted to scowl and say, “Are you kidding me?” but I was dumbfounded by his calm demeanor. I stared at the cadet’s face for a moment before lowering my gaze again.

A package that was still unopened and placed on the stand. The fluorescent sticker that said ‘30% off’ and the Daiso brand were prominent. And it wasn’t just one, it was ten bundles.

In my 10 years as an instructor, I have never heard of or seen weapons like this. To be honest, I questioned whether it could even be called weapons.

The instructor swallowed what he wanted to say and hardened his expression.

“New students, do you think the Academy is a joke? Do you think it is reasonable that the weapons you will be using for the entrance exam today are things like this fruit sword?”

Yes, if it’s a joke, I’ll let it slide once. As it’s the world’s best academy attended by children from the upper class, there were often mischievous students who grew up without any sense of shame. The extremely adolescent mentality of wanting to sit on the head of the faculty once.

It was quite shocking that they started such pranks on the first day of school, but discipline must be maintained at the beginning. The most effective way to deal with these types of students is to take the initiative.

The instructor’s eyes widened. The new student tilted his head slightly as if he didn’t know.

“This is my weapon.”

The instructor’s wrinkled eyebrows unknowingly straightened at the boy’s tone, which was both reckless and somehow polite. The boy, who had been observing the situation, began to explain the reason in detail.

“Instructor, I am a special student from an ordinary family, so I cannot afford to bring expensive weapons. The tuition alone would

have been a huge burden to my parents, and now they are asking me to buy expensive weapons just for my own good. How could I commit such an unfilial act as a child?"

"… … ."

A sharp tone and a look of gunfire in the eyes.

The instructor who heard the situation brushed his face away. The academy's tuition alone would have been burdensome enough for special students who were not from the upper class.

It is unbelievable that someone belonging to an academy that should be a place for equal learning is being driven away by prejudice and such a deep-rooted filial son.

The 30% discount was probably a consideration for the incoming freshman, who wanted to minimize his burden as much as possible. The instructor's eyes turned red.

Without stopping, the boy adds his words as if driving a wedge into the conversation.

"And… I think blaming the equipment is something only low-level people do."

The instructor flinched in surprise. It didn't seem like something that would come out of a boy in his teens. His words were full of confidence, as if he had reached the pinnacle of a certain field.

'A master never blames his equipment.'

I was at a loss as to how to react to this very meaningful feeling, but I soon decided to give strength to the boy's flag. I wanted to cast a vote for that strong Gonzo for no reason.

"I will allow this cadet to carry weapons."

"Thank you, Instructor."

I couldn't help but think that it would be nice to have a son like this.

“Cadet, what is your name?”

“It’s Ganggeomma.”

After Kanggeomma bowed his head in greeting, he swept the bundle of swords into his bag.

The other students standing in line next to him were all throwing sarcasm at him. Seeing this, a thick vein appeared on the instructor’s temple.

“New students! Be quiet and move quickly, quickly!”

“… … .”

Leaving the ridicule behind, Kang Geum-ma packed his remaining luggage and walked away without a care.

“I, the instructor, can either become an angel or a devil depending on your actions. Do you understand?”

“yes…….”

“Oh, your voice is small. Do you understand?”

“yes!”

As the instructor shouted, the blood in his throat rising, the expressions on their faces suddenly changed.

“Ganggeommara… … .”

The instructor muttered the boy’s name quietly.

A sly smile escaped my lips at the sight of her back, which left a deep impression on me.

One of the swords had a name that sounded like it would be used with great skill.

* * *

Academy Faculty Lounge,

“phew…….”

The male instructor, who had finished guiding the cadets, opened the door with a tired look. A woman with short hair smiled and waved at him.

“Thank you for your hard work, senior.”

“Yeah, thank you. Oh my, it’s a good thing this is an annual event. I’m only in my early 30s, but I feel like I’ve aged a lot already.”

The instructor, who had taken off his black faculty coat, leaned back on the sofa. He gently massaged his tense shoulders with his hands.

“Don’t worry, senior. If you look old on the outside, you’ll live young later, right?”

“Swish, sir.”

“Hehe, by the way, have you seen the list of cadets this year? There were about fifteen of them, with maybe one or two students per class.”

“I see.”

When the instructor responded with a blank expression, the junior asked back with a puzzled expression.

“Senior, is there a cadet that left an impression on you during the weapon examination?”

“Well, well.”

The instructor was thinking for a moment, rubbing his chin. Suddenly, the face of a new student flashed through his mind.

“Oh, there is one.”

“Oh, really? Who is she? The niece of the Spear Saint? Or the daughter of the Zhe Bow? Or maybe the granddaughter of the Sword Emperor? That’s her!?”

“No, there’s a special student besides them. I like his sparkling eyes. He’s mature, really.”

“Heh- I don’t think there’s ever been anyone who said that to me. I’m curious, so tell me who it is!”

The junior’s eyes sparkled. The male instructor smiled lowly and shrugged his shoulders.

“It’ll be no fun if I tell you first. Just watch it later. You’ll know when you see it.”

“If you’re a special promotion student, then you’ll probably get a little protection… Are you armed with an A-class weapon? Or maybe an S-class weapon!? Just tell me what kind of weapon you’re using. I’ll pay close attention during the entrance exam later.”

The instructor rolled his eyes here and there, then raised one corner of his mouth and answered.

“Daiso Sashimi.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 2

Episode 2: A Master Doesn't Blame His Equipment (2)

Joaquin Academy. The school's ostensible motto was to nurture heroes.

Why do we need heroes? It's simple.

Because there is a demon king.

The founder of the Academy and its ancestral hero.

Although it had the bright pretext of producing heroes who would continue the legacy of 'Balor Joaquin', in reality it was a social gathering place only for the noble children of the corrupt forces.

However, its reputation was not entirely in vain, as its status as an educational institution was also the best in the world, and many special class applicants wanted to cross the threshold of the school. The competition rate was accordingly fierce.

It is worthy of praise that Kang Geum-ma succeeded in entering the academy on his own. But I wonder why it was me, who wanted to live an ordinary life, who was the target.

So the entrance ceremony was canceled. It would have been a waste of time on boring lectures, so I decided to efficiently look around the school I would be attending for the next three years. There was only one hour left until the class placement test anyway. I had plenty of time.

"… It's cool."

I expected it since it was basically a school for upper class people, but the scale was ridiculous.

First of all, the site felt more like a small city than a school.

The buildings that filled the area were also a delight to the eye. The Victorian-style outbuildings were lined up beautifully, and the landscaping was alive with the hard work of gardeners.

Above all, the top of the main building, which could only be seen after tilting one's head upwards for a long time, pierced the clouds like the Tower of Babel.

I sat on a shaded bench under a tree.

As I looked at the fluffy clouds floating by, I longed for the nicotine that would relieve the tension in my stiff neck.

Even apart from being a student, there was no concept of cigarettes in this world. Well, in a game where the main stage is an academy, if teenagers were to all smoke cigarettes, it would probably be frowned upon.

I leaned back on the bench, propping my head up with my arms as if I was lying down. The smell of spring drifted in the cool breeze. The tip of my nose tickled at the thought of a scene from a youth drama.

The spring breeze made my eyelids heavy, so I closed my eyes for a moment.

Come to think of it, I don't have any notable memories of my teenage years in my previous life. My family, which was doing okay, went bankrupt because my father made a mistake in guaranteeing a loan.

When I was faced with the developments I had seen on TV or in comics, I had to face the cold, harsh reality at the young age of seventeen.

So I dropped out of high school and started working at a Japanese restaurant. I didn't have any grand vision, it was just because the

restaurant was close to my house.

I picked up a knife at an age when I should have been holding a pencil. At the time, I think I envied my peers, but I was more attracted to the smell of fish than the smell of ink.

He used to be called the best swordsman in the country, hehe.

I opened my eyes halfway and checked the time.

There were 30 minutes left until the class placement test. It felt like I had just turned on for a moment, but time had passed so quickly.

At this point, I wanted to take a deep breath and let out a lullaby under the sunlight, but when I thought of my parents' faces, who had silently supported my enormous tuition, I found myself getting up.

I left my regret behind and touched the bag that was like a bundle.

I left my carrier containing clothes and necessities at the dormitory as soon as I arrived.

Inside this bag are a few 5kg dumbbells and a bundle of knives I bought in a hurry.

'A test is a test, so you have to get used to it.'

Come to think of it, I haven't even touched water, let alone a knife, since I came here.

I've been eating only knife-cut rice for nearly 20 years, so do you think my skills would have rusted because I took a year off?

Another phrase from my first teacher came to mind.

'You must not let go of your sword even for a day. Hold it while you sleep. Do you understand?'

Of course I've never slept with it. What if I accidentally get stabbed while sleeping?

Well, I guess that's what you say.

I unwrapped the bundle inside and took out one piece of sashimi.

As I hold the hilt of a knife for the first time in a while, the feeling of being uneasy somehow disappears.

I looked at it from different angles. I raised my index and middle fingers and swept the handle once, and I half-opened the scabbard and held the blade to my ear, hitting it with my fingernail to make a metallic sound.

The refreshing sound of the ting- ting completely swept away my drowsiness. Considering the cost-effectiveness, the finish wasn't bad, and I also quite liked the wooden scabbard.

'It's better than I thought?'

I was satisfied with the purchase, considering it was on sale. If it gets caught on something hard like a bone, the blade will go out quickly, but for the price, it was great.

A smile appeared on my face as I felt a sense of satisfaction. While I was at it, I took off the scabbard and took out the sharp blade to cut a leaf.

Then there is a pop-up sound and messages appear.

[The equipment meets the conditions.]

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

"What, all of a sudden without even blinking?"

[The level of the flesh is too low.]

[The level of the weapon is too low.]

[Use the suppression to start syncing for the user.]

Jiiing—

[Synchronization completed.]

Following the last message.

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

《May God bless you.》

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

A sweet woman's voice whispered in my ear.

Immediately afterwards, a burning sensation as if my brain was being burned by a hot lump of iron sent shivers down my spine.

"Kkaaaaaaaaaah!"

A series of actions called perception are endlessly repeated, reflected, and reversed. It feels like information that far exceeds human tolerance is crammed into your head in an instant.

The smell of burning protein lingers in my nostrils, and the heat that tore through my brain spread to my forehead. I was unable to even utter a single scream due to the pain I had never experienced before.

As I began to think that I might really fall over, I opened my eyes with force, my eyelids gradually becoming heavier as if something was running down them.

'!?'

A bluish vision, as if paint had seeped into the eyeballs. A world with red streaks like chains on a landscape shattered into shards like a broken mirror. Fragments of the shattered space floated in the air.

I dropped the sword I was holding due to the overwhelming sense of powerlessness I had never felt before. Then, as if nothing had happened, the world that had been torn apart was put back together in an instant and restored to its original state.

After a few seconds, my rapid breathing stopped and my blood flow, which had been drying up, returned to normal.

I sat down, clutching my head as if it was going to burst. It still felt like someone had torn my head apart. The joints of my trembling limbs jerked in strange directions.

"… What the fuck."

A pain that goes beyond the concept of pain, a pain I never want to experience again. The after-pain of the previous 'Painless Protection' was only mild muscle pain.

It seemed like the 'Sword God's Protection' had its own special characteristics.

If this happens every time I activate the protection, I don't think I'll be able to use it.

This is all I've gotten from holding the sword for a short while, but if it had been longer, it wouldn't have ended with just passing out.

I thought it was a special privilege because it had a grand name, but isn't it worse than a dud?

In the first place, I couldn't even guess what kind of ability it was. Is it some kind of protection from the swordsman that the world is just split into small pieces and projected onto the retina?

When I was shaking my body with a pale complexion.

'Hoo- hoo- ah. ah. Mic test.'

A noisy voice pounded my eardrums.

'Exactly 10 minutes from now, we will be conducting a class assignment test in the practice field in front of the main building. All cadets are requested to assemble.'

When I came to my senses, twenty minutes had already passed. I swept the items scattered on the floor, showing signs of struggle, into my bag.

Just one thing, I had quite a long agonizing over whether or not to pick up the knife with its packaging torn off.

But what if, what if, it's just like that at first?

I hesitated and then cautiously reached out my hand.

“Eeeeeeeeeeeeee, sh-s …

It wasn’t Gi-woo.

* * *

The circular arena surrounding the common area was reminiscent of the Colosseum in Rome. The stands were packed with people waiting to watch the class placement test, the first official event of the world’s greatest hero training institute.

Among them, those who filled the upper part were VIP seats for noble bloodlines.

A plump, middle-aged man speaks timidly to a white-haired man.

“Huh, huh. Your Majesty has taken difficult steps.”

There was no answer in return.

Sword Emperor Siegfried von Nibelung.

He is the descendant of Aaron Nibelung, the disciple of the hero of the time, Balor Joaquin, and the current head of the Nibelung family. He is the favorite of the heavens and is currently called the strongest man among humans.

“… … .”

As the shining golden eyes glanced at the plump man, sweat began to form on the man’s forehead.

“Ha, ha. Then have a nice time.”

The man quickly walked back to his place, his belly rippling.

“…under.”

A sigh lingered in Siegfried’s mouth. He had come to attend his only granddaughter’s entrance ceremony, but the crowd of people steeped in the idea of chosen people made him feel sick. His white eyebrows furrowed as he watched them humiliate the glory of their ancestors.

Someone was approaching him from the other side.

A beauty with long green hair that reached down to her waist and mint-colored eyes, wearing a dark robe like a bathrobe over her bare body. Her deep cleavage was fatal enough to draw attention.

“Oh my, Zeke. Long time no see?”

“Ha, Media, is that you? I told you not to call me that. And what’s with the way you dress, even though you’re the head of the academy? You’ve wasted your seventy years.”

As the swordsman frowned and clicked his tongue, Media smiled seductively and patted his side.

“Isn’t it a woman’s heart to want to stay young and beautiful until she dies? Just say the word, Zeke. With my protection, I can make you ten years younger.”

“The outer shell is not important to me. Since ancient times, the character of a human being is important.”

“Oh my, you old fart. How come you’re the same now as you were half a century ago?”

“Even after half a century, you still seem immature.”

“Oh, okay. What can I talk to an old man who has lost all his black water?”

“… Is that something you should say when you turn 70 in a day or two?”

She snorted in response and sat down next to Siegfried.

“By the way, Zeke, you’ve changed a lot too.”

“What are you talking about?”

“You, you never used to come to places like this. You’ve never been flexible at all. You say things like you don’t want to talk to those kinds of people.”

Media gestured with her chin to a pot-bellied man babbling in the distance.

The inspector simply responds with silence.

“I guess my granddaughter is quite pretty. I think I’ll get married while I’m at it. I’ll start a nice family and have some kids.”

“you?”

“Oh my, look at her. Why me? What’s wrong with my looks? What’s wrong with my body? And I’m the headmaster of the prestigious Joaquin Academy! Where else can you find a woman like me? Huh.”

She lifts her black robe slightly to show off her smooth, white skin.

“… I say this as a comrade who shared life and death with you.”

The inspector said with a sigh.

“Old age is bad for your health.”

“This little shit! Want to lose!?”

As Media blushes and grabs him by the collar, the sword master lets out a dry laugh.

This petty argument continued for several minutes, and then Media, exhausted, collapsed on the floor.

“What is the placement test like this year?”

“What, you came here without even knowing that?”

Media raised her voice in response to the sword master’s question. The sword master’s brow furrowed.

“Did you think I was like those scumbags who took bribes? In an equal education system, it’s natural to not know the content until the day of the test.”

“Ha- You idiot. Well, you’re right. Rumors spread among the families of heroes as is the natural custom, but it’s time for me to correct

them.”

Media’s nails tapped the armrest.

“This year, it’s a battle royale format. We split into groups of 10, and the order in which they survive the longest is determined.”

“… … .”

“You… don’t know what a battle royale is?”

There was a brief silence. Media crossed her legs and sneered.

“embrace.”

“Then what is it? Tell me. If you don’t know, you’ll be called a fool for a while.”

The inspector lowered his voice to the floor.

The occasional dry cough is a bonus.

“Battle and Royale. So, it’s a king game that’s popular among college students.”

“…Idiot.”

In the midst of an argument between two giants.

[The test will begin now, so students are requested to prepare their weapons.]

The alarm sounded to signal the start of the test.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 3

3rd Class Placement Test (1)

Joaquin Academy's martial arts studio.

Some groups are already friendly and flirting, while others are openly hostile to each other with twinkles in their eyes.

Of course, I am a third force that does not belong to either of those two forces.

Specially promoted student.

The current principal, 'Media Poison', created it in the name of educational equity. The intention was to overturn the academy's academic culture, which had degenerated into a social gathering place for the children of the upper class, but these days, it is a class exclusively for the commoners. In reality, it is nothing more than an object of their discrimination and contempt.

Even the privileged class called 'nobles' were furious and only 200 people were killed.

If it were any other school, you might think that 200 special promotion students would be a lot.

If we expand the recruitment target to the entire world, it would be a narrower threshold than the eye of a needle. For reference, the total number of students is 2,200. Of course, this is a limited number of students who failed. If we include students who failed, it would be at least 5,000 or 6,000.

Still, many common students did not turn down the poisoned chalice for the title of admission to the most prestigious academy.

This year alone, the competition rate for advancement to the special class was 20,000:1.

It seems like most people chose the dragon's tail over the snake's head…

Lowly blood.

It was an unpleasant label that special promotion students had to live with throughout their school life.

'It's so cheap… … .'

Since the word "devil" is clearly written in my name, I can't think of anything to say. What a miserable life, damn it.

After a brief thought, I turned my head and looked around.

Colorful heads are densely packed like bean sprouts.

Yellow hair, red hair, white hair. Even rainbow hair is seen.

The cadets were quietly looking into each other's eyes, perhaps because they were nervous before the exam, to the point where I, with my black hair, stood out.

Meanwhile, my eyes were fixed on the long blue hair surrounded by men on the other side. The emerald hair that stood out clearly, and the white skin that seemed to have frost on it. The gentle yet beautiful golden eyes were clearly visible.

The granddaughter of the sword master, who is said to be the strongest hero of this century.

Abel von Nibelung.

The main heroine of 'Miracle Protection M' and the reason I paid for it. When I saw her in person, I couldn't help but be speechless. Honestly, I thought she'd have monster eyes because of the 2D

aspect, but she just has a really pretty face.

I can't help but snort as I look at the men barricading themselves around Abel. It looks like they're doing it because they want to talk to him.

I know that having played the game to some extent, Abel von Nibelung is paired up with the player of Miracle Protection M, the protagonist. After all, all beauties have a partner.

Besides, you'd have to be a high-ranking official to even talk to a woman like that. If a special promotion student like me were to even talk to her once, I'd have to be careful not to get caught on the back of her head on the street at night.

I shook my head and thought.

'Plain, safe, and sound.'

Three creeds I set for myself for the future.

Complete your course of study without any problems.

After getting a normal job.

Living a safe life.

Hero? Freeze to death.

How can I save the world when my body trembles just by pulling out a sword? It feels like 20 minutes have passed, but the tingling sensation still bothers my eyes.

I'd rather get cut by a sword than suffer the excruciating pain that humans can't endure.

Let's try not to draw our swords.

That's what I decided. I've been eating only knife-cut rice for nearly 20 years, and I've cut it as much as I can.

I cleared my mind and waited silently for the test.

As I recall, the freshmen were divided into 150 groups of 10 each, and had to enter the ‘sub-space’ that the proto-hero Balor Joaquin created at the same time as the academy was established, and fight each other.

It’s literally like, ‘From now on, kill each other.’ In the subspace, reality’s intervention is excluded, and since you can never die, any action is tolerated. Even murder.

‘They say the group assignments are random… Well, I guess so.’

There was no limit to the rarity of the weapons. In short, they were telling everyone to eat them. They didn’t say anything even if you took out weapons that had been passed down through generations, or even weapons of national treasure level. They were pushing the ridiculous excuse that weapons were also skills.

‘It’s so fucking absurd.’

I got a migraine from the crazy school and crazy first exam.

From the description in the game, it seems like the trauma experienced in the subspace lasts for a long time… … .

[I will now explain the rules for the 783rd Joaquin Academy class placement test.]

‘I know the basics.’

The grade system was one in which the subspace itself graded each cadet. In simple terms, it was a system in which artificial intelligence graded descriptive essays.

Among the ten people who make up a group,

1st place is the highest class, the star class.

2nd and 3rd place are the next dragon class.

4th to 7th place are the Wolf class.

The rest are ordinary classes.

The goal is, of course, to achieve good grades. It's pointless. There's plenty of mediocrity.

[We will now begin the 783rd class placement test for Joaquin Academy.]

A dry yet sacred, intelligent voice fills the training room.

The mouths that had been chattering loudly closed.

Next, the test contents and rules are listed.

Some cadets smiled with satisfaction, as if they knew what was going on.

[The test will begin at the current time.]

[May the protection of the hero be with you.]

One by one, they disappeared with a swish- swish- sound.

At the moment I was thinking, 'When will it be my turn…?', before I could even realize it, I was swallowed up in subspace.

* * *

30 minutes after the test starts.

About a hundred groups, or two-thirds of the class, completed the test.

The subspace vomited out its cadets.

[The 24th round of judging is over. 1st place Aaron, 2nd place … … .]

[The 47th round of judging is over. 1st place marksman, 2nd place… … .]

The voice announcing the end of the test rang out every time a cadet was thrown onto the training ground.

There were a variety of cadets, from those who threw up their

breakfast to those who displayed an indifferent attitude.

But most of them were on the ground with their legs weakened.

“Come to think of it… The fact that there are so many outstanding students in this class means that the result was already decided. I guess I chose the wrong test topic. I should have made it a team effort.”

Media, who had been watching, rested her chin on her hand and yawned. Her ample breasts jiggled with every movement of her body.

“Can this really be considered a legitimate test when there are no restrictions on weapons?”

The swordsman, who had been crossing his arms, furrowed his brow. Media shrugged and crossed her legs, revealing her smooth thighs.

“You old-fashioned person might not know, but when you become the principal of a school, you have to worry about a lot of things, right? Do you know how much trouble I had because you made a fuss about randomly assigning groups? Huh!? I almost got wrinkles around my eyes. What do you know about school politics, you hikikomori who just stays home! I wish you would at least get involved, you punk!”

“You already have wrinkles, why don’t you suffer a little more?”

“Oh my, what would I talk about with you… … .”

Media frowned and crossed her legs in the opposite direction.

“By the way, it’s as expected. Abel von Nibelung, he finished everything in 7 minutes and 14 seconds. Wow, at this rate, he’s definitely got the top spot… … Well, in the end, it’s a shame that he didn’t break your record, but at least at this level, I think he’ll be in the top ten in the history of the Academy.”

“It’s a natural result if you’re of Nibelung blood.”

Contrary to his tone, one corner of Siegfried’s mouth went up. Mediah swayed and raised a translucent window in the air. It was a

list of the new students' weapons and results.

"You took the test with C-rare equipment, just like you, Zeke."

"Abel wanted a fair evaluation of his skills."

"That young kid is already an old fart, really."

Even as Media and the Inspector were conversing, the subspace continued to vomit out the remaining students, until only one group remained.

"It seems like it's almost over, so I guess I should go now."

"There's still one left, go?"

"Aren't you one of those scum's blood relatives anyway?"

The inspector covered his mouth with his fan and glared at the noisy crowd. Media smiled softly and nodded.

"See you next time."

"Yeah, next time I'll see you when I'm dead, tsk tsk."

It was the moment when the sword master, who had stopped in response to the media's farewell, got up.

Saaaaak—

As if they had made a promise, goosebumps ran down the bodies of those who filled the training ground. Sword Master and Media looked at each other at the same time, then turned their heads and fixed their gaze on the training ground.

"You felt it too?"

"… … ."

At Media's question, the sword master narrowed his eyes and tilted his head toward the training ground. Sweat formed on the foreheads of those present and flowed down their temples.

The inspector looked at the training ground. He quickly scanned the cadets with his eyes.

There was no incomprehensible sensation that I had just felt.

“Oh, that’s ridiculous!”

Media’s finger pointed to the sky.

The inspector tilted his head back.

Crunch—

A sound heard from the clear sky.

Crunch—

Cracks begin to appear in the sky.

The sky split apart and soon shattered like glass.

All of the last group of cadets fell unconscious through the gap.

* * *

The outcome was already decided.

But what a piece of bad luck.

I feel like I’m in the group of death.

Mao Jin and Mao Shun, twins from the Iron King family, one of the most prestigious heroic families in the neighboring country. It’s unfair for twins to be in the same group, but…

‘The twins of evil.’

A duality of being gifted with natural talent but also possessing a vicious violence. The vicious rumors about these two did not discriminate against national borders.

The two of them retired six people in the same group. The method was so cruel that I couldn’t bear to watch.

He showed his teeth and laughed, turning the same group of six people into blood. They also fought back in their own way.

If they could just hit them once and make them retire, those two would just waste time, savoring the struggles of the fallen cadets for 30 minutes.

Whadduk—

“Hey, how about you?”

Woojijik—

“It seems like it’s all sorted out?”

Finally, the twins broke their necks while laughing. They threw them on the floor like chewing gum. Mao Shun, the younger brother, counted the number of cadets with his fingers. I guess the reason they left me behind was because I looked too weak and they didn’t care about me.

“Oh, man, what if my brother kills another person? This is so frustrating.”

“Sorry, sorry. But I’ll give him up to you.”

“Oh, then I admit it.”

The twins’ gaze turned to the red-haired girl who was shaking pitifully.

Even if I had been through all sorts of things in my past life, it was clear as day that the frail girl would live her entire life with PTSD because of this horrific tragedy.

Soon after, Mao Shun, the younger brother, approached her with light steps, making a menacing cracking sound with his knuckles. It seemed as if he was planning on snapping the schoolgirl’s neck as well.

The schoolgirl’s body began to tremble as she got closer step by step. For some reason, she didn’t seem to have any intention of resisting.

If things were as they were, I would be crushed by Mao Shun's blow. As I thought about that, my hand clenched into a fist.

"This chewy guys!"

A curse came out of my mouth reflexively. I knew that the tragedy unfolding before my eyes was an illusion in subspace, but my flesh was bursting and my bones were crumbling.

They say the goal is to train heroes, but when you see the twins laughing and dismantling their peers, isn't this just a breeding ground for villains? No matter how much the academy aims for practical training, there is a limit to what you can do.

No matter how much I think about it, there must be corruption behind the Academy that accepted those piece of trash who are no different from psychopaths.

The Mao twins took their eyes off the girl. Their sparkling eyes glared straight at me. At the same time, both faces smiled brightly.

"What, there's another one left. I didn't even know there was one."

"Look at that kid's name tag. He's a special student? What a lowly kid."

After some noisy chatter, the twins soon nodded at each other.

My younger brother Mao Shun was wielding the iron gauntlet on his left hand. He slowly walked towards me with a dark murderous glint in his eyes.

"Dude, I'm going to cut that kid's balls off."

Mao Jin, who was standing behind him, looked up and grumbled.

"Oh, right. That kid just swore at us, so now take his tongue out."

"Okay."

Mao Shun answered, scratching the back of his neck. He shook his iron gauntlet, and red blood splattered on the ground.

Should I use the painless protection?

That thought crossed my mind for a moment, but I immediately shook my head and gave up.

The duration of the painless protection is 30 seconds.

To those crazy kids, I would be nothing more than a toy, not an enemy. That short time would not be enough.

Suddenly, I felt a dreary feeling of dizziness creeping up the hallway. My gaze naturally dropped to the bag on the shelf.

Song of the Sword.

A chilling sound was calling me, as if sobbing.

'If only I could do something about those bastards with that dog.'

Flat, safe, and secure.

It hasn't even been half a day since I made up my mind, and shit.

Mao Shun's approaching footsteps became faster and faster. I opened the zipper of my closed bag and took out the sashimi.

"Ugh, you fucking idiot."

A mocking laugh.

"That's why these lowly things."

Mao Shun jumped forward with a light step, his expression showing that his excitement had died down.

An iron fist coated in sticky blood aimed for the leg.

I took a small step forward and activated the 'Painless Protection'.

Let's just hold out for 30 seconds. Then something will work out.

A cool sensation that wraps around your hand.

It was still in the scabbard, and there was nothing unusual.

I took up a sloppy stance and waved my sword in the air.

The sashimi's sheath is gently peeled away, revealing its crispy flesh.

Okay then.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

Stop the black song.

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

《May God bless you》

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

He bursts into indescribable, delightful laughter.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 4

Episode 4 Class Placement Test (2)

My first teacher was a former gangster.

He said that he was not a neighborhood thug, but a man who dominated an era with his sword skills…

If a balding, pot-bellied gentleman could do that, I think I could rule for a century.

Honestly, I don't really believe it, but he said so himself, well…

Although he was a nobleman with a bloody past.

He once told me that he cut off one of his own wrists as atonement for hurting many people with a knife, and that he opened a Japanese restaurant with the belief that he could make people happy with a knife.

Aside from the fact that he has a bad mouth, he is really good at it, so I learned a lot from him.

Why, aren't there people like that? People you really want to hate, but find it hard to hate.

'Boss, why do gangsters use sashimi?'

'Why are you curious about that?'

'No, it's just that. In movies, they have dogs and cows holding sashimi. I was curious if that's true in real life. They put one on each

leg of their black suit and say, “Put it in!” and they run out, going, “Wow!”

‘Anyway, these days the media is ruining the youth, tsk tsk. Most of the gangster kids can’t even afford a T-shirt, let alone a suit, you little shit.’

Meanwhile, the president opened the gap between his index and middle fingers by about 5 centimeters and looked into my eyes with a serious expression as he spoke.

‘You know that not only humans but all living things contract when a sharp object pierces their skin, right? Think about it. If you stab flesh with a wide knife, do you think it will come off easily or not? Sashimi is narrow, so you can stab and pull out the opponent several times.’

‘But why do you stab it? You can cut fish, but not people?’

‘Hey, you punk. A knife the size of chopsticks like this will cut it really well. Fish is lying down, so you can cut it, and if you stand up, you can’t even cut bread in one stroke, you punk!’

‘It’s like a cartoon, but if you swish it around, it’ll just cut you off… Isn’t it just the boss’s lack of ability?’

‘Even if the God of Swords comes, that won’t work, so stop talking nonsense and go over there and sharpen your sword!’

Even though 18 years have passed, I still vividly remember the cool touch of my teacher’s hands as he smashed my back with a fierce expression.

* * *

Crunch-

The slick trajectory of the blade traced the silver flesh. One gauntleted arm floated into the air and fell to the ground with a thud.

“uh?”

Mao Shun himself, whose arm had been cut off, tilted his head as if

he did not understand what had happened.

The cut was so clean that it took a few seconds for the blood to spurt out.

“AAAAAAAHHHH! F-F-A-A-AL! Ciao! Ciao Ni-ma!”

Only then did Mao Shun scream at the heat that followed. Kang Geum-ma quickly rolled the sashimi on his palm, grabbed it with his right hand, and struck Mao Shun on the neck.

The shoulders of the swinging sword horse became blurry for a moment.

That was the last scene Mao Shun remembered.

A red line appeared on his neck. Then, his head, which had been screaming loudly, fell down. The head rolled and hit the foot of Mao Jin, who was standing behind him.

“Shu, Shun!?”

Mao Shun’s eyes were cold and empty.

The once proud expression gradually turned to shock and fear. Mao Jin instinctively took a step back.

Even though I saw it clearly, I still couldn’t understand what was happening. The guy in front of me drew a line with his knife, and the flesh was cut off like butter.

Even though I don’t know much about swords, I know that the human body doesn’t get torn apart so easily.

There was not even a sound of bone clashing with metal, as if it had dug right into the bone and joints.

Is such a feat even possible for a human? And with such a cheap sword.

Two-root.

The beating of the heart knocks from the inside out.

Two-root.

The guy's fighting stance was awkward, like it was his first time pointing a sword at a person, and he was trembling and breathing heavily right in front of me, 5-6 meters away.

But the hilt was wrapped tightly around my palm, like a part of my body.

What the fuck, what the hell is that kid?

Mao Jin thought. Since he was called the genius twin of the Iron King family, he quickly used his brain.

'I don't know what it is, but the guy is tired.'

If so, the situation can be reversed. Although the performance of cutting down the twin brother with one stroke was beyond shocking, the direct cause of the defeat was carelessness.

Mao Jin tried hard to suppress the fear that was creeping up on him and picked up Mao Shun's severed arm awkwardly.

The guy still hasn't done anything special, just muttering something.

"… 24… 23… 22… … ."

…Why are you counting numbers? Mao Jin shook off the thoughts that were creeping into his head and put his brother's gauntlets on his right arm.

Crunch.

"Ugh!"

The muscles in both arms swell with a dull weight and pressure.

A family treasurer and an S-class warrior.

'Security Gauntlets.'

Although the power was divided into two parts by inheriting one from each twin, this weapon only brings out the user's potential to the limit when paired together. As he felt his frame becoming infinitely stronger, a bitter line formed at the corner of Mao Shun's mouth.

"I don't know what trick you used, but… Get out, you little Pao Cai bastard!"

Even though you said that.

The fear that had already seeped into his body was not easy to shake off. The more so, the more he had to shake off his fear. Mao Jin clenched his hands and activated three of his protections at the same time.

'Protection of Resolve' that increases defense, 'Protection of Intervention' that allows you to instantly leap towards your enemies, and 'Protection of Spirit' that increases the power of your fists. Protections of a level that the lowly bloodlines of the Special Advancement Class can only dream of.

"I'll blow your head off!"

The moment Mao Jin got close to me with a sudden thud,

The guy's shadow stretched across my vision and then disappeared.

Whoosh—

A short sound of air being cut.

A series of simultaneous bursts of sound.

Phew-

Phu— swoosh—

Phew-

Swish- swoosh-

Pok- pok-

Crunch-

At the same time, a cool hotness stabbed my whole body.

My neck was stiff as a stone and I couldn't move my head.

Immediately afterwards, a heavy sensation was felt in my mouth, and red liquid flowed down my jawline like a spider web.

Mao Jin barely managed to roll his eyes and examine his body.

One on the forehead and neck, four on the wrists and instep, and three on each rib and lower abdomen.

A total of nine knives were embedded in the handle.

Uh- uh- uh- uh-

His vocal cords were cut off, and his screams were muffled at the bottom of his throat.

My vision slowly becomes blurry.

Meanwhile, the guy mutters numbers to himself.

"… 4… 3… 2… 1."

That moment.

"Khaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

With his eyes growing increasingly blurry, Mao Jin captured the scene clearly.

A ghost in human form.

He was crying to the sky while holding a sword.

* * *

When I opened my eyes, the first thing that came into view was an

unfamiliar ceiling.

I moved my body a little and felt the unfamiliar rustling sensation of the blanket.

When I turned my head, white curtains were blocking my view on three sides, and the familiar smell of medicine filled the room. Was this a hospital?

“Ugh… … .”

As I tried to slightly raise my upper body, a short groan mixed with a sniffle escaped from my mouth. As I strained my nose because it was hard to breathe, the rolled up, blood-stained gauze came out with a pop.

Chorrrrrr—

Just then, someone opened the curtain on the right.

“Principal, the student has opened his eyes!”

The sound of approaching footsteps as a man in a white gown shouts loudly.

“Oh my, you’ve come to your senses.”

“… … .”

A green-haired beauty wearing a black robe and a white-haired old man standing behind her, carrying a backpack. When the beauty made a slight gesture, the doctor nodded and left.

‘Why these people?’

These are faces I know even though I’m seeing them for the first time.

Two of the Seven Star Heroes who defeated the Demon King’s 6th Army Commander half a century ago.

Among them, the strongest swordsman in the world, Siegfried von Nibelung, and the wise Medea Poison, the head of the academy. I was

dumbfounded by the appearance of the living legends.

“You look much better on screen, kid. Are you feeling better?”

“Oh, yeah. What… … .”

The principal sat on the edge of the bed. Every time he moved, his skin color was visible through his clothes. I couldn’t help but look at him.

She must have seen me like that, because she slightly moved her robe away, leaned close to me, and placed her hand on my forehead.

“Look at this kid. Doesn’t he still have a slight fever?”

Media moved the hand she had brought to her groin and pretended to compare the temperature. Don’t you usually put it on your forehead?

The combination of a hazy voice and a seductive smile was too dangerous for me, a healthy adolescent boy. Besides, Media’s appearance is like that, but her core is probably seventy.

I sang the national anthem in my mind.

“I think it’s okay now.”

“If you’re sick, just tell me. This older sister will be there to take care of you. Just the two of you.”

Media’s fingers went to the first button of the robe. As the fourth verse of the national anthem was about to end, the inspector, unable to hold back his displeasure, spoke out.

“Mediah, enough joking.”

“Oh my, you little brat. Yeah, yeah.”

Media glares at him, adjusting her clothes that looked like they might fall off at any moment.

Lived.

‘Damn it, Your Majesty! I believed in you!’

If my body reacted because I was swayed by desire, I would have been really fucked.

Expulsion is expulsion, but if the reason is written as ‘Regarding the fact that I am a pervert freshman who fell for the principal who turns 70 in two days’… … .

Would it be better to commit suicide and prepare for a third life?

“… Are you really going to call me that? There are students in front of you?”

“Isn’t the chivalry you insist on ‘keeping your word once you’ve spoken it’? Could it be that you speak twice with one mouth? The world’s greatest swordsman?”

The swordsman ignored Media’s sarcasm and slowly turned his gaze towards me. His sharp golden eyes seemed to be sizing me up, with a hint of jealousy in them.

My ribs naturally curl up at the sight of those clear, warm eyes.

“Hey, what’s your name?”

“It’s Ganggeomma.”

“Let me get to the point. Kang Geum-ma, what on earth have you done?”

“… … .”

To be honest, I vaguely remembered what happened. The scene of him holding sashimi and cutting up the trash twins flashed through my mind. After that, the bluish scenery that seeped into my eyes was the last thing on my mind.

‘… … .’

The feeling at that time wasn’t mine, but it was definitely mine. As I thought about it and my answer was delayed, a blue sword shook

from the sword master's waist.

'It won't do any good to get hit by that monster here.'

We must maintain a cautious attitude.

I had a rough idea of what kind of person he was.

The so-called old farts. But I've already learned how to deal with people like that.

I've been in the food service business for 20 years, or in other words, I've been serving customers for nearly 20 years.

It is time to show Korea's service spirit to the strongest in humanity.

Be clear in your explanations, concise in your excuses.

"Even though it was a class placement test, I judged that those two's actions were excessive. However, I still think that my actions were excessive. If there is a punishment for that, I will gladly accept it, and I will accept any treatment without complaint."

The swordsman stares at me intently at those words.

Honestly, it seemed like a good answer, but judging by his expression, he didn't seem to react very well, perhaps because it wasn't the answer he wanted. But I couldn't look more dejected here.

If you continue to be humble, you will end up being caught up in the pace of that old Don Quixote knight. A man should know how to show off when the situation requires it.

Bluffing of a real man.

In Korea, they call it 'Gao'.

I looked into the sparkling golden eyes with a calm face.

"… … ."

"… … ."

The awkward silence was settling.

Media, who had been looking back and forth between the two, let out a deep sigh.

“Oh my, you punk. How can you be so bad at dealing with young people?”

Media said, clicking her tongue briefly.

And then immediately, he frowns and turns towards me.

“Even if you say that, it was Zeke who cleared your blocked blood vessels when you were passed out. As you get older, you become more stubborn, don’t you? Just look at my face and give me some mercy, heh.”

“I told you not to say that, Media. Hmm, hmm.”

“You little punk, you’re so shy.”

‘Inspection? Why?’

Unlike the aching pain in my body, my body feels like a feather… a bit too much, and feels damp and light, like a feather soaked in water.

“While you were unconscious, I pulled out a video of what happened in the subspace and watched it with the faculty. The way you threw yourself to protect the poor female student! It was the prince of my dreams! No, he was a hero himself!”

Media winks one eye stickily. With that gaze, it seems like she’s looking at me as prey, but with a different meaning than the swordsmanship. Is it… like drooling?

“And don’t worry, I’m not going to take issue with your behavior during the exam. To be honest, they were admitted by roasting the Academy’s seniors from their families, and then those two sweet-tasting twins dropped out at the same time? How funny!”

Of course, those kids were in different classes, but the thought of

having to go to school with them made me shiver. When I heard that he dropped out, a sudden sense of relief came over me.

“Don’t worry, we’re not here to ask questions, we’re here to inform you.”

“Yes? What?”

A refreshing smile appeared on her face.

“Geumma, you’re the best! Congratulations!!”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 5

Episode 5 The Academy is not easy (1)

The principal's office at Joaquin Academy.

Siegfried and Medea sat at a table in the middle, thinking about a boy.

"Ha, I've been the principal of the academy for nearly twenty years, but this is a first for me."

"… … ."

Media, who had been sighing deeply, soon pressed her temples.

'I don't like it.'

This was the answer that Kanggeomma gave as soon as the top class of the class was proposed.

The celestial class is so difficult to be assigned to that it is said to be named 'Star'.

Moreover, it was unprecedented for a special promotion student to be assigned. Furthermore, Kang Geum-ma flatly refused to attend the swearing-in ceremony as the top student.

Media recalled the expression she had seen in the hospital room. A boy with black hair and a bold speech. An attitude that did not seem tense even when seeing the Seven Sage heroes.

When Kang Geum-ma was judged as the top swordsman, the senior

members of the academy who were furious fell silent when they saw the sword flashing in the video.

The swordplay he showed gave her, one of the Seven Star Heroes, a cold shock that she had not felt in half a century.

Media shook off her thoughts and turned her head towards the swordsman.

“Hey, Zeke.”

“… … .”

“Honestly, isn’t our swordsman so cool?”

“Our sword horse?”

“Those Academy old farts were hesitant at first, but they eventually admitted it after watching the exam video. Are you that upset that Geomma got top honors instead of your granddaughter?”

The inspector frowned, as if he was not satisfied with the idea.

“There is nothing more foolish than spiting on the grading of the subspace where the heroic spirit of the first poem is embedded. The Academy has chosen him as the top, and we simply follow. Only… … .”

Siegfried stopped talking and let out a sigh.

‘Ganggeomma’

If you had great skills, you would have understood.

If the body had been excellent, I would have been convinced.

If you had great experience, you would have nodded.

The sword shown by the boy who had not yet reached the age of majority.

A movement that seems to embody the concept of ‘Benda.’

It was the state of enlightenment through the sword that Siegfried himself had been pursuing his entire life.

But the discomfort I felt when I unblocked the boy's blood vessels.

Her soft body, which had been neglected after physical training, was in a state of bruises and bruises as if it had been carrying something it should not have been carrying.

Was it a coincidence? I want to deny it, but I try to suppress it.

How dare you be so arrogant at this age? And to a boy the same age as your own granddaughter.

The disjointed thoughts inside me felt like a fishbone stuck in my throat.

What woke him from his deep thoughts were the lips of Mediah, muttering and drooping.

"Your face is pretty too… The way you cut down your enemies for a woman in danger is really… … . If only I were ten years younger… … . No, is it possible even now? Hey- Ttaktak, what do you think!?"

Media clenched her thighs and gulped. The inspector shook his head with a crumpled expression.

"Do you know what college students call women like you these days?"

"Are you on Sungstagram these days? Why do you keep talking about college students, college students?"

Only then did Media raise her upper body and straighten her back.

"Yeah, open that pretty mouth of yours. What do you call someone like me?"

"Bitch."

That day, Siegfried, the strongest man in the world, got a scar on his face for the first time in half a century.

* * *

Thanks to the influence of the academy director, Media, I was able to rest for two more days. They say you have to take care of your body from a young age or something.

Anyway, she was a woman with a loose air, but her attitude as an educator was certain. It felt like a proper mix of consideration for students and rationality.

「—Wolf—」

The classroom sign appeared in front of my eyes.

I resisted the tempting offer from Media to send me to the Star class and insisted on the Pan class until the end, but in the end, they compromised and assigned me to the Lang class.

Instead, he said that he would keep the fact that I was the top student in my grade and what happened during the exam a secret. I didn't want to get caught up in unnecessary controversy, so I thought about it for a moment and then immediately agreed.

The point was to go to a lower class and finish your studies without any trouble, rather than having to fight and bite in a high-level class. This is within the expected range.

"Swoop."

I opened the door quietly. I held my breath so as not to make a sound as I opened it.

Unlike the Gothic-style exterior of the building, the interior was clean and modern. There was a green chalkboard and long desks lined up in a row.

A group of students having a friendly conversation with each other.

As I timidly entered the classroom, I was stared down at with contemptuous eyes. The students glanced at the color of my name tag and then naturally started talking again. As if I had never existed in the first place.

I was literally just being ignored. But I didn't panic. Ignoring is being ignored again. An idiot has his own life.

While I was wondering where to sit, I saw that the corner seat at the very end of the row was empty.

'Oh, should I sit over there?'

I imagined myself sitting in the back row, gazing out the window and basking in the spring sunshine.

'… … .'

Let's sit down without making a fuss.

I sat down in the middle of the third row from the front. I relaxed my tense shoulders and looked out the window.

I saw a pair of canaries whispering sweet nothings on a tree branch. For a moment, I was staring blankly at the birds' mating scene.

dripping.

A gentle knock on the desk.

When I turned my head, a female student was stammering and watching me closely.

"… Over there, over there."

A petite school girl with auburn curly hair and a puppy-like appearance. She had a cute and fluffy look, as if she hadn't lost her baby bump yet.

When our eyes met briefly, she blushed and turned her head away with a hissing sound.

"… … ."

"… … ."

After a few minutes of settling silence, I decided to speak first.

“what’s the matter?”

She spoke in a barely audible voice.

“During the exam… Thank you… … .”

The word exam reminded me of the female student who almost got beaten to death by those psycho twins.

“Ah, that time.”

“…yes.”

But why are we using formal language between people of the same age?

When I open my eyes wide and look at her, she glances and turns her head to look at the wall. She seems to be quite shy.

“Thank you. Anyone would have done the same.”

At that time, I unconsciously drew my weapon. I can’t say that I didn’t have a faint sense of concern for the female student in front of me, but in the end, it was something I did to save myself.

In the end, it seemed like I had saved her, but the lines I had said were full of hypocrisy. Thinking about that left a bitter taste in my mouth.

“Oh, no! I really appreciate it!”

When I laughed bitterly, the girl shook her head and said. She looked so cute that a pleasant fatherly smile appeared on my lips without me realizing it.

“Come to think of it, I didn’t even announce my name. I’m Kanggeomma.”

“My name is Chloe… … .”

“Nice to meet you, Chloe. I didn’t know we were in the same class.”

“Oh, I’m glad to meet you too… … !”

The girl also said her name in a small, crawling voice.

It's a name I've never heard of. There are two reasons why I, who've progressed through the story up to the middle of the game, don't know this name. Either he's an extra like me, or he's a character that appears in the latter half.

After thinking about it for a moment, I put the latter thought aside.

The main content of the latter half of the story of 'Miracle Protection M' was the battle with the demons. At that point, the appearance of such a small and delicate girl seemed a bit out of the blue. And there was even the honorific nature of one person in each class.

'You're an extra like me.'

I smiled brightly, feeling happy.

"Oh, right. Could you please keep what happened during the exam a secret?"

"Oh? Oh, yes. Of course."

Chloe nodded slightly in agreement without asking why.

"… Excuse me, if you don't mind."

Just as Chloe was about to say something,

—Slurp

The classroom door opened.

"Everyone take a seat!"

The loud shout announcing the start of class echoed off the classroom walls.

'Let's talk later.'

I spoke to Chloe with my mouth moving silently.

She nodded slightly and went back to her seat.

“First of all, congratulations on your admission. You have been chosen to be here as successors to the will of the noble hero of the first dynasty, Balor Joaquin. Be proud.”

The muscular, bushy-haired instructor scanned each of the students’ faces as if trying to get used to them. Then, he stopped his gaze on me for a moment, raised the corners of his mouth slightly, and then turned around and picked up the chalk.

“I’m late in introducing myself. I am Lee Won-bin, the head instructor of the Wolf class who will be in charge of you for the next year.”

The instructor confidently revealed his name as Won Bin and smiled with satisfaction.

“There will be no classes today as it is the first day. Instead, there will be simple physical training, so please change into your uniforms and gather at the training grounds in 30 minutes. Feel free to ask any questions you may have.”

A boy with a piercing raised his hand.

“What is the physical training menu, Instructor?”

“It’s simple. Just do 100 push-ups, 100 sit-ups, 100 squats, and 10 laps around the gym.”

At those words, the chin that had been resting on his hand slipped.

A small voice burst out among the students, saying, “Isn’t this awesome?”

No, and doesn’t that training menu show the instructor’s yellow intention to make the cadets bald? It’s clear that he is trying to make even the bright young people bald by saying that he is bald.

“If there are no more questions, please change into your uniforms and gather at the location. That’s all.”

As the students lined up tightly and headed toward the locker room, I sneaked up to the instructor and spoke to him.

“… I, instructor.”

“Why are you doing that, Kanggeomma-kun?”

‘What’s my name?’

But that’s not what’s important right now.

“I’m feeling a bit… … .”

“hmm.”

The instructor’s eyes narrowed and an ominous smile appeared on his lips.

“Well, for a student who is at the top of his class, this kind of food won’t help you relax. Isn’t that right!? Then, how about you train in the Star class on your first day? The principal has instructed that Kanggeomma-kun must attend all the classes.”

… that perverted devil academy director.

“No, Instructor. Come to think of it, I think I just needed to go to the bathroom. I was feeling a bit queasy, but how did you manage to get it together so perfectly? I’m just amazed at your insight, Instructor, haha.”

The instructor seemed to like my reaction, so he burst into laughter and patted me on the back.

“As expected of a top student, he’s so refreshing! Okay, let’s change into our uniforms and meet in the training hall.”

I answered with a strong ‘Yes!’ and then walked away weakly.

* * *

“Oh, oh, oh, oh, okay.”

Swear words rolled out of my mouth.

“One, two, three, four. Hey, I can see the legs. Move quickly. Go!”

“”””””practice!”””””””

The cadets followed their instructors through the terribly wide training ground.

You can see boys running around excitedly, girls chasing after them laughing out loud, and some students even making noise.

“please…….”

I really feel like I’m going to fall behind. No, I’m falling behind.

The inertia of running shook my stomach, and I felt a sour stomach acid in my throat.

I think I know what it means to have a yellow sky. It was the moment when I realized that the sky looked yellow because my insides were singing.

As I fell behind, Chloe followed suit.

“Haa, haa—.”

“… Are you having a hard time? You look unwell.”

After barely catching my breath, I turned my head.

“Ha, ha, it’s okay.”

“How many laps has the Sword Horse Army been on?”

“Maybe five laps? Chloe, what about you? You seem to be coming from quite far behind… … .”

“… I’m on my ninth lap.”

“uh?”

“Just hold on a little longer!”

Chloe clasped her hands to her chest and cheered, then ran back to the lead.

“… … .”

Despite his short stature, his feet were as quick and nimble as a flying squirrel.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 6

Episode 6 The Academy is not easy (2)

An evening where the Asrahan sunset is fading away.

Joaquin Academy life has already entered its first week.

I skipped dinner and buried myself in my assigned dorm bed.

“Fuck.”

Just one curse word was chewed in my mouth. My stomach growled and protested, asking for even the scraps of food, but the incompetent owner had no choice but to hold his stomach and console himself.

I hesitated for a moment, then jumped up and gulped down every last drop of water.

“You drank it all.”

His weak vocal cords trailed off as if he was trying to hold back his words due to hunger.

Why am I starving like a beggar? That’s what I want to say.

This crazy academy also takes money from the cafeteria. Okay, let’s say they can’t provide free meals.

‘Isn’t 50,000 won for stir-fried pork going too far?’

Even the 1.5L bottle of ‘Yeongchangsu’ that I just drank was bought for 10,000 won at the on-campus mart.

It’s been almost a year since I came to this world, but this is the first time I’ve seen prices this crazy. Even if it’s a school for the upper class, I think this is a bit too much.

That doesn’t mean I starved for a whole week.

I ate rice that cost 5,000 won from the mart on campus with seasoned seaweed I brought from home as a side dish for an entire week.

The seaweed soaked in tears was saltier and sweeter than usual, with added saltiness. Even that was gone now.

For reference, my monthly living expenses are 400,000 won.

Honestly, I refused because I thought that amount was too much, but my father said that it was a given as a father and put some money in my pocket. I regretted my past self who pretended to be mature and waved it off. I should have accepted it when it was given to me.

I stared blankly at the label on the empty water bottle.

‘brig…….’

Suddenly, when I think of the military, tears well up in my eyes.

There, they provided us with three meals a day without fail.

I never thought there would come a day in my life when I would miss jjambbap. Right now, I can roll around and eat even the terribly tasteless fried mackerel fillet in my mouth.

I let out a deep sigh and curled up on the bed again. I need to conserve energy. Slow down my metabolism and breathe as slowly as possible.

I thought of my parents at home. To be exact, the soybean paste stew that my mother used to make. I added cubed radish and thinly sliced green onions.

Somehow I feel like I won’t be able to eat it again. Right now, I feel like I could lick the bottom of the pot. Instead of tears, saliva flowed

from my mouth.

‘still.’

I said briefly in my mind, ‘God bless you.’

Paat-

＝＝ ＝＝

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

[The level of the flesh has increased to (1▶2).]

[The level of the flesh increases and the standard of the sword is relaxed.]

[※ The protection is activated only when the sword is less than 30＋(2) centimeters in length and less than 5＋(1) centimeters in width.]

＝＝ ＝＝

A faint smile spread across his sunken face as the now somewhat familiar interface came to mind.

The hard training with the bald instructor began to change my body shape. Whether it was because of the training or because I was not eating well, my flabby belly fat disappeared and my lean abs were revealed. My baby fat also disappeared in an instant and my jawline became sharp.

My physical strength also improved noticeably, and I was able to keep up with the drills at the training ground every morning. Even in the short period of a week or so, my body was adapting and evolving surprisingly quickly.

I don’t know for sure, but I think it might be because the inspector pierced the blood.

Although the sword's specifications haven't surpassed sashimi yet, if you gradually raise them, you'll be able to hold a short sword.

'Why am I happy?'

Clearly, up until the entrance ceremony, I was afraid of even holding a knife, but strangely, now my hands tingle if I don't hold a knife. It seems that Gaho has an effect on my personality.

I shook off my thoughts and shook them off. Thinking about that part right now didn't really change anything.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Someone knocks quietly on the door of my dorm room.

My first thought was, 'Who is it?', but thinking it must be the dorm supervisor, I had no choice but to get out of bed and open the door.

"uh?"

What was in front of me was Chloe standing there, timidly.

* * *

I had barely talked to Chloe since the first day. She just kept avoiding me in class. That was why her visit felt so unexpected.

"Did I disturb your rest… …?"

Chloe spoke in a whisper, her voice still crawling.

"What's the bother? I was just lying down. By the way, what's going on?"

"… I haven't seen you in the cafeteria for a week. I thought you might be feeling unwell… … ."

She looks at me with worried eyes.

I wanted to be honest. I couldn't bring myself to go because of the crazy price. But my pride as a man wouldn't allow it.

“Oh, that’s… I don’t really like to eat food made by others.”

I really like food made by others.

“Ah, ah. I see.”

“Yeah, so don’t worry.”

Chloe muttered with disappointment.

“Let’s go buy some groceries from the on-campus mart and have dinner together… … .”

“let’s go.”

“yes?”

“Aren’t you going to have dinner together? I’m good at cooking, so I’ll do the cooking. Chloe’s dorm is across the street, right?”

It is not the way of a martial artist to refuse an invitation.

As I quickly took the lead, Chloe followed behind in a panic.

A humming tune echoed through the deserted dormitory hallway.

* * *

Entering Chloe’s room, I looked around. It was a bit large for one person, and had a white sofa and bed against a white wall.

It felt a bit like a hospital.

The teenage girl’s home had an overly plain and neat feel.

I thought there would be a few stuffed rabbits on the bed, but all there was to the interior was a few books on the desk.

As the cool night breeze blew, the pure white curtains fluttered softly.

“I’m sorry the room is messy… … .”

Huh? There isn't anything?

Chloe watched me closely and started taking out ingredients from the refrigerator. From sea bream to flounder, sea bass, salmon, tuna… Even fish I had never seen before were frozen in Styrofoam boxes and stacked like Legos.

If I bought this much at the on-campus mart where a bottle of water costs ten thousand won, how much would it cost?

Exclamations of admiration came out of my mouth without my knowledge.

"You like fish a lot, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Because I'm from the seaside."

"That's a good thing, my specialty is cooking fish."

"Oh, really?!"

Chloe's round eyes sparkled. I added, rubbing the bridge of my nose with my finger.

"Well, can you put everything in except the sea bream? I think one will be enough."

"yes!"

I couldn't help but chuckle at the energetic answer. My hands were also trembling, so I decided to cut up some sashimi to cheer myself up. I was hungry, but for some reason my heart was pounding and my energy was surging.

'But the problem is… … .'

Kitchen knives lined up next to the sink have sharp blades.

The moment I touched that, the protection would be activated. Thinking about the excruciating pain that would follow, my appetite completely disappeared.

“Do you have a longer knife?”

“Something a little longer?”

“Yeah, as you know, my weapons are swords like that. So I guess it makes it a bit awkward to use.”

She nodded slightly, indicating that she understood.

Then he went to the closet and fumbled around for a Japanese sword that was longer than him. His expression suddenly darkened in amazement.

“Is this enough?”

“No… I’ll just use that kitchen knife.”

When I let out a deep sigh, Chloe looks puzzled, as if she doesn’t understand.

‘I can’t help it.’

Okay, let’s finish it in 30 seconds.

Aren’t I the man who was called the best swordsman in the country? It’s possible.

When I motioned for Chloe to step back a little, she quickly took a few steps back.

She swallowed and sweated at the sight of me treating the fish with reverence.

After I activated the ‘Painless Protection’ spell, I quickly took out a piece of rose-patterned sashimi that I had been eyeing from the knife holder. It felt good in my hand.

Then an unwelcome message flashes across your retina.

[The Sword God’s protection food is manifested.]

At the same time, the sashimi flashed and curved precisely into the sea bream’s gills.

* * *

“It was so delicious!”

“That’s fortunate.”

Is there a higher honor for a chef than hearing that the food was delicious? But right now, I just nod with a pale face in agreement.

21 seconds.

That’s how long it took me to scale, debone, gut and fillet a sea bream.

It could have been roughly prepared, but the chef’s pride engraved in his bones would not allow it. Thanks to that, the meal was so good that it felt like a masterpiece of a lifetime.

So much so that I feel like this is the prime of my sashimi life.

When expressing the protection, the phrase ‘the food of the swordsman’s protection’ comes to mind, so it seems that the operation varies depending on the use.

It may seem like a really useless ability, but it is a mysterious ability that can be useful in some strange corner.

“How is Mr. Geumma so good at cooking?”

“I used to work part-time at a Japanese restaurant.”

“Are you working part-time?”

Chloe rolled her eyes and asked back.

“You don’t know what a part-time job is, do you?”

Her head nodded slightly.

“…sorry.”

“No, it’s nothing to be sorry about.”

At that moment, I realized the difference in status. Chloe looked up at me with a baby bird-like face. I let out a small breath without letting it show. I thought that everyone grew up in different environments.

“It’s not that important. Anyway, I’m glad you enjoyed the food.”

She nodded vigorously, signaling her approval. A pleasant smile appeared on her lips at the sight.

“Since you prepared the meal, I’ll do the dishes!”

To be honest, I was the one who got it for a high price, but I was impressed by Chloe’s look in her eyes as if she was repaying the favor, so I left the dishwashing to her. It was also a bit annoying.

Chloe blushed and felt embarrassed, perhaps feeling a sense of responsibility.

Chloe pointed to the desk by the window and suggested that I sit down and rest. I sat down on the window sill, patting my stomach in fullness.

I looked down at the school through the open window, bathed in the warm light of the full moon. Dark clouds floated in the night sky.

Clang!

“Oh, I’m sorry!”

It looks like she broke a plate while washing the dishes. I was thinking about helping her, but I quickly shook my head. That’s also an experience. I grew up like that too, that’s what I’m saying.

Bam-

As a gust of wind blew, a crumpled notebook that had been hanging on the corner of the desk fell to the floor.

I picked up the notebook to put it back on the desk. I didn’t mean to look at it, but the content seemed to be roughly like a diary.

“I received help from someone during the class assignment test today.

I must repay them later!”

Looking at the round font and the teddy bear sticker, I can’t help but think that Chloe is definitely a girl of her age.

The soft night wind blew once again and turned the next page.

『The person who saved me turned out to be in the same class as me. His name was Kang Geum-ma. My heart was pounding and I didn’t know what to do, so I couldn’t bring myself to talk to him!! >~< 』

‘So this is why I couldn’t talk.’

This time my hands turned the next page naturally.

“The Sword Demon Army.”

… … …

… …

…

.

…

… …

… … …

『I love you, I … I love you, …

Clang!

The plate is broken.

“… … .”

“… … .”

Silence fell on the room.

“Did you see it?”

“no?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 7

Episode 7 The Academy is not easy (3)

Outstanding heroes subdue their enemies in the sun-drenched fields. They gain honor, are revered by the world, and solidify their own positions.

But behind every stagnant situation, there is always an internal enemy. The vested interests who use their authority as heroes to persecute and exploit those who are not.

When even public power became unable to condemn the corrupt forces, one of the heroes took the lead and took on the role of shadow to punish them.

A family that follows the family motto of ‘Work in the shade, aim for the sun’ and combines maintaining order with assassination.

-Auditore da Sicilia.

On the surface, they were a small noble family based along the southern Italian coast, but in reality they were a family of assassins who drove out internal enemies and cut down the territories.

Those born into the family are raised as assassins before they reach maturity. Their emotions usually bloom during adolescence. Before they reach their teenage years, they undergo mental reformation to turn them into emotionally neutral assassination machines.

Chloe was fifteen when she first got blood on her hands.

The sticky and slippery feeling that wrapped around my fingers. Every time I swung my sword, the blood of the corrupt nobles splattered brilliantly.

At an age when she should be enjoying her youth, Chloe's life was stained with the darkness of night and the red of blood.

'Chloe, don't deny your talents as an assassin.'

It was something I had heard from my family members since before I was even a child, enough to make my ears tingle.

The family's expectations of Chloe's potential as an assassin were a shackle to the timid little girl's heart, but in an attempt to castrate her weak side, the Auditore family forced all kinds of training on her.

Chloe accepted. In fact, she didn't really have much of a choice.

The constant, harsh training had distorted Chloe's image, and a dark shadow had grown deep within her.

As her ego gradually wore away, leaving only traces of her emotions, Chloe was finally old enough to enroll in the Joaquin Academy.

The three years of academy life were just a punctuation mark on a chaotic life, and Chloe was also destined to become an assassin.

Members of the Aditore clan, which aims for the shady side, were assigned to the common class by their family.

It was clear that their individual skills were at least as good as a dragon's, but in order to avoid being noticed, the Auditorega family and Joaquin Academy made a pact, so the family took away their free will even during their three years of youth.

It was the Joaquin Academy class placement test. I knew about the test content because my family had told me.

Auditore added that she should not stand out while giving the order. If that was the case, why did he tell her the contents of the test? Chloe nodded passively like a wooden doll.

Nothing would change in the end anyway, she thought.

Until I met a boy.

In the placement test, he was grouped with the Mao twins, known as the ‘Evil Twins’. Every time the two of them threw an iron fist, his opponent would scream in pain and his back would break.

The sight did not impress Chloe. She was an assassin. The sound of flesh being cut and bones popping was so familiar that it made her sick.

Even if they were the twins of the most evil deeds, they would be nothing compared to the blood on her hands.

Moreover, this was a subspace, a realm of welcome, a space where one would not die even if they died. The lives she had taken away so far were real.

The Mao twins, who had been playing with their peers like toys, turned their gaze to Chloe. A bitter smile appeared on their lips.

Chloe decided to accept their attacks calmly. She was going to be assigned to a normal class anyway.

My whole body trembled slightly in fear of death, but I was able to overcome my fear. It was a product of Auditore’s education.

-‘You little shits! Don’t touch him!’

Suddenly, someone shouted at the twins. The twins instinctively turned their gaze to the source of the sound.

At the loud shout, Chloe’s mind went blank for a moment and she dropped the weapon she was holding.

A black-haired boy, holding a sledgehammer in both hands, kept shouting at the twins.

The shout, laced with profanity, shook Chloe deep inside. The very foundation of her being shook as if an earthquake had occurred.

It felt like the sun was shining through the dark clouds in the frosty atmosphere. Something hot was bubbling inside me.

Then one of the twins turned to face him triumphantly, wielding a sticky, blood-stained iron gauntlet and laughing bitterly.

The tip of the blade aimed at the twins was trembling. At that rate, the boy would have a hole blown in his face with one blow.

Experiencing death, even if it is welcome, completely changes one's values.

'We have to stop it.'

Chloe fumbled around on the dirt floor and finally picked up the weapon she had dropped. Then, the black-haired boy moved his wrist awkwardly and took out the scabbard.

Chloe's eyes immediately opened wide. With each swing of the boy's chopstick-sized blade, chunks of flesh fell off.

A sword to protect someone. The reason the boy was swinging the sword was herself. Her heart pounded as if it was pounding against her ribs.

In the fierce sword strike that was coming at them, the twins' heads, which had been trembling, fell below their shoulders in less than a minute.

A fairy tale that she had secretly read to herself by her bedside came to mind. The story was about a princess who was locked in a castle and was saved by a prince. For a moment, Chloe's eyes saw the prince's illustration overlap with that of the boy.

Her face flushed and her chest felt ticklish. She covered her cheeks with her hands and looked at the male student. An unknown, hazy emotion rose up in her.

Chloe decided to define it as love.

* * *

Chloe stared at me quietly for a while.

On his hands he was wearing rubber gloves that had not yet been washed of detergent.

“… … .”

“… … .”

I smiled wryly as if I didn’t know anything.

Then she keeps her body still and bends her neck.

I leaned against the railing in silence and looked out the window.

It was on the 5th floor.

‘This is fucked.’

Where did it go wrong?

Was it from the moment he stole a glimpse of a teenage girl’s innocence, or from the moment he foolishly chased after her, saying he would give her food?

I gulped softly and shook off my thoughts. For now, my priority was to think about how to survive.

I just turned my eyes and glanced at her.

The fluffy baby bird-like face had already disappeared. Empty eyes covered with white irises were staring at me.

I cleared my throat and scratched my head as I spoke.

“Chloe, isn’t the moon beautiful today?”

“… … .”

There was no answer in return.

“Thanks to you, I had a delicious dinner today for the first time in a while.”

“… … .”

“I’ll take my leave for today. See you tomorrow.”

As he says that and tries to take a step forward, Chloe slowly takes off her rubber gloves.

I felt a chill run down my spine and grabbed the railing with my hands. My small lips, which had been tightly shut, opened.

“Did you see it?”

“Huh? What?”

“that.”

Chloe gestured to the diary I had left on my desk. I answered with a slight raise in the corners of my lips.

“Ah- You’re talking about reference books? You really studied hard… … .”

“Diary.”

She glared at me with a sullen expression. I flinched.

The polite speech that he usually insisted on has suddenly changed to rude and informal speech. His attitude is as if he is meeting a completely different person.

“I haven’t seen it.”

“lie.”

“Then I saw it.”

As she said that, Chloe picked up the Japanese sword that was leaning against the wall. The finish on the body of the sword was so good that the cutting power of the blade seemed to be great.

Sling—

Chloe drew her sword. The blade’s surface was lined with ripples.

Looking at her snake-like eyes, she seemed to be trying to dye the wallpaper from white to red. There were blood vessels woven into the thin wrist that held the hilt.

Chloe takes a step forward.

A dilemma.

A sword demon emitting a vicious aura was approaching me right before my eyes, and if I jumped out the window, my body would be shattered. I turned my head to look at Chloe just in case.

The pupils are unfocused and motionless. As if unconscious, the tip of the sword is dragging on the floor as it slowly approaches.

I have some idea about that type of thing.

Yandere.

They'll probably chase you until you die. If you gain momentum here, your future life will be safe.

Moreover, the fierce tone and cloudy red eyes that had suddenly changed were no longer the Chloe I knew.

'Could it be a split personality?'

I think that opening the diary was the trigger for my personality change.

The yandere trait alone is overwhelming, but adding the split personality trait.

… Academy life is not easy.

I rolled my eyes and looked around. I saw the kitchen knives lined up in the kitchen area. But if I ran over there and reached out, I felt like I would end up with one arm or one leg.

I turned my gaze more quickly. If I wanted to prolong my life, I had to find a way.

As Chloe approached, the murderous intent that grew stronger intuitively felt like it was more intense than that of the Mao twins. Then why was she hiding it then? Thoughts that made it difficult to judge the situation were piling up.

I shook my head fiercely. For a moment, my gaze stopped on the desk.

A cutter knife stuck in a pencil case.

'… … .'

Chloe's footsteps get faster.

The time allowed is 9 seconds.

'I wanted to solve it through conversation.'

I quickly snatched it up and picked it up.

Knock knock-

The protruding blade cried.

[Your spirit level increases as you use your wit.]

[Your words and actions are temporarily intimidated.]

[Use the restraints to start adjusting to suit the user.]

Jiiing—

For a moment, I felt a sharp pulling sensation in the back of my neck.

And soon, an unusual calmness quickly cools the heated heart.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

+ +

《May God bless you.》

+ +

I locked eyes with her and opened my mouth softly. As the dreary night wind blew, Chloe's red side hair stuck to the side of her cheek.

"Chloe."

The tip of her chin trembled slightly at the indescribable pressure.

"Your hair is a bit long."

The moon, which had risen sharply, is covered by clouds.

"Bear it."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 8

Episode 8 Extras Want to Live (1)

“Um… … .”

Chloe rubbed her half-open eyes like a hamster.

“Huh? Where did the Sword Demon go?”

While I was unconscious for a moment, the swordsman seemed to have disappeared. The window that had let in the cold night wind was also tightly shut.

Chloe then let out a short groan and touched her temple. She remembered doing the dishes, but her memories after that seemed to be cut off abruptly.

I clearly remember watching Ganggeomma sitting on the windowsill while I was washing the dishes… … .

Unlike the people in my house who were filled with coldness, he was the first person to sacrifice himself for me. Whenever I think of him, my face turns red like a persimmon.

While gently rubbing the back of her head, Chloe instinctively reached for her katana. Just like last time, the blade was leaning against the white wall.

She brushed away her small, bulging chest. She had been worried because she often heard from people in her family that she was a bit of a snorer, but fortunately, it seemed like nothing bad had

happened.

Since when, perhaps because of the harsh Auditore-style assassination training, she would often lose consciousness without even realizing it.

For some reason, right after she lost consciousness, the Auditore family treated Chloe with an unusually satisfied attitude.

But Auditore's family told her not to worry about it.

I didn't want to lose my mind as much as possible because it felt like my true self was being denied. In addition, every time, I felt a sense of unease mixed with anxiety at the encouraging gaze of my family, which settled deep inside me.

"Chloe! You idiot, you moron! Why did you faint at that timing!"

As soon as she finished her thoughts, shame washed over her. Soon, Chloe buried her face in the pillow and began to grumble and beat herself up.

"Your Majesty… … ."

She buried her face in the pillow again with a hiss.

There were times when I lost my memories, but it was especially the time I spent with the Sword Demon Army.

Then, all of a sudden, I felt a strange sense of discomfort and lifted my head slightly. Something seemed to have changed.

Chloe slowly got up from the bed and looked around. The few pieces of furniture were the same, and the only thing that had changed was the fact that there was a cutter knife on the floor.

Chloe tilted her head.

"uh?"

Only then did Chloe notice. The hair that used to reach down to her ears had become shorter. Feeling it with her hand, she saw that it was shorter not only on the sides but also all over.

Chloe stood there dumbfounded for a moment, then shook her head. It seemed like she had cut her hair to change the mood.

‘Did you use the cutter knife then?’

Looking at the hair thrown in the trash can, it seemed that the swordsman had cleaned it up.

“The Sword Demon Army is really so kind.”

My words trailed off as I wondered if I had slipped of the tongue when I lost my memory. My cheeks turned even redder in embarrassment.

After folding her hands to her chest and making a small gesture, Chloe sat down at her desk and opened her diary.

I pushed my hair behind my ear and it felt much more refreshing than when my hair was messy.

The tiny fern hand moved the pen.

“I love you, Sword Demon.”

A shy, girlish smile spread across her face.

* * *

I covered my mouth and ran out of the dormitory, leaning against the wall of the building.

“Oooh- ugh-”

I threw up the entire dinner I had enjoyed, feeling sick to my stomach and throbbing my optic nerves.

It’s exactly 5 seconds past 9 and this is what it looks like.

After I had cleared my mind, I sat down on the bench in front of me. Come to think of it, this bench was where I first manifested the ‘Protection of the Sword God’. Feeling strangely uneasy, I supported my neck with my arms and leaned back as if I was lying down.

Only the sound of crickets lingered in my ears. My agitated heart gradually regained its composure. I shook off my fatigue and half-closed my eyes, lost in thought.

‘Chloe, what the hell is that?’

In general, the purpose of swordsmanship is to end an opponent’s life with one stroke or to subdue him.

But Chloe’s sword persistently struck only the vital points.

It was a series of attacks that seemed to be specialized for ambush rather than an all-out war. Thinking back, I thought that I had managed to avoid that surprise attack. If I had been ambushed in the middle of the night, I would have definitely been the one who got my throat cut.

Feeling threatened for my life, I instinctively aimed for her nape. Fortunately, the knife was short, so I was only able to cut off her hair.

‘I cleaned up a bit, so there won’t be any more complaints.’

I cleared my mind.

As I reflect on the events of the past week, I realize how crazy the academy I ended up in was. I tried to deny reality, but I had to admit it. The variables here were life-or-death.

‘Plain, safe, and sound.’

I muttered the policies I had set for myself at the entrance ceremony.

It has been said that being ordinary is the hardest thing, but the unreality that goes beyond the path prickles my skin.

In fact, when I was first thrown into this shameless game, I wasn’t without ambition. Before coming here, it wasn’t an easy choice for me, who had reached the top with just one sashimi, to shake off the romanticism of a man.

However, each individual has a role to play.

‘Miracle protection.’

The name of the game, and the unique protection of the protagonist of this world whom we have not yet encountered.

I remember it as one of the two legendary protections in the game, along with the protection of the first hero, Balor Joaquin.

The text of the verse was as concise as mine, but its content was extremely intuitive.

‘Please save the world from the Demon King.’

Above all, the protagonist is chosen by ‘Balmung’, who is both a holy sword and a demon sword.

In contrast, I can only eat sashimi the size of metal chopsticks.

Need we explain further?

I clenched my fist and slapped her cheek. It was a habit I had since I was little when I needed to come to my senses.

Since I entered the academy, there have been many unrealistic things. Perhaps it was because I was complacent because the game was set in Korea.

In order to carry out the three principles established at the entrance ceremony, I must abandon my weak self.

I pressed my temples with my thumbs to vent my confusion. Then I slowly raised my body, leaned back on the bench, and leisurely looked up at the night sky. A group of stars twinkled like gold dust.

It was an unfamiliar night sky that I had never seen on Earth. I felt comforted by the comet falling, drawing a golden thread.

‘I should go to the library tomorrow.’

Although I had a vague idea about the important characters in the game, it is true that my understanding of the world itself was quite far behind.

Moreover, it has already been a week since he entered the academy. In terms of the story, it is the timing when the protagonist is slowly manifesting his protection and belatedly starting the admission process.

You have to prepare yourself so that you can be prepared for any situation. I know the general outline of the story.

Of course, it would have been nice if I had known what happened in the latter half.

There's no point in regretting it any longer. Still, it was definitely a merit to have grasped the 'truth' of the story by the middle.

Whatever it is, let's follow the 'authenticity'. If we get involved in all sorts of things, we'll end up throwing away whatever merit we have.

Suddenly, I remembered why I quit playing until the middle of the game scenario. The end of my lively academy life came sooner than I thought.

I, who had been pursuing the childishness of youth life that I had not been able to enjoy during my teenage years, lost interest in that aspect and boldly deleted the game.

If I remember correctly, the story started to get darker rapidly around the beginning of the third semester.

The demons, who noticed the birth of the hero, unite their forces led by the commander of the legion, take action, and threaten the academy. Eventually, the scale of the story becomes more and more grandiose, and it becomes a typical story of a world war between the demons and humanity.

However, when I thought about the hell of human life unfolding in the world I live in, goosebumps quickly ran through my body.

I shook my head, almost tossing and turning, trying to shake off the thoughts.

There was still a grace period of nearly three years. I needed a realistic goal rather than an escapist three-pronged creed.

Become stronger and survive.

Anyway, the narrative of mass-produced games usually has a happy ending, and the world will be saved by the protagonist. There is nothing more foolish than being swayed by a pointless hero mentality and rushing to carry out orders.

I need the strength to build my own body, not the noble strength to save the world like the main character. I can't live like autumn leaves that could be swept away at any moment.

Let's train ourselves to be as inconspicuous as possible. If we do get noticed, there's a chance we'll be drafted to fight against the demons. Such an unfortunate event is absolutely unacceptable.

Also, there was concern that the extreme characteristic called 'Protection of the Sword God' could be a double-edged sword, so it seemed that moderation was needed in its use.

I always ate sashimi out of necessity, but I could feel my body, which was already not eating well, slowly falling apart.

'It certainly seems like the performance is certain… … .'

I opened the 'status window'.

Paat-

= = = =

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh level: 2 ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: 3 ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armament level: 1 ▷ Unlocking conditions have not been met.

☆Education rate: 1.5%

★【？？？】

[※ The protection is activated only when the sword is less than 32 cm in length and less than 6 cm in width.]

＝＝ ＝＝

The messages in the status window have clearly changed. Fortunately, it seems like this world hasn't abandoned me yet. Even though he's a background character, I think he's given me growth elements by telling me to struggle and survive.

I stroked my chin and looked closely at the status window.

Perhaps the rank written at the end of the body, mind, and armor is a concept that replaces the level used in general games.

Of course, the flesh would be physical growth, and the mind seems to be related to wit or intelligence based on the situation just now. The last armament is literally the performance of the weapon.

The problem is the fairy tale rate written at the bottom and the phrase '？？？'.

The fairy tale rate is written as a percentage, unlike the phrases above. If there was even one letter written next to it, I would have guessed it, but there is no explanation. Furthermore, it would be either 1 or 2, so why would it be a decimal point?

But what piqued my curiosity more than anything else was the phrase that had only three question marks written on it. No matter how many times I touched it with my hand, all that came up on my retina was a dry font with an annoying beeping sound and the words, "Access is not possible because the conditions are not met."

I stroked my chin and rolled my head. Gaho was already full of questions, but another question suddenly popped up. Since it was an ability imprinted on my body like a tattoo, it seemed clear that I needed to know about it.

However, racking your brain without any information will only result in hypotheses and no clear answers.

Well, it's not important right now. You'll figure it out naturally over time.

First of all, the body had to be trained to survive, and information had to be collected to quickly blend in with this world.

Luckily, the reward for the practical training that replaces the midterm exam next month is a longsword called Murasame.

The rank is B-class, and if you can handle it skillfully, it will be enough to arm you until you graduate from the academy. Since it is a standard that is outside the conditions for the manifestation of the high-risk swordsman's protection, it is not burdensome as a main weapon.

You can't rely on the 30 seconds of 'Painless Protection' forever. You also need to train your swordsmanship with a sword that doesn't meet the conditions of the protection.

'There's more to do than I thought.'

I was staring up at the stars for a long time, blankly organizing my thoughts.

"Over there, that's my seat."

My gaze turned to the clear, innocent voice without me realizing it.

Neatly combed blue hair and an appearance that is beyond beautiful and even mysterious.

A girl with stars in her eyes, standing against the backdrop of the night sky and the Milky Way.

Abel von Nibelung.

The moment when the narrative changed was midnight when the cicadas were chirping.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 9

Episode 9 Extras Want to Live (2)

Around midnight, I was sitting on a bench in a quiet garden, trying to calm my mind, look at the stars, and make some resolutions for the future.

Well, I don't understand this situation right now. How can the timing be so unlucky and exquisite?

"Hey, can you move over?"

Long blue hair that falls to her waist, sparkling golden eyes, a thin jawline, and plausible facial features.

The look of her navy blue tracksuit tights and crop top was dizzyingly lethal. Her sleek legs curved exquisitely from above and fell straight down from the pelvis.

The spring breeze was still a bit cold, so he had a beige cardigan over his shoulders like a cloak, and a claymore wrapped in a white scabbard was hanging from his waist.

I didn't know her because I saw her from afar at the entrance ceremony, but I couldn't help but exclaim in admiration just by looking at her. Her appearance was so unrealistic that my standards of beauty changed before and after seeing her.

As I opened my mouth for a moment, Abel stared at me blankly. The atmosphere was shaky but intellectual, as if the moon was shining only on her.

however.

Were there four seats for me on the bench? It was clearly public property of the academy. I wondered if there was some kind of fucking rule that said special class students couldn't sit on the benches. Well, it would make sense in this crazy academy. I was struck by how I had become accustomed to the class system.

'Oh my.'

But right now, no matter what the reason, I didn't want to get involved. I had just decided to stay out of the political world. Meeting a beautiful woman was always welcome, but from my perspective right now, it wasn't something I could just happily let go of. There's nothing more dangerous than getting involved with the main heroine.

Besides, because of what happened with Chloe earlier, I didn't feel like dealing with anyone. My hands would tremble slightly whenever Chloe's cloudy eyes briefly flashed through my mind.

Well, I'm not rip-off or anything, I'm just asking you to step aside, so it's not a particularly difficult request.

That was the moment when I was about to leave, leaning on my weak knees.

"You don't have to go. Just move over a little bit."

Abel tilted his head slightly and came right up next to me. She gestured for me to step aside, so I pushed my butt toward the corner. A drop of sweat ran down my forehead like dew, as if I had just worked out.

"… … ."

"… … ."

The stillness of the early morning had settled in. The insects had already left for work, and the only sound that could be heard was the sound of the trees swaying in the wind.

I just turned my chin slightly to the side. Abel was wiping the sweat from his face with his sleeve and looking up at the sky. He had been so heavily buffed by the heroine that his eyes turned to her.

“This is where you can see the stars best.”

Surprisingly, the voice that broke the silence first was Abel. Her gaze was still fixed on the night sky.

I couldn’t help but be amazed at the sight of Abel, looking up at the night sky with shining eyes. Was it really Abel von Nibelung, the granddaughter of the swordsman?

In the game, Abel was a character who couldn’t be said to have a good personality, even in vain. Why, aren’t there characters like that? A character who starts out as an iron wall and ticks, but then has to overcome all sorts of trials together to build up emotions.

Even the handsome protagonist couldn’t say a word to Abel in the beginning because of his hostile attitude.

That’s why I felt unfamiliar with her speaking to me in a relatively friendly manner. Abel, who was looking at the sea of stars, turned his gaze towards me.

“Is your weapon a sword?”

I nodded slightly in response. A clear voice tickled my ears.

“My grandfather said that. Inspectors have different eyes.”

Abel, who had said so, stared at me with half-open eyes. Her long hair swept over her shoulders and chest. She tilted her head, stroked her chin, and then pushed the sword she had leaned against the armrest.

“Want to catch it?”

“I’m not that attracted to it.”

As he said that, Abel made a sullen expression. One side of his cheek puffed out. Then he turned his head away. Could he be upset? After

remaining silent for a while, Abel opened his mouth again.

“Do you know me?”

“roughly.”

“I don’t know you.”

what?

“Isn’t that a little lethal? You know my name, but I have no idea who you are.”

“We just met, do I have to reveal your name?”

I glared at her with narrowed eyes, but she paid no attention and continued speaking.

“You never know, you could be a spy from the Demon King disguised as a student and sneaking into the Academy. Otherwise, there’s no reason for you to be here alone at this hour of the night.”

When I made a dumbfounded expression, Abel tapped the handle of his sword with his fingernail. His gaze seemed to be assessing me. Just by looking at his eyes, I couldn’t tell if he was joking or being serious.

“Then what are you?”

When I coldly retorted, Abel stared at me for a while with a dumbfounded face, then let out a short sigh and replied.

“Can’t you tell just by looking at it? I was just working out and training, and you were just lying around on the bench.”

“I was exercising too.”

“What kind of exercise?”

“Breathe.”

“… … .”

Abel twisted his lips once, then shook his head while touching his temple. There were gauze and bandages stuck here and there on the hand he was touching. When I looked away, she quickly hid her hand behind her back and scratched her cheek awkwardly.

The gap between her and the image I had imagined was so great that I wondered if she was the same person as the ironclad kuudere I knew. Of course, in the story, she had a textbook-like cold and haughty impression, but the girl in front of me had quite a variety of expressions.

Abel glanced at me, wiggling his fingers, and checked my mood. Occasionally, he brushed back his flowing hair.

“You’re working hard.”

“Well, okay.”

A shadow fell over Abel’s face.

“People don’t know. What it means to be of Nibelung blood. You always have to be the best, perfect. You’ll be quick to attack even the slightest flaw. You know, I’m not the top student this year, right? To be honest, this is the first time in my life that I’ve lost to someone.”

Abel pursed his lips and bit them hard. Then he forced an awkward smile.

“But you know what? In a way, it’s kind of refreshing.”

While Abel continued speaking, I didn’t bother to nitpick.

“But I’m still curious to know who the boss is, who beat me. That way, I can surpass him the next time we meet. No, I’m definitely going to beat him next time.”

“I’ll even go as far as to make it… … .”

“Honestly, it’s hurtful. I heard from my grandfather that the top student isn’t even from our class. And he skipped the top student oath ceremony. How can I live with the second place student feeling sad…?”

She muttered briefly in a hushed voice, then shook her head as if to shake off her thoughts.

“I’m really being cheeky, talking like this to someone I’m meeting for the first time. I guess the test results were quite a shock.”

“Why are you telling me this?”

“Huh? Because I look weak. Our family motto was ‘Be strict with the strong and merciful to the weak!’ And all the kids in my class are like rice cakes, so I don’t really have any friends.”

‘So this is why I was cold to the protagonist.’

Abel stretched out and stood up, dusting off his tights.

“I guess I should go in now.”

“Oh, bye.”

“So when are you going to tell me your name?”

“I don’t want to tell you.”

“hey!”

* * *

Although we had never met before, he was a really interesting male student. For some reason, I felt comforted a lot in a conversation that lasted less than thirty minutes.

“It was fun after a long time.”

I couldn’t remember the last time I shared my true feelings openly with someone.

Outside, the pressure of being a descendant of the Nibelungs and the granddaughter of the Sword Emperor.

At the academy with my classmates, I was getting goosebumps from the looks of awe and jealousy.

Then, a male student whose name I didn't know, whom I spoke to on a whim, looked at me exclusively. They say that silence is also a form of conversation.

There wasn't much conversation going on. But rather, the male student's attitude had the talent of drawing out honesty.

He was a bit rude. No, he was rather unlucky. He didn't even tell me his name until the end. The boys in the same class would even take out a number just to talk to him.

"I feel like I got rejected even though I never confessed… … ."

Abel walked down the dimly lit road to the dormitory with a bitter smile.

His steps were lighter than usual.

* * *

As soon as the sun rose, I went to the library.

A huge library worthy of its reputation as the world's greatest academy. It was a tall, eight-story building reminiscent of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. This world may not know about anything else, but its scale was amazing.

The interior of the library was even more spectacular. The cylindrical hall in the center was surrounded by books, which were packed tightly all the way to the top floor.

After briefly looking around the deserted library because it was the weekend, I found a suitable seat.

'This is why you really look like a student.'

Actually, I have never been close to books in my life. It was because I started working right after graduating from middle school, but also because I got dizzy just looking at the printed page.

Leaving my mind on the brink of despair, I thought back to the things I needed to look for first: various introductory books on this

worldview and knowledge for survival.

Among them, you should first look up the method of using the guardian and the list of demons you will encounter during the practical training during the upcoming semester.

In my previous life, I left all the hunting of demons to automatic hunting, so I have no knowledge of attack patterns. Whenever I got stuck, I would just clear it by throwing cash at it. That's why everything from now on was unfamiliar, and I needed to look into it myself.

Of course, I plan to train my body steadily and learn general swordsmanship. Until my body is complete, I plan to refrain from using the 'Protection of the Sword God' as much as possible. I will only use it when my life is at stake. In fact, I don't know if that will work out as I want.

'I think in an emergency situation, I would probably instinctively take out the sashimi first.'

But what can you do? Even if nothing goes as planned, you have to try your best.

I slowly browsed through the library categories. Then, a book sticking out of a corner caught my eye.

A red magazine titled 'The Secret Private Life of the Bitch School Principal ♥'.

The color of the cover was almost faded because it had been worn so much. I picked it up with a laugh, thinking that it looked the same no matter where I went.

"You're lucky."

Studying is important, but there are things that are more important to a hot-blooded man.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 10

Episode 10 The Hero's Appearance is Always Late (1)

This morning, the academy director Media suddenly called me through the dormitory supervisor. At first, I was nervous, but the dorm supervisor said that it was the academy's custom to have a private meeting between the top student and the academy director.

In front of the principal's office door.

I tidied up my clothes and knocked on the door.

Knock knock knock

"Director, this is Ganggeomma."

-Oh, come in.

A seductive voice came from beyond the door. I opened the door cautiously. A large desk filled to the brim with books and scrolls. Old books were also tightly packed on the bookshelf next to it.

The window behind the desk was made of colorful stained glass. The soft lighting created an old-fashioned and dreamy atmosphere. It felt like an extension of the Academy Library. But it was a bit dirty.

"Oh my, our sword horse has lost a lot of weight! Now all the aegyo has come off, my child."

"… … ."

"Just a moment. Put some clothes on and let's talk."

Media was belatedly pulling up her robe that had flowed down to her upper chest. Even though I had clearly knocked and said I would come in. She was a woman whose true nature was transparent, in many ways. She was the type of person who was difficult to deal with because her outside and inside were too similar.

“Shall we come again next time?”

“No, what are you talking about! I’m a busy woman!”

The collar of her robe was loosely tied on purpose, so it seemed like her chest would be visible if she moved even a little. When I lowered my gaze to that sight, Media was smirking as if she was excited about something and buttoned up her robe all the way. Every time her transparent flesh showed through the robe, the red magazine I had read at the library yesterday came to mind.

“What would you like to drink? We have almost all the drinks sold at the on-campus mart, including green tea, coffee, and black tea.”

Media said, brushing her hair back pleasantly and opening the refrigerator door.

I nodded my head vigorously in agreement.

It’s been two days since I started drinking tap water because I couldn’t afford the murderous prices of the on-campus mart. I don’t have time to worry about shame. It would be right to just accept it when it’s given to me.

“Then please give me the green tea hiyashi.”

“Yeah, what?”

When the old habit came up, Media blinked quickly several times. A brief look of confusion quickly crossed her face.

“You want something cold?”

“Oh, yes.”

Media smiled faintly and handed me a green tea bottle as if throwing

it at me, then sat down across from me and crossed her legs. The fat on her thighs was provocative.

“What is Hiyashi, Hiyashi? Kenma, if you get to know me, isn’t the core an old man or something?”

“Pfft!”

At those words, Sare spit out the green tea as it was. The end of Media’s robe became slightly wet.

“Oh my, this one too. Drink slowly, slowly. So no one will steal it from you.”

She opened her eyes wide, came over to me, sat down next to me, gently patted my back, and wiped her mouth with her sleeve. I glanced at her and thought.

‘I wish I wasn’t seventy.’

I nodded slightly, brushing away my cold chest. It was a gesture of gratitude.

Then a pleasant smile appeared on Media’s face.

“How is life at the academy?”

“… Well, well… so-so.”

To be honest, it’s not easy, but I can’t say to her, “What? The Academy sucks?” after she showed me such consideration.

‘still…….’

I have to say what I have to say.

“But are the prices at the on-campus mart really that expensive? What, a bottle of water costs ten thousand won… .”

Media laughs and giggles at my words.

Are you laughing? Are you laughing at the common people?

Media, who had been laughing and holding her stomach while shedding tears for a long time, seemed to have calmed down a bit and took a sip of her teacup. The fragrant scent of black tea tickled the tip of her nose.

“Sorry, sorry. It’s just too cute and funny how you talk like a housewife, Geumma. If I offended you, I apologize.”

She took another sip of her tea and tapped the glass with her finger as she spoke.

“Right? The on-campus mart is freaking expensive, right? My hands start shaking when I try to buy something there, too.”

“The principal?”

When I tilted my head and asked, Media sighed and added.

“This position is only called the principal. The salary is low and the benefits are not that great. It’s literally an honorary position. I’m currently serving in this position because the previous principal passed it on to me, but I also want to get out of that desk as soon as possible.”

Media paused for a moment, lost in thought.

Her side, bathed in the glow of the setting sun, had a mature beauty different from Abel’s. When I looked at her for a moment, a faint smile appeared on her face.

“Why? Are you so pretty that I’m going to lose myself in it? Or should we both just run away from the academy together?”

‘It’s so sweet?’

Even if I leave Media aside, if I can just escape from this academy, I won’t have to carry out the annoying plans I’ve made in the future. When I gulped and made a serious expression, Media smiled and touched my forehead with her delicate index finger.

“Our Geomma is cute. But not yet. I don’t know when you’re a little older, but you’re a student now and I’m a teacher. Let’s think about it

after we graduate.”

Media giggled as if she found it amusing and crossed her legs in return. Then she took out a card from her bosom and handed it to him.

“Okay, you use this sword.”

“What is this?”

“It’s a faculty discount card, but I don’t shop much anyway, so it’s not really useful. If you compare it to the discounted price, it’s probably about the same as the prices outside of the academy.”

“Can you just give something like this to a student?”

“The student is starving, but as an educator, can’t you do this much? Also, there is a special privilege for being the top student. So, don’t feel pressured and accept it. I feel sorry that you gave it to me too late.”

He winks at me with one eye. Normally, I would have thought he was being cheeky, but now he just seemed adorable. To the point where I thought his age was just a facade.

As I quivered my lips in joy, Media smiled and clapped her hands as she spoke.

“Anyway, let’s end our conversation here for today! I have a bit of a packed schedule. Thank you for taking the time on Sunday! If you have any questions, come see me right away!”

The moment I bowed my head and stood in front of the door to say hello and leave, Media called out to me.

“Oh, right. Was the magazine fun?”

“… … .”

“Hehehe, our Geommado is a man too? If you want to see him in person, just tell me anytime.”

I left the office without even looking back.

The wise woman, Media. She was a woman I could never handle.

* * *

Academy life was more peaceful and smooth than I had expected.

I used to avoid eye contact with Chloe in the classroom because I was afraid of meeting her, but she had made friends and had blended in well with the class. Sometimes when we made eye contact, she would blush and turn her head away, making her characteristic ‘sigh’ sound. Every time, Chloe’s new friends would coldly glare at me.

Well, since I’m a special promotion student, I guess I’ll come to accept the indifferent, disregarding stares from people like that.

I wasn’t the only special promotion student in the class.

However, the number was small and for some reason, there was an atmosphere of mutual dislike. I think it might be a sense of entitlement as a special promotion student.

Still, I was proud of myself for sticking to the Lang class instead of choosing a higher class. By now, the students in the Star and Dragon classes would be forming factions by judging each other and engaging in a lot of political infighting.

Even during the Miracle Protection play, he would bite so viciously that it would make you stick out your tongue. Now that he’s a local here, if he were assigned to that class, he’d be pushed around here and there and wouldn’t be able to maintain his lonely, eccentric life.

‘It’s actually quite livable.’

Thanks to the faculty discount card given by Media, my overall quality of life has also improved. Although it is not abundant, I can eat a balanced diet. It was a favor that was not enough to bow to the headmaster’s office three times a day.

Also, as the nutrients were distributed to every corner of my body, the results of my training became more noticeable day by day.

Perhaps because I was in the growth period, I felt like I was gaining muscle as I ate, and growing taller as I slept.

In reality, it wasn't just my feeling, but the width of my school uniform pants was noticeably shorter than before I entered school.

Thinking back, I wasn't aware of it, but I was faithfully fulfilling my duties as a student. I consistently participated in morning assembly and training, and tried to keep up with theory classes.

So far, so good. I haven't left any traces or noticeable effects that could negatively affect the main scenario, even for a short period of time. The instructors also seemed to tacitly pretend not to know that I was the top student.

I was encouraged by the thought that if I could just maintain this state for three years, I would reach the inspiring future I had been dreaming of.

"Not yet… … ."

As I was staring blankly out the window with my chin resting on my hand, the class atmosphere suddenly became chaotic and all the students, except for two or three, left.

Of course, no one told me what had happened. Since no one cared anyway, I decided to take a nap during the short break. Whenever I felt tired, I had to take a nap to relieve it so I could concentrate on the lecture.

The theory class in the afternoon was about the history behind the founding of the Academy. It is said that history is a mirror that reflects the future, but for me, who knew the general story, it was a meaningless subject.

I carefully selected the textbooks that would become my nap companions, my mouth watering.

'History books are too stiff and angular, and this book has so many doodles on the cover that it looks like it'll leave marks on your face… '

at that time.

– ‘Wow, is that him?’

– ‘Wow, he’s really handsome.’

– ‘You’re not coming to our class, are you?’

– ‘Hey, it’s a star class.’

The commotion from the hallway grew louder. For some reason, a strange atmosphere seemed to have settled among the students. I didn’t pay much attention to it and resumed my pillow-selection work. An inexplicable sense of discomfort quickly passed through my chest.

‘What day is it today?’

I took out my phone and checked the date.

“May 5, 2034”

‘no way?’

I left the classroom in a hurry and looked for a place where the attention of the students who were already there was focused.

There were too many people. I pushed my way through the crowd and headed forward. Whenever I passed by someone in the middle of the crowd, they would look at me with contempt, but I didn’t care.

After pushing through the crowd for quite some time, I was finally able to reach the front row. After catching my ragged breath, I quickly looked around. Then I asked the rough-looking female student next to me.

“Is anyone here today?”

“I feel bad, so can you please stop talking to me?”

He gives me a bird-like look in his eyes, as if he doesn’t want to mix words with the color of my name tag.

“If you don’t want to be left behind, answer.”

When I raised my eyes and threatened him slightly, he looked startled and pointed in the direction with his eyes. Soon after, my head turned in that direction as if it was being drawn to a magnet. And then I muttered with a blank expression.

“You came.”

The protagonist of this world.

Leon van Reinhardt.

He was clear.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 11

Episode 11 The Hero's Appearance is Always Late (2)

I was lost in thought, basking in the sunlight streaming in through the window.

…Leon van Reinhardt.

'He was damn handsome.'

To be honest, Kang Geum-ma's face was pretty and he had a tall appearance, but Leon's appearance was different because he received the main character's buff. He was a handsome man with blond hair that sparkled like the sun and blue eyes that looked like sapphires. When he stood, he looked like a statue, and when he sat, he looked like a painting.

As the saying goes, a face is a match for another, and just like other munchkin protagonists, the heroines make you fall in love with them just by making eye contact.

For example… if you run into a heroine with a piece of bread in her mouth and corner her, you will be flagged, and even if you sneak a peek at her naked body in the women's bathhouse, you will be flagged.

'What an unlucky kid.'

All kinds of women were attracted to him for such ridiculous reasons that it wouldn't be an exaggeration to call him a two-legged pheromone. It's a good thing Miraculous Protection isn't an erotic

game.

I think that if it was an adult-rated game, Leon might have died before he could fight the Demon King. I think the cause of death might have been a fortune teller.

In addition, the women who got tangled up, the members of the so-called main character party, were also splendid.

Rachel, the niece of the Spear Saint, Saki Ryozo, the daughter of the Zetian Emperor, and Abel von Nibelung, the granddaughter of the Sword Emperor and the most beautiful girl in the story.

I stared blankly into space and let out a hollow laugh. Thinking about the burden of karma that Leon would have to bear in the future, being popular with the ladies wouldn't be much of a consolation. I shook my head and decided to focus on class.

widely-!

An old professor with square glasses who teaches history classes tapped the blackboard with chalk for emphasis.

"This part will be on the test. Remember it."

The afternoon class covered the First World War that broke out 700 years ago and the subsequent establishment of the Academy by Balor Joaquin with his seven disciples, who felt the need to train the next generation of heroes.)

'I know the basics.'

The hero of the poem, Balor Joaquin, has won a bloody battle that lasted 20 years against the Demon King's right-hand man and the commander of the 1st Legion, 'Lycan'. It may be called a victory, but in reality, it was a fight with no true winners, only losers.

It is said that it was the history of the bloody sea of the world, where screams filled the air and blood vibrated everywhere, and where the hell of the human world unfolded. I remember being startled when I saw it as an image of the game story in my previous life.

As a result, Balor Joaquin lost one of his arms and became one-armed. He could no longer participate in battles, so he founded the Joaquin Academy to plan for the future.

But if you think about it, that guy is funny. He seems to be very narcissistic, seeing as he has his name firmly engraved on the academy.

Following the First World War, humans and demons signed a non-aggression pact.

Who would have thought that this would be the beginning of a 700-year-long truce that continues to this day?

Perhaps they are too accustomed to the peace they have now. Moreover, I am probably the only one who knows that the prelude to a crack in that peace has opened today.

I wanted to at least give the media a word, but I shook off the thought because that would mean changing the situation rather than interfering with it.

She told me that she wanted to get out of the academy principal position as soon as possible. Hana Media was the first character to notice the change in the story through her unique protection, the 'Poet's Protection'.

And… he was the first of the Seven Star Heroes to jump to the front lines to protect the cadets.

According to the official Keumuwiki, she was the first Seven Star Hero to be sacrificed at the hands of the Demon King.

Thinking about it made a bitter taste appear in my mouth.

What did you feel while living at the academy?

'…I wish I hadn't known.'

After contemplating, I looked back at the blackboard. Although my eyelids grew heavy during lectures on some of the more boring subjects, the brilliant professors at Joaquin Academy, the most

prestigious school, generally explained the potentially boring lectures in a coherent and clear manner.

Thanks to that, I was able to keep up with the progress of the theory class better than I thought. Of course, I was still used to standing up while working, so sitting down was a bit uncomfortable.

Still, the sound of writing on paper with a pencil or ballpoint pen and the wooden scent of the pencil tickling the tip of my nose felt quite pleasant.

However, Joaquin Academy did not reflect written exams in grades very much, and since the school values practical training above all else, the most important thing is generally practical training.

What determines whether you fail or not is not the written test, but the practical test that is held twice a semester. As it is a world-class academy, the difficulty level is also vicious, but I have some idea of the thread, so I was quite relaxed.

I looked at the faces of the students who were diligently taking notes. Regardless of whether they failed or not, the influence of note-taking was also significant until the next grade's class reassignment, so the students were diligently following the professor's chalk tip with sparkling eyes.

The first ones to be drafted for the Second Human-Demon War, which would take place three years later, were the upper-class cadets.

Actually, it's called draft, but in reality, it's forced conscription. I felt firsthand how shitty that was for two years in my previous life, so I refuse twice.

So, I'm going to put aside the fun of studying that I've slowly come to realize and just barely meet the cutoff line for the written exam.

Then, suddenly, a question crossed my mind.

Even Balor Joaquin, who was said to be the strongest in history, was only able to seal the commander of the 1st Legion, so how strong is the Demon King who reigns at the top of the Demon Tribe?

Come to think of it, I wonder if there were players who progressed all the way to the Demon King during the time they played ‘Miracle Protection M’.

‘Surely it’s not a crazy story where the main character loses or anything… … .’

Well, whatever. This story doesn’t apply to me. The main character, Leon, will figure it out.

The sound of the students’ pencils clicking quietly in the classroom. Because of my distracting thoughts, the flow of the class was interrupted, so I just pretended to scribble notes.

It wasn’t a note about class, it was just a habitual doodle like, “What should I eat for dinner?”

For me, worrying about my daily meals takes priority over worrying about the affairs of the country.

* * *

That evening.

As usual, I stopped by the school mart to buy dinner. It was one of the most enjoyable moments of my day. Most of the children from the precious families went to the school cafeteria without worrying about the menu.

Well, now I don’t really envy it. Because the food I cook myself tastes better than the food that someone else makes. And it’s not like I’ve been eating knife-cut rice for free for 20 years.

“Huh? Sword Demon Army!”

As I was looking through the various items at the grocery counter and comparing prices, my eyes turned to a young voice calling me. Yes, it was Chloe, the only person who called me “Geumma-kun.”

I got nervous without realizing it and started to drool.

“Oh, we meet here. Are you here to shop?”

“Oh, yes!”

Maybe it was because I had a friend, but my voice was stronger than before. I turned my gaze slightly and glanced at Chloe’s cart, which was filled with all sorts of fish. I thought that she still had a different wall of spending.

Chloe furtively watched me and licked her lips.

“Excuse me, did I make a mistake back then?”

“It was a mistake… … .”

As expected, she had no memory of that time. A dry laugh escaped my lips as I thought that it might have been a mistake to draw my Japanese sword and try to kill me.

After thinking about it for a while, I decided to ease her worries. On the one hand, I wanted to say coolly, “Chloe, you almost got your neck cut off,” but holding a grudge wouldn’t make much of a difference. Whether it’s Miu or Gou, we’ve been seeing each other in the same space for a year, so I can’t avoid you forever.

“Nothing happened.”

“… Really?”

As I nodded silently, a color came to Chloe’s face.

“…thank god.”

Chloe let out a small breath, sweeping her chest. Her red hair, which had fallen to her shoulders, swayed. She must have fixed her hair, because it looked neater and more suitable. Looking at her like this, she was definitely a small and cute girl.

‘What on earth is this guy?’

What kind of past is behind this innocent and cute face? Chloe was unconscious, but I know because I received the sword. For some reason, there was sadness in it. It seemed like she was begging to be saved, to run away. And yet, the murderous intent in the blade was

so fierce that it made every hair on her body stand on end.

It's just a guess, but while she may be less powerful than the Mao twins in terms of direct strength, if she's intent on killing, she's more dangerous than them. I asked Chloe, shaking off my growing doubts.

"But Chloe, why don't you go to the cafeteria and do your own shopping?"

"Oh, that… I didn't really like it. It was too salty and spicy… … ."

Chloe grumbled for a moment and then looked at me with round eyes and said.

"Excuse me, if it's okay with you, Mr. Geumma, can I treat you to dinner tonight? Oh! Of course, I'm not as good at cooking as you, Mr. Geumma, but I still really want to treat you… … ."

'It's evening… … .'

Oh, those eyes are so confusing. I felt bad about rejecting her, but if I accepted, I felt like I would wake up in the refrigerator the next day. With that awkward expression on his face, he racked his brain to come up with a suitable reason for rejecting her, and then he opened his mouth.

"I know this is a bit much for a dinner replacement, but can I ask you a favor?"

Chloe opened her eyes wide and tilted her head.

"Please?"

"That's right, I want to learn swordsmanship right now, but the only person I can think of to ask is Chloe."

"Me, me alone?"

Chloe's face turned red. She shook her head, holding her face with both hands, trying to cool it down.

"But, the Sword Demon Army is strong enough."

“I also want to learn some new weapons. I guess I’ll have to try out a variety of weapons to prepare for the upcoming exams. There was a Japanese sword in Chloe’s room before, right? You use a sword, right?”

“… Cool.”

“huh?”

“Oh, no!”

Chloe waved her arms in an excited voice. Then she took a deep breath and nodded quietly.

“Are you sure it’s okay with me?”

“I’m asking because it’s Chloe. If it’s too much of a request, feel free to refuse, so don’t worry.”

Chloe nodded fiercely in agreement with my request. Not a bad excuse to avoid a cozy dinner with her.

I needed a swordsmanship teacher anyway, and she was strong enough for me to acknowledge. Scary enough.

So Chloe and I each had dinner and made plans to meet at the gym at 8 o’clock.

‘It seems like it went well for now.’

I waved goodbye calmly and let out a sigh of relief.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 12

Episode 12 Auditore di Sicilia (1)

When I arrived at the training ground, Chloe was already sitting on the podium, just stomping her feet.

What was so exciting about it? She even hummed a tune happily. As I approached her, she turned her head towards me and waved happily.

“Hey! Mr. Geumma, you’re here?”

“What, you’re here already? It’s not even seven thirty yet.”

“Oh, I just got here!”

“Just now… What time?”

“It’s half past six… … .”

“Isn’t there an appointment at eight o’clock?”

Instead of answering, Chloe scratched her head and smiled awkwardly. I looked at her, sighing softly.

A somewhat more formal outfit than usual. Similar to Abel a few days ago, he was wearing tights and a crop top, and a loose-sleeved sweatshirt as an outerwear.

I didn’t notice it because she always wore a big school uniform skirt, but looking at it like this, Chloe’s body curves stand out, which doesn’t suit her small frame.

‘This is yours.’

The firm abs clearly defined on her stomach and the slender muscles visible through the tight tights made Chloe nod her head as to why she was so strong.

After staring at me for a while, Chloe glanced at me while covering her mouth with the sleeve of her dress that had fallen down to her palm. Her round eyes formed strange crescent moons.

‘It’s cute.’

I calmly handed her one of the wooden swords hanging from my waist. I bought them at a discounted price of 30,000 won each at the school mart, so they felt light, but I had no other choice. Chloe accepted the wooden sword, looked down at it for a moment, and then cautiously opened her mouth.

“Wasn’t it done with a real sword?”

“huh?”

Did I hear wrong? It’s not a life-or-death decision, and what kind of crazy people train with real swords? Somehow, Chloe’s waist was hanging with that chilling Japanese sword I saw before. She’s a cute girl who has the talent to make goosebumps come out of nowhere.

“It’s training. If we fight with real swords, there’s a chance that both of us will get seriously injured. For now, let’s just use wooden swords.”

“…so kind.”

Chloe muttered in a voice that was crawling to herself, then she held the wooden sword in one hand and swung it in the air. Boom- Boom- There was a bloody sound of air being cut. How strong must a demon have to be to make such a sound with a wooden sword?

I unconsciously stuck out my tongue as I quietly watched the scene. If Chloe really hit me, anyone’s head would split like a watermelon.

I rolled the sword with both hands. I always held it with only one

hand when holding a sword, so holding a long sword, even a wooden one, felt new. Fortunately, the protection did not manifest because it was out of standard.

‘Not bad.’

Before the duel, I opened the ‘Status Window’ for a final check.

Paat-

＝＝ ＝＝

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh level: (2▶5) ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: 3 ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armament level: 1 ▷ Unlocking conditions have not been met.

☆Education rate: 2%

★【？？？】

[※ The protection is activated only when the sword is less than 32＋(3) centimeters in length and less than 6＋(2) centimeters in width.]

＝＝ ＝＝

As a result of constant physical training, the level of the flesh had risen to 5. Contrary to expectations, the relaxation of the sword’s standards was not proportional to the level value, and it felt somewhat slow.

However, more important than the sword’s specifications was the verification of my stats, so I am satisfied with the growth to this extent.

But come to think of it, did the guardian originally have this

element? Normally, the guardian itself would be upgraded based on proficiency, but as far as I know, there has never been a case where these additional elements were added.

Moreover, the text was filled only with question marks at the bottom. Even though my body had grown to some extent, I couldn't even grasp the thread.

'I guess I need to find out more.'

As I was stroking my chin and watching the status window, Chloe approached me timidly.

"… Hey, Geomma-kun? What's wrong?"

"Oh, sorry. Just a moment."

It seemed that Chloe couldn't see the status window. From her perspective, I must have been staring blankly into space. Feeling sorry for calling her and making her wait, I quickly closed the status window.

"Then shall we begin?"

"i look forward to!"

"Me too. Today is my first time, so I'll be gentle."

"Oh, yes!"

"I really need you to be gentle."

We walked briskly, standing about 20 meters apart. We planned to learn everything from jumping to blocking sword strikes with our bodies.

Since my previous life, I've always focused on practicality. Just like how watching a video of someone cutting open a fish's belly a hundred or a thousand times is no better than cutting it once.

It's been a long time since I realized that the most important thing in learning a skill is the taste rather than the theory. The fact that I was

able to adapt to this academy quickly is probably a product of the learning method of sparring that I've been doing since I was young.

Of course, the risk is overwhelmingly greater on this side. However, if you don't even try to embrace that when you want to learn something, you will be eliminated.

If you stop at the stage of giving your all to become the best in a field, that's it. Only when you are prepared to sacrifice your entire body can you truly be called the pinnacle.

I waved my wooden sword to signal that I was ready, and Chloe responded with the same gesture. I held the wooden sword in my hand and squinted my eyes. Even though it was a mock battle, it was my first battle without the help of a guardian, so I felt nervous.

My hands are sweaty.

The posture is also awkward.

But the tip of the sword was aimed straight at the opponent.

Her sad smile disappeared in the serious atmosphere. What was different from before was that she was not a person who had lost her sense of reason, but had the face of a proper warrior.

A moment of silence falls as they gauge each other.

As soon as I closed my eyes tightly and opened them, Chloe kicked the ground and ran towards me. The red hair chased after her.

wickedness-

Chloe closed the gap in two steps. Whether it was the protection or her natural strength, her speed was amazing.

In the blink of an eye, the wooden sword dug into my carotid artery.

'Fuck, you said you were going to take it easy!'

I just snapped my neck and let the tip of my sword slip away. A piercing sound of air pierced my ears. Chloe then quickly tossed the

sword to her other hand and swung it diagonally from bottom to top.

Crack!

Chloe was able to receive the angle she intended. To be exact, she was able to receive it. However, she was only able to receive one, but her hands were numb and cold sweat ran down her forehead.

It's spine-chilling. I can't relax for even a moment.

Chloe spun her body like a top, using her right foot as the axis, and struck in all directions. A shower of sharp swords struck only the vital points.

Fast and spicy.

It's incredibly fast, but there's no frills. The targeting is also relentless, targeting only one spot on the wooden sword.

Woojijik—

My sword cracked as I took the hit, along with the sound of wood splitting. However, Chloe's emotionless chain of attacks did not stop. Even in the midst of all this, I managed to narrowly avoid a series of strikes. If I allowed myself to be struck even once, my back would break.

I can't breathe.

I clenched my teeth and caught my ragged breath.

Snap!

Eventually, my wooden sword couldn't hold up and broke into two pieces.

"Ah, ah! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have been so gentle… …!"

[The conditions for armament have been met.]

Chloe, who had just come to her senses, hurriedly distanced herself.

[An error occurred because the weapon was damaged.]

Little by little, her appearance becomes pale.

[Using the suppression power, the user's personality is adjusted.]

Support-

[The status of a person is lowered.]

[The Sword God's protection '劣' is manifested.]

* * *

Chloe called out the name of the swordsman. However, for some reason, it didn't seem to reach his ears. However, the murderous intent that was blooming from his pitch-black pupils engraved in her mind that something was wrong. Soon, the night wind stirred up dust ominously.

Pot!

The swordsman charged towards Chloe, his eyes widening and drawing multiple thermal images.

A blunt wooden sword, split in half, struck the one she was holding.

Snap!

Chloe reflexively braced her sword against her body and blocked it with her weight, but the impact lifted her feet off the ground and sent her flying to the side.

"Ugh… … !"

A groan of pain escaped her lips.

Even though I contracted my arm muscles, the shock was transmitted to my bones. A sharp pain spread through my entire shoulder.

The sudden blow threw my center of gravity and my body, out of balance, tilted to the side.

Chloe used the wooden sword as a crutch to support herself. A convulsive trembling quickly ran through her body.

Chloe only then came to her senses. She had to force her eyes open and secure her vision.

However, she couldn't completely stop her trembling hands. Chloe felt fear at the sudden change in the momentum of the strong swordsman, who had gone beyond seriousness to the point of even wielding a wooden sword. There was no room for other emotions to creep in.

At that moment, Kanggeomma stretched out her arm and shot the broken wooden sword like a shotgun. She bent her waist to the right and deflected the shot wooden sword.

A fleeting moment when the fluttering reddish-brown hair obscures the vision.

The swordsman's nose touched her forehead at a speed that made it impossible for her to even react.

Just before Chloe closed her eyes tightly, a blurry shoulder appeared on her retina.

Knock!

"…uh?"

"Let's stop here for today."

His forehead was slightly cold. Kang Geum-ma smiled faintly and showed his lightly clenched fist.

'Honey chestnut?'

"Thanks for helping me practice. I'll go in first."

Kang Geum-ma stroked Chloe's head once, then turned around and waved goodbye before heading towards the training ground door.

"… … ."

Chloe just stared blankly at the back of Kang Geum-ma as he walked away.

* * *

I've felt this since the class placement test, but the Sword Demon Army's incompetence goes beyond strength and contains a strangeness. It's not a technique, but a raw feeling.

Even though he unconsciously manifested all his blessings, he was no match for it. And it was only a half-baked wooden sword.

Chloe was in a brief moment of agony. Then she pressed her temples and sighed.

'I knew you were strong, but… … .'

I walked with difficulty, my body stiff with tension. The goosebumps running down my spine did not subside easily.

As Chloe neared the threshold of the dormitory, the red-haired man was waiting for her, leaning against the wall of the building.

"You look happy, Chloe."

"Brother?"

A faint dryness seeped into Chloe's eyes. The man frowned and continued speaking coldly.

"Is the best you can do by entering the academy hanging out with lowly people?"

"… Don't call me that, Sword Demon."

Chloe's eyes narrowed. Blood flowed from her chewed lips.

"Is your name Geomma?"

"… … ."

"If you continue to hang out with that guy, Auditore will try to get rid of you."

There was a brief silence between them. Then, Chloe shook off her trembling body and then hardened her expression and spoke.

“Even if the entire Auditore comes, it won’t be enough to defeat the Black Horse Army.”

With those words, Chloe entered the dormitory building, blowing a cold wind.

“Sword sword.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 13

Episode 13 Auditore di Sicilia (2)

There is something that needs to be made clear.

To get straight to the point, this power I have been granted is not a blessing or protection from God. It is not some unique talent that the heavens have given me. Rather, I think it is more like a curse.

In order not to rely on the protection of the swordsman, I set out to find a new weapon. However, as if mocking my efforts, the power chased after me and took control of my body.

This time, there was no excruciating pain. No, rather than excruciating pain, my body was enveloped in an endless, intoxicating, pure pleasure and an overwhelming sense of powerlessness I had never felt before. The curse swung me around like a marionette bound by strings.

As I swung my sword half-heartedly, something sweetly whispered in my ear. It was a language I had never heard before.

It was like sweet persuasion, or like a creepy threat. But what it was trying to say was engraved on my brain. A dark evil thought rising from deep within.

‘Cut more, cut more, destroy more.’

Foolishly, I gave in. I wanted to sink endlessly into the abyss of extreme passion. At that moment, someone called me. A name that I had come to recognize as my own.

A red-haired girl caught my eye in the world that was turning blue. She was calling out to me as if screaming. At that scream, the world that had been torn apart into small pieces was combined and replaced as one.

I wanted to pull everything up and get away from something that was trying to eat me and contaminate me. I threw the broken wooden sword as if I was shooting it. Even in the process, it refused to come off my skin like black flesh.

Still, I took it off. Even if my skin peeled off, I felt like if I didn't take it off now, I would lose my self forever.

As I shot my sword, my body was drawn to a magnet and shot out like an arrow, landing at the feet of the girl in front of me.

Only then could I remember her name.

Chloe.

Until recently, she was the yandere who tried to kill me. Now, she is the girl who woke me up from my faint consciousness. When I completely let go of the sword in my hand, I finally gained freedom of movement.

I was both annoyed and grateful that she tried to wake me up. After all, she was the one who broke my sword in the first place. So, even though she was mean, I decided to let her have a good time.

Chloe, who had been hit with a honey chestnut, opened her mouth several times and made a dumbfounded expression. I met her gaze and stroked her head.

It was one of the behavioral guidelines when encountering a yandere that I saw on YouTube. I don't know if it's reliable, but I wanted to get out of there quickly. I was worried that I would instinctively reach for the wooden sword she was holding.

If you keep acting like this, you'll have to live your whole life avoiding swords. A talent that's almost like a curse that manifests by trading your lifespan.

It was a talent that I had to live with from now on, thrown into this world as a heterogeneous being.

I didn't expect much from this place. I just wanted to live an ordinary life. I thought it would be enough to just cover up the little incidents as they happened.

But now I realize that there was something lurking inside me, trying to swallow my reason.

On the way back to my dorm room, I thought about it as I tried to calm the torrential current that was racing through my veins.

This is not a blessing. It is a curse, a technique of reversing the flow, that seeks to swallow me whole.

* * *

After that day, Kang Geum-ma did not show up in the classroom for three days. Only Instructor Lee Won-bin and Chloe noticed his absence, but the atmosphere in the classroom remained unchanged.

Chloe wanted to ask why. If she had known the phone number, she would have called, but thinking about it, she didn't even know the number until now.

'Why didn't I ask in advance?'

I went to Ganggeomma's dormitory and knocked. Every time I did, only a groan mixed with the sound of metal leaked out from beyond the door.

Chloe tried hard to suppress the urge to break down the door and go in. She had a feeling that doing so would make the Black Knight hate her.

Neither conversations with her new friends nor her morning warm-up exercises could warm her cooling heart.

In the classroom, I always liked the sight of him looking out the window with his chin resting on his hand, lost in thought.

I don't know how many times a day I would sneak a peek. I was even careful about what I said to her, for fear that she might think I was a bad woman.

At first, I thought she fell in love with the way he sacrificed himself for me, but maybe that was just an excuse. Chloe just needed a strong swordsman.

'…I miss you.'

Now, I can't even imagine my daily life without him, my feelings growing stronger by the second. I wanted him to be by my side no matter what.

And so, one day, two days passed by. It was a morning when the sky was covered with prey when Kanggeomma showed up in the classroom.

Instructor Lee Won-bin slammed the attendance register on the desk and spoke. It was a roar as loud as a wall. The aura of his presence was so overwhelming that even the noble children, who didn't know where to turn, were left with their tails curled up in their hands at his expression.

Lee Won-bin turned his eyes and looked at the students. As expected, Kang Geum-ma was nowhere to be seen today.

One day, the sincere and humble cadet disappeared without a trace. If it were other instructors, they would have gone looking for him.

However, Lee Won-bin respected the students' individual free will, so he decided to trust Kang Geum-ma. There must have been some reason.

"There will be no morning training today as rain is forecast for the morning. Instead, each person will study on their own."

Lee Won-bin, who had said that, pulled out his chair and sat down. The students who were supposed to be studying were talking in a quiet voice, but the instructor just laughed it off.

He is a hot-blooded youth. If he stays still, his face will tingle, and if

he has a friend next to him, his mouth will tickle. Lee Won-bin took out the pocketbook from his arms and read it.

Knock knock-

The classroom door opened.

In an instant, all eyes were focused on the door.

If it were normal times, his appearance would not have attracted much attention.

“uh……?”

Instructor Lee Won-bin was taken aback by Kang Geum-ma’s sudden appearance.

The pupils of his eyes had lost a layer of emotion. The tips of his hair were a few centimeters gray. The boyishness of just a few days ago had disappeared, and he was a young man with a decadent atmosphere.

“The Sword Demon Army!?”

Chloe stood up from her seat with a stiff expression. A faint sense of anxiety quickly spread through her body. The goosebumps on her arms did not subside easily.

“I apologize for being late, Instructor.”

“Uh, uh. No.”

Kang Geum-ma, who entered the classroom, gave a brief bow to Lee Won-bin and then went back to his usual seat. The eyes that glanced at him.

-Isn’t he a special promotion student? Did he originally look like that?

-I see… … ? But isn’t he a bit more handsome?

A murmur of voices filled the classroom.

Ignoring those stares, Kang Geum-ma stared out the window.

His eyes, covered in deep fatigue, were motionless as if he was looking down on all the cadets.

* * *

When lunchtime came, Chloe approached cautiously.

“Hey, Mr. Geumma.”

“Yeah, Chloe.”

“What happened?”

“No, nothing happened.”

“…that is.”

Chloe looked around carefully as if choosing her words, then spoke in a barely audible voice.

“I thought something was wrong because you hadn’t shown up for a few days. Was it because of the training?”

She sobbed with eyes filled with longing. To reassure Chloe, I smiled and shook my head.

“I was feeling a bit sick. Thanks for your concern.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s fortunate… … .”

Chloe trailed off, her mind still wandering. I reassured her again by simply telling her that she was okay. In fact, it was a blatant lie that she had been feeling sick.

For the past three days, I’ve been suffering from something more like severe withdrawal symptoms than excruciating pain, to the point where I’m mentally exhausted.

After the duel, I stayed in my room and didn’t eat anything. I buried myself in my bed and prayed that the tremors that were almost convulsions would go away.

The price of exerting force while holding the broken weapon far surpassed the compressed pain he had experienced before.

That wasn't the only change. I looked at myself in the mirror. The frame itself was the same, but my impression had become so cold that I was surprised.

I don't know how many times I touched my face. Even the ends of my hair were turning gray.

The penalty for that fucking protection was obvious. As I let out a deep sigh, Chloe shut her mouth and stared blankly at me.

She seemed to feel guilty. After all, the last person I met was Chloe, and she was my training partner in a fierce battle.

I changed the subject to try to ease the expression on his face that was clearly showing regret.

"The dinner we were talking about eating before, do you want to eat it today?"

"Huh? Really!?"

When I said that, Chloe's eyes sparkled with joy. She was jumping for joy and didn't know what to do. She seemed to be having a good time.

"Instead, I want to eat the food Chloe made today."

"Of course! I will work hard!"

Chloe quickly nodded, her small hands clasped to her chest. She had been fasting for several days, and her stomach was stuck to her back. She wanted to put something in her stomach.

"Then today, I'll make you eat whatever you want, Mr. Geumma! What do you like!?"

"Well, it's been a while since I've had fish. I haven't had it since I ate it at Chloe's dorm because it was so expensive."

As we were talking loudly, I felt eyes on me from behind. A cold, gloomy, unpleasant aura.

My eyes scanned the area. My senses, expanded by those few days, quickly found the source of my gaze.

At the door, a red-haired male student was staring at us, dripping arsenic.

As I cut off the conversation and looked toward the door, Chloe's gaze turned toward it as well. Her expression crumpled in an instant without mercy.

"Do you know him?"

Chloe nodded silently. There was a faint emotion on her face, something akin to disgust and fear. I also felt a bit shitty about the arsenic he was spewing.

I clicked my tongue briefly and then got up from my seat and walked briskly towards the male student.

"hey."

"… … ."

"If you have something to say, say it with your fists, like a man."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 14

Episode 14 Auditore di Sicilia (3)

I walked forward. The boy stood still.

“… … .”

A tense atmosphere hangs over the room, and a heavy silence permeates the classroom walls.

Blood-dyed red hair and red, cloudy eyes. My intuition was screaming out a fierce warning. The guy was strongly appealing that I was in danger. What could I do in this situation?

“If you have something to say, please say it.”

The guy doesn’t show much reaction to what I say.

He just stares at me with his blank, empty eyes. I stand still and look him in the eye. The cold, cold hostility pierces my entire body.

‘This kid, why are his eyes like that?’

I had a strange feeling. When I thought about it carefully, I realized that it gave off a similar vibe to Chloe when she lost her mind.

Moreover, it is rare in this world to see a red light and a red eye. I guess she is probably related by blood.

A few minutes passed without any conversation between us. Then Chloe stopped me with a pretended serious expression.

“Geumma-kun, you don’t have to worry about this guy.”

Chloe said, trying to ignore him. If you hadn’t seen him, how could you not care when he was giving off such a sinister vibe? She turned her back and spoke to him in a trembling voice.

“I, I told you not to come… … !”

Chloe’s voice was full of hostility. It was clearly her way of speaking, but since her voice was already crawling, the effect seemed minimal.

The person I was facing drew a bitter smile on his lips without answering. Then Chloe grabbed my sleeve with a pale complexion and trembled.

At that sight, I couldn’t help but frown. Even considering Chloe’s timid nature, I could clearly see that she was extremely averse to the guy in front of her. At that moment, the guy who had been silent for a long time opened his mouth.

“You don’t look very strong. Do you really want to break Auditore’s rules to be with someone like this, Chloe?”

Chloe took a deep breath and replied.

“Whether it’s Auditore or whatever, it doesn’t concern me anymore.”

“You can’t wipe away the blood that has already soaked your hands. If you were born Auditore, you will always be Auditore’s slave.”

A boy named Knox spoke to her in a nail-biting tone. He spoke in a childish tone that you would only hear in historical dramas.

“Leave this world behind and come back to Auditore, Chloe.”

“Don’t talk to the Sword Demon Army like that!”

At the word ‘Cheonchul’, Chloe’s face hardened for the first time and she radiated a cold murderous aura towards Knox. The red, sharp murderous aura filled the classroom with a fierce momentum.

Fortunately, it was lunchtime so there were no students.

I've gotten used to this unusual situation to some extent now, but if it were me just a few weeks ago, I probably would've staggered over, clutching my forehead, unable to bear the suffocating weight of the air.

'… … Auditorera.'

I thought to myself, chewing on the word. I knew a little about that family, though it wasn't all that specific. A shadowy group that mainly engaged in infiltration and assassination.

During gameplay, he didn't appear at all in the beginning, and was only mentioned a little bit in the middle, and in later episodes, he was in a brief supporting role.

I remember that among the many families steeped in mysticism, it was the heroic family that was particularly lacking in information.

However, one thing is certain: all members of the family are incredibly strong. Although there was a reputation that they were inferior to other heroic families in an all-out war.

I know he is unrivaled in ambush attacks.

They raise their children as assassination tools by repeatedly training them to the point of abuse before they can even grow up.

If you look at it that way, wouldn't the face of that man, Knox, whose emotions are extremely intense, be normal for Auditore, and Chloe, whose face is closer to that of a shy girl, be out of place?

Maybe Chloe just wanted to live a normal life. No one but her would understand her.

But the circumstances would not have allowed it easily. I because of the protection of the sword I was granted, and Chloe because of the environment of the Assassin family. She would have wanted to run away. Her twisted side would also be the product of her harsh upbringing.

I looked at Chloe. She was biting her tiny lips so hard that blood was dripping out, showing her hostility towards Knox.

It felt like a defense mechanism, like a hedgehog raising its spines to protect itself.

I turned my gaze to Knox. His eyes were thick with a coldness that made it seem like he would commit murder without hesitation. No, his face already looked accustomed to murder.

Auditore is known to be a man who seeks out and purges internal enemies, including the House of Order. To be honest, I also have no aversion to killing out of necessity. Rather, I think it is justified.

I think guys like the Mao twins deserve to die. In a society of nobles who have died, there must be more than a few heads that need to be killed.

But, to live as a machine where one's own life is ignored and one must continue to kill without emotion… … Isn't it too cruel to force a fate with no choice just because one's origins are assassins?

I thought, Heroes save the world with a noble sense of mission. I am not a hero. I cannot be one, and I do not want to be one.

Even if we can't save the world, maybe we can help one girl's life.

A dry laugh escaped my lips. It was a mockery that didn't fit the situation. I lightly patted Chloe on the shoulder.

"I need to talk to that kid."

I have no choice but to admit it. It is clearly close to a curse, but that power will not let me be defeated. In the end, it was back to square one. I tried to escape from the protection of the swordsman, but I could not escape.

The phrase, 'There is no paradise where you run away' flashed through my mind.

Anyway, my name is Ganggeomma. It's Geomma, made by combining the characters for sword (劍) and devil (魔). It's the perfect name to maintain a crazy concept. If it's just bluffing, I've even tried it against the strongest swordsman in the world.

“Your name was Knox.”

“… … .”

Knox blinked silently.

“Follow me.”

I then opened my mouth dryly.

“Bear it.”

I am a knife wielder.

For me, conversation is not about words, but about sticking out words.

* * *

Academy faculty office.

Instructor Lee Won-bin, with his hair cut short, folded his arms and looked lost in thought. What on earth could happen for someone to change so much in such a short period of time? Not only his appearance, but even his demeanor and impression had changed drastically.

He was originally a student who lacked a bit of teenage personality. Sometimes he would show off the confidence of someone who was more experienced than him.

‘I guess something’s wrong with that guy.’

While he was thinking like that, someone behind him suddenly shouted, “Wow!” A woman with short hair and long legs smiled mischievously.

“senior!”

“Oh, Instructor Kim.”

“Huh, what is it? Why are you reacting like that? It’s embarrassing for the person who teased you.”

Instructor Kim made a sour expression at Lee Won-bin's indifferent reaction. Then he poured the Haribo jelly he was holding into his mouth.

She always had a variety of snacks in her hands. Lee Won-bin decided to hide his complicated feelings and go along with her whims.

"Senior, what's wrong? Your head feels particularly dizzy today."

"… Don't touch a bald head."

"Hehe, sorry."

Instructor Kim scratched her head awkwardly and stuck her tongue out. Then, she asked back with a puzzled expression.

"What's really going on? Why is your face so gloomy?"

"It's nothing. That guy from Geomma was absent for a few days and came back today, but his expression changed so much. That's what's bothering me."

"Isn't it just because you're growing? Kids these days grow so fast. There are a lot of cadets who look older than me at first glance. So don't worry too much, senior."

"… It's not just the impression, but it feels like the person has changed a bit? It's like his emotions have been somewhat diminished… … It's hard to explain, but it feels a bit strange."

Lee Won-bin let out a short sigh and shrugged his shoulders. Instructor Kim slurped the jelly with a strange expression.

"Well, as long as he doesn't cause any accidents, isn't it okay? From what I've heard from Won Bin, he seems like a neat and polite kid. I guess he'll just lean in."

"Giura… … ."

'Isn't there any need to worry too much… … .'

Lee Won-bin finished his short musings. While he was lost in thought about Kang Geum-ma, he realized that there were only 15 minutes left for lunch. He got up and left to go to the cafeteria.

Beep beep beep—

The corded phone on the desk rang sharply. It was lunchtime, so unless it was urgent, there would be no internal call. Lee Won-bin put aside his fleeting doubts and picked up the receiver.

“Class head instructor Lang, I received a call from Wonbin Lee.”

-Hey, senior Lee Won-bin!

The voice coming from the other end of the receiver was Choi Hoo-im. Instructor Kim, who was standing next to him, asked who it was. Lee Won-bin told her through his mouth who the other person was on the phone, and then continued the call.

“Hey, Instructor Choi. What’s going on all of a sudden?”

-It seems like there’s a problem.

Lee Won-bin’s eyebrows furrowed. His expression was filled with anxiety.

“What’s the problem all of a sudden?”

-It seems that a student from your senior’s class went to the principal and requested a subspace battle between cadets.

“What? Suddenly!?”

A scream came out of Lee Won-bin’s throat without him even realizing it. All eyes in the faculty room were focused on him at the thunderous scream. Even Instructor Kim, who had been chewing on the jelly for a while, started to hiccup at the sight.

Subspace Battle. Unlike regular pairings, this is a close-to-realistic sparring that takes place in subspace. It may be thought of as the same as the class placement test, but it is different in that it takes place in front of all the cadets.

Since it would be no different from broadcasting a live scene of flesh being torn and blood being splattered in front of all the Academy cadets, it was impossible for it to happen except in extreme cases.

“Who is the student who applied and the opponent?”

-that is…….

He trailed off with a hesitant voice. When Wonbin Lee whined fiercely in frustration, Instructor Choi answered cautiously.

-The cadet who applied is Ganggeomma, and the opponent is Nox Auditore.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 15

Episode 15 Auditore di Sicilia (4)

There are 15 minutes left until Dalian.

I thought the procedure would be complicated, but it went more smoothly than I expected. Media asked me again if it had to be done in subspace, but seeing my determined attitude, she coolly allowed me to train in subspace. She added a note telling me to take care of myself.

Anyway, since the subspace is outside the sphere of influence of reality, there won't be any direct trauma, but it's probably a kind of old woman's worry. She's a woman with a double-sided charm who sometimes seems childish but then shows a mature side.

The rules for the subspace duel are simple. Just like the class placement test, you either die or get killed.

Anyway, since the subspace is under the protection of the Academy and is outside the sphere of influence of reality intervention, no matter what happens inside, there is no direct trauma.

Even if your flesh is torn and your bones stick out, you will never die. Of course, you are responsible for the psychological trauma. Even if it is virtual, experiencing death is associated with primal fear.

'Well, if I win, that's the end of it.'

I decided to just take it easy. Worrying first wouldn't change the outcome. Plus, Chloe lent me some weapons. A sashimi stick with a

rose pattern on it.

‘It’s a brand, so it’s better than Daiso.’

In his other hand, he was still holding the Daiso sashimi.

The cadets’ commotion could be heard all the way to the waiting room in the training grounds. No matter how fun it was to watch a fight, I didn’t expect the reaction to be this explosive.

All the crap I did to avoid being noticed until recently has now become insignificant.

I scratched my head, drooling in frustration. Chloe just looked at me with an apologetic expression on her face.

It seemed like she thought I was the one who got entangled because of her. I smiled and tried to comfort Chloe, who was groaning beside me for a while.

“Chloe, don’t make that face, it’s not because of you.”

“…still.”

“If you’re really sorry, make me a nice dinner after you’re done.”

Chloe nodded slightly with a shadowy face. As the waiting room in the training center began to fall silent again, I didn’t say anything.

“I saw you earlier and you seemed very scared.”

“… My brother is strong.”

“Chloe is strong enough.”

She shook her head in denial, her crimson lips quivering.

“My brother is a genius with unparalleled talent in the history of the Auditore family, especially in handling secret weapons, to the point that he has no equal within the family. At the age of 14, he was already called the ‘Peak of Night Skills’ among the adults. Of course, the Sword Demon Army is strong enough, but my brother is an

assassin with a lot of actual combat experience… … .”

“… the pinnacle of night technology.”

I know what it means, but for some reason I felt strangely embarrassed when a young girl said something like that.

I wiped my face once to clear my mind of thoughts, then turned my gaze to look at the sashimi.

It’s always been like this.

I found myself humming to myself, thinking that no matter how hard I tried to avoid it, I would eventually have to make this choice.

I remembered the joke my first teacher made in my previous life, saying, “You’re destined to hold a knife for the rest of your life.” I guess that person couldn’t have predicted that I would be holding sashimi in my second life, too.

[We will now proceed with subspace pairing. Those cadets, please come out to the training ground.]

The dry announcement, like the one at the entrance ceremony, announced the sparring. It seemed like there was a lot of excitement because it was an unprecedented battle between cadets in a subspace.

“I’ll be back.”

“…yes.”

Chloe hung her head low and trailed off weakly. Even though I was the one fighting, it was obvious that she was more nervous.

“Chloe.”

“yes?”

When I called her name excitedly, Chloe looked up at me reflexively.

“There are many geniuses in the world.”

“… … .”

“But in the end I won.”

* * *

I entered the training hall and looked around. The many seats were full. I was astonished at the number of people, which was probably in the four digits.

But what really bothered me was that the atmosphere of the arena was reminiscent of the Colosseum of ancient Rome.

If they didn’t like the game, they would immediately give a thumbs down and boo.

‘Oh, what? They’re here too?’

Among them, the faces belonging to the star class at the top stood out. Rachel of the Creation House, and Saki Ryozo of the Jewel House.

Surprisingly, Abel von Nibelung and Leon van Reinhard were also present.

‘It’s a burden for no reason.’

I walked to the center of the training grounds with my weapons in hand and faced Nox, two sharply sharpened katanas in each hand. He glanced at the sashimi I was holding and his expression crumpled.

“Are you trying to fool around with me right now? It seems like you can’t tell the difference between a guest and an arrogant person.”

The guy showed a look of displeasure on his face, then released a thick murderous aura that was suffocating.

‘You crazy kid.’

I scratched the back of my neck and answered calmly.

“Originally, experts don’t blame their equipment.”

“I’ll cut off that insolent tongue.”

The murderous aura that Nox was emitting was so ominous that it brought the chaotic atmosphere of the spacious smokehouse to a halt.

I took a deep breath. From the moment I first saw Knox, I knew he was a force of a different class.

However, when I actually faced the poisoned Knox, a chill ran down my back.

Auditore's unique protection, 'Protection of the Crow', was the highest-performance protection against presence blocking in the work.

And as an assassin, he would definitely have one or two hidden weapons. In addition, the red-bladed katana held in Nox's hands was clearly the S-class weapon, the 'Hongryundo'.

While I was looking at Knox for a moment, as if assessing him.

[The subspace curtain will now be deployed.]

[May the protection of the hero be with you.]

The curtain of purple subspace unfolds.

I drew my sword.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

+ +

《May God bless you》

+ +

* * *

The duel begins, and the two look at each other for a few seconds as if gauging each other.

Knox ran with light footsteps, his expression unchanged, his neck slightly bent. The afterimage that had been visible until just a moment ago narrowed down to a long red line and disappeared from

sight.

“What is that?”

“Did you see it?”

“Crazy, he’s a real pan-class guy?”

There was an exclamation among the cadets watching Nox’s movements. Since most of the cadets did not know the truth about the Shadow Family Auditore, most of them thought it was just a duel between lower-ranking classes.

There were only a handful of cadets in the Holy Class who could keep up with the breaking news from Hana Knox. Most of them couldn’t even tell what was going on. The sound of swallowing was heard repeatedly.

A blurry human-shaped shadow drew a red line and aimed behind Kanggeomma. Kanggeomma, sensing a subtle murderous intent behind his back, quickly jumped up.

There was a whoosh, a sound of air being cut. Immediately, a red light chased after the swordsman.

Suddenly

The continuous clanging of metal. Sparks flew like lightning every time the swords clashed.

The two figures slashed at each other at an unbelievable speed. I was watching intently, but the two disappeared from sight in an instant.

Immediately, the sharp sound of metal bursting rang in the ears of the audience.

Bang! Bang!

There were several attacks and exchanges that sent shockwaves so violently through the air.

The next moment, Nox and Kanggeomma opened a distance of about

8 to 10 meters.

Knox was taken aback. As Chloe had said, he was definitely no ordinary guy.

Even though I used the ‘Protection of the Crow’ in the middle to erase any trace of it with the intention of definitely annihilating it, it reacted as if it was natural.

‘That kid… … ‘

I needed to be more careful. I guess I was too obsessed with speed.

At first, I thought I would just make him a pig, but seeing his skills, I thought it wouldn’t be an easy finish.

‘I’ll cut off your head with one blow.’

Knox put his fingers on the Hongryundo he was holding in both hands and drew blood.

The red sword turned even redder. The S-class weapon and Auditore’s secret weapon, the ‘Hongryundo’. The sharpness increases as it draws blood, and it can even cut through iron like tofu.

A hard, cold sensation touched his palm. Knox gripped the blade tightly, dripping arsenic. The sensation the blade gave him felt like it could cut through anything.

In contrast, Kanggeomma’s weapon was a kitchen knife. However, even though it was clearly a cheap knife, the blade in his hand was making an ominous sound.

In the cool air, Nox slightly raised his gaze and looked at Kanggeomma’s face. The cold, shadowy eyes were fixed on Nox.

The guy’s upper body was bent over with his arms hanging down. His center of gravity was tilted forward, an unstable posture. The cool tip of the sword was raised towards him as if aiming a gun.

Nox froze in shock at the sight of Kanggeomma’s face. He felt his blood freeze. Emotions he had never felt before enveloped Nox.

Kkugugu—

Blood vessels formed on the arm of Kang Geum-ma, who was holding the sashimi.

His breathing became shallow and rapid. A thin, cold sweat ran down his back.

Bang!

Kanggeomma used the condensed air as a springboard to shoot his body like a gun.

A single lightning bolt struck the dirt floor.

“””uh?”””

Boom, the sound of thunder as space compressed and exploded belatedly echoed through the smokescreen. At the same time, Knox felt something hot on his left shoulder.

One of the arms wielding the katana rolled to the floor with a thud. As one of the arms fell off, the red pupils contracted into circles.

Unlike the movements just now, which could have been captured, they were not visible to the eye.

Goosebumps appeared on the bodies of all the cadets who filled the stands.

The scream stopped in my throat in a situation that defied common sense.

Tadak

The sound of footsteps never stops. Knox turned his gaze in the direction of the sound. However, he was only chasing afterimages, and the guy was nowhere to be seen.

“What the heck!”

In an instant, shadows holding sashimi surrounded Nox, as if eating

away at his vision.

A wall-like force that could not be followed with the eyes gathered towards one point. Someone among the onlookers' mouths dropped open.

Something was happening, but no one could follow it with their eyes. It was going at a speed that was simply beyond human capability.

All the cadets who were watching were speechless. There was no more admiration or sighing.

The swords drawn repeatedly raised dust. As the dust grew thicker, the pungent scent of blood lingered in the cadets' nostrils.

Some groaned and staggered, clutching their temples as the swords slashed relentlessly.

Crunch-

A series of death sounds that cut through life.

Crunch-

The spilled blood pooled and formed a puddle.

Crunch-

A scream mixed with a shout echoed through the smokescreen.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 16

Episode 16: The wind is not blowing well (1)

As the thick dust that had filled the smokescreen began to gradually fade, the traces of the tragedy that had just occurred became clearly visible.

In every place where there was a dent, pools of blood were red, and on the dirt floor were drawn multiple lines like ripples.

I clicked my tongue briefly at the face reflected on the blade. As always, cutting a person is an indescribably unpleasant sensation. It's a knife made to cut open fish bellies, but I'm using it to cut people…

If there's any consolation, it's that I haven't actually killed anyone yet? The Mao twins, or Nox, who's now cooling down right before my eyes, all happened in the subspace. Who would have thought I'd be able to enjoy the privileges of virtual space like this?

Of course, even if it were real, I would have thought of cutting down any threatening entities without hesitation, but I wanted to avoid indiscriminate killing.

If I swung it around as I pleased, I felt like I would become a human butcher before I knew it.

I shook the red, wet sashimi I was holding in my hand and put it back in its scabbard. The blade rattled slightly.

Well, in that short period of time, I poured out so much sashimi that it was hard to even count, but it's strange that the blade didn't get

damaged even though there was a brand logo on it. I laughed bitterly.

26 seconds. The match ended sooner than expected.

Knox was definitely strong. As Chloe said, he had a lot of combat experience, and his swordsmanship was ruthless and without hesitation.

It was so scary to receive the swordsmanship. And above all, his fighting sense was innate.

The cadets in the audience might not have known, but at the same time as he drew his sword, he casted ‘Crow’s Protection’, twisting the curve of his sword strike in an irregular way.

Even with Chloe’s incredible speed, it wasn’t easy to deal with.

Nox was indeed gifted in combat, although his hand-to-hand combat was somewhat awkward.

It was good that he used the presence blocking to draw a curved sword path, but the sword energy was thick with murderous intent, so the next sword strike was expected.

Of course, if you continue to gain experience and your potential blossoms, you will become the strongest assassin.

‘It was strong.’

I think I’ve gotten used to manifesting the blessings and have reached a level where I can manage my time in my own way.

Of course, even after applying the painless protection, the heavy, sticky feeling around my eyes still persisted.

But compared to when he first manifested the protection of the sword and started making a fuss, it’s just laughable.

I put my hand on the back of my neck, which was stiff from tension. In the meantime, the curtain of subspace was lifted and the sound of the cadets’ murmuring reached my ears.

A mixture of emotions. I had a feeling that my future academy life would be tiring. I let out a short sigh and muttered.

"… I can't help it."

In the end, this is the path I chose.

There is no choice but to endure evil with brute force.

* * *

The aftermath of the fierce battle between Kanggeomma and Nox shook the entire academy. In every class, from saints to deities, the only thing they talked about was the incident.

Rumors spread later that he was from the House of Order, Auditore, and most nodded to Nox's strength.

As the saying goes, an awl in the pocket, the name Auditore was not so unfamiliar among the children of high-ranking nobles.

That's why the question of who the male student was who faced Knox was an even hotter potato. To be honest, he was so good at throwing Knox Alditore around like a sashimi sashimi that the word opponent was meaningless. It was a performance that went beyond shocking.

Moreover, he was a lowly special student. There were no rumors or truths to be found. That fact alone was enough to cause the teenagers to have a light-hearted conversation.

Inside the Star Classroom.

Abel crossed his arms and sat in thought without any change in expression. The sight of Jaha's sunset streaming in from outside the window was always beautiful. However, his eyes, which used to sparkle like jade, were somehow calm today.

The face of a black-haired boy flashed through Abel's mind.

The last time I saw him, I remember him having a slightly softer impression, but the eyes I saw today had an indescribable coolness to them.

As he drew a crescent with his sword, one of Knox's arms slid off. There was no sound of it being cut, as if it had been cut off to begin with.

And the attack that followed was so fast that even Abel could not contain it. Above all, the unrealistic swordplay… just watching it made his body flinch.

And it wasn't even a special weapon, just two rose swords.

Even in her dorm kitchen, there were identical knives stuck in there. She felt a strange sense of guilt and was reluctant to use them.

As the granddaughter of the Nibelung and the swordsman, I was proud of my unique insight into swords. However, today, I felt that my proud insight was shattered.

Abel shook off the thoughts that were rushing in and took a deep breath. His long, aquamarine hair swayed.

"The name is Ganggeomma… … ."

Abel muttered softly as he chewed on the name of the boy that appeared on the screen of the training center. The classmate who had treated him so slyly. Who would have thought that he would learn his name like this… .

Suddenly, as she searched her memory, she remembered what she had said to Kang Geum-ma.

'Huh? Because I look weak. Our family motto was 'Be strict with the strong and merciful to the weak!'

I thought of the unidentified chief student that Siegfried had spoken of with a shady face. Suddenly, I had a bad feeling that that student might be Kang Geum-ma.

No, given the circumstances, it seemed certain that he was the one. The reason being…. Kanggeomma was overwhelmingly stronger than her, who was second in line. There was no way that the sacred subspace's scoring would miss that part.

“… … .”

Abel let out a deep sigh and lowered his head. Huh, the shame welling up in her mind made her bite her lips with a bright red face.

And then, his fist lightly hit the desk.

‘Kang Geum-ma, what was he thinking when he saw me!?’

The feeling of shame and embarrassment suddenly turned into a small anger. That sly attitude towards Abel.

Perhaps, he reacted that way because he knew everything. Who would have thought that the first person he had a heart-to-heart conversation with after entering the academy would turn out to be a powerful figure who was the chief party that had declared that he would be tamed?

When I thought about it, I was angry. And very angry at that. Even if I made a hundred concessions and said that there were circumstances for hiding the fact that I was the chief, and even though I confessed everything, Kanggeomma didn’t tell me anything. What’s more, I only found out his name yesterday.

My body abruptly sat up in shock. Then, the blonde girl with twintails sitting next to me yawned and smacked her mouth.

“Hmm, what’s going on?”

“… Oh, it’s nothing, Rachel.”

Abel, startled and embarrassed, opened his mouth awkwardly. Then Rachel narrowed her eyes and stared at her.

There was a faint, mischievous glint in his heart-shaped eyes.

“Hey-, really?”

“Yeah, I haven’t been able to exercise for the past few days, so I feel a bit sluggish.”

Abel smiled awkwardly at Rachel. His beautiful eyebrows furrowed

slightly. Rachel, the niece of the Spear Saint and a member of the 4th class of the Academy.

In fact, they weren't that close. From the beginning, Abel was reluctant to make friends due to the strong sense of superiority that was embedded in the sexual class.

But Rachel, with her characteristic wit, continued to try to break down the wall she had secretly built.

"Abel, you look like a man?"

"Oh, no!"

A playful voice tickled Abel's ears.

Rachel stretched out her index finger and gently tickled Abel's sunken side, drawing circles. Abel was startled and took a sharp step back.

"Our Miss Abel was a proper woman too. I thought she was completely ignorant when it came to love."

"That's not true!"

As Abel blushed, Rachel rested her chin on her hand and let out a giggle.

"So who is it? It wouldn't be someone like that who could steal Abel's heart. Well, let's see-"

Rachel turned her head and pretended to look around. Then she nodded slightly and pointed at Leon.

"Leon, who's that? Well, he's handsome."

"no."

Abel wiped his expression from his face and denied it with a smile. Then Rachel tilted her head slightly and said, as if throwing it away.

"… Miss Abel was strangely hostile to Leon. Then, was she a special

student at the training ground yesterday?"

"!?"

Bingo. Abel's face turned red for a moment. Rachel's face broke into a crooked smile at his reaction. She stood up slightly and grabbed Abel's wrist.

"What, what are you doing?!"

"Let's go, Miss Abel."

"Where?!"

"Lang class!"

So Abel was weakly dragged along by Rachel's arm. Perhaps because he was a window sill, his grip was strong.

* * *

Break time between 6th and 7th period.

Knock knock-

The classroom door of the Wolf class opened.

At that moment, the noisy atmosphere died down. The Lang Class students lowered their voices and whispered at the sudden appearance of the two beautiful girls.

Rachel took the lead with a smile on her face, and Abel walked in timidly, led by her.

Even this year's Academy's second place winner, Abel von Nibelung, and fourth place winner, Rachel de Murat. Two girls who are at the top of their class, the highest class.

It was obvious that Abel's beauty was too beautiful to be kept only for the eyes, but Rachel next to him was also a beautiful girl with a healthy charm.

As she smiled faintly, the boys grabbed her chest and fell backwards.

Abel sighed deeply and rubbed his forehead.

Rachel, standing tall on the podium, narrowed her eyes and searched for the black hair. She knew the face, having seen it at the training ground yesterday. Black hair was extremely rare, so it should be easy to find.

An exclamation mark appeared above Rachel's head as she quickly scanned the area.

Oh, I found it! It was a distinctly black color. The tip was tinged with gray, which was a unique feature.

Third row, window side.

He was sleeping face down, using a thick history textbook as a pillow. Next to him, a cute red-haired schoolgirl was moving around, staring intently at him as he slept.

Is she a girlfriend? It didn't matter to Rachel. The grass always seems greener on the other side. She came here to tease Abel, but Rachel personally found the special promotion student quite interesting.

Rachel smiled faintly, unbuttoned her top two buttons, and approached Kang Geum-ma. Her brisk steps left Abel no time to stop her.

A provocative body that would disarm most men. It was the will of a woman who had entered combat mode. All eyes were focused on them.

Rachel blew a warm breeze into Kanggeomma's ear. Chloe, who was next to him, frowned and shot him a murderous glare.

Kanggeomma let out a short sigh and shook his head as if shaking off his sleep. He must have slept quite soundly, as the cheek on the side where he was pressed was dyed red.

Kang Geum-ma lifted his head, which had been bowed with a blank stare, and looked around.

And immediately, Kang Geum-ma's soulless gaze met Rachel's milky

chest.

“…what?”

She pushed her side hair behind her ear, waved her hand gently, and whispered to Kang Geum-ma.

“Are you standing?”

A faint smile appeared at the corner of Rachel’s mouth.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 17

Episode 17: The Wind Doesn't Blow Well (2)

I don't understand this situation that happened so suddenly.

I was taking breaks to relieve my fatigue, and when I opened my eyes, there was a wild girl with her breasts thrusting right in front of my nose.

I raised my head slightly to look at the person's face. Blonde twintails and heart-shaped eyes.

A healthy and beautiful girl with a body of primitive curves that rivals the media of the academy director. Her short school uniform skirt and black knee-length socks stand out.

Rachel de Murat of the Spear Saint family. A prominent heroine in Miracle Protection and one of the four seats in the Academy.

The thought, 'Why her all of a sudden?' came to me naturally. We had no contact whatsoever, but when I opened my eyes, Rachel was staring at me with her top two buttons undone and a seductive smile on her face.

I blinked my eyes once or twice, thinking it might be a dream, but it was reality. No wonder, the smell of flesh that was similar to fabric softener enveloped my nose. If I leaned down a little more, my face would bury itself in my chest.

As a look of confusion crossed my face, Rachel tilted her head slightly at an oblique angle and said, her shiny blonde hair brushing her

shoulders.

“Are you standing?”

“what?”

“Why, they say men pitch their tents when they wake up in the morning?”

“… … .”

“Or maybe it’s because of me?”

Rachel put her hand to her lips and let out a foxy, seductive voice. Chloe, who was sitting next to her, looked at her with kind eyes.

“Excuse me, who are you?”

Chloe glared at her with twinkles in her eyes. Rachel glanced at her once and snorted.

And then he spoke to Chloe in a gentle tone, stroking her head as if he was talking to a child.

“Kid, you shouldn’t interfere when adults are talking!”

“… … .”

Chloe’s pupils slowly emptied into a cold glow.

“Rachel! What are you doing in someone else’s class?”

“Why, Miss Abel? It’s just a greeting, a greeting. Isn’t it?”

Abel, who was standing behind her, tried to stop her, but she wouldn’t budge. It was pitiful to see Abel struggling and dragging her away.

Abel was two places higher than Rachel in terms of rank. However, the brute force of a man from a family of window makers would far surpass Abel.

If I remember correctly, the motto of Changsungga was a line that

reminded me of a certain cartoon, ‘There’s no need for technique in the face of overwhelming power.’ In Miracle’s Protection M, the Changsungga characters are all power characters whose stats are focused on strength.

Among them, the beautiful girl in front of you, Rachel de Murat, was the direct descendant of the family and the niece of Changseong, one of the Seven Star Heroes.

Rachel just turns her head and winks at me, making Abel’s efforts seem meaningless.

‘But they’re here?’

As I watched Rachel and Abel squabbling with a blank expression for a moment, I felt a cold, sharp sensation next to me. I just turned my gaze slightly. Goosebumps appeared all over my body, and I immediately turned my eyes back to the front.

‘It’s fucked.’

Chloe turned her head to the side and stared blankly at Rachel. Her red eyes were already clouded and unfocused. The problem, more than anything, was the cutter knife in her right hand.

I had hoped so, and it was as expected. It was definitely Chloe in ‘that’ mode. It seemed like she had lost consciousness.

I rolled my eyes. If I don’t sort out the situation here, it feels like there’s going to be a fight in the classroom.

Before I could say anything, Rachel, who was in the middle of a fight with Abel, looked Chloe up and down. Then she covered her mouth and giggled. Chloe’s eyebrows narrowed at the sound of her laughter. They both seemed to have gone crazy.

“Little kids shouldn’t have toys like that!”

At those words, Chloe’s head tilted at an even more bizarre angle. Unconcerned, Rachel placed her hands on her hips and shrugged her shoulders as she continued. Abel muttered, placing his hand on his temple at the playful tone.

“Kid, you know that just because you have a narrow chest doesn’t mean you have to be narrow-minded, right?”

She straightens her shoulders and shows off her perky chest.

“Get behind me, you bitch.”

As soon as the blade clicked, Chloe thrust the cutter forward without a moment’s hesitation. Someone let out a small scream.

The distance was too close. Chloe was already fast, but she was sharper and faster than before. She was an evolving yandere… If she wasn’t careful, she would become a guest who never returns in an instant.

WHACK!

“““““!”””””

‘You’re going to catch that?’

Rachel was lifting Chloe’s wrist with a relaxed expression. The hand holding the cutter knife instantly turned bright red, showing how strong her grip was.

Rachel quickly grabbed Chloe’s other wrist as she resisted fiercely. It was a scene from macho MMA, not a fierce fight between schoolgirls.

“Kid, slow down.”

Rachel looked down at Chloe with cold eyes. Still, there was murderous intent in Chloe’s eyes. Rachel loosened her grip on Chloe’s wrist as if it was a joke, then squeezed it tightly.

There was a crunching sound, and Chloe let out a faint groan of pain.

“Ugh… … .”

“Rachel, stop!”

Abel stood in his way, his expression hardening. Rachel let out a small sigh and threw Chloe’s hand away.

Chloe's petite body flew towards the blackboard like a fallen leaf. In the meantime, Chloe did a somersault in the air and landed on the ground as if she was doing a fall. Some people let out exclamations.

It seems there are no normal female students in the academy. At this point, I am desperate to escape from this place.

Rachel's eyes were filled with mischief again. Then she snuggled up next to me. A soft touch touched my elbow. A thrilling sensation spread through my entire body as the softness wrapped around my arm. I couldn't get up from my seat until the next period.

"Your name is Ganggeomma?"

When there was no answer to her question, Rachel's heart-shaped eyes narrowed. A meaningless smile appeared on her lips.

"Is that kid your girlfriend, Geomma?"

"no."

As I spoke firmly, Chloe, who was listening from 1~2m away, glared at me with her flounder-like eyes. It was a look that really made many thoughts run through my head. The sharp cutter knife in her hand caught my eye.

But that doesn't mean it isn't true.

"friend."

"swimming."

That's the best answer I can give. Rachel's voice trailed off at my answer. She nodded, her chin still resting on her hand.

I can't figure out what the heart-shaped eyes are thinking. The graceful collarbone is visible through the unbuttoned school uniform shirt.

When I slightly turned my gaze, my eyes met Abel's. Then, I flinched in surprise. I had forgotten because I was so flustered, but when I thought about it, he was there too.

“Why did you two come looking for me?”

“I heard that Miss Abel is interested in you, so I came to see Ham’s face.”

“When did I!?”

“Huh, isn’t that why you came?”

“Rachel, you just dragged me here!”

“I thought Miss Abel wanted to come because she followed me obediently!”

When Abel screamed, everyone’s attention turned to her. Abel slightly raised the corners of his mouth and cleared his expression. Then he crossed his arms and closed his mouth as if nothing had happened.

The students’ attention was fixed on the four of us to the point where it felt burdensome. Perhaps they realized that if they brought up the subject further, it would only damage their own image.

Not only Lang’s class, but also other classes were crowded with men who came to see Abel and Rachel.

Right now, all I want to do is avoid those hot stares. I’m already tired from yesterday’s work, and these situations overlapping are just a headache.

Still, seeing that he didn’t go out, it seemed like Abel had something to say. Or maybe he missed the timing to go out and couldn’t go out.

I let out a weak sigh and buried my forehead in the history book. My body was still growing, so no matter how much I slept, I couldn’t get enough sleep.

“If it’s nothing serious, then go.”

Rachel’s chin slipped. Her eyes widened and she burst into laughter. Abel also looked embarrassed.

“You’re a really funny kid, aren’t you?!”

I turned my head in the opposite direction without saying anything. I don’t know what was so funny, but I didn’t feel like dealing with them all. I didn’t want to make my already messed up academy life any more annoying.

Rachel pressed her chest against my arm and tickled my ear with a lewd voice.

“I like a funny guy.”

“That’s good. I’m not having fun.”

As she said that, Rachel giggled and held her stomach. Her chest, which was pressed against her, moved rhythmically. Even if she moved a little to the side, her chest was drawn to her like a magnet.

“How about we go watch Retflix in my room after class?”

‘Fox year.’

“Get away from the Sword Demon Army right now!”

Chloe quickly came to her senses and shouted with a furious look on her face.

“Phew, it’s the Sword Demon Army!”

Rachel ignored Chloe, who was growling at her with angry eyes, and looked at Abel.

Abel’s eyes flashed with a bright blue flame, as if he couldn’t wait any longer and was about to draw his sword. Rachel stood up with a sour expression, shaking off her short school uniform skirt.

“It was nice meeting you, Kenma Kun! See you again soon!”

“Don’t come.”

“Phew, it’s so sloppy!”

I covered my forehead with one hand and answered coldly.

Something about the thought of Rachel and that guy made me feel like I was going to get a headache.

After glancing at Chloe, whose eyes had turned red like a goblin's, Rachel waved to me while linking arms with Abel.

Before leaving, Abel narrowed his eyes and looked at me. His beautiful eyelashes fell down, half-covering his eyes. Then he licked his lips once or twice and soon turned his steps toward the door.

As Abel and Rachel disappeared from sight, the three-digit number of young men all turned their gazes to me. Their eyes were filled with hostility. It seemed that I had unintentionally become the enemy of all the males in the school.

* * *

The hallway of the faculty building leading to the Star class.

'I didn't know it would be that much… … .'

Even though his attitude was cold, there was something faintly felt in his shadowy black eyes that overwhelmed the viewer.

We only exchanged glances for a moment, but it felt like my throat had been cut off. My teeth chattered slightly at the fear I hadn't felt in a long time.

It was clear that he would be on a different level from his classmates who were just talkative, snobbish people that he had seen since entering the academy.

The Changseong family has a tradition of marrying outstanding warriors for generations. That is why, from Rachel's perspective, Kanggeomma is a very desirable talent. Rachel muttered quietly to herself.

'Sword Sword… … .'

Abel, who had a somewhat fierce and rough attitude and decadent eyes, was called an unconquerable empress among the male students, and I thought she was interesting.

As soon as she reached the front of the class, Rachel stopped walking and turned to Abel. Abel was sighing deeply, crossing his arms. Rachel apologized with a strange smile.

“I’m sorry, Miss Abel.”

“… Ha, if that was the commotion just now, you shouldn’t be apologizing to me, you should be apologizing to the Lang class.”

“No, not that.”

“…what?”

She winked, closing one eye.

“That guy, Geumma, I can’t give in.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 18

Episode 18 The wind is not blowing well (3)

The Wolf class swept by a storm called Rachel.

Unlike the cadets who were babbling, I couldn't open my mouth easily. Chloe's expression was gloomy. Fortunately, she seemed to have come to her senses, but her face was covered in dark clouds and she looked gloomy.

It seems that he is quite upset that he was so helplessly subdued by Rachel. But if I may defend myself, I would say that the opponent was the 4th seat of Joaquin Academy.

That means that when it comes to Rachel, only three cadets out of 2,500 can gain the upper hand.

Moreover, since Changseongga is a family that marries the powerful men of the time and carries on only the strong bloodline, his innate brute force is likely to be the strongest in the school.

To be honest, it was Chloe's fault for pulling out the knife first, but Rachel was the one who provoked him by telling him to attack first. It's hard to say who was more at fault.

But the problem is that Chloe is in the same class as me, and we have to spend almost a year together, while Rachel is in the same class as me, which we rarely see each other in. I scratched my head.

It's not like I can just say, "You pulled out the knife first." If I do that, I'll be the target of the next stab.

Chloe's shoulders slumped as if she was discouraged. I felt sorry for her for some reason, and when I tried to comfort her by saying something, she hesitated for a moment and then opened her mouth first, mumbling.

"…Do you like the big swordsman too?"

"what?"

"…Do you like that big chest of the swordsman too?"

"… … ."

Chloe raised her voice and sobbed with hopeless eyes.

'That was the point that pissed you off?'

I was speechless. I thought she was just being unilaterally attacked, but it was because of her chest. For some reason, she had been holding her hands together on her chest and turning her head to look at me.

'My heart… … .'

I thought, rubbing my chin.

Well, I'm not all that generous when it comes to breasts, but Rachel's milky breasts were just too offensive, and Chloe's weren't that small either.

In the world of martial arts called Heart, the only woman who can compete with Rachel is Media? Even Abel is no match for her. The thought of turning most women into batteries flashed through my mind.

But if she were to be honest here, it would be like stirring up a beehive. Chloe was still holding the cutter knife in her right hand.

When there's no sashimi, I'm no match for Chloe, who's stronger than before. I don't want to see blood as a reward for my tongue-twisting behavior.

In the end, the answer is set and all I have to do is answer. She's still a young girl in the midst of her growth, so who knows?

… The chances seem a bit slim, I said, swiping my face once.

"I don't really like big breasts."

"… … ."

Chloe was glaring at me with her flounder eyes. Her hand still holding the cutter knife was still not strong. I added, drooling.

"Perhaps you would prefer something smaller?"

The sin of abandoning a man's conscience, I will receive it sweetly someday. For now, life comes first.

"… Really?"

"huh."

Then, Chloe's face brightens. The smile she had lost returns to her lips. She wipes the tears from her eyes with her sleeve and then puts the cutter knife in her pocket. I let out a sigh of relief.

Chloe smiled faintly, tucking her slightly flowing red bob behind her ear. I'm not sure… but it might be a gesture to appeal as a woman.

The atmosphere that smells too much like spring is not good either. Of course, Chloe is a yandere. If she were to show any more affection for me, she would try to shove me into the refrigerator right away.

I had a gut feeling that if this situation continued, it would be really dangerous, so I quickly said something to change the subject.

"By the way. Chloe, that… Knox, how are you doing after that?"

At the mention of Knox's name, a shadow fell over her face. It seemed that she disliked her brother quite a bit.

When Chloe thought about it, she wondered, 'Why does she hate Knox so much?' She hated the Auditore family, but Knox, somehow,

seemed to have a mixed feeling of ‘hate’?

But I decided not to ask because I was a bit reluctant to dig into someone else’s family history. I wasn’t that curious. Even if I were deeply involved with that assassin’s family, I would just have to be careful walking at night.

As I was lost in thought for a moment, Chloe opened her mouth in a voice permeated with a faint dryness.

“My brother is currently hospitalized in the Academy Hospital.”

“Why are you hospitalized? There are no traumas in subspace training.”

Chloe shook her head in denial, her side hair now disheveled.

“… Actually, I don’t know for sure because I didn’t go and look, but from what I heard, it’s definitely not an external injury. So, there’s no need to worry, Mr. Geomma!”

“hmm.”

Even though I cut him up mercilessly, he didn’t seem so weak that his mental state would break down to that extent.

‘That kid, isn’t he harboring other intentions?’

Physiognomy is a science, and Knox’s emotionless, bitter mouth came to mind. Could it be that he was trying to lull me into a state of carelessness by hospitalizing me and then hit me in the middle of the night? It’s quite possible.

And ambush is his specialty. Of course, he could just stomp on you again, but that time, it felt like he was actually going to cut off your neck. Preventing an accident in advance would be one of the best ways.

“Chloe, can you tell me which ward and room Knox is in?”

“…yes!?”

Chloe opened her eyes wide in surprise. I smiled brightly and answered softly.

“Originally, men grew up fighting each other. Go and have a short conversation like a man.”

“…still.”

Talking to Chloe, I feel like her relationship with Knox isn’t entirely bad, but more like a love-hate relationship.

Chloe is chewing on her lips and drooling as if she’s worried about something. This is when I unleash my special move.

“Chloe.”

“yes?”

I lightly placed my hand on her head and stroked it. There was a smile on her lips, a smile that had been honed through many years of experience in the food service industry.

“Please.”

“… … !”

Chloe’s face turned red like an active volcano.

『How to Encounter a Yandere 1. First, pat her head. Then she’ll eat half of it and go in.』

It was a moment when I felt rewarded for studying on YouTube for a few days before going to bed.

* * *

Joaquin Academy’s ward VIP room.

Knox was lying in bed, shivering. Feelings he had never felt before were stirring. His heart was pounding.

The concentration of something rising from deep within showed no sign of abating even with the passage of time.

It was because of that kid.

‘Ganggeomma.’

Now, it was a name that I couldn’t even bring myself to say out loud. I could only mutter it silently to myself.

Every time the pitch-black eyes of the Ganggeomma passed through my head, I felt a tingling sensation in my body from the extremities.

It was a vivid fear that I was experiencing for the first time. It was painful because the anger towards that kid and the disgust towards myself were mixed together.

He lived his entire life without ever knowing defeat. No matter what his enemies were, they were cold and cold before Auditore’s genius, Nox’s ‘Hongryundo’.

That was until yesterday. Knox lost. No, it would have been better if he had just lost. The guy’s mood changed, and in less than a few seconds, he was mercilessly cut down like a sashimi fish.

It didn’t hurt to have my flesh cut off, but the excruciating pain of having my heart broken made me lose the will to get up.

I thought, ‘Would it be different if it were night?’, but when I thought about clashing swords with Kanggeomma, my body’s joints jumped in strange directions.

“Fuck!”

Knox slammed his teeth into the shelf next to him. The basket of apples, bananas, and other fruits clattered and bounced up. The metal shelf dented in the shape of a fist.

‘Kill. Kill. Kill.’

Yes, he can kill you. Nox’s true calling is assassination. With the power of all of Auditore, he could cut off the head of that bastard, Ganggeomma.

There was only one obsession that filled Knox’s mind.

‘I have to kill that guy and bring Chloe back.’

Chloe is Auditore’s subordinate. Moreover, her potential as an assassin is far beyond Knox’s own approximation.

It was at that time that the flame of revenge was burning coolly in his eyes.

Knock knock knock

A knocking sound permeated the white walls.

“Who are you!”

Knox narrowed his eyes and shouted a sharp voice through the door. As if in response, the sliding door to the sickroom slid open with a thud and ruthlessly moved to the side.

“grow.”

It was Ganggeomma. Nox flopped down on the bed with a dumbfounded expression. His jawbone popped. The fighting spirit that had been burning until just now suddenly died down as soon as he saw Ganggeomma’s face.

“You, you, you.”

My words stuttered unconsciously. My teeth hit each other so hard that my tongue almost got chewed. I managed to close my mouth by clenching my gums.

Kang Geum-ma walked towards Knox with his hands deep in his pockets. Then he pulled out a chair next to him and sat down, leaning back.

“I guess Auditore has a lot of money? He’s no joke in the hospital room.”

Without paying attention, he scratched the back of his neck and looked around the hospital room. It was probably just his actions, but Knox’s forehead became wet. The cold sweat that had gathered on his forehead began to flow down in a stream.

“Can I eat this?”

“… … .”

Kanggeomma asked, nodding to the apples in the basket on the shelf. Knox’s chin nodded slightly. It was the moment when he learned what an invertebrate reflex was.

“thank you.”

I picked up a juicy apple and took a big bite. Whether it was delicious or not, I ignored the juice spurting around my mouth and kept grinding my teeth.

Only the corners of his mouth moved, and no sound escaped from between Knox’s teeth. All he felt was pure fear. When he faced the guy, his stomach twisted and he felt like he was going to vomit.

As Knox covered his mouth, Kanggeomma grabbed the fruit in the basket without changing his expression. Could it be that he came here to see the end? Instead of reacting, his body froze in shock.

Kanggeomma tilted his head at the sight, took out an apple, and began to peel it gently. The apple peel, which was peeled so transparently that you could see through it, looked like silk. It was a possessed sword play that made you lose your mind.

“If you can’t eat rice, eat some fruit.”

He then placed the smooth, spherical fruit on the shelf. Even while doing so, Nox flinched. His body unconsciously reacted to every useless action of the swordsman.

“Well, it looks okay, so I’ll go.”

Kanggeomma stretched once, got up from his chair, and headed toward the door. Knox’s gaze quickly scanned Kanggeomma’s back and the fruits on the shelf.

‘If it’s now.’

The guy is defenseless. Knox slowly reaches out toward the shelf. He

doesn’t even hear the sound of the hospital gown rubbing against his skin.

At that moment, Kang Geum-ma turned his head slightly back with the door half-open. Nox received a dreary look in his eyes.

“Oh, and.”

“… … .”

“If you plan on getting revenge on me.”

The air in the hospital room is stifled by the dry voice.

“I will dry up Auditore’s seed.”

widely-

The door is closed.

The apple on the shelf was split into eight pieces and spread out.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 19

Episode 19 The wind is not blowing well (4)

Looking at the Knox guy, it seemed like his heart had really broken since yesterday's sparring. There was a small spark in his eyes, but it was only a match-sized hostility.

When I stopped by the hospital room, I packed a bag of sashimi in the inside pocket of my coat just in case. I was planning to cut it up as soon as I saw any sign of it.

Still, I was planning to end it with a friendly conversation if possible. His family is the only assassin group in this world. No matter how much I am, I can't deal with all of them.

So, in order to prevent this possibility, I said something and left. If you try to interfere, I will destroy Auditore.

Of course, Gao was quite a threat. Since the limit for using the protection was 30 seconds, it was impossible to deal with all the members of the family.

Well, I guess I could kill ten people in 30 seconds, but that's the worst case scenario, and I always want to avoid killing. I don't want to get used to the feeling of cutting people up anymore.

Judging by the guy's pale face, those words seemed to have had a real effect. It was a face I had seen a few times in my past life. The appearance of a broken person whose heart could never recover.

It wasn't pleasant. I was the one who broke the will of a boy who had

been admired as a genius his entire life.

I scratched my head and left the hospital, shaking the smell of medicine off my clothes.

The hazy purple of the dazzling sunset was disappearing beyond the horizon.

I stared blankly at the sunset for a moment. I was definitely impressed by the view a few days ago, but now I feel no emotion at all.

‘Are you familiar with it?’

I clicked my tongue briefly and brushed away my heavy heart. Today was a particularly tiring day. I decided to have some ramen for dinner and headed toward the school mart.

* * *

When I opened my eyes, the sun was at its zenith.

I just turned my head and checked the time on my phone. Then I tossed and turned under the blanket for a while and got out of bed. The beginning of a lazy routine of getting up and doing things slowly.

‘The weekend is nice.’

I opened my eyes half-asleep and yawned. My body, which had been like a wet cotton ball, felt lighter, as if my fatigue had been relieved by a good night’s sleep.

When was the last time I slept this soundly? I scratched the back of my neck and picked up the bottle of water on the nightstand.

I drank it down in one gulp and wiped the moisture from my mouth. I wiped the moisture from my mouth with an old-fashioned exclamation, saying, “I feel like I can live now.”

Even though he hadn’t even been drinking, he looked like a modern person suffering from a hangover.

‘I want to drink beer.’

I remembered a glass of 500cc that made my head tingle. In my previous life, I often drank draft beer from the machine while cleaning up after work at the store.

Starting with the beer foam caressing your tongue, the tangy bubbles hit your throat refreshingly.

Drool flowed out of my mouth. I wiped it away with my sleeve. My arms look really strange.

Until last year, I was living an ordinary life, even drinking beer, but before I knew it, I was standing in the eye of an extraordinary typhoon.

Just yesterday, two beautiful girls were fighting in front of me with swords. Now that I think about it, I had actually threatened to annihilate the person I had killed. A dry laugh escaped my lips.

‘I wonder what’s wrong with my head.’

He ran his hand through his hair to shake off his thoughts. The more he dwelled on such trivial matters, the more he would unintentionally get involved. Knox could now ignore them as long as nothing happened, but the problem was Rachel…

Her personality, which relies on the protection of a miracle, is YOLO itself. The expression “a character that is impossible to grasp” is the perfect fit.

Even during the game, he was the one who approached the main character, Leon, first, but ended up falling later than the main heroine, Abel.

I feel like I’ve gotten involved with someone I really don’t want to get involved with. I don’t want to avoid them like a fool, but I can’t think of a proper way to deal with it.

‘I’ll think about it later.’

There’s a lot to do ahead. The first midterm exam is coming up this

week, so my priority is to prepare. Since the reward is the B-class weapon ‘Murasame’, I plan to take it seriously.

Even though it is a longsword of the sword series, it is practically no different from being unarmed, so it is a great help to me. Also, if it is outside the standards of the protection, it is a merit. Well, if it doesn’t fit my hand later, I can just leave it to the blacksmith.

The content of the test is to form a group of five people regardless of class and subdue a group of demons. Most of the practical training and tests conducted at the academy were focused on cooperation.

Although individual skills are important, trust between comrades is more important to survive on the battlefield.

Well, thanks to that, if you meet a good crew member, you can take the bus and get a free reward, so it might be beneficial.

For reference, the demon you will be subduing in the midterm exam is a D-class demon called ‘Merman’, with the upper body of a fish and the lower body of a human. To put it simply, you can think of it as Ingxking walking on two legs.

‘Fuck.’

Even when I saw it in the game, it was a really unpleasant looking demon, but the thought of seeing it in real life made my teeth chatter. I’ve been catching fish my whole life, but the thought of encountering a fish with legs made me want to curse.

It would have been nice if it had been a ‘mermaid’, at least for the eyes.

‘But they were demons.’

The ‘Mines’ are the main force of the Demon Tribe. Compared to them, the Demon Beasts are practically like guard dogs.

700 years ago, they signed a truce with humanity and have been quiet ever since.

As the saying goes, there is no history without war in human history,

and there have been many conflicts, big and small.

A typical example is the Demon King's 6th Army Commander, Basmon, who crossed the ceasefire line on his own half a century ago.

He came alone under the ridiculous pretext of resurrecting the 1st Legion Commander, Lycan, who was sealed in the hands of the hero of the time, Balor Joaquin.

To fight him, mankind dispatched the Seven Sage Heroes, comprised of only the strongest heroes, and after a week of bloody battles day and night, the Seven Sage Heroes were victorious.

However, out of the seven heroes of the Seven Stars on the victorious side, three, excluding Geomje, Hyeonja, Changseong, and Jeolgung, were killed by Basmon.

The demons avoided responsibility by attributing it to Basmon's arbitrary actions, and humanity also swept it under the rug for fear of breaking the tenuous truce that was barely maintained even if they raised the issue further.

'Even if the seven strongest men in the human race fought together, three of them would die because of one of the Demon King's executives… … .'

Even Basmon was a commander who had the cliché attribute of 'that guy was the weakest among us.' I felt once again that Balor Joaquin, who sealed the 1st Legion Commander Lycan single-handedly, was amazing.

But the problem is that in three years, we have to wage war against all the demons, including the Demon King.

"… … ."

After washing my face dry to the point where my face felt hot from the suffocation, I slapped my face.

I had to pull myself together to survive this tough terrain. I tried to calm my mind and focus only on the midterms.

First of all, I need to sell my feet and find a decent team. Normally, the children of nobles would never put a special promotion student like me on the same team.

I'm not a famous person in the academy these days. It's going to be hard to get through the three years quietly anyway, so I've adjusted my goal to be more comfortable using this as a selling point.

After thinking about it, I stared blankly at the ceiling. Then I quickly laid back down on the bed. During my growth period, I was always sleep deprived.

* * *

A week from then,

There was no cadet who would let me in as an assistant as if it were a lie.

The first test was a situation where, let alone a plan to take the bus comfortably, you could easily fail.

Why? I seriously asked myself. Was it my own intuition? After thinking about it carefully, I think the cause of the problem was that my actions during the Knox era were too harsh.

Since I'm the type of person who can't do anything 'in moderation', I tended to overreact, and because of that, I became something of an object of fear among my classmates.

Not only me, but Chloe also didn't have any invitations to join. Maybe it was because of the conflict with Rachel. After that incident, the other students in the same class had a strange aversion to her.

Well, even I wouldn't want to have a friend by my side who would pull out a cutter knife instead of having a conversation without any questions or answers. But since I was involved in that, I felt unnecessarily nervous.

I was originally a nerd, so I'm used to this kind of situation, but Chloe had adapted well after entering the academy and maintained a smooth relationship with her friends. But now, she's being treated as

a nerd overnight.

I thought about it for a moment and then asked Chloe.

“Chloe, are there any cadets who would recommend Joe yet?”

“Oh, yes. Not yet, hehe.”

Chloe answers with a faint smile and scratches her head.

“Don’t you feel a little uncomfortable? Well, I was always shunned by the kids, but Chloe has made some friends.”

“Ah! I’m fine! As long as there’s a swordsman… … .”

She trailed off with a crawling voice. It wasn’t a lie that she was okay, there was no sign of worry on Chloe’s face. In fact, her complexion was brighter than before.

Yeah, Chloe was like that. I chuckled without realizing it.

“Then let’s be in the same group as me for this exam. I’ll have to find three more people in the future, but for now, neither of us are in a group yet. Is that okay?”

“Ah, ah, yes! Of course!”

He nodded his head vigorously in agreement, then smiled bashfully. It wasn’t just out of sympathy that he made the same offer.

Chloe is a force I can definitely acknowledge. If we were together, I wouldn’t take the initiative and draw my sword. To be honest, I can finish a one-on-one battle in 30 seconds, but the test requires killing more mermen in an hour. No matter how fast I try, I won’t be able to reach the target in 30 seconds.

While I was chatting with Chloe about the test, a familiar intruder suddenly barged in.

“Hey, Kun! I came to play!”

Rachel. After that incident, I thought it was quiet for a few days. I

looked really depressed at the visit of the unwelcome guest.

“Why are you here again?”

“Huh? You just came to play?”

Chloe was glaring sharply at me from the seat next to me, as if she was about to grab me. As she reached for her pocket, I could already smell the metal.

“Just go today. I’m already busy and don’t have time to deal with you.”

“Kun, you’re too harsh!”

“… Could you please stop calling me Geumma Kun?”

Rachel responds by sticking out her tongue. I touch my temple and wave my hand, indicating that she should go away. Deafened, she instead clings close to me.

“Hey, Sword Maiden, did you get the group for this exam?”

Rachel, who hits a sore spot with exquisite precision, whether intentionally or as a joke.

“no.”

“Oh, really? Then do you want to join our group?!”

I tilted my head at the sudden suggestion.

“Why me? Even if it weren’t for me, there would be a line of people waiting to be in the same group as you.”

“They’re not fun. I feel like something fun would happen if I did it with you.”

“I already decided to be in the same group as Chloe.”

“It’s okay! There are two empty seats right now.”

It was tempting. The fact that the other person was Rachel was a bit

odd, but as the old sage said, hate the sin, but not the sinner.

I stroked my chin. It was a suggestion personally given by the Academy's 4th seat. If things continued like this, my grades would be precarious from the first test. There weren't many options.

I asked Chloe for advice. She frowned, perhaps because of Rachel, but reluctantly nodded slightly at my request.

"Then please."

"Okay! No more murkiness!"

Rachel seemed to like my answer, and a pleased smile appeared on her lips. She immediately texted the manager on her phone, saying she would contact him. A question suddenly crossed my mind as she saw him.

"But who is the leader?"

"Leon van Reinhardt, do you know who he is?"

What the heck.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 20

Episode 20 Midterm Exam (1)

Lately, I've been getting a bit skeptical about my luck. The idiom that people often say, "What sin did I commit in my past life…?" comes to mind.

As a common citizen who vividly remembers my past life, I can proudly say that I have never sinned so much. Really.

Let's say that I might have gotten involved with the main heroines by chance. I could console myself by thinking that meeting them was more than just a coincidence.

'But what the fuck.'

It happened anyway. If it was the main character, Leon Van Reinhardt, the story would be completely different. In the end, it was something that I chose to do, so I was responsible for it, and even though I knew it in my head, accepting it as it was was a different matter.

When I heard that the group leader was Leon, I immediately protested and tried to get rid of it, but they said that the approval had already been given. When I went to the faculty office to find out, I found out that that vixen Rachel knew that I didn't have a group and had already applied to be a member of her group.

It was so ridiculous that I burst out laughing. I wanted to cut him down with one stroke of my sword. If you're going to run around so hard, you should have encouraged it yourself. Why would you put

the responsibility on Amen Leon?

A feed titled ‘K-Group Project Live’ that I happened to see on SNS flashed through my mind. At the time, I wasn’t in college, so I couldn’t relate, but now I can definitely understand what that feeling was.

It was shit.

As I leaned back against the chair, feeling exhausted, Chloe approached me, cautiously looking around.

“Geumma-kun, what’s wrong? That bastard… no, that blonde one’s expression hasn’t been good since he left.”

“I just feel nervous and burdened because I’m going to be in the same group as the kids from the same class.”

“There is no one stronger than the Sword Demon Army, even in the Holy Class. I guarantee it!”

“…thank you.”

Chloe clenched her fists and cheered me on. My heart was moved, but my gloomy mind was not easily appeased.

I thought about telling the instructor and leaving the group even now, but since Chloe came in with me at my suggestion, it seemed very irresponsible of me to just leave by myself.

Yes, just once. Let’s not be too pessimistic about the situation. If you think about it, the group I’m in now is made up of only so-called cadets from the heavenly realm.

Chloe of the Order of the Auditore family, whom I had coaxed into joining, Rachel’s acquaintance who was in the dragon class, Rachel, the 4th seat in the Academy and the successor to the Changsung family, and Leon, the protagonist and the strongest munchkin in the story.

Isn’t this a lineup that makes your heart swell just by hearing it? While other cadets were running all the way to the lobby to form

groups, I joined what was arguably the Academy's strongest party without thinking.

'I rather like it.'

I think a position where I can finish off without any presence would be enough. My 30-second sprinter ability, Guardian, wouldn't be of much use.

Regretting it is useless. My academy life is like a floating buoy, but I have managed to sort out the situation in my own way and come this far.

Of course, I plan on punishing Rachel for arbitrarily putting me in the group. It's not that I'm going to leave the company… … No matter how much I try to get out, I won't start with sashimi because of something like that.

'It's been roughly decided.'

As soon as he made up his mind, a smile of relief spread across his face. Seeing that, a pleasant smile also appeared on Chloe's face.

"Chloe, what time was our group meeting?"

"Oh, the blonde said earlier that we should meet at the main building cafe at six!"

It seems that Rachel is now just a blonde to Chloe. I took out my phone and checked the time. There were about two hours left.

Even though it was just a simple group project meeting, I was nervous. The reason was, of course, Leon. The first day he came, I only saw him from afar, surrounded by cadets. But when I actually met the character I played, I felt a thrill that was hard to explain.

I rested my chin on my hand and thought for a while before suddenly opening my mouth to Chloe.

"Have you ever been to the main building cafe?"

"Yes! I go there often because the avocado smoothie is delicious!"

“How much is that?”

“It costs about 50 thousand won!”

I was speechless.

* * *

Inside the Starbucks Cafe in the lobby on the first floor of the Academy’s main building.

Chloe and I arrived about 15 minutes early for our meeting. The cafe was packed with young, youthful men and women. Luckily, Leon, the group leader, had reserved a meeting room, so our group was able to hold the meeting in a private room.

…however.

As I stand in front of the counter and look at the menu, I find myself covering my forehead.

What the heck? What kind of Americano is 25,000 won? Even the faculty discount is only 20,000 won. They say the discount rate is low because it is an outsourced company and not part of the academy.

Even though I don’t know how high the price of coffee is, this is just too much. This is the price of the Omakase A set at the restaurant I worked at.

I felt once again that the sense of money between the nobles and the common people was different.

‘I’m so dizzy.’

As I stare at the menu, drooling, Chloe stares at me intently.

“What did you choose to drink, Mr. Geomma?”

“Yeah, espresso.”

“I can’t eat that because it’s too bitter.”

“You still don’t know. Espresso is the true taste of an adult.”

“Hey, cool… … .”

Chloe looks up with sparkling eyes. I can’t say that I chose the espresso because it was only priced at 10,000 won. I have manly pride.

Unlike me, Chloe ordered the usual avocado smoothie, which cost a whopping 48,000 won.

‘crazy.’

After a while, we received our drinks and entered a meeting room made of translucent glass. The interior had a long rectangular table and an antique feel. We awkwardly sat down as close to the corner as possible.

“No one has come yet.”

“Yeah. Is that because it was 10 minutes ago?”

“Well, that could be the case.”

Just then, as if it had been waiting, the glass door opened.

“Oh, you and the little one. You were here early?”

Rachel greeted him warmly, holding an iced Americano in one hand. Two male students followed her in. One was an acquaintance of Rachel’s, and the other was Leon Van Reinhardt.

Rachel’s acquaintance was a rough-looking handsome man with two-toned hair. He nodded and walked over to one of the empty seats and sat down.

‘A gangster?’

Soon my eyes were drawn to Leon as if by a magnet. The top of Leon van Reinhardt’s desk, seen up close, was really.

I naturally came to understand why the heroines would be captivated by him just by making eye contact with him. With blond hair that shimmers like the sun and bright blue eyes. On top of that, with his

good looks and kind personality, how could women not fall for him?

After a moment of admiration, Leon smiled broadly and offered to shake my hand.

“nice to meet you.”

The tone of voice was perfectly infused with intelligence. I took the hand Leon offered me.

“Every strong sword.”

Then, he smiles brightly and cheerfully before sitting down.

“The subspace duel we had a few days ago was impressive. It’s reassuring to have you, Geomma, as a member of the same group.”

The protagonist’s speech is textbook-like. But when Leon speaks, it doesn’t feel awkward at all.

“First, should I introduce myself?”

“approval!”

Rachel, who had been drinking hard, raised her hand in agreement. Her friend sitting next to her nodded absentmindedly.

“Let me introduce myself as the leader. I am Leon Van Reinhardt, a member of the Saint class. I happened to be the leader. I am not good enough, but please take good care of me during this exam period.”

“I’m sure everyone knows me, so I won’t introduce myself!”

Rachel giggled and passed the introduction, turning her gaze to the thug.

“It’s a speed weapon belonging to the dragon class.”

Speed Weapon… It was a quiet character with a name that seemed like it would require a lot of explanation. Chloe introduced herself as Leon had explained earlier.

Everyone except Leon looked surprised at Chloe’s introduction, as

they thought she would be shy but she was more cheerful than expected.

Then everyone turned their gaze to me. I scratched the back of my neck and opened my mouth.

“A strong swordsman belonging to the same class as Chloe.”

After finishing the introduction, Leon smiled at me and took out his laptop from his bag and opened it up.

After a few clicks of the mouse, light emanates from the top of the laptop and a holographic image is projected. It is a moment when you realize once again that this is not Earth.

The holographic image was a map of the island where we would take the test.

At the bottom right was a number indicating the area of the island. It was a huge island with an area of 163.6 km^2.

Perhaps because it is the best academy in existence, even the scale of the first-year midterm exam was extraordinary.

Leon asked his crew if everything was okay and then began to explain.

“During lunch today, our homeroom teacher distributed a file to the group leaders. It’s a map of the island of Scopuli, where we will be taking the test.”

Leon quenched his thirst with a sip of coffee and continued his explanation.

“First, on the day of the test, we will travel to this island via a subspace gate. However, the gate is only subspace, and the island itself is real space, so you may be injured by the demons, so keep that in mind.”

As he spoke, Leon tapped the keyboard, enlarging the hologram.

“The area assigned to us is over there on the northeastern coast.

Three groups, including ours, will hunt ‘Merman’ in that area. The key to this test is which group can subdue more of the limited number of demons.”

A stable tone and a way of speaking that makes the listener nod. He is indeed the material of a leading man. I just sat next to him, arms folded, and listened quietly.

“Okay, anyone have questions?”

When Leon turned his head to ask what was on his mind, Speed Weapon, who had been listening silently, raised his hand.

“If it’s Scopuli Island, then it’s an area where ‘Mermaids’ also appear. What are the risks associated with that?”

“You can rest assured about that because the instructors have completed their preliminary investigation.”

“I see.”

“Next question?”

Surprisingly, Chloe noticed and quietly raised her hand.

“… Are there any surprise attacks or battles between groups assigned to the same area?”

Who would think that they are a family of assassins? As expected, their way of thinking is quite unique. Rachel and Speed Weapon looked at Chloe’s question with bewildered expressions. On the other hand, Leon smiled like a main character and answered.

“The purpose of this test is strictly focused on subduing the demons, so fighting between cadets could result in disqualification. Is that your answer?”

Chloe nodded her head slightly a couple of times to show that she understood.

“Okay. Well, that’s it for today’s meeting. There’s one week left until the exam. Let’s work together and get good grades.”

As soon as Leon finished speaking, everyone got up from their seats and left the meeting room, leaving Leon behind to organize his laptop. Since I was sitting in the corner, I waited until the people in front of me left.

The moment I stood in front of the door, Leon, who had finished cleaning up, called out to me.

“excuse me.”

“Uh, why?”

“Geumma, where did you come from?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 21

Episode 21 Midterm Exam (2)

What did you just hear?

Out of nowhere, Leon asks me where I come from. What is the meaning of the question? Is it right to interpret it geographically?

“… … .”

Silence descended on the meeting room. I calmly accepted it, the corners of my lips trembling slightly.

‘what?’

Those serious eyes, a faint dryness seeping into the pupils as if they were assessing me. I don’t know what the intention was behind the question, but at least to me, it contained a double meaning.

One is that I am from here, and the other is that I come from another world.

There must be some reason why he didn’t ask during the self-introduction time during the meeting, but instead asked after all the group members had left…

For now, I decided to hide my complicated feelings and keep quiet about that part. When my eyes grew wide, Leon’s serious expression loosened and he scratched his cheek and apologized.

“Sorry for suddenly talking nonsense. I was wondering if you’re

similar to me, Geomma.”

It’s similar… … .

Although this world has Korean as its universal language thanks to the game’s permission, there are actually many different races.

Even though the Academy cadets all had dazzling hair colors, their appearances varied considerably depending on race.

Of course, my appearance, which is similar to that of a black-haired oriental man with a name like Ganggeomma, is typical of a westerner, while Leon, who has blond hair and blue eyes, is that of a westerner. Unless that bastard has eyesight of 0.1 or lower, there’s no way he wouldn’t be able to tell the difference.

Well, demons are also considered a race, but they are so diverse that it’s pointless to discuss them.

Leon smiled faintly and broke the brief silence, speaking first.

“Just pretend you didn’t hear what I just said. I’ll go first.”

Leon patted my shoulder as he spoke. I felt like I would have to stay up all night because of the discomfort if I let this kid go now. My large hand grabbed Leon’s shoulder as he turned around.

“Leon, where do you come from?”

A sharp voice came out of my mouth reflexively. I tried to hide my embarrassment, but I couldn’t get a light tone out. I had no choice but to ask directly. The silence that had permeated the walls grew thicker.

Then Leon answered with a calm smile, as if to lighten the tense atmosphere.

“I am Germany.”

He left the meeting room with the words, “See you next time.” I stared blankly at his back and thought.

What's that kid?

* * *

After the meeting, I sat on the bed and stared blankly at the ceiling without even eating dinner. The reason was that I had absolutely no appetite.

'Was it tilted?'

The feeling of unease doesn't go away. Even after thinking about various things for a while, I can't come to a clear conclusion.

When Leon first asked me, I had no doubt that he was from another world, if not Earth.

There's no rule that says that the setting of being possessed by a game only applies to me. Isn't it more likely for a character like the main character to have that setting than for me, who's just an extra?

However, the protection of the swordsmanship and the sharp intuition that had been sharpened to a crisp completely denied that possibility. Leon felt as if something intangible was whispering to him that this world definitely existed.

Moreover, the Leon I saw today was perfectly like the main character, from his speech to his actions. I am sure that even if you put an actor in that role, it would be impossible to do that.

Did he really ask where I was from? Just my nationality? It left a bad aftertaste to jump to conclusions like that. The words, "I wonder if you're similar to me," kept coming to mind, making the back of my neck burn. I was lost in my thoughts and soon buried my face in the bed.

The main character Leon was a character with a lot of plot twists even during the gameplay. Perhaps it was the developers' intention to maintain a mysterious feeling for the player, despite being the main character.

… If I had known it would turn out like this, I would have just briefly looked up the synopsis on Keumuwiki. I never thought the day would

come when I would be desperately looking for spoilers. I clicked my tongue bitterly and sat up.

‘Is there a need to overthink it?’

In the past, I would have been mentally exhausted by this situation where everything was so messed up, but now I am strangely calm and discerning. The listless emotions that were weighing me down have disappeared in an instant.

Anyway, I’ve decided that I’ll only get involved with Leon once during this midterm exam. If I really have to, I can just go to Media and stop it.

Although I don’t feel like it, if you talk about special privileges as the chief, I’ll probably do you a favor once or twice. Besides, Media has shown a strange interest in me and has claimed to be a strong ally. There’s no reason why I wouldn’t take advantage of that.

But if my luck was really bad and I thought I’d get involved again, then I planned to take matters into my own hands.

Although Media himself depreciated it as an honorary position, the position of principal was the highest position in Joaquin Academy, the world’s most prestigious school.

In other words, at least here, most things are resolved with just one breath of hers. Although there was a means of restraint in the form of the Academy’s senior members, those old farts were known for not stepping out on the front lines unless absolutely necessary.

I gathered my thoughts and opened the status window with a white wallpaper as the background.

Paat-

= = = =

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh level: (5▶7) ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: 3 ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armament level: 1 ▷ Unlocking conditions have not been met.

☆Assimilation rate: 2.5▶6.8% ▷ Unlocking condition is met when assimilation rate reaches 7%.

★【？？？】

[※ The protection is activated only when the sword is less than 35＋(1) centimeters in length and less than 8＋(1) centimeters in width.]

＝＝ ＝＝

Although the level of the mind and body remained the same, the level of the body had slightly increased thanks to the physical training he had done in the meantime.

The rank of the warrior will definitely rise if you obtain the ‘Murasame’, the reward for this test.

The three above are fairly intuitive and easy to understand.

‘hmm.’

I narrowed my eyes and looked closely at the status window. For some reason, only the assimilation rate was rising too steeply. In addition, the unlocking conditions were imminent. I don’t know the standards for the assimilation rate increase, but at this rate, the unlocking conditions will be reached soon.

Since the numbers were written in ambiguous decimals, I thought of them as a sort of experience value.

However, there are some parts that are a bit questionable. All I’ve done so far is fight with Chloe and the wooden sword, and fight with Nox in the subspace, but compared to the growth values of the three items mentioned above, it feels like the assimilation rate is being

played separately.

‘Isn’t it something like experience?’

But the most suspicious thing of all is the item under the assimilation rate. Unlike the assimilation rate, which has some volatility in its value, there are only three question marks without any clues. Touching it only gives a beeping sound and no more information.

‘Well, it seems like it’s a hidden ability… … .’

Then, unconsciously, I looked down and saw that the bottom of the status window was blinking. I moved my finger from bottom to top as if I was scrolling down on my phone.

= = = =

[Painless Protection]

The pain goes away.

[▷NEW! The activation time is adjusted based on the minimum number of manifestations of the protection.]

= = = =

“uh?”

I was dumbfounded and unconsciously touched the newly popped up phrase with my hand.

= = = =

[※ Activation time: 30▶40 seconds]

[※ Reuse waiting time: 12 hours]

= = = =

“and-.”

I couldn’t help but gasp. The extremely vicious 30-second activation time had been extended by a whopping 10 seconds.

When you see that the number of occurrences is a condition, it seems that the more you use it, the more the number of occurrences is satisfied and the next step is satisfied.

‘It was worth all the hard work.’

At this point, when the exam is imminent, it was actually the most useful achievement. It was a blessing that the previous Strong Sword Demon had manifested, but I let out a short laugh because I was feeling proud of myself.

I feel like my blood is flowing through my body as the possibility of growth is added to a life that was boring until a few weeks ago.

I got out of bed and took out a bag of sashimi that I had stuffed in my bag. I unsheathed the scabbard only two-thirds of the way and saw that the blade was serrated like a saw.

I took out all the rest and checked their condition. Except for one, the rest of them don’t seem to be able to cut even a single leaf. I need to stop by Daiso and buy a few more.

However, first of all, you must obtain quality weapons through this test. A true player’s attitude is to starve but not to withhold items.

* * *

A few days passed and the test day arrived.

In the second meeting, each group member was assigned a role through the group leader, Leon.

I’ve had questions about Leon since our first meeting, but I didn’t want to bring them up at this point when the exams were just around the corner. At least after the exams were over, it wouldn’t be too late to ask them.

Despite such ideas, Leon had a keen eye for detail and assigned roles to each of his crew members according to their individual characteristics.

Rachel, who specializes in close combat, takes the lead in the

formation, while Chloe, who relies on speed and presence blocking, carries out reconnaissance missions. Surprisingly, Speed Weapon, which seemed like a non-combat weapon, was in the healer position.

Leon, who had to lead as the commander, was in charge of the command tower in the center, and I was lucky enough to be in charge of rear support. To put it simply, my role was to simply secure visibility from behind.

As it was my first test at the academy, I had a hearty breakfast before heading out to the training ground. The menu was salmon sandwiches. It was the greatest luxury I could enjoy among finished products that didn't require the use of a kitchen knife.

After I finished eating my sandwich, I took out the rose knife I had borrowed from Chloe and the Daiso sashimi I had bought before entering school and looked down.

'I guess today will be the last day.'

I should buy a new one, but I felt a strange sense of discomfort. Although it may be just a cheap blade to some people, I have always felt compassion whenever I had to sharpen a knife. And this sashimi knife was the first knife I bought when I was thrown into this world, so I felt doubly fond of it.

I shook off the sadness that had been building up for a moment and packed them away.

As I entered the training ground with light steps, a gate that looked like an Arc de Triomphe that wasn't there until yesterday stood tall, taking up half of the wide dirt floor.

In the passage that should have been open, a purple subspace was billowing like a curtain. As I was staring blankly at the intimidating sight, I heard my crew members calling my name from the right.

"Over here, over here!"

"Sword Demon Army!"

"Are you here?"

The crew had already all joined in. I nodded silently and headed in that direction.

‘and.’

As I approached, I couldn’t help but be amazed. Rachel, who was carrying the S-class weapon, the Bangcheonhwageuk (方天畫戟) on her shoulder. The moon-shaped, frosty blade and the majesty that seemed to be at least 2 meters long. When I actually saw it, my mouth dropped open.

Chloe’s weapon was the katana I had seen before. Leon had not yet been chosen by the holy sword and the demon sword, ‘Balmun’, so he had a double-edged sword with antique decorations on his waist. My gaze, which was scanning the weapons with admiration, naturally moved to the speed weapon.

‘… … ?’

A gangster-like guy is wearing a recorder-like flute around his neck.

“recorder?”

The words he had been muttering inside came out of his mouth. Then, Speed Weapon glared fiercely without saying a word. Rachel, who was next to him, whispered to me instead.

“That thing, even if you look at it that way, it’s one of the few S-rank healing weapons.”

“That?!”

When I opened my eyes wide, Rachel giggled as if she found my reaction funny.

In Miracle Protection, for some reason, the drop rate for supporter-type weapons was extremely low. Even heavy spenders had to burn thousands of dollars to get A-rank weapons.

‘I never thought I’d see an S-class healing weapon.’

But the appearance is a bit lacking. It looks just like a recorder used

in elementary school. There is a saying that looks are also performance…

As I looked around the recorder, sweeping my chin, Speed Weapon turned its body around as if it was not happy.

Just hearing the name, I thought he would be a talkative character, but just from his impression, he is a character that breaks many preconceptions.

I turned my head and looked at the faces of my classmates who were filling the training ground.

There were only a few groups, including ours, that were chatting away leisurely, and most of them were swallowing their saliva with nervous expressions.

“It’s almost time.”

Leon said, looking down at his wristwatch.

“Everyone, don’t be so nervous, just do your best.”

Everyone in the group nodded at Leon’s strong-willed words.

That moment.

[We will now begin the midterm exams for the first semester of the first year in 2034.]

A polite, intelligent voice announced the start of the exam.

[The subspace gate is activated.]

Jiiing—

[Operation completed.]

At the same time, the purple curtain that had been billowing from the gate engulfed us like a wave.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 22

Episode 22 Midterm Exam (3)

I have never suffered from motion sickness since I was a child.

Even when I happened to get a chance to ride a fishing boat, I was able to enjoy a refreshing ride on the water while feeling the salty sea breeze. Even the sailors were amazed at the sight.

Maybe that's why, after warping to Scopulis Island through the gate, I'm the only one who looks okay.

Chloe and Speed Weapon each took charge of a tree and were emptying its contents, and even Rachel stumbled with a pale face and a frown on her forehead.

I glanced at Leon standing next to me. Judging from his pale face, it seemed like he was holding on with his mental strength as the leader.

"…Geumma, you seem to be okay."

"I don't usually get motion sickness."

"… Haha, I don't think this is a motion sickness problem."

While my crew was calming their bitter feelings, I looked around.

A refreshingly wide, clear blue horizon spread out before my eyes. Birds were chirping, and the salty smell of the sea wafted along the wind and tickled my nose.

The sparsely growing tropical trees and stone statues that looked like

Moai statues on the outskirts of the field of vision created a mysterious atmosphere.

After looking around for about five minutes, the crew members gathered around the leader, Leon, as if they had somewhat sorted out their thoughts. Leon brushed his golden hair back once and calmly briefed them on the plan.

“As we decided in the previous meeting, Chloe, go first in the 1 o’clock direction and search. If there’s a group of mermen, locate them and report back to me.”

Chloe nodded slightly. Leon turned his gaze to Rachel and continued his explanation.

“Rachel, you should be at the front of the formation, okay? Since you’re armed with a spear, you have the most reach. Don’t push yourself too hard. I’ll support you if the situation requires it.”

Rachel, who was holding the bangcheonhwageuk like a cane, on her shoulder and clasping her fingers together to give an okay sign. It seems like her condition has somewhat returned.

“Speed Weapon, you should give Rachel priority for buffs if possible. And you, Sword Horse, stand guard at the rear in case of an enemy.”

Speed Weapon, still feeling motion sick, covered his mouth and nodded silently. His expression was one that evoked compassion.

My gaze glanced at Leon.

He plays the role of commander so skillfully that it’s hard to believe he’s the same age. The sense of deja vu in that sight was the very same Leon, the main character I played.

“Okay, let’s begin!”

After hearing Leon’s words, the crew members gathered their weapons and started to move busily. Chloe, the vanguard, ran forward at a rapid pace. She was so fast that she disappeared from sight in an instant.

‘It seems like it’s gotten faster.’

We followed her down the road. It was hot and humid, as if it were a tropical region. My clothes were quickly soaked with sweat. I loosened the tie that was suffocating my neck.

Speed Weapon was also slouching, sticking his tongue out like a dog suffering from heatstroke, as if he wasn’t the only one feeling hot, while Rachel was fanning herself vigorously with her hands in annoyance.

Leon was walking with a steady posture, one hand on the hilt of his sword. I asked him.

“Isn’t it hot?”

“Of course it’s hot.”

Leon answers with a smile.

“But it’s my job to prepare for any situation. At least the team leader can’t let his guard down.”

“…okay.”

I couldn’t think of anything to say in response to his words and actions that were too faithful to his main character position. He was incredibly reassuring, but honestly, it wasn’t fun. I let out a short sigh and looked forward again.

The tropical rainforest that had grown sparsely has now grown so thick that it blocks the view on both sides.

The ground was getting increasingly muddy, suggesting that there was a wetland nearby. The footprints of our group of five were imprinted on the thick road like a stamp.

A sense of unease crept over me in the strange atmosphere. I lightly touched my waist. Feeling the cool texture of the sashimi wrapped in the scabbard, I felt much better.

* * *

After walking for a while, I saw Chloe approaching us from a distance. She was jumping between the tree branches, just like a ninja from a cartoon.

When she arrived, she took a deep breath, caught her breath for a moment, and then opened her mouth.

“About 500 meters ahead, there is a group of about 50 mermaids surrounding a large puddle of water.”

“Fifty… That’s more than I thought.”

Leon stroked his chin and thought. Even for a D-class merman of weak rank, fifty would be burdensome.

Of course, if it was this group, it wouldn’t be difficult to subdue fifty or a hundred Mermen, but there was still danger.

Generally, when subduing a group of demons, a hit-and-run strategy is mainly used. It cannot be ruled out that there may be more groups hiding.

However, if he could defeat that many at once, he would be guaranteed first place. Leon would be weighing the two options in his head right now.

Should he take the risk or take a safe detour? The decision was his.

Leon’s expression hardened as he finished thinking, and he turned his gaze to Rachel.

“Rachel, can you do it?”

“Of course! Those fish heads wouldn’t budge even if a hundred of them came!”

She squared her shoulders and clenched her fists, thumping her chest as if to tell everyone to trust her. Chloe glanced at Rachel with a sour expression.

Leon smiled with satisfaction at the refreshing answer and spoke to Speed Weapon.

“If possible, put all the buffs and heals on Rachel or Chloe. I’m fine.”

Leon immediately added to me:

“Geumma, you prepare for any surprise attacks from the rear as planned.”

I nodded my head in agreement.

There was no honey like this honey. There were times when I regretted getting involved with Leon, but when I saw him acting as a strong support, I suddenly thought that it was a good idea to join this group.

But the slight tremors that have been running through my whole body since a while ago, the sharp sensation of needles pricking my skin, keep bothering me.

I wonder if it was just me who felt this, but the other crew members didn’t show any signs of tension or anxiety on their faces. Even Leon didn’t seem to feel anything, as his expression didn’t change.

Swallowing, I followed my crew.

Soon we reached our destination and 20 meters ahead we came into view of mermen surrounding a large puddle.

‘Ugh, shit.’

When I saw them, my stomach, which had been fine with warping, started to rumble. It was already unpleasant to see a fish with two legs.

The heads of these animals looked exactly like the salmon I had eaten for breakfast. Just looking at them made me feel sick. My body shook with nausea.

Leon nodded silently at Rachel. She turned her gaze to me, smiled once, and then ran towards the group of mermen in their thirties, her blonde hair flying in pigtails.

Bam!

Powerful legs. The muddy ground dented under Rachel's feet. She swung her Bangcheonhwageuk with a mighty shout.

There was a bloodcurdling noise as the blade of a spear caught on bone, and the three mermen split apart in two at once.

Only then did the mermen notice us and rush towards us all at once, their gills flaring.

It was an unfamiliar feeling for the first time. However, the crew members, except for me, followed Rachel as if they were used to it.

Speed Weapon brought the recorder around his neck to his lips and began to play. The tone is, well… I don't know much about music, but it doesn't seem to have a very good melody. It reminded me of the distorted melody of the Titanic theme song that I heard once.

The corners of Rachel's mouth twitched at his playing, and she swung her spear more violently than before, sweeping away the Merman.

Suddenly.

There was a sound of the blade hitting bone.

With every swoosh, a cracking sound of air being cut is heard, split fish heads fly into the air.

'crazy.'

As soon as he swung the spear, the blood on the blade sprayed out.

My mouth dropped open as I watched Rachel dance. At the end of her movements, the mermaids split in half to make way for her.

Chloe, standing next to Rachel, her Japanese sword dug right into the gills of the three mermen.

Pok— pok— pok—

The fish eyes were cloudy and changing color. Meanwhile, Chloe's swordsmanship was sharper and more accurate than before.

Chloe quickly pulled out her sword and leaped high into the air, unleashing a flurry of attacks. The shadow of the sword pierced through the horde of mermen. Sticky blood gushed out and splashed everywhere.

Two beautiful girls who slaughter each other's men. Whenever their eyes met, sparks flew from their eyes.

Leon, who had been watching, pulled out his sword halfway, then put the blade back in and shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. There was no time for him to step forward.

"… That's amazing."

"Yeah. I didn't know it would be this bad, I guess I was worrying for nothing."

As I muttered, Leon responded with a snicker.

At some point, Leon and I were watching a salmon-cutting show by two female students, arm in arm.

I couldn't help but laugh as I watched Speed Weapon, who was engrossed in the act of blowing the recorder with her eyes closed, between the two of them. I knew I shouldn't laugh at someone doing their best, but it just made me laugh.

After a few minutes, the large group of mermaids had turned into dead fish, giving off a fishy smell.

Blood seeped out from between the corpses that had become cold, forming a small stream and flowing toward the puddle. The scene felt a little creepy, and I shivered slightly. I blinked and looked at the corpses, then quickly turned my gaze forward.

Rachel wiped the sweat off her forehead with a refreshing face, and Chloe was quietly trimming the Mermans' rear fins. Speed Weapon also seemed satisfied with his own performance, with a refreshing look spreading across his face.

Since the test was graded by the number of dorsal fins, Leon meddled in Chloe's ramblings.

Honestly, I didn't do anything. I clicked my tongue briefly in regret.

The crew members gathered together after finishing the fishing in an instant. The number of mermaids killed was 48. This was an achievement that could definitely be counted on one hand, even if it was not the best. Leon said after counting the fins carefully.

"I think I just need to defeat a few more mermen I encounter on the way back."

That was the moment when we tried to get out of there with light steps.

The aura I felt from behind gave me goosebumps.

As soon as I turned my head, there was a snapping sound.

Blood spurted out before his eyes. Leon's side was cut open, and he fell forward, blood spurting from his mouth. Everyone in the group's eyes widened at the sudden situation.

"""""!"""""

A faint ringing came to my ear. My eyes instinctively followed the source of the sound.

"That, that!"

Speed Weapon's body trembled convulsively.

A shape appeared above the puddle we had just been in.

The skeleton is similar to that of a human, but it has scales all over its body, long, snake-like pupils, and webbed feet between its hands and toes.

The mine mermaid stood in a pool of red water.

I never thought that the cause of the anxiety that made my liver shiver was Mine. Of course, there was no such incident when I was playing. After all, I would never have been in Leon's group in the first place.

Doo doo doo doo doo!

Before the shock had even subsided, a chilling roar shook the ground and reverberated through the trees.

Just the sudden appearance of mermaids was enough to create a desperate situation, but soon a group of mermaids, estimated to be about a hundred in number, blocked our retreat.

Speed Weapon fell over with a thud, Rachel and Chloe were left with their lips twitching in cognitive dissonance. Leon was gasping for blood and breathing heavily.

I'm the only one who's still sane.

'Oh, shit.'

I shook Chloe's shoulders, who was out of her mind, and woke her up.

"Chloe, first, you somehow have to go to another group nearby and ask for help, quickly."

Chloe flinched and nodded absentmindedly.

Immediately I turned my gaze and spoke to Rachel and Speed Weapon in the most calm tone I could muster.

"Speed Weapon, you pour healing spells on Leon. And Rachel, you stop those little fish from getting close to Leon, no matter what."

After saying that, I turned around and headed towards the pond.

"I'll leave the pyramids to you."

"Hey, Geomma, you're not?"

"Hey, are you crazy, kid!?"

Rachel and Speed Weapon's voices trembled.

"Big fish is my specialty."

Sling-

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 23

Episode 23 Midterm Exam (4)

Light has its shadow.

In fact, trying to divide all phenomena in the world into light and dark is an extremely dichotomous way of thinking.

But at least in this world, humans were clearly defined as good and demons as evil. The standard for this was the difference in the power they used.

Humans manifest blessings, and demons cast magic.

To explain the difference between the two simply, protection is about strengthening physical specifications, while magic is about recombining elements to form skills.

For reference, buffs and healing protections are in a different context from other strengthening, but since I was the type who only focused on dealing damage when playing Miracle Protection, I don't have much information on it.

Moreover, not only protection but also magic is an academic field that is full of countless abstract theories and can be interpreted differently depending on the viewpoint.

In fact, it is meaningless to discuss such things right now when the fire is at our feet. Instead, I can say this one thing for sure.

The current situation is so desperate that it makes me want to curse.

Even though it's still the beginning of the story, the main character Leon is on the verge of death from a single attack from that pseudo-fish-human. It's ridiculous that he can't even react.

However, it was evidence of the difference in strength between humans and demons. No matter how much you strengthen your body, it was usually impossible to defeat a demon who used magic without forming a human party.

In terms of games, the demon merman group is a field mob that spits out experience points, and the mine mermaid is a boss that must be attacked by a party.

Ironically, I am now in a situation where I have to fight one of the bosses that the system has set up for raids alone. Even with the protection of the swordsman, it is difficult to guarantee victory.

Even up until now, I had some knowledge based on my experience playing the game, so I was able to deal with it to some extent.

However, I had little understanding of the mines and magic that appeared only in the latter half of the story.

Judging from the scar on Leon's side, it seems he uses long-range water-attribute magic?

I fixed my gaze on the mermaid. Rough scales covered her entire body like armor, and where white teeth should have been, serrated shark teeth flashed menacingly.

If I think about it, would I be a worthy opponent when I can only use a knife? I was confident that I could dodge most attacks, but what if an attack came that I absolutely could not dodge?

'Oh, shit.'

Anyway, I crossed the river from which I could not return. Even if I lamented my situation uselessly, nothing would change. Chloe, who had gone to request rescue, would take more than ten minutes to arrive no matter how fast she was.

There was only one immediate goal. To cut that guy down. As I made

up my mind to do that, the sense of crisis that had been creeping in gradually calmed down.

A smile appeared on my face without me realizing it, as the tension that had been calming down seemed to scratch my tingling insides. Then, the mermaid tilted her head with the slippery face characteristic of fish.

I shook the hilt of the sword I was holding in both hands and took off the scabbard.

“Let’s have some proper sashimi for the first time in a while.”

[Your spirit will rise as you demonstrate your courage.]

[The feeling of pressure increases with words and actions.]

[Use the restraints to start adjusting to suit the user.]

Jiiing—

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

《May God bless you.》

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

* * *

Fortunately, Leon’s condition began to improve little by little as he unleashed the highest level of healing protection, even though he was deeply wounded.

Speed Weapon, who had checked the situation, immediately turned his gaze towards the puddle. All he could see was the back of a woman holding two sashimi sticks and the Mine Mermaid whose body trembled at the mere glance.

I knew full well that Kanggeomma was incredibly strong from the subspace duel that took place a few days ago. I had clearly seen his

swordsmanship based on overwhelming speed.

The only problem is that, unlike that time, the opponent is not a human being, but a mine.

It wasn't such a far-fetched idea to fight a mine one-on-one, but that only applied to those as strong as the Seven Star Heroes.

Kang Geum-ma was still a cadet at the academy. Even a first-year student. It was a brave thing to not die in one blow.

Moreover, the Mermaid was a demon that could only be matched by three instructors. Although she was not a demon with outstanding physical strength, she was quite difficult because of her skill in handling water-attribute magic.

In the first place, isn't it common sense, or rather, logic, that no matter how amazing the swordsmanship is, it can't physically cut through water?

It was clear that he was crazy.

Should I stop it now? Will stopping it make any difference? Shaking off his distracting thoughts, Speed Weapon turned his head slightly.

Rachel was swinging her sword around, looking a little tired, as she cut down a group of approaching mermen.

I wanted to grant some buffs to Kanggeommana and Rachel, but it was too much to just heal Leon.

… … !

In that moment, a creepy sensation from the pool enveloped my whole body. It was an unfamiliar feeling at first, but I knew it instinctively.

The resonance of magic. It felt like my bones would crack just by getting close.

The distance must have been at least 50 meters, but just looking at it made my teeth chatter so much that my jaw shook. I wanted to cry

and snot run down my face.

Even in the midst of the suffocating ominous atmosphere, Kanggeomma approached the mermaid without any fear. Rather, a murderous aura emanated from the sashimi blade that was gleaming.

Immediately afterwards, Kanggeomma took a light step forward.

Ta-da-dak

As he approached, the mermaid snapped her fingers. Blue magic burst out through her webbed feet.

At the same time, a crescent-shaped underwater cutter extended straight out from the pool, accompanied by an inaudible noise.

Kwakwakwakwang!

The trees that had grown densely in the forest were all cut down like corn. Rachel, who had been fighting the merman group with a hundred men, also turned her head reflexively. Confusion and fear filled their eyes.

With one spell cast, the lush landscape of trees and forests was instantly transformed into a barren plain.

A groan escaped from the incredible destructive power. A thick white fog covered the area, perhaps as an aftereffect of magic.

The swordsman is not visible.

Speed Weapon's puzzled gaze quickly searched for the black hair. His heart pounded.

"Strong Sword Horse!"

With a short whoosh, the swordsman leaps through the thick fog toward the mermaid. As if expecting this, the mermaid fires the sharply-shaped water auger she has created.

Rest!

Kanggeomma uses the momentum from his run to dodge the water augers that shoot out like bullets by lying down in midair, one inch apart.

What the heck? You're reacting to that?

The child's movements were like a stream of water, as if time was flowing slowly only for him. Speed Weapon felt proud of himself just by barely catching the shadow with his eyes.

The Mermaid fires water augers like machine guns, but as the Sword Horse buries itself in the hazy mist, the trees behind Amen fall, spewing out debris.

The mermaid's expressionless face gradually became filled with confusion and shock.

Tadak-

The refreshing sound of footsteps that had been heard from the right suddenly appeared on the left.

In the blink of an eye, Kanggeomma quickly twisted and swung the sashimi he had caught in reverse.

The mermaid, whose face had lost its composure, flinched back. Then, she tried to spread some distance and deploy a red-colored defensive shield.

Now I couldn't even tell what was what.

How many fights have taken place in a span of less than a few seconds? Before the fragmented information can be converted into a single mass, something happens.

If the performance that Kanggeomma showed the other day was to crush the enemy with transcendent speed, now he approaches the enemy while deflecting attacks with quick and accurate techniques.

I thought it was just purely fast, but the speed adjustment and stance switching according to the enemy's attack type. The battle sense that Kanggeomma showed was engraved in my mind.

Speed Weapon thought. At the point where he was already dealing with one demon, Kanggeomma's level was far beyond that of a mere academy cadet. He would not be ashamed to be praised as an unparalleled genius.

Is she an instructor? No. Although it is overshadowed by the swordsmanship of the strong swordsman, the killing power of the magic used by that mermaid is so great that it makes your body tremble just by looking at it.

Then, what level is that kid? After a brief moment of contemplation, Speed Weapon quickly decided to take in the fierce battle with his eyes. He thought that perhaps he was witnessing a legendary moment.

The swordsman took a big step forward and twisted the sashimi. The blade flew like a bee and struck the fish's right leg.

Crunch-

The severed leg fell down with a crunching sound.

"Keeeeeeeeeeeeeeek!"

The long fish eyes slowly open horizontally and a scream is emitted between the serrated teeth.

A thin liquid spurts out from the cut surface and the body begins to slowly tilt to the right.

Speed Weapon was speechless. How could a human be that strong? He felt a chilling blow to the back of his head from the absurd strength that seemed to deny reality.

He couldn't even count how many times the swordsman had struck in the span of a split second. He probably missed at least twenty, if not thirty, movements.

Just as a skilled swordsman skillfully handles a live fish flapping on a chopping board, he is consistently overwhelming and outclasses Mine.

“Ah …

The mermaid cried out in anger as she wrapped her severed leg. At the same time, the fallen leaves in the mud fluttered and swayed.

The mermaid trembles and then folds her hands over her chest.

Ss …

A bright blue magic ball emerged, condensed from the thick fog and puddles of water into a hand-drawn circle.

Overflowing magic.

Speed Weapon and Rachel, who were there, could tell that a different dimension was coming. It seemed that this time, it wasn’t the scenery that would change, but the map of the island.

That’s impossible to guard. You have to run away right now. Leon, who had collapsed at that moment, groaned and caught his breath. Judging from the fact that he came to his senses in a matter of seconds after the protection was activated, this kid is no ordinary person.

But what mattered right now wasn’t Leon’s safety.

“Kang Geum-ma, you little shit!!!! Get out of here, fucking shit!!!!”

Speed Weapon roared with bloodshot eyes on his neck. If it weren’t for the strong swordsman, he wouldn’t have had his head on his shoulders. He’s a brat who doesn’t know anything, but he can’t help but cheer.

Kanggeomma still doesn’t look back. Even though his life is at stake, he doesn’t turn his back on the enemy.

Speed Weapon muttered to himself, wondering what the world would call such a person.

hero.

“Sword! Kill that little fish!”

Rachel, who had almost finished the battle, turned her head back and shouted at Kanggeomma's back. It was a cry of trust, not desperation.

With those words, Kanggeomma took a similar posture as before and lowered his upper body as if suppressing his body.

The murderous aura emanating from the frosty sashimi engulfs the mermaid's magic like a wave.

"Ah …

A mermaid with bristled scales fired a cannonball.

Kagagagagagagagagaganggang!

A loud noise that hits the eardrums. The magic ball, which sweeps away the remains of the previous son-in-law and draws a straight spiral, heads towards the strong sword horse like an electric current.

Both Speed Weapon and Rachel let out a silent scream.

Kugukgeuk—

A bundle of veins began to appear on the arm holding the sashimi.

Kanggeomma throws his body towards the torpedo that is fired with a roaring sound.

All the trucks on my body stood up at once.

Sigh!

A blue sphere split exactly in half.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 24

Episode 24 Midterm Exam (5)

Chloe ran through the bushes.

He advanced forward, cutting through the lush undergrowth with his sword in hand.

There was no destination. I just had to wander around the same area, looking for shadows of people.

The words that the swordsman had asked me while grabbing my shoulder lingered in my mind.

'Chloe, no matter what, bring people over.'

Those eyes, which were not the usual tired and weary ones, but more serious than ever. The image of him walking towards Mine alone as he spoke flashed through my mind.

A wide and expansive plateau like the ocean. Two sashimi sticks held in each hand.

How did it turn out? No one in the Academy knew as much about the strength of the Kenma Army as she did.

Kang Geum-ma was stronger than anyone she had ever seen in her life. And yet, she was uneasy.

The opponent was a magic-using mine. It was a tough opponent for the sword-wielding Sword Demon Army.

She had to find other groups nearby as soon as possible. Chloe, who had made up her mind, used all the protection she could muster in an instant to apply a load to her legs. Steam mixed with the smell of blood rose from her tautly contracted leg muscles.

In the blind spot of the gaze fixed on one point, the background quickly passes through the field of vision as a hazy afterimage.

A sharp wind, not to mention the cool one, hits my cheek, and even the sound is belatedly chasing after my red hair. My footsteps are faster than ever, but the sound of my footsteps is heavy.

It was about half the speed of the swordsman's army. Even so, a sharp pain that made me dizzy went up my legs and all the way to my danjeon.

Then, a question suddenly occurred to Chloe. Could it be that the Sword Demon Army always endures this much pain, or even more?

When I thought about it, he always seemed to be uncomfortable with fighting. He tried his best not to fight, and only drew his sword in urgent situations. As I thought about it, tears welled up in Chloe's eyes.

They were tears of sadness that squeezed my chest, not tears of pain that squeezed my legs.

If only I were just a little stronger.

In order to protect his crew, Kanggeomma burns his own body to fight the enemy. Even if the target is a mine. He faces the enemy without an inch of hesitation.

'Sir, I'll be there soon. Please.'

Kwagagagagagagang!

As I was running with my calves about to burst, I heard a tree crack and something burst in the direction of the puddle.

Then, a sudden downpour of rain pours down from the clear sky. Something is clearly going on.

She desperately wanted to go there, but Chloe held back, chewing her lips. The taste of blood lingered on her tongue.

In a situation where she wanted to borrow a pair of bracken fern hands right now, there was no one to be seen. Chloe gritted her teeth, opened her mouth wide, and shouted at the top of her lungs.

“Anyone!!!! No one!!!!”

Have you ever shouted so loudly in your life? I would be willing to tear my vocal cords if it could just reach someone’s ears.

All she can do is cry out desperately for help, her frustration and helplessness washed away by the pouring rain. The little girl’s desperate cries echo through the mountains.

That was when.

Chloe’s eyes shot open wide. A long, dark blue streaked across the corner of her retina. She turned toward the tree, using it as a stepping stone. The movement caused a gust of wind and the skin of the old tree that had been her step burst.

With a thud, the muscle fibers from her calf to her knee snapped in bundles. But Chloe didn’t stop.

Soon Chloe stopped in front of the grayish figures.

“”””””uh!?”””””””

Then the same sound came out of their mouths. Their expressions of surprise.

Chloe’s mouth smelt of urine as she was pressed for time, and her ragged breathing made her saliva dry.

My vision was also out of focus, and the shadows of people on my retina overlapped and unraveled repeatedly. After all the blessings had been expressed, it felt as if all the strength in my body had been drained out of me, as if water had leaked out of me.

“… Come… Give… … .”

A dry, cracked voice came out between her lips, without any moisture. A small hand trembled as she asked for help. One of them grabbed her hand. It was a hand with calluses all over its palm.

She didn't even have the strength to raise her head. Chloe staggered violently and fell forward, leaning against someone's arms, and slowly raised her head from below.

A school girl with long blue hair and sparkling golden eyes. I thought I had seen her face before, but I couldn't tell who she was because the focus was off. She and the four other members of the group looked at Chloe with faces that seemed to be a mixture of surprise and worry.

With her consciousness fading away, Chloe mustered up her last bit of strength and raised her finger to point in a direction. It seemed like they were saying something, but it was drowned out by the ringing in her ears and could not reach her eardrums.

"… My, foot… Help the Sword Demon Army-."

With that, Chloe's memories of her first midterm were cut off.

* * *

Speed Weapon thought. Will there ever be a day in my life that will be as surprising as today? The scene that unfolded just now will never be erased from my mind for the rest of my life. Of that much, I was certain.

Kanggeomma stretched out his sword and drew a diagonal line. There was nothing special about his movements or the process.

However, even Rachel, including the speed weapon, felt a chill more than goosebumps rush through her body as if air was running through her blood vessels.

Just a simple swordplay.

I saw that physical movement transformed into an abstract concept.

Speed Weapon, who loves to explain things in his head, wanted to

capture that moment in his mouth.

It was a moment I couldn't dare to understand, but still, couldn't I explain it somehow?

Let's try to put it into words somehow.

If you cut it, it will be cut.

It was difficult to explain further than this. To begin with, the swordplay that Kanggeomma showed was on a different level than metaphors and words. If I were to explain further, it would only be a pain in the mouth.

Even the large group of mermaids, seeing the swordsman's swordsmanship, all at once began to run away as if they had made a promise. It seems that even fish with extremely low intelligence cannot avoid their survival instinct.

Speed Weapon turned his gaze slightly and looked at Rachel. His heart-shaped eyes were wide open and he had a dazed expression. Soon, Rachel collapsed with a face that seemed to have lost its soul.

It was a face I had never seen before, even though I had known her for over ten years. Perhaps from the perspective of a person handling the same blade, I had seen a different side of her than Speed Weapon himself.

Well, even if he was the successor of the Changseong family, he would never have heard or seen anything like this. Speed Weapon opened his eyes and looked at Kanggeomma's back.

He cut down a water ball that was shot like a torpedo.

As it was a magic that gathered and condensed all the water in the surrounding area with magical power, rain began to pour down from the clear sky as an aftereffect of the impact.

'What the hell are you… … .'

It didn't just cut through the water, it cut through the magic. At this point, I can't help but laugh.

It was something that was far beyond common sense. I don't know how many common senses were shattered in less than a minute.

Even though it was scary, the shiver would not stop. Instead of a groan of exhaustion, a laugh escaped through my teeth. Maybe my mind had gone a little crazy.

Some say that mine is an object of fear.

That's understandable, since they are creatures that threaten billions of people with a population of only a few tens of millions.

There were no specific guidelines for when humans encountered a mine. All they could do was pray for a peaceful death.

"Ah… right right right… right."

But ironically, the man who had been the object of fear was trembling in fear right before my eyes. The positions of the born strong and the born weak were reversed.

I felt my stuffy chest being relieved at the sight. I felt like something was slowly filling my insides.

Damn it.

The sound of footsteps moving forward. At the same time, the mermaid tries to take a step back. However, with only one leg left, she falls backwards.

"Ah, ah, ah-!"

I couldn't understand a word he was saying. But what I could tell for sure was that it was a last-ditch effort to survive.

I tried to push my body backwards with my scaled arms, but of course, the strong swordsman was faster.

The mermaid kept snapping her fingers in frustration. However, as if she had no more magic left, nothing happened except for a spark the size of a fingernail.

Damn it.

As the swordsman approaches, he crawls like a fish swimming in a pool, trying to increase the distance between them.

“Ah …

The moment when the mermaid twists her body and goes crazy with the murderous intent rising from the sashimi.

months-

Short, concise sounds, intricate diagonal lines drawn on the mermaid’s neck.

A sword that is lighter than air and passes by without resistance.

The mermaid’s head slipped from her shoulder and fell into the pool with a splash. Her body twitched briefly before falling limply like a bowling pin.

At the same time, the rain that had been wetting the ground stopped and even the shallow fog cleared.

Kang Geum-ma stood there with his back to him, without moving an inch.

‘I won.’

He defeated Mine, and he was short, and a first-year student at that.

The blinking speed weapon and Rachel’s pupils slowly began to open.

I just felt it. I could clearly determine it with just one blow. It wasn’t a petty issue like who was stronger or weaker.

As Speed Weapon was blankly watching the scene that still didn’t feel real, Kanggeomma dropped the hilts of his swords in both hands, blood gushed out, and then thud- hit his knees on the floor.

“Sword Demon!”

Rachel, who had finally come to her senses due to the sudden change,

ran to him. Leon was barely able to keep his upper body upright and catch his breath.

Speed Weapon also had all of his energy drained from his body, but he held onto his trembling legs.

He moved towards the puddle, chewing on the groans that were escaping, determined to save that child at all costs.

The recoil from hitting Leon with a healing spell doesn't even send the amount of force as much as a truckload into his joints.

Ta-da-dak, ta-da-dak, ta-da-dak

At that moment, I heard the sound of several footsteps coming from behind.

Could it be that the merman group that we thought had escaped has returned? There can be no situation more desperate than that.

Something was flowing down his stiff spine. Speed Weapon tilted his head back slightly, feeling dizzy.

Abel and her crew run towards them in a hurry, holding Chloe in their arms.

You're finally here.

"under."

A sudden sense of relief washed over me, and I lost all strength in my body and buried my back in the muddy dirt.

The eyes of the speed weapon lying in the mud turned towards the sky.

Between the gaps in the finely chopped clouds,

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 25

Episode 25 Midterm Exam (6)

Abel and her crew arrived at the pond with surprised expressions.

The eyes looking ahead trembled greatly. No one was willing to speak first.

The place that used to be a forest was now a barren plain with the trees swept away in disorder, and Leon and his crew lay sprawled on the ground, looking completely exhausted.

What on earth happened? No, I wondered what had to have happened in the first place to make it turn out like this.

The last time I visited the Wolf class, a small female student who had only briefly shown her face came running to me asking for help, but the situation seemed to have already ended, and there was no sign of the devil.

“If you came to help, come quickly and help me!”

As he stared blankly at the scene for a moment, Speed Weapon shouted nervously. In an instant, Abel came to his senses and headed towards the puddle.

Her crew members followed behind without saying a word. Abel approached Speed Weapon, who was lying with his back buried in the mud, and opened his mouth.

“What the hell happened?!”

Instead of answering, Speed Weapon pointed to the puddle with her eyes. Her crew members standing next to her turned their gazes at her words, and they all looked startled. One of the crew members trembled.

“Hey, what is that?”

A scaly corpse with its head cut off. Only the shoulders and below were floating on the surface of the pool, but even that alone was enough to tell what it was. The cold corpse of a demon.

In front of the corpse, Rachel was seen supporting Kang Geum-ma, who was barely catching his breath while gushing blood. At that moment, Abel’s head snapped up.

When I first saw him, there were no visible injuries on Kang Geum-ma, but he was unable to control his breathing, and every time he exhaled, he was spitting up bloody phlegm. His eyes were on the verge of turning cloudy, as if he was on the verge of death.

Abel, who felt something was wrong upon seeing that sight, shouted to a female student in the same group. She also did not understand the current situation, but human lives were the priority.

“Activate the healing series protection right now!”

The green-haired assistant was startled by the unusually excited tone, then extended his staff and manifested a protective spell.

Something fluorescent, like cotton candy, began to wrap around Kanggeomma like a blanket. Then, his black eyes, which had been losing focus, slowly began to change color.

Rachel hugged Kanggeomma with tears and snot running down her face, rubbing her face against his ample chest. Leon and Speed Weapon also slowly got up.

Abel narrowed his eyes and looked back and forth between Kang Geum-ma and Rachel. It was not a situation where he could be childishly nitpicking, but a strange emotion was rising inside him and tickling his insides.

‘Is it really necessary to stick so tightly to each other?’

Abel sighed deeply and pressed his temples. He wondered how he should understand and accept the events that had suddenly occurred.

Shaking off his fleeting thoughts, Abel turned his gaze to Leon. Looking at him now, Leon, although not as good as Kanggeomma, did not look in good condition either.

Still, somehow he managed to act quickly, and through the torn sleeves of his clothes, he could see the fine skin healing and new skin growing. Abel spoke to Leon in a cold tone.

“What is that?”

“Can’t you see it? It’s a mine, a mine.”

In the meantime, Speed Weapon shrugged his shoulders and snatched the question away in an instant. His face had become haggard in an instant, but he seemed to have a lot to say.

“Who doesn’t know that it’s Mine’s corpse?”

“Well, even if I tell you, you won’t believe me.”

The lips were moving as quickly as a magpie’s beak, as if the mouth was quivering.

Leon, standing behind him, scratches his cheek with an embarrassed expression and flashes a flawless smile.

While his crewmate, Kang Geum-ma, was wandering around the edge of death, his crew leader, Leon, seemed to be doing his best to maintain class and refinement. Looking at Leon, Abel felt his heart burn.

Certainly, when looking at the scars carved into Leon’s side, it seemed that he too had wandered through the underworld many times in a short period of time. However, that did not mean that the anger that had once flared up would easily subside.

‘I’m unlucky.’

Not wanting to waste time on something useless, Abel frowned and quickly turned the subject of the question back to Speed Weapon.

“I’ve already contacted the academy, so the instructors will be here within an hour.”

“… Instructor, those damned bastards… … . You said you surveyed this fucking island in advance, so why is there a mermaid popping out and making a fuss?”

Speed Weapon muttered nervously, his sharp eyes furrowing. Abel asked back blandly, his arms crossed.

“Okay, so what happened? Explain.”

“Are you giving orders now?”

“Why are you so twisted? I’m asking you for a favor, please.”

Speed Weapon snorted once and then raised the corners of his lips slightly. His lips parted as if he had been waiting.

“Let me explain.”

* * *

“So what you’re saying is that the Mermaid suddenly appeared and Kanggeomma fought her alone and won?”

“Well, that’s what happened.”

Speed Weapon nodded with a smirk, as if satisfied with his explanation.

Abel and his crew, who had been listening, looked back and forth between the corpses of the swordsman and the mermaid without saying a word. The glossy dark blue hair flowed pleasantly from his shoulders.

It was a story that was hard to believe, but given the circumstances, what Speed Weapon said seemed to be true. There was no reason for them to lie.

Although it was an unbelievable story, all the circumstances before my eyes gave weight to the fact that Speed Weapon's explanation was true.

However, it was too much of a heroic story to be easily acknowledged.

A first-year student from the Academy defeats a mine that appears without warning? It's more realistic than the folk tales or stories you hear from your grandfather before going to bed when you're young.

However, I felt a strange sense of unease as the fierce battle between the two was visible as the dense forest was completely destroyed.

If I had only heard it, I would have laughed it off as a lie. But now I was witnessing the scene with my own eyes.

Abel grew up as a genius from birth.

However, she had a brilliant background as a descendant of Aaron Nibelung, the disciple of the proto-hero Balor Joaquin, and so Abel did not stop there, but literally worked hard to develop her talents and reach this position.

Abel, lost in thought, muttered bitterly.

'If it were him… … .'

None other than Kang Geum-ma.

It's a bitter feeling deep down inside to dismiss him like that. I didn't know that the difference in skill between him and me would be this big.

Now, he couldn't help but think that maybe he was just an ordinary person. Kanggeomma had defeated Mine alone at a young age.

Of course, he too was in a state of death due to the backlash, and his body was in tatters, but still, the dead one was Mine, and the living one was Ganggeomma.

I frowned involuntarily in a sense of extreme discomfort, but I was

inwardly impressed. It was a very complicated and subtle feeling.

Abel shuddered without realizing it. It wasn't a shiver of fear, but something mixed with awe and awe. Abel sighed deeply and covered his face.

There was a brief silence. Speed Weapon, observing Abel's expression that seemed to be gloomy for some reason, spoke absentmindedly.

"You said you contacted the Academy earlier, right?"

"… Uh, uh."

Abel nodded his head hesitantly. Speed Weapon stroked his chin for a moment, then hardened his expression and continued speaking.

"I think it would be better not to tell the instructors too much about what happened at the scene."

"why?"

"Didn't the instructors clearly say that they had surveyed this island in advance?"

"Oh, right."

"Isn't that a bit strange? Even though Scopulis Island is large, this pool isn't that difficult for the cadets to find, and yet the mine popped out. The story doesn't quite add up."

Abel couldn't say anything back. Speed Weapon continued to speak even though there was no answer.

"This is just my guess, but… … ."

"Speed Weapon, are you saying that there could be a spy from the Mine side hiding within the Academy?"

Leon, who had been listening with an indifferent expression, cut him off. He had spoken indirectly on purpose, but he was able to grasp the exact meaning of what he was saying.

A look of confusion spread across Speed Weapon's face at his exact identification, but he calmly hardened his expression and responded.

"I'm not saying that's necessarily the case, but I can't rule it out."

Abel's mind was already saturated with various thoughts. Certainly, this area was neither sealed nor a hidden dungeon. It was a place that students who had taken enough tests could find.

If you think about it, if it weren't for the speed weapon and the strong swordsman, Leon's crew would have all died screaming at the hands of Mine during the first midterm exam.

However, the thought of 'Why?' does not go away. During the 700-year truce between the demons and humans, there were certainly frictions, big and small.

However, the Demons have never gone so far as to directly attack the students of Joaquin Academy. Moreover, there is a clause in the Non-Aggression Pact that states that touching the students of the Academy could lead to the outbreak of war.

'no way…….'

Abel's delicate fingers covering his mouth trembled. The worst case scenario that could come to mind when pruning away useless reasons here and there.

Clearly, it was most likely just the impulsive actions of this one mermaid, but for some reason, only the worst-case scenario vaguely lingered in my mind.

Speed Weapon glanced at her expression. Her face was pale and tired, and she was having a hard time hiding her various emotions.

"Abel, I understand what you're thinking, but it's too far-fetched to think that far. What I'm saying is that it's not bad to suspect that there's a spy from the Demon Clan among the Academy's internal staff. It's too early to jump to conclusions based on this incident alone."

Speed Weapon, who had been listening to him, tried to guess what

Leon was thinking. Leon nodded his head with an expression that made it impossible to tell what he was thinking.

“Then, we need to get the words right. Assuming there’s a spy in the Academy, if they hear that Geomma alone took out Mine, they could become a target.”

“Well, that’s true. But that doesn’t mean we should just keep our mouths shut when that kid has done all this for us… … .”

Speed Weapon scratched his head as if he felt uneasy. Then Abel added.

“How about consulting with our grandfather?”

“What, Your Majesty!?”

“In a way, I think that’s the best option. My grandfather is personally acquainted with the headmaster of Media Academy, and he seemed to know something about Ganggeomma because of the previous placement test.”

To be sure, Siegfried was not an internal member of the academy, and because of his uniquely isolated nature, he had no significant interpersonal relationships with anyone except for the academy director, Media.

Above all, he was one of the Seven Star Heroes who defeated the 6th Corps Commander Basmon half a century ago and was known as the strongest man in humanity.

That is why the only person more trustworthy than the nobleman who was at odds with the Demon Clan the most was the academy director, Media, who was also a Seven-Star hero. If Abel spoke to the academy director, it would inevitably reach the academy director’s ears.

There are quite complicated procedures for the Academy cadets to directly meet the academy director. However, they can bypass such procedures through the inspection. I thought that would be the best option for Kanggeomma.

After a moment of thought, Speed Weapon quietly nodded in agreement.

“I think that’s the best option for now. Leon, what do you think?”

“Well, considering everything that’s happened so far, I think that’s the best option. But… … .”

“but?”

“Let’s think about that later. That’s not what’s important right now, right?”

Abel and Speed Weapon opened their eyes wide at the sudden question. Then Leon smiled and gestured to Chloe, who was sleeping soundly like a baby bird.

“It seems like one healer isn’t enough.”

“ah.”

Speed Weapon, whose exclamation mark appeared a beat late. He shook off the dirt on his clothes and took out his recorder. Only then did his haggard face begin to show signs of vitality.

“Then this speed weapon should come out.”

Saying the lines I always wanted to say.

“Treatment is my specialty.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 26

Episode 26 Preparation (1)

My eyes opened automatically to the musty smell of medicine that stung my nasal passages.

When I opened my eyes, I saw an unfamiliar ceiling. I turned my head slightly to see a ringer needle deeply stabbed into my right forearm, and old-fashioned, pure cotton curtains were fluttering in the wind coming in through the window.

‘Is this a hospital?’

I barely managed to straighten my upper body, wiping away my tingling chest. Then, suddenly, I slowly turned my gaze and looked around the room.

Unlike the hospital room I first entered after entering the academy, the interior was very luxurious and sophisticated. It was similar to Knox’s hospital room that I had seen before.

‘Joaquin Academy Hospital VIP Room.’

The smell of money vibrated in the white furniture that gleamed like marble. As far as I could remember, the VIP ward was reserved for the nobility. I scratched my chin and supported my head with both hands as I sank back into the bed.

I didn’t want to think about such mundane details in detail.

Regardless of the circumstances of my being admitted to the VIP

ward, I decided to be satisfied with being alive for now.

‘Are you sure they’re going to go later and claim the hospital bill?’

I shook my head to shake off my worries. No matter how outrageous the prices at the Academy were, they weren’t that inhumane.

… But if I really do charge, should I run away in the middle of the night?

I stared blankly at the ceiling, then suddenly stretched out one arm and opened my hand. The light from the hospital room shone through my fingers.

I opened my hand wide and clenched it again. For some reason, I opened my fist with all my strength, and my fingernails left a mark on my palm like a stamp.

‘You’re alive.’

I can’t be happier to be alive. There was a time when I entered the academy and almost died unintentionally.

But now, all of those things can be dismissed as mere coincidences. Compared to the magic that the Mine Mermaid wielded, Auditore’s genius and even Nox’s swordplay seemed like a child’s whining antics.

‘Mine… … .’

The skin was slicing with a crunchy sound, the flesh was tough when cut, and the sensation of the bones breaking was very different from that of a human.

Above all, the magic ball that the Mermaid shot before she died. It flew towards me, emitting a creepy magical energy.

It was an attack that I absolutely could not avoid. But for some reason, I threw myself into it without hesitation even in that situation.

Because I could see the red lines engraved on the round blue sphere, I

felt hot blood flowing through my body and my muscles swelling.

Is this what intuition is? I instinctively extended the sashimi, and the blade passed across the line. The round thing split in two and burst like a water balloon, and the magic changed into a sudden downpour.

It was definitely water. But the taste of it being cut still lingers clearly in my hand.

What was that feeling? It felt like ripples in a clear water stream without a single drop of water falling.

There was no other way to explain it. After the protection of the swordsman was manifested, it was full of sensations that were difficult to describe.

I scratched the back of my head as if trying to clear my head of complicated thoughts. Then, I raised my body slightly and opened the status window while lying down halfway.

Paat-

＝＝ ＝＝

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh level: 7 ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: (3▶4) ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armament level: 1 ▷ Unlocking conditions have not been met.

☆Embrace Rate: 6.8▶7.2% ▷ 【NEW! Unlocking conditions have been met.】

★【？？？】

[※ The protection is only activated when the sword is less than 36 cm in length and less than 9 cm in width.]

＝＝ ＝＝

A mental level that has risen one level. I remembered the mechanical voice that I heard when I manifested the protection, saying, ‘Your mental level has risen by demonstrating your spirit.’

I’m guessing that the reason he wasn’t scared when he first saw Mine and rushed at it was because of his mental ability, which is called Spirituality. Thanks to that, his body didn’t stiffen up and he was able to move freely.

I thought it was a useless ability, but it turns out it’s most useful in emergency situations.

Bravery and determination are only a hair’s breadth apart, but if I had shaken my body like castanets like my teammates back then, we would have gone to hell on good terms.

People are so unpredictable. I scratched my cheek awkwardly and looked down.

‘at las.’

The phrase that sparkles and shines on the retina. The fairy tale rate that had been the unlocking condition for 7% had already been exceeded, and the unlocking condition had been met.

Personally, this was the number I was most curious about after the question mark in ‘Protection of the Sword God’. I was excited at the thought that I might be able to find the clue. I stretched out my index finger and tapped the phrase.

Paat-

＝＝ ＝＝

☆Education rate: 7.2% ▷ The line (1) of 【？？？】 is readable.

[When the assimilation rate reaches 15%, the following unlock conditions are met.]

＝＝ ＝＝

‘I can see a line.’

The meaning of the phrase itself was easy to understand. It was the red line drawn by the mermaid’s magic. There couldn’t be anything else.

… But the important thing is.

‘No, what the heck is 【？？？】?’

I thought I might be able to find some clues to the mystery that had been bothering me, but instead, I ended up knowing even less. It was as if they were intentionally hiding the information.

They just throw out bait like loaches that slip through the gaps between fingers.

It’s probably the same concept as the question marks under the fairy tale rate. It’s crazy and makes you jump around because there are only three question marks, so it’s hard to even infer information.

“ha…….”

A sigh escaped my lips. I took a deep breath and calmed myself down. It had only been a short time since I opened my eyes. There was no point in getting emotional.

But if we think about it positively, there is one thing we have gained. The number ‘1’ in parentheses. As the assimilation rate increases, that number will also increase.

Here, the world of ‘Miracle Protection M’ is basically a game, so it’s not hard to guess that it would be like that normally.

It would be better if someone could clearly define what kind of line it is, but it feels like someone is playing a trick by throwing me puzzle pieces without any outline and asking me to fit them together.

I don’t know for sure, but he must be some shameless bastard who threw me into this world.

I gave a short snort and closed the status window mercilessly. I

clasped my hands together and stretched my arms, and a cool bone-crunching sound rang out.

Knock, knock

There was a knock on the door. The door was pushed aside.

“Hey, Sword Maiden! You’re awake!”

“… … !”

At the same time, Media hugged me tightly with light footsteps.

“Our Sword Horse, if something had gone wrong, I was going to fire all the instructors I inspected in advance! I’m glad you came to your senses, Sword Horse.”

Media spoke with a trembling voice as if they had not seen each other for 20 years.

“Ouch, principal, I, I can’t breathe.”

“Oh, sorry. I’m just too happy.”

Media apologized, rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand. I coughed awkwardly and turned my gaze toward the door.

Another presence was felt beyond the sickroom. Even though it was blocked by an iron door, the overwhelming sense of oppression could not be hidden.

As I stared silently at the door, Media shrugged her shoulders and raised her voice toward the door.

“Hey, tsk tsk! Are you shy as a grown man? Are you on a blind date? Come in quickly!”

“Mediah, don’t I always tell you to stop calling me that?”

Siegfried, the swordsman, came inside, grumbling in displeasure.

He stood next to Media, crossed his arms and looked at me with a measured expression.

A sight that feels strangely eerie.

The first people to visit me after I was admitted to the hospital on the day of my entrance ceremony were the director and the inspector.

It was quite burdensome for me that two of the Seven Star Heroes would show up every time an academy cadet was hospitalized.

“What’s going on with the principal and inspector?”

When I spoke in a trembling manner, Media smiled brightly and patted my head.

“I heard the whole story from your crew. Our swordsman is amazing.”

Media said softly. She stood up and took a few steps away from the bed.

Then she bowed her head to me. Then the swordsman standing next to her uncrossed his arms. My eyes widened at the sight.

“I apologize on behalf of Joaquin Academy. The unfortunate events that occurred during this midterm exam were all the fault of our Academy. Because of that, the lives of Geomma and your group, and almost all of the first-year cadets on Scopuli Island, were in danger. I, Media Poison, swear that I will reveal the reason for the appearance of the mines on the honor of the headmaster of Joaquin Academy.”

Media’s behavior of bowing down to me, who was nothing more than a lump of blood to them, seemed more mature than anyone else. The sword master added with a determined expression.

“You saved the cadets.”

The Seven Sage Heroes, known as the hope of mankind.

Just by looking at Media and Siegfried, you can see why they are called Hope. Their words and actions were imbued with noble dignity.

“I did it because I could.”

I rubbed my nose with a flushed heart and said, Then Media lifted her head. The corners of her eyes were slightly flushed than before.

Then suddenly a gloom came over her face. Media sat down next to me and hesitated before moving her lips.

“Your actions are truly amazing, Geomma, but… I think we should keep this incident a secret for the time being until the truth is revealed. It may be funny for me, the headmaster, to say this, but this incident seems to be an issue within the academy. I’m truly sorry, Geomma. I couldn’t care less about it.”

It is a situation where a mine suddenly appeared on an island that was supposedly surveyed. Based on the current situation, it would be correct to conclude that way.

Besides, I wasn’t particularly honored or disgraced, and honestly, if I could just let it go quietly, that would have been enough, so there was no need for her to feel so sorry.

“All right.”

“… You too, Geomma. Even a child can act up and act like a fool.”

Media that makes people laugh out loud.

“Oh, that’s right!”

Then, as if remembering something, he clapped his hands loudly and took something out of his robe pocket. It was a coin purse that the old ladies in the neighborhood used to carry around.

‘Can’t you lie about your age?’

As I looked at her with gloomy eyes, Media’s lips twisted.

She spoke in a sharp, hysterical tone.

“Sword Demon, you must have thought I looked old to you right now!!”

… How do you not know? I’ve felt this way for a while now, but this

woman seems to be using mind control. Although Media vaguely says it's a woman's intuition.

In front of her, you must not only be careful with your words, but you must also not think carelessly.

When I waved my hand in denial, Media pouts and snorts.

"I don't know what you were imagining, but this is a subspace pocket."

"That's it!?"

"What, you know about subspace pockets?"

"Yeah, whatever."

Subspace pocket.

An item that can hold everything regardless of volume or mass. It is an all-purpose item that was traded at the highest price in the auction house even during gameplay.

… But that too, apart from its performance, has a very similar appearance to the Speed Weapon recorder.

Media put her hands deep into her pockets. Then, a long piece of iron came out of her hand. With momentum, Media pulled it out with a cheerful feeling.

What Media held in her hand was a single-edged sword.

A worn-out rope was wrapped around the handle of the sword. The marks of pickling embroidered on the blade flowed like clouds.

Class B weapon. A sword covered in dew, Murasame.

"Originally, I should have given it to you officially, but given the circumstances, I decided to give it to you privately. I hope you like it, Geomma."

Media handed me the sword. I took it, holding my breath. The rough

handle felt in my hand. I ran my fingertips down the blade.

Kiririn.

The chilling sound of the sword spread through my ears like a ringing sound.

‘however…….’

I’m definitely excited about my new weapons, but something feels a bit lacking.

I felt so suffocated and anxious.

“How is it? Do you like it?”

A bright smile appeared on Media’s face. I scratched my cheek and said.

“Can I leave this to the blacksmith?”

“Oh, it’s possible, but why?”

Media asked curiously. I answered with a smile and muttered quietly.

“Strengthening arms.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 27

Episode 27 Preparation (2)

Siegfried and Medea left the sickroom.

Crack, crack

The sound of two people's footsteps echoed across the hallway floor.

An orange glow covered the faces of the two. Media, who had been walking ahead, suddenly stopped. The swordsman who had been following behind also stopped in step with her.

Media turned her head towards the window.

Beyond the window, the main building of Joaquin Academy stands firm, piercing the clouds and looking down on the Academy. Media pointed beyond the window with her index finger.

"… Zeke, do you remember? When we entered this academy, you were lying on that wooden bench. When I told you to get out of the way, you just pulled out your sword without thinking. What did you say? You told me not to give orders to you. You were really chuunibyou back then. Honestly, even you, the person involved, didn't you think it was a bit much?"

"I don't remember."

As the swordsman shrugged his shoulders slyly, Media smiled faintly. Her mint-colored eyes sparkled faintly.

“It seems like only yesterday that I entered this academy, but I’ve already been here for 60 years. Up until graduation, I didn’t want to set foot here again. Life really is… . You have to live long to see things, right?”

The inspector nodded, patting his chin for a moment. A sense of longing settled into his golden eyes. Memories are something that are shared like contagion.

The Joaquin Academy of today has degenerated into a place for exchanges between corrupt forces for the children of the nobility, but through the Academy, I have met colleagues who have overcome many adversities.

It was a place with mixed feelings of love and hate, one that you could neither like nor hate.

“But the funny thing is, I’ve been here for over 60 years, and I haven’t even covered a tenth of the history of Joaquin Academy. When we first entered, this place was established a long time ago. What a long history it has. There have been big and small incidents, but the Academy has been nurturing and protecting students for 700 years. But… … .”

Media chewed her lower lip and swallowed the end of her words. Then the haziness on her side of face disappeared and a deep glare grew.

Jin Ja-ha’s green hair, covered in a halo, fluttered in the air. Anger rose to the very top of Mediah’s head.

As the veins on Media’s pale, delicate temples began to form, the window next to her began to crack like chains. The swirling air chilled the atmosphere.

Before the midterm exam, I definitely received a report from the instructors that they had completed a preliminary survey. Although rare, Scopuli Island was a Mine Mermaid haunted area, so several thorough surveys were conducted.

However, the hard work of the field trip was in vain as the

Academy's cadets almost lost their lives.

That too, to Mine. It was something unprecedented since the founding of the Academy.

No, that shouldn't have happened.

As the head of the academy, Media had no choice but to feel responsible. She gritted her teeth in silence.

"… … ."

The inspector can tell what kind of mood Media is in just by the slightest trembling.

Aside from her position as the head of the academy, she was a woman who was sincere in her thoughts about her students. Although her atmosphere was somewhat girlish, her attitude as an educator was unparalleled.

The years they have spent together have already been more than half a century. Their conversations were sufficiently silent. However, if things continue this way, all the windows in the hospital will be broken.

The inspector lightly patted Mediah's shoulder.

Then, her hair, which had been fluttering in the air like a floating spirit, gently fell down. The green hair that settled on her shoulders was as fresh as new green.

"Sorry, sorry. I got a little excited."

Media scratched her cheek, perhaps embarrassed, and a bright smile appeared on her lips. Then, as if trying to lighten the mood, she began to list off praise for Kanggeomma.

"By the way, isn't our swordsman amazing? He took down the mermaid by himself. What do you think, Zeke?"

The question caused the inspector's brow to furrow. He sighed softly and muttered to himself.

‘Natural talent.’

There was no other way to explain it.

Many names that were called peerless geniuses and the darlings of their time briefly shone and then lost their light like meteors that had reached the end of their lives.

In a family of heroes thirsty for fame and disgrace, if a child shows even a little bit of talent at a young age, he or she is called a genius. The word genius is used without any standard.

The sword master did not easily utter those words. He even strictly forbade those words to be uttered by his granddaughter, Abel.

A far-off talent. Genius must be the word used to describe that boy. The inspector burst into laughter without a sound.

If he accumulates experience, how far can Kanggeomma grow? Although the sword master himself is an old man in his seventies, Kanggeomma is still a young boy in his youth.

Couldn’t that boy possibly reach ‘that realm’ that he’d been dreaming of his whole life?

Various thoughts floated through Siegfried’s mind. After thinking for a moment, the sword master let out a sigh and then stopped speaking.

“Please take care of the Academy for the time being, Media.”

When he said that, Media looked at the sword master with wide eyes. It was surprising to hear such words coming out of the mouth of an old man who had insisted on living in seclusion in the Nibelung family for most of his life.

But Siegfried’s golden eyes blazed like the noonday sun.

The eyes of the inspector, burning with a fierce spirit, were blazing brightly. At that sight, Mediah’s eyes formed a beautiful crescent moon and nodded.

Media carried her luggage on her back and walked forward with light steps, humming a tune. The cracks in the window disappeared in an instant.

* * *

After I was discharged, the first thing I did was visit the school blacksmith shop. To reforge and strengthen the weapon ‘Murasame’ that I received as a reward for my midterm exams.

The standard is out of the protection of the swordsman, so reforging is inevitable. To be honest, the current Murasame is nothing more or less than a staff made of iron to me. And if the blacksmith oils it once, I can try to enhance its performance.

The blacksmith, reddened by the heat of the forge, readily accepted my bold order. Instead, he offered to accept the remaining iron scraps as compensation.

Since the sword was about 60 centimeters long, splitting it into two was impossible. However, I was lucky that I didn’t have to pay expensive repair fees. The blacksmith added that I should come back in a week to pick it up.

In front of the Wolf Class classroom door.

I stared blankly at the Chinese character-written nameplate for a moment. Then I slowly opened the door and went inside.

The students were chatting away politely. They glanced at me once and continued talking.

The fact that I beheaded Mine on Scopulis Island seems to have been kept a secret, just as the principal said.

I hate to say this myself, but maybe my classmates are laughing so happily because I stopped the mermaid.

I walked past the podium and sat down at the end of the third row, where I always sit. The warm sunlight shining down felt good on my face.

“Sword Demon Army!”

A familiar voice called me from the back of the classroom. I turned my head.

“Chloe, what happened?”

Clank, clank

Chloe approached me with a labored gait, leaning on her crutches. The crutches held under her arm were rather large for her height, causing her small shoulders to stand up.

“Hey, it just so happened that it ended up like this. But my crewmate, Speed Something, gave me emergency treatment, and the doctor said that I’d be able to walk without crutches in about a week!”

Chloe patted her chest with her clenched fist as if it was nothing. She also felt that she had grown a lot, with her shoulders straightened and her chest perked up.

It wasn’t just my hard work. It’s an undeniable fact that I defeated the Mine Mermaid, but it was also because my crew members faithfully performed their respective roles. Chloe’s rescue request, Rachel’s one-man team, and even the Speed Weapon’s healing buff.

… But when I thought about it carefully, the main character, Leon, didn’t do anything.

The protagonist is more incompetent than I thought, which makes me lose faith. Can he really defeat the Demon King?

Judging from his actions so far, it seems like he’ll be cut off by the legion commander’s goons, let alone the Demon King.

‘Is it because you just got hit first?’

As I tilt my head and think, Chloe looks up at me with bright eyes. She wags her invisible tail like a puppy looking for praise.

I found that sight so cute that I couldn’t help but chuckle.

I wanted to pat her head with my hand, but if I did that in the middle of the classroom, the male students would whistle at me. I just let go of the arm I was about to extend and smiled faintly.

“Thank you, Chloe. I survived because you called for help.”

“What’s amazing is the Sword Demon Army. He took down Mine all by himself!”

“Well, I was lucky. In fact, I almost died and came back to life.”

“… Heh, cool.”

A bright red blush spread across Chloe’s cheeks as she scratched her head.

She explained to me various things that happened while I was hospitalized, as if she had just remembered something.

From the private details that the cost of the VIP hospital room was shared by the members, to the wild rumors that the Academy Director Media and the Academy’s senior members were in conflict over the need to improve the Academy’s security posture.

It seemed like quite a lot had happened during the week I was hospitalized. As Chloe was explaining and I was nodding along, the classroom door opened wide.

“Everyone be quiet and sit down!”

Instructor Lee Won-bin shouted loudly and made the cadets quiet. Unlike normal times, he looked very nervous. Sweat dripping from his bare chest soaked his collar.

As the atmosphere in the classroom became quiet, Instructor Lee Won-bin put his fist to his mouth and coughed in vain.

Then, he glanced outside the classroom, took out a handkerchief, and wiped his scalp. The light reflected off his messy, tight hair, and it was blinding.

“Before we begin the training, I have something to say first.”

A faint discomfort appeared in the eyes of the instructor who spoke like that. The cadets also seemed to sense something unusual from the stiff tone of his speech.

“This is sudden news. Let me first introduce the person who will be my co-instructor for our class for the time being.”

After finishing speaking, Instructor Lee Won-bin ran to the classroom door in a hurry and greeted me politely. It was an unfamiliar sight that made me feel out of place.

Soon after, a man entered the classroom. The students’ mouths opened wide as if they had made a promise. Exclamations also erupted here and there.

The man lightly patted Instructor Lee Won-bin on the back and stood at the podium with intelligent steps. Lee Won-bin also tried to stand next to him timidly, but then took a few steps back.

“My name is Siegfried von Nibelung, and I will be serving as the temporary instructor of the Lang class alongside Instructor Lee Won-bin for a while.”

“Hey, your Majesty, just call me Lee Won-bin.”

“It can’t be like that since they are in the same series.”

“Ah… yes, I understand.”

Instructor Lee Won-bin blushed and lowered his head as if he was embarrassed.

The cadets’ murmuring grew louder.

In this heated atmosphere, I was the only one who froze, unable to grasp the situation.

…Why that guy?

* * *

The night was deep at Joaquin Academy.

It was a new moon night, with the moon hidden behind dark clouds. Only the streetlights in the premises were illuminated here and there. Even the night fog added to the suspicious atmosphere.

Behind the dark curtains, a man and a woman were having a secret conversation. However, judging by the raised ear slaps, it was not a scene of secret love.

“sorry.”

match-!

The middle-aged man with gray hair lowered his head without touching his burning right cheek.

The female instructor smiled and tapped his left cheek with her index finger. Then the man pushed his left cheek in without saying a word.

match-!

The man’s head turned sharply as he was hit so hard. He suppressed his rising anger and humiliation. No, he had to suppress it.

‘otherwise…….’

The man raised his gaze slightly and looked at the female instructor. A woman with purple eyes and hair that sparkled ominously in the damp fog. Her limbs were cool and her clothes were very stylish.

The female instructor held a bag of worm-shaped jelly under her arm and took them out one by one, squeezing them.

Then she licked the sugar off her hands and wiped it on the man’s shoulder.

‘Shit!’

The middle-aged man cursed inwardly. He couldn’t raise his head for fear of being noticed, and just looked at the floor.

Considering his status, this was something he had never experienced before, and should never have to experience. The female instructor

looked at him blankly and then began to speak languidly.

“You should have done it properly when you did it. Ha, really. You really have a knack for annoying people. Don’t you think so, sir?”

“…sorry.”

“Is that all if you apologize? You should take responsibility, shouldn’t you? Oh, it’s really annoying. Leon, is it that hard to bring that bastard half-dead, huh? Even if he’s a candidate for the hero, you can’t do that when you bring the mermaid too? Because of your mistake, that bastard has made his nest in the academy.”

“I’m sorry, Instructor Kim.”

“Ha, from now on, if you say ‘I’m sorry’ just one more time, okay?”

The female instructor extended her index finger and poked the elder’s forehead.

A man in his forties looked as if he was about to cry. The female instructor mercilessly picked up a piece of earthworm jelly and ate it.

“By the way, did you find out what I ordered you to do?”

“Yes, I found out.”

“Huh, I still can’t believe it even as I say it. Mermaid failed in a midterm exam for a freshman. Well, if the members who entered this year join forces, there’s nothing they can’t do, tsk.”

“Hey, that’s… … .”

As the middle-aged man hesitated to speak, the woman glared at him with dry eyes. The man continued, his face pale and hesitant.

“I got attacked by a cadet.”

“… One person? Leon, him?”

“No.”

“Then who are you? I hate it when people linger around.”

“It’s this year’s top student, Kang Geum-ma, that guy.”

Her purple eyes widened. The man just stared at her with his lips moving.

Then the female instructor’s expression hardened, her eyes narrowed, and she whispered softly in the elder’s ear.

“The 5th Corps Commander is very angry because of this incident. You know there will be no next time, right?”

“… … !”

She winked at the male instructor with one eye. The man bit his lower lip and shivered violently.

“Then I’ll go now. I don’t want to see you.”

“I’m sorry… hmm!”

The man barely managed to swallow the words that were about to spill out by covering his mouth. Then, like a eunuch, he quickly backed away and quickly left the place.

Hurrr!

A fierce flame flickered across the instructor’s palm. A fierce purple flame danced and reflected on her retina.

“Ganggeomma… … .”

She muttered blankly for a moment, then turned off the flames and a bitter line appeared at the corner of her mouth.

“It’s been a while since I’ve had some fun.”

The jelly bag, which had turned into a lump of charcoal, gave off a pungent, sweet smell.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 28

Episode 28 Preparation (3)

A day at the Academy begins with a vigorous run.

It had been a long time since I had adapted to the training of Instructor Lee Won-bin to make all of his cadets bald.

I never thought I would say this, but I had become accustomed to the Academy and was enjoying my life here.

“One, two, three, four. The voice is small. Again!”

“”””yes!”””””

Cadets shouting out energetic answers and commands. Looking at it this way, it doesn’t seem much different from the morning training we always do.

Chloe was sitting on a chair on one side of the training ground.

She placed an iron crutch beside her and motioned towards me. I responded with a feeble gesture and took over the rear of the hull.

The man leading the cadets, blowing a whistle at the front, slowed down and stuck next to me.

“You’re slow on your feet. Did you hurt your leg during the test?”

“no.”

Green tracksuit with three stripes on both sides. Even an outfit that

would normally look ridiculous looks cool on this guy like an expensive pair of functional sportswear.

The muscle fibers bulged out inside the slightly visible tracksuit. It was an ideally balanced body that was hard to believe was that of a gray-haired old man.

Moreover, he is a beautiful young man with flawless facial features. He must have captured the hearts of many women when he was young.

Sword Master Siegfried von Nibelung.

Half a century ago, he was evaluated as the strongest force in humanity due to his brilliant achievements in the battle against the 4th Corps Commander Basmon.

If there is anyone who can be compared to him in terms of military force, it would be Richard de Murat, the Spear Star.

However, since Changseong was a character whose abilities were focused solely on strength, some thought that he would have the upper hand in terms of brute force, but most sided with Geomje.

In the second world war, which is the sequel to ‘Miracle Protection M’, the sword master is the man who will inherit the title of sword master, which was the proper noun of Aaron Nibelung, the first sword master and the right-hand man of the first hero.

In addition, he becomes Leon’s sword master later on, and his role increases rapidly from the middle of the story.

‘Sword Saint.’

Even Leon Van Reinhardt, who later went on to buff the main character, is known to have never been given the title of Swordsman.

There were all kinds of posts in the community with users trying to add those two dazzling letters next to their nicknames.

However, there was not a single post about successfully obtaining the title. Furthermore, one user uploaded a screenshot of the response he

received after submitting an inquiry to the game company, and the sentences were truly amazing.

『The acquisition of the title by the protagonist Leon Van Reinhardt is systematically designed to be ‘impossible’. We apologize for any inconvenience.』

The next swordsman, Siegfried.

When he held the hilt of his sword, everyone looked up at him with eyes filled with awe. A veteran swordsman who had risen to the ranks of the embodiment of manly romance.

…however.

The object of everyone’s admiration, the swordsman, was running in step with me, a mere academy cadet. The metal whistle hanging around his neck was shaking like a bell.

If I had to compare this situation to something else, it would be like walking along the parade ground side by side with the Chief of Staff of the Armed Forces, General Posta. It feels more than that.

If you have served in the military, this would be a scary situation that would make the hairs on the back of your neck stand on end.

How would I feel if I experienced it firsthand? If I hadn’t served in the military, I wouldn’t know, but for someone like me who had just completed his service, it’s a really awkward situation.

The pressure made it hard to even breathe. Sweat started to flow from the crown of my head and ran down my cheeks.

Even the upright and sturdy instructor Lee Won-bin was looking this way, anxiously observing the situation. The cadets were also giving him jealous looks. I clicked my tongue and looked away from those looks.

“The basics of a warrior come from physical strength and endurance. No matter how talented a warrior is, if he or she does not have a strong body and strong perseverance, he or she will not be able to display his or her natural strength. These seemingly trivial trainings

are the foundation for further growth. Don't try to trick him or her, and follow along properly."

"…yes."

The tone of voice reeked of latte. As the words trailed off, the inspector hardened his expression and rebuked him.

"Your voice is small. Are you still not fully weaned from your mother's milk?"

"I will correct it!!"

"good night."

The inspector nodded, as if he was satisfied with the amount, and ran ahead at a tremendous speed.

The dust that had been raised was later scattered. At the sound of the whistle, the cadets swarmed like rats and chased after the sword master.

He must be over seventy years old, but he doesn't show any signs of fatigue, as if he's eating good medicine. It's said that the sage Mediaya's unique protection is always on display to maintain his youth, but Geomje seems to be flying around as if he's trying to shake off old age.

'Are you aging backwards?'

I shook my head to clear away the thoughts that were rushing in.

To begin with, this gentleman is a mysterious figure who is extremely reluctant to be exposed, even in games. But strangely enough, we met quite often.

Even nobles who are known for their hard work bow their heads to try to have a word with me, but to me, they come to me as if they were going to a neighborhood bar.

It was the same during the entrance ceremony and a few days ago.

Not only did he visit me every time I was hospitalized, he has now taken on the role of co-head instructor of the Wolf class.

It would be less frustrating if I knew the reason, but that gentleman, who is famous for being quiet, has no way of telling me.

I barely escaped a near-death experience on the first test and thought I would return to my daily life.

There has never been an abnormality like this.

The main story of Miracle Protection M, which had been gradually going astray, has completely gone astray.

"…under."

I don't want to overthink it… … but the anxiety pounding in my chest made me let out a hazy sigh.

After the training session, all the cadets sat on the dirt floor of the training ground and looked up at the sword master. Their eyes sparkled brightly.

Some cadets are so excited that they twitch their cheeks, while others are gulping and waiting for his lips to move.

Even in the Dragon and Castle classes, there were groups of people who skipped class to watch the sword fight.

The inspector folded his arms and looked at the cadets. His stern face showed an aged kindness.

The shining golden eyes moved slowly as if assessing them. The cadets were silently screaming, praying that the sword master would please look at them.

Then, the inspector spoke in an intelligent voice.

"It is important to use your knowledge to fight the enemy. However, in the field, your head usually doesn't follow as well as you think. The devil's attacks don't give you time to think."

The inspector nodded slightly toward Instructor Lee Won-bin. Then, Instructor Lee Won-bin brought out various iron weapons and laid them out on the floor.

There were various types of weapons, from basic double-edged swords to spears, hatchets, and bows. For some reason, Daiso Sashimi was also included among the weapons.

“Except for field training, the use of personal weapons is strictly prohibited from now on. Instead, please pick up a weapon that fits your hand and train yourself in it.”

Shock spread throughout the audience. The weapons they had inherited from their family were like their clones.

The threat of the prosecution to ban the use of such weapons must have felt like asking each person to hand over an arm.

The cadets murmured for a moment at the inspector’s words, and then a male student with a pierced nose cautiously raised his hand and asked a question.

“Your Majesty, I have a question. Could you please tell me why the use of weapons is prohibited? I think it would be better to train the weapons inherited from the family in order to prepare for the future.”

Despite the boy’s reckless question, the inspector’s face showed no sign of displeasure. Rather, he seemed to like the question, and said, smoothing out the wrinkles between his eyebrows.

“That’s a good question. But the basics are important for everything. The more you rely on high-grade weapons, the more likely you are to neglect the basics and slack off on training. And you’ll mistake the weapon’s performance for your own strength.”

“In such cases, I think it is important to learn how to use weapons and make up for any shortcomings.”

The boy, as if he thought this was the moment, asked back in a tone full of humility. The yellow symbol that the inspector wanted to see was clearly visible in his eyes.

“No matter how good the weapons are, if the user’s skills are lacking, they are just like pearls on a pig’s neck. And a master never blames his equipment, that’s all.”

I felt a sense of awkwardness and flinched. I nodded with a strange sense of satisfaction.

The male student who asked the question looked like he didn’t understand, but he was overwhelmed by the aura of the inspection and didn’t ask any additional questions.

“Once you master the basics, you will naturally become proficient at using weapons. Cadets who can handle common weapons skillfully are more likely to receive high evaluations in the class promotion exams held at the end of the year.”

“Really?!”

“I can’t guarantee it.”

As the inspector spoke, the cadets’ faces showed the aforementioned expression. The class they belonged to was Wolf.

This is the strongest swordsman in the world, the Sword Master, personally making a boast to those who are thirsty for promotion.

The cadets rushed forward, one after another, picking up tools made of metal rather than weapons.

Some cadets tilted their heads, perhaps because it was still a somewhat unfamiliar feeling. However, most of them were giggling and trying out their weapons skillfully.

I also got up late and dusted myself off. After a big sweep, all that was left were a trident that looked like a farming tool and two sashimi sticks.

I scratched my eyebrows with my index finger and picked up two sticks of sashimi, stuffing them into my waistband.

The inspector glanced at the sight.

‘As expected, that gentleman… … .’

The inspector opened his mouth after confirming that all the cadets had weapons in their hands.

“Today, we will be pairing cadets to familiarize them with weapons.”

The atmosphere among the cadets became chaotic all at once. No matter how much they were aiming for real combat, it would be embarrassing to train in a cold, cold space, not in a subspace.

“You have entered the Academy to grow into worthy soldiers, following in the footsteps of your ancestor, Balor Joaquin. You cannot grow into a true warrior without taking risks.”

As if he had expected a reaction, the inspector continued speaking calmly with his arms crossed.

“However, if we just point our swords at each other without thinking, we’ll end up getting our heads cut off. So, before we pair up, I’ll show you a demonstration of sparring myself.”

“Wow, can I see the sword of the sword master?”

“Crazy, I only saw it on YouTube, I never thought I’d see it in real life!”

“Je-en-jang, your Majesty! I believed in you!”

The boys cheered and blew their whistles. The roar was loud enough to be heard outside the training grounds.

“Quiet, quiet! Everyone sit down!”

Instructor Lee Won-bin sweated profusely as he made the male students quiet down. However, it was not enough to cool down the heated passion of youth. Lee Won-bin covered his forehead or the crown of his head with his hand and sighed.

I wanted to give him a word of comfort. It must have been hard to lead a class with Inspector General, and now he was acting as Inspector General’s counterpart, even though it was just a

demonstration.

Today in particular, Lee Won-bin's head felt empty. It was sad in many ways.

Lee Won-bin timidly grabbed the double-edged axe. Then, the inspector made a gesture to push him back.

Lee Won-bin tilted his head to the side with a trembling expression. Then, the inspector turned his head towards the cadet.

Then his gaze stopped on me.

"Cadet Kang Geum-ma, forward."

Those words came out of the sword master's mouth.

Immediately, many eyes were focused on me.

…shit.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 29

Episode 29 Preparation (4)

The uneasy gazes surrounding me. Something mixed with jealousy and anger.

The cadets' lively gazes made the back of my neck tingle. Voices mixed with gossip flew into my ears.

I focused my gaze on the swordsman. His motionless pupils were sharply squinted as if he was assessing his opponent.

His muscles were tense as if he was facing a rival. The swordsman drew his sword handle in a strong stance.

Kiririn—

A clear, sharp light spread like the dew at dawn.

Cheers from all over the place filled the training ground. The cadets who had chosen their swords looked at their own swords and the sword master's swords alternately. The eyes of the students from other classes who were watching from the stands also widened.

It was clearly an ordinary iron sword, but when he held it, the blade glowed and sparkled like a sword of great power.

I closed my eyes and opened them. A man who was close to the pinnacle of swordsmanship was looking at me. The air around me felt heavy. The flow of the wind had been artificially changed.

There was nothing to criticize, from the spacing of his feet, to the grip on the hilt, to the angle of the tip of the sword aimed precisely at me.

The chaos that could not be quelled even by Lee Won-bin's sanctions suddenly became calm. Everyone, including me, took a deep breath and looked at the swordsman as if they were admiring a statue.

"Are the bones healing now, boy?"

The swordsman's voice woke me up from my dazed expression.

"Yeah, well… it's okay now."

"Then I will take up the sword."

I thought. No matter how much it was a sparring match, this wasn't it. It wasn't because I had just been discharged from the hospital. My body was in perfect condition after getting some rest.

Moreover, perhaps due to the influence of the swordsman's protection, his instincts were crying out for victory. However, the string of reason that he was barely holding onto rejected it.

The opponent is the swordsman Siegfried von Nibelung.

If you come face to face with him, it's clear that it won't end well. At least one of you will lose a hand if you're lucky, or your head if you're bad.

Besides, too many eyes are on me and the sword master. Thinking about the butterfly effect that would result if I accepted the sparring, my head was already spinning.

Let's make an excuse and refuse.

After I reached that conclusion, I bowed my head toward the inspector and said.

"I am no match for you, Your Majesty. Please put away your sword."

Among the cadets, snickers and mocking remarks flowed out. Words

like, “I knew it,” and “I was scared.”

They seem so comfortable with being able to say whatever they want, saying it’s none of their business. Honestly, most of them would say goodbye to their heads and torsos if I waved my arm once.

I turned my eyes slightly to examine the sword master’s face. There were thick veins on his temples, and his eyes, with a hint of anger, flashed fiercely. His face was clearly filled with anger.

“How long do you think you can live hiding your power? As a prosecutor, you don’t have even a shred of respect for your opponents. No matter how talented you are, it’s useless. You’re such a cowardly, petty person.”

His voice was not loud enough to reach the cadets’ ears. He continued speaking coldly.

“Don’t you have any pride as a swordsman?”

My right cheek twitched at those words. The inspector clicked his tongue as if it was not appropriate.

‘Pride.’

These are the words I have always engraved in my heart since I won the title of the best swordsman in the country. Those two letters were the reason I never put down my sword.

In the midst of the heated atmosphere, sweat flowed down like a waterfall from Instructor Lee Won-bin’s forehead.

It seemed like he wanted to stop her, but since he was the one being investigated, he couldn’t do anything and just kept stomping his feet.

On the other hand, the inspector was glaring at me without any sign of backing down. In fact, I know that all the words he just said were provocations to test me.

He must be trying to gauge my skills by seeing my reaction. If I give in to that provocation without thinking, it’s obvious that I’ll regret it for a long time.

I spread my fingers wide and then closed them. Blue veins stood out on the back of my clenched hands.

The eyes of the audience are focused on me. The faces are filled with anticipation.

He just wanted me to run away, ugly. Then something hot welled up inside his chest.

His hand was stuck to his waist like a magnet. His fingers felt for the handle of the knife and soon he pulled it out.

Sling.

As I silently grabbed the sashimi, their eyes gathered around me. Their pupils grew twice as big as if they were lying.

Lee Won-bin tried to run towards him out of breath, but the inspector stopped him.

“I guess you’ve made up your mind.”

One corner of the swordsman’s mouth rose slightly.

As if he had been waiting for my decision, the sword of the sword master was raised. Only then did he greet me with a cheerful voice and bow.

“Your Majesty, Siegfried von Nibelung. Please do me a favor.”

I swept the dirt floor with my feet and took a stance. Then, with just a flick of my wrist, the scabbard glided across the blade.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

“Student Kang Geum-ma, I will teach you a trick.”

* * *

It’s pitch black.

Standing against the pitch-black background, with superhuman concentration, were two men wielding swords.

Thud thud.

The man who took the first step was Siegfried.

The sound of brisk footsteps, as if he were going out to meet an old friend. His left hand is holding a straight sword.

As I enter the twilight of my life, my heart, which had been growing cold, begins to feel warm. The moment our swords meet, age becomes nothing more than a pretense.

The tense facial muscles relax at the feeling of being alive, and a smile appears.

Siegfried searched for memories from his childhood. It was something that happened when the old man was a boy. He was seventy years old, but that moment came back to him clearly.

While I was practicing my sword every day in the mountains, I happened to come across a wandering knight. He was missing one arm and his clothes were shabby and dirty.

But the sword that the article demonstrated was within ‘that realm’.

‘Enlightenment through the sword.’

Siegfried focused on his opponent.

A boy I’ve had my eye on since the class placement test.

Although his body is still immature, like a newly sprouted tree, his eyes are filled with dignity.

For a moment, the image of the strong swordsman and the one-armed wandering knight overlapped. Perhaps it was a clue that would lead him to a higher level. Siegfried thought so.

The heart was hot. The blade was cold.

The inspector is a sufficient species on his own. All he needs is healthy flesh and solid iron.

Siegfried, who was facing the strong swordsman, put down his title of swordsman. He wanted to face the boy as a single warrior.

Ta-da-dak.

Siegfried's footsteps were as light as a boy's. He ran as if he was sliding on the ground. The straight sword's blade flashed like lightning and aimed for Sashimi.

Pick!

The straight blade cut through the air. Siegfried was not flustered. He quickly moved his eyes to find the high, high-rising strong sword.

A faint smile spread across his wrinkled lips. If he hadn't shown even this much movement, I would have been disappointed.

Shrek!

The straight sword's blade surged upward from below. The swordsmanship of a veteran was almost like a skill. Kanggeomma did not dodge but accepted the old man's attack.

Kang! Kang!

The clashing iron objects made a harsh, dull sound.

His arms felt lighter than ever. He felt good swinging his sword.

Siegfried had already forgotten that this was a duel.

An invisible silver trail passed back and forth. The two blades repeatedly clung together and separated.

When the old man attacks, the boy takes it, and when the boy attacks, the old man strikes it away.

Siegfried responds with skill to the acrobatic movements of the swordsman.

A sharp sashimi flew in like a swallow from an unexpected angle. A magical sword that curved inward. Siegfried received it with the

experience engraved in every joint of his bones.

Every time their attacks clashed, sparks like fire flew violently.

Siegfried's blade is imbued with the full-blown talent and life of a veteran dedicated to the sword.

The blade of the Ganggeomma is imbued with a mystical quality that seems to have escaped the shackles of humanity.

The two men continued their cool conversation through their swords.

Although it was a momentary battle, it felt like time had been artificially stretched out.

Even in the midst of the persistently stretched out time, only Sashimi moved with an unusual sense of speed.

Kanggeomma's hand speed is noticeably increasing by the second.

Even in a split second, the boy grows. When his sashimi draws an arc, it makes a sharp sound as if space is being cut.

It was so funny that I almost laughed out loud. Instead of laughing, the old man held his breath.

'Excellent.'

Siegfried the Swordmaster laughed, baring his teeth like a child.

The strongest warrior in the world. The title that every man dreams of. He achieved that honor at a young age.

Since ancient times, there were few who could receive Siegfried's sword. What's more, even they soon found themselves kneeling before him.

That was until half a century ago.

In the battle to subdue the Demon King's 6th Army Corps Commander Basmon, he lost three of his six comrades. Although the outcome was a victory, it was not worth the price he paid with his

comrades' lives.

Basmon was the weakest of the six legion commanders, but he was incredibly strong. The seven greatest human forces fought day and night for a week. Thinking back now, I think he won with great difficulty.

Although he was called the strongest in humanity, he would look like a mere beast in front of the commanders of the Demon King's army.

Mine is the absolute power, and humans are the weak who bow down to him. This world was that absurd.

That is why, from that day on, Siegfried continued to train while recalling the path of the wandering knight. He swung his sword with the weight of hope for humanity on his shoulders.

And finally, at the age of seventy, Siegfried was finally knocking on the door of enlightenment.

Kkuddeuk—

The swordsman standing with his back bent and his upper body pressed down. It was a posture that seemed to be barely holding back the strength that was trying to stretch forward. It was like the posture of a beast just before it runs towards its prey.

His eyes, which were raised, were filled with a radiance that went beyond the ordinary. He turned the sashimi in both hands and held it in reverse as if he was going to bet on this deal.

Siegfried laughed briefly. He gripped the handle of his sword tightly as if responding.

Demonstrated protection.

The protection of the sword spirit.

A spirit-level protection that brings swordsmanship talent to its limit with a concentration far beyond human understanding. It was a secret technique among secret techniques that only a handful of people in the 700-year history of the Nibelung family could master.

The blue light that flowed in slowly coated the blade. The bright blue flames began to burn the bottom of the hilt. Siegfried shouted, pulling up the corners of his wrinkled lips.

“Come, Strong Sword Horse!”

With a loud cry, Kanggeomma thrust his body out.

Papa-bat!

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 30

Episode 30 Preparation (5)

Kanggeomma eagerly pulled out his short sword. Geomje responded by raising his sword.

The cadets were ready to taunt him. Their faces, still young and youthful, had a hint of adolescent cleverness.

Although the previous fierce battle between Kanggeomma and Nox was shocking, they did not overestimate Kanggeomma, but underestimated their opponent.

I thought that I had a decent amount of ability as a lowly special promotion student. I denied reality like an ostrich burying its head in the sand when it encounters a wild beast in the plains.

The deeply rooted idea of chosen people in their minds did not allow them to easily acknowledge the strength of Kanggeomma. It must have been some kind of fraud. The cadets were quick to assume so.

But that is until today. It will be a while before Kanggeomma's true nature is revealed. For some unknown reason, the sword master has designated Kanggeomma as his pairing partner.

Why on earth?

I couldn't understand what the inspector was thinking. Why did he care so much about that kid? Jealousy welled up deep in my heart.

The cadets crumpled their expressions and whispered to the people

next to them. After Kanggeomma was given a good lesson by the sword master, I wish he would pee himself.

Just such foolish thoughts swirled around their heads. After gathering their thoughts, they opened their eyes and waited for the duel.

However, Kanggeomma responded to their sudden request for a duel by coolly holding up the sashimi, as if betraying their sharp expectations. He slightly released the sashimi in his hand and warmed up his body by holding it. His attitude was so confident that it was almost shocking.

Even in a duel, the opponent is the Seven-Star Hero, Geomje. Even though he bows prostrate and shows no sign of being nervous, Ganggeomma shows no sign of being nervous.

Whirlyrick!

The whistle signaling the start of the duel blew. At the same time, the eyes of the onlookers narrowed.

"… … ."

A suffocating silence settled over the spacious training ground. Soon, a murmur of voices filled the background. The cadets' expressions were subtle. Question marks appeared here and there.

what?

Kanggeomma and Geomje stood facing each other with their swords drawn. However, the two of them just stared at each other without moving an inch as if their feet were glued to the ground.

Only the swords held in his hands were reflected by the sun and radiated a cold light.

Soon, only the artificial flow of air brushed the cheeks of those present. It was clearly the wind, but it stung like a sharp wind cutting through the skin.

Still, there was no movement from those two. Even so, the onlookers' nerves stood on end and goosebumps ran down their spines.

There is clearly no movement, but it is a strange sensation as if you can hear the sound of blades clashing. Your eyes refuse to perceive the duel, as if they are unable to see it.

At some point, no student dared open his mouth. Something flowed down his temples.

Sweat beads formed on Instructor Lee Won-bin's forehead(?). He took a deep breath. His wide eyes moved alternately between Kang Geum-ma and Geom-je. The two of them did not even blink.

Even after a few seconds of sparring, the two showed no signs of moving. They didn't even come close. However, their sharp swords were aimed at each other's vital points.

When two masters face off, it is the number of moves that determines the winner.

They constantly observe their opponents and tenaciously capture their weaknesses. They can even lose their necks with a single blink of an eyelid.

As the expectations and judgments toward each other build, even the imaginary battle of wits is transformed into a concrete illusion and unfolds.

Not only the cadets, but also Instructor Lee Won-bin is seeing it for the first time. Countless sword fights are exchanged in the welcome. I can't see it, but I can feel it. I can also hear the sound of the wind blowing in between.

I can be sure that the faint sound of metal cracking that tickles my ears is not an auditory hallucination. The water droplets that had gathered on the tip of Lee Won-bin's chin fell.

Lee Won-bin's face, looking at Kang Geum-ma, was filled with shock and amazement. In his 10 years as an instructor, he was proud of having seen and trained good people.

This is the world's most prestigious Joaquin Academy. Just by entering, you will be envied and praised. In addition, all the geniuses from all over the world gather there.

During his ten years as an instructor, he has nurtured talents that shine like jewels. It would not be strange for some of them to have their names engraved in history books in the future.

Moreover, this year was the most brilliant golden generation since the Chilseong Heroes generation. As an educator, just looking at it made me feel proud.

However, the sudden appearance of Kang Geum-ma completely changed the standards of Joaquin Academy instructor Lee Won-bin.

Kanggeomma gave a cold shock every time he picked up his weapon, as if he was mocking common sense.

Even at the age of seventeen, he shares with the sword master the sword of the mind, a talent that is impossible to describe.

Looking at that kid, even this year's jewels, the so-called golden generation, look like pebbles on the beach.

'…I knew it would be like this.'

Even in the midst of this fierce battle that was still going on, Lee Won-bin felt a tickle in his chest. His heart was beating fast. Something that shook a man's chest.

My mind goes blank. The situation unfolding before my eyes is far beyond the criminal's perception. Meanwhile, the air pressure becomes heavier.

Wow!

A blue energy like the sea that suddenly blooms.

The gathered black energy formed a shape and covered the straight sword held by the sword master like a veil.

The reason Siegfried von Nibelung was called the strongest in the world, and the blue sword that only a master swordsman could wield. People called it Aura.

The swordsmanship that has been refined through talent bestowed by

the heavens and hard work over a long period of time is already in the realm of magic.

Lee Won-bin felt awe and fear enveloping his entire body. The sword master's straight sword crumbled into dust from the base of the hilt, as if it could not withstand the energy with an ordinary iron sword.

A dry slurp flowed out between the lips of the cadet and Lee Won-bin. Some of the onlookers rubbed their eyes. In an instant, the smoky air that dried the air in the training grounds enveloped them. Their lips were parched and they couldn't even swallow their saliva.

Only Kanggeomma faced the sword master with unwavering eyes. He then took a crouching posture as if he was concentrating his strength. This was not an illusion, but a real situation.

A cold sweat ran down Lee Won-bin's back. His clothes were damp from sweating so much that they clung to his neck.

"Your Majesty!"

Lee Won-bin called out to the inspector in a dull voice. He had to stop it. If not, one of the two would die. His intuition was sounding the alarm so fiercely.

Despite his shouts, the inspector does not turn his head.

Rather, isn't it a smile that reveals white teeth? The pupils fixed on Kang Geum-ma do not waver even an inch.

In her eyes that sparkled like jade, there was a childlike innocence.

As the aura's momentum grows stronger, thick tendons begin to form on Kanggeomma's forearms.

Those two people are already in a different space from me. No matter how much I shout their names, it won't reach their ears.

I have to go over and stop them. But my wobbly knees don't have the strength to move. I feel ashamed of my incompetence. Lee Won-bin walked toward them, unsteadily.

Kugukgeuk—

The upper body of the Ganggeomma leaned forward a little more. One foot took a big step forward, and the other foot was extended backward, showing a strange posture. Only the eyes on the shadowed face sparkled like a wolf.

The swordsman took a deep breath and dragged the tip of his sword across the dirt, taking a stance similar to that of the strong swordsman. Dust scattered from the half-burned hilt.

Soon, Lee Won-bin's face turned pale. At that moment, Kang Geum-ma and Geom-je were about to kick the ground at the same time.

"Hey, you little shit!"

The voice of a woman with a sharp voice echoed loudly. The eyes looking up at the sky blinked. The head of the academy, Media, was floating in the sky with her black robes fluttering.

Immediately, a black robe fluttering as fast as a torrent touched the ground.

The wise media. She approached the swordsman with a face full of fever.

Media, who was walking briskly towards the sword master, grabbed him by the collar and shouted. The whistle hanging around the sword master's neck made a noise like a metal ball rolling around.

"You little brat! Are you crazy?! What are you doing to a student right now!"

Only then did he come to his senses, and the inspector shook his head to wake him up. He seemed to be possessed by something. Mediah coldly opened her eyes.

"Are you out of your mind right now? If you have dementia, you should just stay home. You wanted to go to the academy, so I made a place for you with great difficulty, and now you're showing off your grace to students. Are you crazy? Do you really want to look into it? Huh?!"

As he shook the collar he was holding, the platinum blonde's head moved back and forth. The blacksmith scratched his cheek and avoided her gaze.

"I didn't mean to do that."

"Shit."

The sword master wanted to respond, but swallowed it. Without looking back, it was his own fault. He had not intended to manifest the sword spirit's protection, but he unknowingly released an aura due to his endless intoxication.

The sword master tightly shut his mouth and turned his gaze towards the swordsman. The swordsman's figure was fading away as Media shook him so violently.

Kanggeomma had already put the sashimi into his scabbard.

The sight was so aloof that I was confused as to whether it was the same boy who had been wielding a knife in my mind just now.

The swordsman was lost in thought, rubbing his neck. The hot pain stinging his neck was an unfamiliar sensation.

I felt the golden trajectory of flesh glide past the sword master's neck. He also squeezed his aura with all his might to fight back. At the moment when the match was about to be decided, Mediah's shout woke the two of them up.

"Hey! Are you listening to me, you old lady!"

"I'm sorry, Media."

"uh……?!"

Siegfried bowed his head in apology to Media, who was glaring at him fiercely. Then, the anger that had been rising to the top of her head suddenly subsided. An unexpected reaction.

For over fifty years, Siegfried never apologized.

He was the epitome of an old fart, with a stubborn personality and a strong sense of pride, who thought he was right even if he died soon. A look of worry spread across Media's face as she felt a sense of discomfort.

"… Zeke, are you really suffering from dementia?"

"Mediah! There's nothing you can't say in front of the cadets!"

"Pfft."

A voice that should not have come out of the mouth of one of the cadets burst out. Instinctively, the inspector and the head of the academy turned their gazes toward the group of cadets. A male student with a piercing covered his mouth and rolled his eyes.

The inspector, who had been glaring at the boy for a moment, let out a sigh and shook off the gentle hand that was holding his collar. Media also let him go coolly.

"There is something that is not over yet. Let's put the story aside for a moment."

After adjusting his clothes, the swordsman started walking towards Kanggeomma.

Slowly, slowly

The footsteps were heavy, as if welcoming a long-awaited comrade. Soon, the sword master Siegfried stood tall in front of the strong sword horse.

The surroundings suddenly became quiet. Geomje, who had been looking at Ganggeomma intently, extended his arm and asked for a handshake.

"Siegfried von Nibelung, you have learned a thing or two."

Kang Geum-ma, who had been lost in thought for a moment, held his hand with a calm expression. The wrinkled texture with calluses here and there.

“Ganggeomma, I learned a thing or two.”

A smile appeared on the lips of the boy and the old man.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 31

Episode 31 Preparation (6)

The principal's office at Joaquin Academy.

Media looked at the swordsman Siegfried with narrowed eyes. He stroked his chin and was deep in thought. His holy hair sparkled like sand on a white beach in the sunset.

Media sighed deeply and called Siegfried.

"What's going on?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. No."

"under!"

The speechless Media burst into grief. In the fifty years they had spent together, she had never heard an apology from the inspector twice in one day.

Her attitude was so different from her usual self that it almost seemed like she was suffering from dementia. Media crossed her arms and legs.

"So why did you do that earlier? It's because one of the instructors reported to me that you and Geomma were sparring. If it weren't for me, what would have happened? And on top of that, you're showing the Geomma's protection against the cadets. Speak up, you old man!"

Media quickly and sharply examined each point. The inspector

opened his mouth with a crooked smile and sipped his teacup.

“If I hadn’t manifested the protection, I wouldn’t have been able to gain the upper hand.”

“…what?”

Media, who thought she had misheard, pretended to rip her ears open and looked at the inspector. There was no falsehood in his unwavering tone.

What did I just hear? Was that something that would come out of the mouth of that proud Siegfried? And to begin with, the very assumption that he ‘lost’ was too unfamiliar to Media.

Although his hair was gray and his face was wrinkled, he knew Siegfried’s strength better than anyone else.

Because of his meticulous personality, he never neglected his training even for a single day, and his sword skills became more refined and sharper day by day, befitting his old age.

Of course, we all know that Kang Geum-ma has innate talent, but no matter how innate the talent is, there must be a vibe that comes from experience.

“That guy has already reached the realm of imagination.”

“What, already?! You started to handle it when you were almost thirty. It’s a level that even Changseong reached when he was in his forties. And you’re handling it at the age of seventeen? Do you think that makes sense?”

Media stammered and opened her mouth to ask a question. The inspector took a sip of his teacup and placed it on the table.

“I don’t know. But it would be different if there was something that could offset the experience.”

“oh my god…….”

Media exclaimed and placed her hand on her forehead. She thought

of the face of the swordsman she had been training with.

A face where the expression had been erased. A murderous aura flowed from the pitch-black pupils. Because of this, the media at the time flinched for a moment.

I didn't show it because it was in front of the cadets, but goosebumps quickly ran through my body.

The emotion she felt after half a century stimulated something in the media. Even though she had left the front lines after taking on the position of principal, she could not forget that emotion.

The moment when I first felt my helplessness since I was born, I took control of my body.

It was the oldest and most powerful emotion of mankind: fear.

It was a fear that felt like it had been pierced through the lungs.

The eerie feeling he felt when he first encountered the 6th Corps Commander Basmon was vaguely felt by Kang Geum-ma, who was only a cadet. He felt like a rabbit standing in front of a lynx.

…Is it because the name has 'Ma (魔)' in it?

Media pressed her temples. Her mind was complicated. As an educator, what she felt from her students was fear…

Even when I thought about it myself, it was ridiculous. I knew from the moment I entered school that Kang Geum-ma was an exceptional student.

But now it was impossible to even guess how deep the foundation would be. Media wrinkled her nose for no reason.

For a moment, only a quiet silence arose. The inspector was silently sipping his teacup and savoring the taste. Mediah opened her mouth with a displeased expression at the sight.

"So who won?"

The inspector's right eyebrow twitched and he put the teacup down again. The bottom of the teacup made a nervous noise as it hit the table.

"Why are you asking such an obvious question? Oh, really."

"Why didn't you tell me the result when you gave me such an ambiguous answer? No way… Zigg, did you lose? Even after using the Sword Spirit's protection and aura?"

"How could that be! No matter how innate Kanggeomma's talent is, it still can't compare to mine. Not to mention, I wasn't fully armed at the time!"

"What, why the sudden rash? And isn't it too ugly for someone who always says that a master doesn't blame his equipment to make excuses about his weapons? If you look at it that way, our swordsman was a discount store slasher?"

"I, I… … !"

The inspector suddenly got up from his seat with a furious look on his face.

Media looked indifferent and poked one of her ears with her little finger. In response, the inspector folded his arms and slumped back down on the sofa.

"I lost, I won. Just tell me the result."

"Of course I won."

Media narrowed her eyelids and looked at the sword master with subtle eyes. The sword master avoided her gaze, sweating profusely. Then Media raised one corner of her mouth and said.

"Just kidding."

"This… damn bitch… …! You don't trust what people say!"

The scuffle, which was filled with angry voices and giggling laughter, finally died down after two hours.

* * *

Staring blankly at the dormitory ceiling and reminiscing about the fights we had has become a habit.

The ceiling that had seemed so unfamiliar to me when I entered the academy had now become the warmest roof.

I stroked my chin and took a moment to reflect on the miraculous events of the day.

I accepted the sword master's provocation and took out the sashimi. Up until that point, there wasn't much difference from what I usually do.

"Is it a dream or something… … ."

I muttered, staring at the dormitory ceiling with a blank expression.

The realm of imagination.

Before the world of Miracle Protection M was in full swing, the sword master gave Leon several teachings.

From basic things like posture and swordsmanship, to the art of swordsmanship and efficient use of protection, there were also explanations of abstract concepts like the realm of the mind.

A supreme realm that only the most highly sensitive and top-level masters can enter.

An active space that is activated when your proficiency and understanding of your weapon exceeds a certain level.

I know that even within the world, there are only a handful of heroes who can freely enter and exit the realm of the imagination.

Of course, Leon was also able to enter the realm of the mind after three years of one-on-one private lessons with the sword master. I know exactly because I quit at that exact moment.

The realm of the mind is a realm of craftsmanship that only those

who have polished a single weapon their entire lives can enter. He mastered it in just three years, so the sword master who taught him and those around him were all amazed.

But why was it that the realm of imagination that even Leon, who was surrounded by main character buffs, had barely acquired after grinding through two years of his childhood, was immediately possible for me?

After thinking about it for a moment, the answer to that question was easy to come up with.

I have only eaten raw food with a knife for 20 years, including my previous life. And I did not just eat it raw. I was a master swordsman known as the best swordsman in the country.

It was only natural that the level of understanding and skill was the highest when it came to sashimi.

Moreover, every time the protection of the sword is manifested, concentration beyond human perception is displayed… … .

My life here, which is all tangled up in a mess, and my life in my previous life are harmoniously intertwined in many ways to overcome the situations. When I thought about it, my lips twitched with a strange sense of elation.

I suddenly came to my senses and jumped out of bed. I had no intention of doing anything, but I was just trying to improve my habit of burying myself in the bed.

Yes, considering the current situation, avoiding the situation would only make it worse. Rather than being passively swayed, let's solve it step by step by doing what we can do well.

Of course, without being noticed. After finishing the duel with the sword master, the cadets had been looking at me with subtle eyes. Their faces were filled with emotions mixed with jealousy and fear. It wasn't a very pleasant feeling.

Then, suddenly, I thought about doing some training and grabbed two sticks of sashimi.

Even though the Daiso sashimi was completely spoiled, I couldn't throw it away. I had grown attached to it, and more than anything, my life focused on sashimi helped me in my academy life.

If you handle the longsword clumsily like in the sparring with Chloe and it breaks… … .

I shudder as I recall the excruciating pain that had been tormenting me for almost a week.

Rather than exceeding the 40-second limit of the pain relief protection and being hospitalized, if you swing the longsword wrong and the blade breaks, you will suffer like a tuberculosis patient with your bones exposed.

And I, too, have somewhat overcome my skepticism towards the 'Protection of the Sword God'.

In fact, if it weren't for this protection, I would have crossed the Jordan River several times already.

In addition, I will be able to receive the refined Murasame in two days. I am already excited to see how it will be refined, and I can't help but open my eyes even while sleeping. That's because it's not just about putting oil on the sword, it's about strengthening the weapon. It's only natural for a swordsman to feel doubled in anticipation.

'Strengthen your armament.'

In my experience as a gamer, 'Miracle Protection M' is quite lenient when it comes to weapon strengthening and failure.

Even if the level of your item drops by one or two levels when refining or strengthening fails, there are no hundreds or thousands of items that pop up like in other mass-produced mobile games.

If it was a game that had such a conscience, I probably wouldn't have even started it. My money is precious.

Fortunately, I felt relieved that this was the world that had swallowed me up. But it was still incredibly annoying.

I forced a smile and grabbed the knife from the table. Since it had come to this, I thought I would go to the martial arts studio and try to deal with the realm of the mind.

If you can freely manipulate your mind, you can practice combat without necessarily having to activate the swordsman's protection.

Although I've gotten better at managing the 40-second time limit than before, it's still a fleeting moment that doesn't even last a minute.

It is a double-edged sword ability that carries too much risk to prepare for.

As I was about to pack my belongings, turn off the lights, and leave, an idea suddenly flashed through my mind.

'It can't hurt to give it a try.'

Inside the dormitory room, the lights were off and the room was dark.

I pulled a stick of sashimi from my waistband.

There was no need to close my eyes to concentrate in a dark room with the lights off. The sensitivity and concentration towards sashimi were engraved on my entire body.

Somehow, I felt certain that those two materials would be enough. I concentrated all my attention on the hilt of the sword I was holding. Suddenly, the sensation of the hilt in my hand seemed to be newly emerging.

In the darkened field of vision, all that was standing was a single sword and me. The moment when the worldly things that filled my mind were erased one by one.

Recalling the sensation of encountering the sword, the vastly expanded sixth sense was broken into small pieces and reassembled to form an intangible mass. Then, a rippling blue energy passed through his hand and stuck to the sashimi as if it was burning.

Immediately after, the sashimi, unable to withstand the force, crumbled and turned into dust. I muttered with a bewildered expression.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 32

Episode 32 Preparation (7)

Saturday morning dawned bright.

Sleeping in and out is my usual weekend routine, but today my body woke up on its own.

Today was the day to go find Murasame, who had been entrusted to the blacksmith for smelting.

‘at las.’

A whistle filled with excitement came out of my mouth naturally, and my heart swelled with excitement the whole time I was preparing to go out.

I have been using Daiso sashimi as my weapon so far.

It was called a weapon, but in reality it was just a tool made of iron brought to avoid punishment, so receiving the first proper weapon was an emotional experience.

In addition, the only stat that has not increased in the status window so far is ‘Armed Force’. Perhaps we can get a hold of the thread of the questionable ‘Sword God’s Protection’.

Of course, this is just a guess, and right now I don’t want to worry about Gaho.

The gist of my excitement was that there was no gift more valuable

to a swordsman than a new sword.

Sigh- A laugh escaped my lips.

At least until we reached the blacksmith shop.

“… Oh, that’s… Oh, right. That’s too bad. I couldn’t help it.”

“… … .”

A blacksmith who scratches the back of his neck and conveys deep comfort.

The heat of the forge added to the redness of his face, making it as red as a ripe tomato.

“I said I worked hard, but this is the first time I’ve ever experienced something like this. I’ve been eating rice balls for nearly 30 years, but this has never happened to me. Some kind of piece of iron split in half with a single blow of a hammer. It was as if the sword itself refused to be refined. For a moment, it seemed like the sword was alive, you know? So I hurriedly made a mold, melted the iron, and refined it, and this is what happened. Even so, if a decent blacksmith had handled it, it wouldn’t have been able to form a weapon and would have just been a lump of iron. Since it’s me, this is what it is. Yeah, that’s what it is, hahaha!”

“… … .”

The blacksmith burst into a cheerful laughter and handed over the ‘murasame’ which had been transformed into a small sashimi knife.

A smooth reddish-brown wooden hilt, a blade wrapped with rope that acts as a scabbard.

The smooth blade with a cool energy flowing through the knot was coated with warm oil and had a glossy sheen.

The craftsmanship itself shows the craftsman’s touch, one by one. Even from the perspective of a knife sharpener who has 20 years of experience in cutting sashimi and has cut many kinds of sashimi, it is clear that this is a knife that shows true skill.

As the blacksmith said, it seems like he did his best… … .

The moment I received the weapon, the image of the spear appearing on my retina was so absurd that it made me burst out laughing.

＝＝ ＝＝

[Murasame (Raindrops)]

Type: Sashimi

Description: This sword was called the ‘dew-covered sword’. It has been reborn as a carbon steel sword with the know-how of a craftsman. Although it is small in size, its performance may vary depending on the user?

Specifications: “Blade length – 35 cm”, “Width – 6 cm”

Traits: 「Destruction Power – C」, 「Range – E」, 「Hardness – E」, 「Growth – A」

Grade: (E) ~ (?)

＝＝ ＝＝

‘What the fuck.’

What on earth did they do to the alternate weapon that turned a B-class weapon into an E-class weapon, and that too a sword? I’ve never experienced anything like this, not even when I played ‘Miracle Protection M’.

At that time, it was only a step or two down.

It wasn’t even Bitcoin in a bear market, and the grades that slid down were chilling. What’s more, the shape is like sashimi after all. I don’t know if it was a coincidence or fate, but in the end, it’s sashimi again.

‘… … .’

The blacksmith who smelted and forged the Murasame would have naturally noticed something strange.

The reason I was sweating profusely was not because of the heat of the blacksmith's shop.

As I looked down at Murasame with a blank look, the blacksmith rubbed the bridge of his nose and patted my back.

When I turned my head and glared sharply at him, he flinched back as if he felt a fierce sensation.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know it would turn out like this. Seriously! I tried my best, but I guess the original form and the current form didn't go together well."

Is it okay to just apologize and take a piece of B-class weapon instead of paying the cost? You made weapons worth hundreds of millions into the lowest-grade weapons at a tenth of the price.

'Should I ring?'

As Murasame's first attack, he tried to draw blood on the blade, but then lowered his head and sighed deeply.

After shaking his head vigorously to cool down the heat that had risen to the crown of his head, he slowly began to examine Murasame.

The craftsmanship of the hilt is excellent. The specifications also match the specifications of the guardian perfectly, and since it is a B-class weapon, the destructive power of the sword is also decent.

The distance is something that should have been given up on when catching the sashimi. However, it was a shame that the hardness was the lowest grade.

Even though it was an E-rank, it was a weapon in name only, so it could cut down most things, but it wasn't like I went through all that trouble during the midterm exam just to chop up a piece of wood. Still, I had to go for the normal attack. It was not hard enough to cut down the sturdy demons.

"ha……."

The only encouraging thing was the growth potential. To be honest, I was curious why the growth potential was so conspicuously high.

While I was lost in thought, the blacksmith approached me, stroking his blackened beard, and said:

“To tell you the truth, I feel uneasy about handing over this weapon after 30 years of blacksmithing. However, the weapon itself has great potential, so it will definitely be useful if you reinforce it. It may be a bit pretentious to say that it is an apology, but if you just bring the reinforcement materials, I will not charge you my reinforcement fee.”

I looked at the blacksmith. His eyes were not lying. Looking at those eyes, the anger that had been rising in my chest calmed down a little.

If the growth potential is as high as A, then the potential of the weapon is at least A-class, and if you’re lucky, it’ll be S-class. Isn’t that a really mouth-watering offer that’s hard to refuse?

However, I was concerned about the supply of reinforcement materials. The main source of reinforcement materials was the demons.

Even if you defeat a group of lower-level demons like the Merman, you will get materials, but when you strengthen once, you will have to defeat hundreds of lower-level demons.

In contrast, the higher the grade of the high-level demon derivative material, the more likely it is that there will be around seven or eight of them.

If you look at efficiency, it ultimately comes down to subduing higher-level demons to reduce wasted time.

Moreover, as is always the case with mass-produced domestic mobile games, there is a natural possibility of failure, so in reality, only one choice is forced.

There is a special strengthening material that makes it absolutely fail-proof… … but since the material comes from a demon, I’ve completely ruled out that possibility.

It's not something I can risk my life for just strengthening one weapon. I'm just trying to survive, so I can't put my life on the line.

After thinking about it, I reluctantly nodded.

"…I promise."

"Yes, I promise on my blacksmith's honor."

The blacksmith burst into hearty laughter and pounded his chest with his gloved hands. I stared at him blankly for a moment before spreading out my palms.

"That's that. Please give me back about half of the remaining price of the iron scrap after refining."

"…what?"

The blacksmith's eyes were gently curved. I tilted my head to the side and asked again.

"Did you really intend to make weapons like this and charge a fair price for them?"

"No, I made it just as you ordered, and I said I wouldn't charge you for the reinforcement fee!"

"If I sell the remaining scrap metal, I'll get a few thousand. How about exactly 10 million won, no more, no less? I'm not very well off, so I'm a bit short on money. This much would be a lot."

"What kind of kid is this! Look at this guy, he's going to try and slap an adult?!"

A blacksmith who shouts. He was born a businessman, so he can't just let things go if the calculations don't add up. I let out a dry laugh and locked the latch of the blacksmith's shop door tightly.

Sling!

Then, he began to gently untie the rope while caressing the paulownia tree that was wrapped tightly around his palm.

Thanks to the protection of the swordsman, his personality changed and his sense of reason became calm and tranquil.

“You, you punk! What are you doing?!”

The blacksmith’s eyes shook violently.

“I had to check the performance anyway. This is a good thing.”

He approached slowly, a sneer on his lips. Perhaps because this was only the second time since the Knox incident, he had become quite adept at intimidation.

“Then how about half of that, 500? Even the scrap metal of a B-class weapon has a different market price, so it’ll be hard to even recover the principal, really!”

As if he sensed something was wrong, the blacksmith stuttered and bent his back, which had been standing upright. I took another step forward, gently untying Murasame’s rope.

“Wow, eight hundred! No more!”

The blacksmith suggested a price by extending his fingers one by one, but I approached him in silence.

As I stood at the foot of the sword, the rope that had been wrapped around the blade came off with a swoosh. The white blade showed its teeth, and a familiar phrase rang in my ears.

[The level of the weapon slightly increases.]

[Use force to start syncing to suit the user.]

Jiiing—

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

A bitter silence flowed through the blacksmith shop.

“… … .”

“… … .”

Gulp – Gulp

A loud gurgling sound was heard.

“cloth.”

“Oh, I see… yes.”

* * *

A panoramic view of the conference room, which is surprisingly spacious but luxurious.

Five men sat around a round table with numbers on them and began to question Elder Claude, who had been given a polite slap in the face.

“…Elder Claude, you acted without consulting our elders at all. This time, you went too far.”

“I agree with that statement. This is clearly an act of disrespect, Elder Claude.”

His speech was polite, but his eyes were cold.

It was because during the midterm exam, Claude unilaterally attacked Leon’s group.

But the reason they were complaining like this was not because they were worried about the safety of the cadets.

“Isn’t this something you all actually agreed on?”

“Does that mean we’re sending mines? Even though we signed a ceasefire agreement, they are clearly our enemies.”

“Is this the time to be picky about what’s hot and what’s cold? We need to deal with these troublemakers as soon as possible, that’s what I’m saying, damn it!”

Cladi slammed his fist on the table and became angry.

“Your voice is too loud, Claude.”

“… Ah, I’m sorry, Elder. I made you look bad.”

An old man with a thick scar engraved on his face. When the elder frowned, Claudy sat back down, feeling embarrassed.

“Well, then I’ll say it again.”

Claudia gulped down the premium mineral water in a glass, cleared her throat, and continued speaking.

“Dear Senators, this is not something to be taken lightly. Think about it. Didn’t that Median expell all of our people from the Academy just ten years ago? But she herself thought it was time to bring the Inquisitor into the Academy.”

“But what does that have to do with what you said earlier, that we need to investigate the cadet Ganggeommaran?”

“The principal is blocking information from us under the pretext of protecting that special student. It’s as if he’s trying to hide something.”

“Tell me in detail what you are hiding.”

The elder who had been listening silently asked in a sharp tone. Claude opened her mouth again, clenching her slightly trembling hands.

“You also saw the video of the class placement test, didn’t you? Do you think it’s possible that that swordsmanship is the work of a mere cadet? I’m a veteran of the academy, but I’ve never seen such swordsmanship in my life. I think that this is clearly an unconventional cadet.”

“… Ahem.”

Five people recalled the test in their heads.

In just a few seconds, the movement of the body that was severing the throats of the genius twins was just like that of a ghost holding a sword.

Although the academy is filled with many geniuses, this was something that was on a different track and could not possibly be considered the work of a minor.

The cross-eyed elder wearing an eye patch asked Claude.

“So what areas should I investigate?”

“He is an unidentified special student. It is only natural that his origins are mysterious. Who knows, maybe the candidate for the warrior is that special student?”

“…Isn’t the candidate for the warrior Leon van Reinhardt?”

“Isn’t that guy still a half-penny who hasn’t even properly displayed his protection? Respected Elder, the warrior’s disposition is unavoidable anyway. The Seven Star Heroes are already causing headaches, and now the warrior! We should prevent and track him down in advance.”

“… … .”

The elder is quietly closing his eyes while his hands are clasped on the round table. In the end, the judgment of the elders is his. After all, the other elders did not offer any objections to the elder’s words.

Claude took on the role of the dean of the academy, the most sensitive corner of the elders’ group.

After Media took office, the influence of the Elders decreased somewhat.

No matter how much they are the five elders of the Joaquin Academy, in this world, they need to have a justification and force to speak out.

Even though they have gone beyond the academy and are now in the political and financial worlds, they also lose their appeal in the face of the prestigious name of ‘Chilseong’. Since Media took office as the academy director, the current status of the elder group has been to only occasionally apply the brakes.

But while they were already feeling intimidated by the Chilseong Hero, a hero candidate suddenly appeared.

The Elders needed a public enemy, the Demon King, to maintain their power.

Because the Demon King existed, the public was obedient to the words of the heroes, or more precisely, the nobles, who were the forces that kept the Demons in check.

If one public enemy disappears, not only will the elders face a backlash, but the very foundation of the 'nobility' will collapse.

The elders, who were skilled in agitation and fabrication, knew better than anyone that an army without its enemies was worthless.

Therefore, the warrior was someone who had to be expelled from the elders.

Claude opened her mouth again.

"The ones most needed by humanity are our elders, who lead the dull masses and strive to maintain balance. Look at us after the 6th Corps Commander Basmon was defeated. The world only looks up to the Seven Star Heroes, and we are treated as old men in the back room!"

"… … ."

No one opened their mouths, but everyone present agreed with those words in silence.

"Even now, what if we are warriors? Our very existence as leaders of the people will be in danger. Elder, I dare ask you to entrust us to Auditore."

The blindfolded elder wrinkled his brow as the word 'Auditore' came out.

"I don't think those guys who like to argue about justifications would accept a request without any justification, Elder Claudy."

"If the elder himself speaks, it will be difficult to ignore them, no

matter what the justification. To be frank, they may be called the family of order and all, but in the end, they are just Baekjeong bastards."

"Ahem, I agree with that. As nobles, we are a race without elegance or grace."

"If they refuse, isn't there a way to do it? Elder, please use your wisdom."

After finishing her long speech, Claudia stroked her chest and tried to calm her pounding heart as much as possible.

I know it's just speculation and nonsense, but what can I say when my life is at stake?

It wasn't that I was afraid of becoming a fuse in the hands of that sinister schoolmistress.

Claude was also one of the senior members of the Academy. It wasn't because of one woman that he was trying so hard to persuade the senior members.

There was someone else he truly feared. A devil too terrifying to even mention.

'Commander of the Demon King's 5th Army, Agor.'

If I don't do something here… I'd be better off begging for death.

Thinking about it like that, the blood flowing through his veins felt cold. Claudie shivered and focused his gaze back on the elder.

Soon, the elder opened his eyes halfway and opened his mouth softly.

"Contact the Auditore family."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 33

Episode 33: This time, it's not ordinary (1)

Lunch time after morning classes.

Chloe and I sat on a bench in a deserted school avenue.

The menu includes fried rice with anchovies, which are good for bones, and green vegetables.

Salmon and other blue-backed fish are good for abrasions, but I couldn't reach for them because they reminded me of the gray-white film on the eyes of the mermaids. Above all, they were expensive.

No matter how much money you have, if you spend it without a plan, you will quickly run out of it.

As a seasoned businessman, I have no qualms about wasting money. I decided to think of the ten million won as savings for the future.

"Geumma-kun, this fried rice is so, so, so delicious! The rice grains are so fluffy."

"I'm glad it suits your taste."

Chloe moved her mouth, exclaiming, "This is so delicious!" after each spoonful.

A face that seemed to be savoring each grain of rice while holding one hand over the other. Both cheeks were swollen and puffy, like a hamster storing up food.

I looked closely at Chloe. Fortunately, thanks to the speed weapon's quick aftercare, she quickly recovered from her injuries, and as of yesterday, she was no longer walking around on crutches.

She said that bones need to be broken and healed repeatedly to become stronger. What kind of mindset would make someone think that a fracture is like strengthening a muscle?

However, with an old man's heart, I think that if I take care of my body while I'm young, I'll have less feasts when I get older.

Chloe patted her full stomach after eating the entirety of her cast-iron lunchbox. There were a few grains of rice stuck to the corner of her mouth. When I picked off the grains, Chloe blushed in embarrassment. Then, her gaze turned to Murasame, who was sitting on the corner of the bench.

"Wow, is this the first weapon of the Sword Demon Army? It's so cool?!"

Chloe looked at Murasame with her eyes sparkling and her face filled with emotion. It seemed as if she liked her more than me, the original owner of the weapon.

Since I allowed her to touch the Murasame, she felt the paulownia wood handle and untied the rope.

The sight of her face brightly looking around the cool blades like a child opening a toy package gave me goosebumps. It couldn't be a better picture to match Chloe's yandere nature.

Chloe muttered a word while rolling Murasame around on her hand, lost in thought for a moment.

"It's so good that I don't think it's an E-class."

Chloe praises Murasame with a bright expression.

'… E-class.'

But sometimes, innocent words can hurt more. My cheeks twitched irregularly, and a look of confusion spread across Chloe's face.

“Oh, no, that’s not what I meant! That, that’s really okay for the lowest level, no, that’s not what I meant!”

She lightly tapped her head with her fist and laughed at herself. I forced a smile and said,

“It’s okay. I already got some of my money back from the blacksmith. Fortunately, he said that if I bring him the reinforcement materials, he won’t charge me a separate fee for reinforcement. If I keep reinforcing it, it’ll probably be useful later on.”

“That’s right! The original Sword Demon Army was strong even with Daiso Sashimi! I’m sure they’ll become even stronger if they just support their weapons!”

“Well, it’s not like I’m strengthening to become stronger… … .”

If I think about it, there was really no reason for me to become stronger. From the moment I defeated the Mine Mermaid, I could easily defeat any mid-level or higher demon beast.

Of course, A- or S-class demons were only demons in name, but they were as strong as any other demon tribe.

To be honest, it was just terribly unlucky of me to encounter the Mine Mermaid during the midterm exam.

In other words, it could be said that I am just incredibly unlucky… or there may be some reason.

Thinking about it like that, I felt depressed, so I shook my head to clear my mind of distracting thoughts. In fact, the fundamental reason I decided to strengthen my weapons was none other than—

Paat-

= = = =

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh level: (7▶8) ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: 4 ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armourning level: (1▶3) ▷ When protection is activated, pain is reduced by (1) level.

☆Education rate: 7.2% ▶ 9.3% ▷ The line of 【???】 (1) is readable.

→[When the assimilation rate reaches 15%, the following unlock conditions are met.]

★【???】

[※ The protection is activated only when the sword is less than (36＋2) centimeters in length and less than (9＋0) centimeters in width.]

＝＝ ＝＝

‘When the protection manifests, the pain is reduced by 1 level.’

-When I saw that phrase, I immediately decided to prioritize armament.

The reason I’m reluctant to manifest the protection of the sword right now is because of the excruciating pain that follows.

But if it reduces that, then that alone is more than enough reason to strengthen your armament.

Actually, after seeing that phrase yesterday, I immediately tried to activate ‘Protection of the Sword God’ without ‘Protection of Painlessness’…

I immediately put down the sashimi because of the pain that suddenly came rushing in and squeezed my optic nerves.

Perhaps because it’s still stage 1, the pain relief rate isn’t that great. Still, it was a little less painful than when the swordsman’s protection suddenly manifested on the day of the entrance ceremony.

On the first day of school, I screamed loudly. Should I say that the pain was so severe that I lost my reason that I coughed up blood and collapsed?

‘It’s still a difficult level to endure.’

The random thoughts that had been floating around in my head without any direction are now assembled into a specific purpose in an instant.

Perhaps, as I continue to grow like this, I might be able to get a clue as to what power I have been given.

In addition, I had a vague belief that I might be able to learn about the being that threw me into this world.

I stared at the status window, lost in thought. Chloe tilted her head and looked at me blankly.

She must have found it strange that I often stare into space with a stern expression.

“Your Majesty, I am so sorry that you have become so heartbroken by this… … .”

Chloe’s eyes slowly turned cloudy.

“The blacksmith who made the swordsman’s weapons like this… … .”

“… … ?”

The red color of the pupils began to approach blood red.

“All the guys who are giving the Sword Demon Army a hard time… … .”

There is a strong murderous intent in the mutterings she spits out one by one. Chloe in what is called yandere mode.

“Kill me… … .”

“Chloe.”

When Chloe's small shoulders were gently shaken, she finally shook her head from side to side and came to her senses. Her pupils, which had been gradually becoming cloudy, suddenly filled with determination.

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Chloe scratched the bridge of her nose awkwardly and stuck her tongue out slightly.

"But if you think about it differently, even if it's an E-grade right now, it has high growth potential, so if you strengthen it, it could become an A-grade, or even an S-grade if you're lucky. It's no fun if anything is too easy from the start. There's a joy in growing. And that blacksmith guy must have had some shame in him because he refunded me 10 million won."

"… Heh, cool."

A bright blush spread across Chloe's cheeks. I didn't know how to react, so I just kept my expression straight. I really didn't know what point she looked cool in.

While Chloe and I were chatting on the bench, we sensed a secret presence behind us. We hid the presence so well that even Chloe didn't notice.

But as the days went by, my five senses became clearer and I could not miss that faint presence. At this rate, it seemed like I would soon be able to hear the sound of ants crawling on the floor.

I turned my head to look around. My eyes moved quickly, and my gaze stopped at the trees. The leaves were shaking artificially.

'What's that kid?'

I clicked my tongue briefly and told Chloe to sit down for a moment before handing her the murasame. Then I quickly walked towards the swaying trees.

The closer I got, the more the trees trembled. The number of falling leaves increased noticeably.

I knocked on the tree with one hand, holding the Murasame in the other.

It may be a bit extreme, but if my intuition is correct, this level of movement is essential for this child.

“What are you doing?”

“… … .”

After letting out a heavy sigh, I gently untied Murasame’s rope and added:

“If you don’t want to fall behind, come down.”

“… … !”

thud!

At that moment, the boy who had been hiding in the leaves fell to the ground. His red hair was tangled with twigs and leaves. When I frowned, the boy avoided my gaze.

“… … .”

An uncomfortable silence flowed. I was the first to open my lips.

“Do you have any business with me?”

A cold voice came out unconsciously. The boy’s face was covered with shock and fear.

Knox Auditore sat there, his shoulders hunched, avoiding my gaze.

* * *

I sat on the bench, resting my chin on the armrest. In my other hand, I held the half-wrapped Murasame.

As the rope wrapped around the blade fluttered in the breeze, Knox’s body flinched at the same time.

Chloe hid behind me like a hostile stray cat. She peeked her eyes out

over my shoulder and glared at Knox with an uncomfortable gaze. Her younger sister also seemed to have no idea what was going on.

It was a bit shocking to see Knox's attitude, which was obviously more subdued than before. Knox was so depressed that it made you wonder if he was really the same guy who used to be so arrogant. He was hunched over with his shoulders.

I stared at Knox, who was standing silently with his back to the ground. I wondered if he had a knife hidden behind his back, but judging by the lack of iron smell, he seemed to be bare-handed.

Well, even if you're holding a weapon, it won't make much of a difference. The moment you show any hostility, I plan to mercilessly blow off one of your arms.

"Do you have any business with me?"

"… … ."

A guy who just moves his mouth but rarely opens it.

I took a short breath and asked again.

"I think I explained it to you before so you could understand."

"I, that's not why I came here!"

Knox waved his hand and stuttered. Somehow, his speech and actions were similar to Chloe's when they first met.

'Blood is thicker than water, I guess.'

I didn't know it would break down to this extent.

It seems that the words spoken when visiting the sick person were effective. As they say, a stick is a good medicine, and the words of the old sages are usually not wrong.

"Then why did you come here?"

"I came here to tell Chloe something… … ."

Knox mumbled and trailed off. Judging from the way he was standing there, it seemed like he was going to get it right.

But even if Chloe, who is my sibling, is like that, she has something to say to me? When my expression turned suspicious, Knox sighed deeply and shook her head.

“Even if I tell Chloe, it’s obvious that she’ll hear it anyway… In that case, it would be better to let her hear it too.”

Chloe, who was behind her, flinched as Knox spoke softly in a self-deprecating tone. As expected, she knew her sister well, perhaps because they were family.

“And this is also related to you, Kanggeomma.”

“… … ?”

“The Academy’s Senior Group.”

Knox hesitated for a moment, took a deep breath, and soon moved his lips.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 34

Episode 34: This time, it's not ordinary (2)

The Joaquin Academy's senior group.

Five senior officials who are part of the Joaquin Academy's top leadership. They are gloomy old men who have buried themselves in the shadows and are meddling in the world's most prestigious Joaquin Academy.

Some may say that the head of the academy is the highest authority. I can only give an ambiguous answer to that question.

It is the responsibility of the academy director to review and approve major issues within the academy.

First, because Joaquin Academy is a place where children from prestigious families from all over the world gather, it is impossible for just one director to wield power.

As much as the Joaquin Academy has a place in this world, the things that happen at the Academy are more than just local issues. If the head of the academy were to abuse his power, the repercussions would not be limited to the academy, but could spread to the social problems of the upper echelons.

It was against this backdrop that the Joaquin Academy Elders were born. They have been keeping the past heads of the academy in check by asserting their legitimacy as descendants of five of the seven disciples of Balor Joaquin, the founder of the academy.

If we use an analogy to Earth, the position of the academy director is a decision-making position equivalent to the prime minister of a neighboring country. The academy's elders are an organization that plays a role similar to the National Assembly.

Thanks to the worldly wisdom and solid legitimacy that represented the nobles, there were very few times during the long 700 years when their status was low. At best, it was when the Seven Star Hero defeated Basmon.

That is why the influence of each of them was strong even outside of the academy, but water that has been stagnant for a long time without circulation is bound to rot. The current elders are, simply put, corrupt forces. Even during the time of playing 'Miracle Protection M', they were the authors who interfered with the actions of the main character Leon at every turn.

The demons have a flat but clear justification for being enemies of humanity, while the Elders only acted to maintain their vested interests.

No matter how noble the descendants of the seven disciples of Balor Joaquin are, they cannot help but falter in the face of the inheritance of power.

Because of this, the image of the players was so bad that they were perceived as a force of evil beyond the demons.

'But why did those old ladies do this to me?'

I crossed my arms and frowned. Chloe, who had been crouching behind me, jumped up like a rabbit and raised her voice at Knox's words.

"Is that why you came to see the Sword Demon Army?"

Chloe's pupils trembled slightly, as if her fear of Knox had not yet completely disappeared.

Knox sighed deeply and shook her head in response to Chloe's question.

“You’ve been away from home for so long, you’ve lost your touch, Chloe.”

From the start, an assassin specializing in ambush attacks must have had another intention since he came in broad daylight.

Chloe hides behind me again, her face pouting as if she’s pouting. Knox stares at her for a moment before continuing his explanation.

“Aditore does not kill without a clear justification. Even if it is an order from the Academy’s senior members. There is a fine line between purging and slaughter. If we fail to keep that line, we are no better than wild beasts that are crazy about slaughter.”

“… … .”

I blinked. It was a contrast to his usual arrogant attitude. Every word Knox uttered felt like a fresh shock.

Knox glanced at me. When our eyes met, he turned his head awkwardly and continued speaking as calmly as possible.

“No matter what the commission, it takes at least two months for the verification process to be completed before accepting the contract. I have no interest in what you’re up to, but the Academy’s senior members are strangely obsessed with you.”

I, who had been listening quietly with my arms crossed, tilted my head. There were more than a few questions coming to mind.

Why do those old men want to deal with me and why does Knox, a member of Auditore, insist on telling me?

However, the sharp senses equipped as a basic passive deny that what Nox says is a lie. In this area, the protection of the swordsman comes in very handy.

“Not only me, but also within Auditore, there is a sense of discomfort and the mood is to postpone the request for the time being. It is also true that the request was made secretly without going through the academy director. Furthermore, requesting the processing of a single cadet goes against Auditore’s beliefs. However, since it is a request

directly handed down by the senior members of the academy, it is difficult to ignore. If the pressure continues, Auditore will have no choice but to force an investigation into you, Ganggeomma."

Knox's expression seemed to blur for a moment, then he added, hiding his expression.

"Whatever, Chloe, you are also a member of Auditore, so I said it because I thought you should know."

I've felt this since I first saw him, but he seems genuinely concerned about Chloe. Even the way he's been glancing at her injured leg since a while ago.

Perhaps it was the influence of the family, but even though the way of expressing myself was awkward and sharp, affection could not be erased even through harsh training. That was what family was. My nose felt tingly for no reason.

Knox came to see me, claiming that it was against the beliefs of the Auditore family, but in the end, he must have told me this story for Chloe's sake.

Besides, the reason he came to see her during lunchtime was probably to check on how much her condition had improved.

Until just a short while ago, he seemed to have no humanity at all. But the eyes that used to look down on me have become quite gentle.

Of course, my safety is of no concern to that guy.

It's not all that pleasant to have a dark-skinned bastard worrying about me.

Whatever the intention, it is true that thanks to Knox, we have come to know of the assassination of the Elders that was secretly taking place.

"I'm done talking."

Knox said that and walked away. Was it my imagination that his back looked even more lonely? I called out to him.

“Knox.”

Knox reflexively turned his upper body and head back. I gestured for Chloe to sit down for a moment and approached her.

Knox took a step back with a look of bewilderment. Soon, I stood at his feet. I scratched the back of my head and said.

“… What is that?”

When I actually stood in front of him, it was hard to say thank you. Of course, this guy was the one I had beaten up a while ago. Even if I came here now to say thank you after beating him up like a dog on a lucky day, it wouldn’t be even a little sincere.

He couldn’t bring himself to say anything, so he wiped the corner of his mouth. A subtle atmosphere flowed between the two. Surprisingly, it was Knox who spoke first.

“Don’t let Chloe get hurt anymore.”

“… … ?”

Knox made a face that seemed to demand an answer without saying a word. I nodded as if I understood. Only then did he let his guard down a little.

“Chloe would be happiest when she’s by your side. Even I, her family, have never seen her like that.”

Knox trailed off and muttered softly. Then he straightened his back and asked.

“Let me ask you one thing. How can you be so strong?”

“… … .”

I raised my gaze and scanned Knox’s face.

A face full of questions. It was a stark difference from the arrogance that had surrounded him before. His fierce expression had also softened considerably.

I thought my intimidation had completely destroyed his spirit, but the boy's will seems to be more difficult to break than I thought.

A mindset that bends but never breaks. Knowing that it is a step towards a great leap forward.

… But the problem was that I couldn't come up with any specific answer to what I should say.

He doesn't know. My ability is a 40-second sprinter. My life is in danger due to the irregular events that occur every day.

The reason for strength? I think strength is having the ability to face constant threats. For example… the sword master?

That is, I don't think I am at a level where I can talk about strength, as I am volatile and strong for less than a minute a day.

'But it's not like I have to wipe my mouth clean… … .'

Knox had revealed family secrets to me, an outsider.

I guess he was subtly hinting that he wanted to take good care of Chloe.

I opened my mouth heavily, carefully choosing my thoughts. Knox pricked up his ears as if he had been waiting.

"Knox, you lack earnestness."

"What does that mean?"

Knox smiled, his eyebrows furrowing.

"Even if you are an assassin from Auditore, you have a vibe that comes from social experience. But you don't have any social experience or anything like that. I have seen and experienced a lot of things since I was young, working in various places. I think that all of that has accumulated to make me who I am today."

I glanced at Knox, who had a puzzled expression, and scratched the back of my neck.

“If you stay confined to the academy, you will soon reach the limit of your growth. So go out and gain social experience. If you work hard and sweat, you will definitely gain something.”

Nox seemed to have a lot to say, but I turned around without hesitation. I tried to ignore the gazes I felt from behind, and walked away with light steps.

* * *

Even as I was attending my last afternoon class after lunch, questions were still floating around in my head. The professor’s lecture, mixed with the sound of a rattling rattler, subsided like background noise.

‘The Academy’s senior members are after me.’

No matter how I try to guess why my existence is such a bother to them, I can’t come to a proper conclusion. However, I can think of the fact that the old men in the attic are my enemies.

I hummed bitterly and then started to draw with my pencil to retrace my steps.

“Admitted to the Academy at the top of his class.”

“In the subspace duel, the Nox of the Assassin family is completely destroyed.”

“I cut up a baby fish head to replace Leon, who was dying during the midterm exam.”

“… … .”

Looking back, I realized that I, a kid, have done a lot of dirty work.

Up until the entrance ceremony, they were talking about reputation, safety, and no accidents, but to this extent, it seems like they were going crazy trying to stand out.

I had no choice but to console myself by saying that I had done all these things to build up my body.

Of course, it's ridiculous that the Elders would target me for such trivial things. There must be something sinister lurking beneath their surface.

While I was calmly gathering my thoughts, a sense of discomfort suddenly crossed my mind and I furrowed my brows. My gaze was immediately fixed on my notebook.

"Leon is attacked by a mermaid on Scopuli Island."

'… Scopulis Island… Leon… Mermaid… … .'

I thought back to the midterm exam. A group of mermaids had gathered as if they were waiting for Leon to come out of the pool not far from our assigned area. And the mine mermaids appeared as if they had been waiting for him, attacking Leon when he let his guard down. Thinking back, it was strange.

Even in a situation where it could clearly target all of the crew members, the baby fish targeted and attacked only Leon.

I crossed my arms and began to quickly gather the last bits of information. It only took a few seconds to come to a conclusion.

'… It wasn't me who was being targeted, it was Leon.'

I don't know the innermost thoughts of the Elders, but I'm sure their target is not me, but Leon. They probably just felt like I was an obstacle that got in the way of their goal.

No matter how well the academy director Media has kept her mouth shut, it is too naive to think that it will not reach the ears of the fox-like old people who make up the highest level of the aristocratic society.

The fact that they are targeting Leon, a candidate for the warrior, suggests that one or all of them may be attached to the Demon Clan. It is not certain, but it is worth suspecting given the actions of the Elder Group in the story.

'You little shits.'

The emotions that started from the depths of my heart rose to my throat. Are the preservation of their vested interests more important to these old foxes who have been left to fester than the safety of humanity or the Academy?

Even though they are rotten, it is still true that the authors who claim to be part of the Academy are trying to harm the cadets.

I once again realized the rotten ethics of those in power.

I briefly considered going to see them and having a sword dance, but then gave up.

There are still only suspicions, and no definitive circumstances have been found.

I could go and indiscriminately cut down the elders in a fit of anger, but it's not the time yet, not yet…

"…after."

Let's wait until all the circumstances mesh like cogs.

'I'll cut them all down then.'

I concluded that and turned my head to look out the window.

As the sunset gradually faded, the scenery turned yellow, and behind it, a shadow fell like a tail.

The combination of the ancient buildings built by human hands and the natural sunset makes you lose your sense of reality for a moment.

However, there was not even the slightest movement in the image. The faint sunset in the eyes was just a simple phenomenon. There was not a single emotion blooming.

He stared blankly into the distance, then turned his head toward the podium.

The professor silently filled the green blackboard with contents about the mythology of this world. The professor's square glasses sparkled

in the light streaming in through the window.

「In a time when we could not even guess the origins -@#$, there were many gods in the heavens. Those who reigned over all things, wishing for order and prosperity. However, even those who seemed close to omnipotent%#^% could not avoid extinction. What caused their annihilation#%—」

Although I was interested in the myth itself, I could only guess what it was about because of the scribbled words on the blackboard.

I took my eyes off the blackboard and thought deeply about what needed to be done immediately. Strengthening the armament was the top priority.

I needed an assistant, a party member, to help me with that.

'If you tell Chloe, she will help you… … .'

I wish there was a more strategic type, rather than a Yeopo-style like Rachel.

As I was tapping the desk with my fingernails, a face suddenly flashed across my mind.

"Speed Weapon."

I smiled and stared at the blackboard where the myth was written, letter by letter.

「—Among the gods of the same race and omnipotent, he was the greatest and most powerful absolute god. He was the external god who cut down all the gods in the heavens and announced the end of the mythical era.」

Most of the content is incomprehensible at first, but I wrote down a few sentences at the end of the column in my notebook. Of course, studying is part of a student's job.

"Future generations of mankind dare to speak of its existence… … ."

Finally, the chalk put a period on the line, signaling the end of class.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 35

Episode 35: This time, it's not ordinary (3)

In front of the Dragon Class door.

I stared at the nameplate, then pushed open the classroom door and went inside. At the same time, the eyes of the Dragon Class students turned to me and they all frowned.

I thought I was used to these cold stares, but perhaps because I was in a higher class, the cadets' stares felt especially cold.

The gazes were filled with contempt. It was enough to make the back of my head tingle. I ignored the gazes and narrowed my eyes to look around.

The two-tone hair is reminiscent of a Japanese gangster, so it would stand out, but judging by the fact that it doesn't stand out, it seems to be out of place.

The moment I thought that and tried to get out of the thornbush.

A large, square-jawed boy strode toward me. He then stood at my feet, shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and thrust his face in.

"Hey, a celebrity is here?"

The boy continues speaking with a face that is anything but friendly and a tone that seems sarcastic. He seems to recognize me thanks to the subspace battle we fought with Knox.

“But you see, this is not a place where lowly people like you can come and go as you please.”

It’s the kind of line a third-rate extra would say to suddenly start a fight. He took his right hand out of his pocket and waved it around.

At first glance, he looked like the kind of rambunctious student you’d find in a class, but having worked in the restaurant industry for nearly 20 years in his past life and dealing with countless drunk customers, he couldn’t even laugh at the antics of a larger-sized teenager.

“Don’t bother me and get out.”

As soon as he said that, murmurings began to be heard here and there.

The face of the guy who had been rolling his eyes diligently while gossiping turned red. However, as soon as he met me, his red complexion suddenly faded.

I smiled faintly at that sight and whispered in his ear.

“Idiot.”

“이 개새끼가!”

At the same time, the fist of the guy who hadn’t passed through the brain aimed for my temple. Perhaps because he was a dragon class, his fist was sharp and swift compared to his bulky appearance.

However, to my eyes, the movement of the fist was so slow that it made me yawn.

‘Hmm.’

I was thinking of dealing with him appropriately. If one of his limbs breaks, he’ll probably come to his senses. Isn’t that the level of guidance that you can provide as an adult?

Just as he was about to flinch with that thought, someone from behind grabbed the square-jawed male student by the shoulder and

punched him in the jaw.

“Ugh!”

Square Jaw let out a final groan and fell to the side helplessly.

His eyelids fluttered once, revealing his square jaw with the whites of his eyes. I remembered a YouTube video that said that if you hit the chin properly, you could faint in one hit.

“… Kid, you’ve got a really strong jaw.”

In the midst of the shocking scene and the confused atmosphere, the person who knocked out the person muttered while touching the fist he had used.

He turned his head towards me and opened his mouth, seemingly oblivious to the chaotic atmosphere.

“Are you feeling better?”

“Thanks to that, I was able to rest for a few days in a nice hospital room and felt better. The money was good, though.”

I shrugged my shoulders and replied slyly. Speed Weapon flicked his wrist a few times and said with a bitter smile.

‘I’ve heard of strength wizards, but this is my first time seeing a strength healer.’

A speed weapon that knocked out a large male student with one blow. Except for the fact that it was armed with a recorder, it could not have been anything other than an extraordinary healer.

“I’m sorry. You’ve just come to our class and you’ve seen these guys. But please understand. They’re just stupid and can’t perceive reality. They’re going through puberty.”

He spoke as he tapped the boy who was leaning against the wall with his heel. The boy’s body, sprawled out, swayed from side to side. I shrugged my shoulders as if it was nothing.

Then Speed Weapon smirked and leaned down to whisper to the unconscious Square-Jaw. No one dared to approach us.

“Don’t be too disappointed. If it weren’t for me, you might have lost. Life would be such a waste if you lose because you were being a guest.”

“… … .”

There was no answer. After saying a few words to the person who had rolled his eyes, he got up. My dry eyes briefly stared at the stunned male student.

“Should we go out into the hallway and talk? There seem to be too many eyes watching me here. Did you come looking for me?”

As I nodded and left the class, Speed Weapon followed me. As I was walking down the hallway for a bit, Speed Weapon suddenly spoke up.

“Honestly, if I hadn’t stopped you, what would you have done to him?”

At those words, I stopped dead in my tracks and turned my head.

“Well.”

I replied with a cold smile and started walking again. Then, for a moment, Speed Weapon’s eyes shook greatly.

“… scary kid.”

The weapon stared at me from behind and then followed me.

* * *

I stopped halfway down the hallway and began to explain. The gist of the explanation was that we had to find a party and clear the dungeon. I also asked if he wanted to participate.

Weapon nodded repeatedly and listened, then coolly accepted the offer. I asked to gauge his intentions, but he maintained a friendly

attitude toward me.

Meanwhile, Weapon mutters while holding his chin.

"… So, this is a situation where we need to form a party quickly, that's what you're saying. You came to me to ask me to help you form a party. In addition, you'll split your share of the clear rewards among the party members, but you'll collect the materials for the demons. Do I understand correctly?"

I'm not very good at explaining things, so I spoke vaguely, but Weapon quickly understood. I nodded coolly and shook the name tag hanging on my chest. It was a black name tag that symbolized my special promotion.

"If I were to find a party, no one would come except Chloe. At least if you, a dragon class, could help, it would be a little easier."

Not only that, the weapon is a rare healer position.

In Korea, it is considered the second most popular folk game, and in this game, it is treated as a tool, but here, it is an invaluable resource.

Moreover, contrary to his appearance, he has a good understanding ability and is able to understand even when spoken to in a rude manner.

'Even though he's armed with a recorder, he's still capable.'

According to the rules of Joaquin Academy, a party of at least four people was required to be permitted to raid a dungeon.

There were several reasons, but the biggest reason he had to go with three other cadets was to prevent any trouble if one of them caused trouble outside of the academy area.

Isn't it similar to the principle of a comradeship in the military? In short, it's a system where each cadet watches over the other. If there's someone watching, it'll be hard for them to go astray or do something stupid.

Also, the reason why it is written as a minimum of four is probably in

a similar context. Basically, if each person takes on a position, it will be possible to reduce casualties.

Weapon thought for a moment, then chuckled and said one word at a time.

“If only there weren’t any academy rules… wouldn’t you be able to clear five or six dungeons a day on your own?”

“I can never clear a single dungeon by myself.”

I shook my head and spoke softly.

“You’re kidding. You’ve defeated the mermaids all by yourself and now you’re saying something like that? It’s bad luck for people to be too humble, Inma.”

“… … .”

Weapon lightly tapped my side and spoke jokingly.

‘It’s true.’

With a 40-second sprinter ability, it’s obvious that I’ll get cut off the entrance as soon as I enter the dungeon. Why does he think I’m being humble…?

I responded with a silent shrug.

Weapon stroked his chin, thought about it, and then began to state his opinion.

“What dungeon do you have in mind?

“Class C. Buffalo Dungeon.”

“The buffalo dungeon… Well, that’s the most classic.”

Weapon asked with his eyes slightly opened.

“Then… is there something like what type of person you want your last crew member to be?”

"… I hope it's not Rachel or Leon."

"Ah, they won't be able to do it anyway. Rachel is currently training in the on-campus training center after you were admitted, and Leon will be preparing to conquer a higher-level dungeon with the second and third year students."

Speed Weapon explained with a shrug. I nodded at that immediately.

Weapon was slightly excited. It seemed like he was thinking about who he would join in his group.

Joaquin Academy had a policy of forbidding outsiders from entering without a proper reason, so I could understand why he was so excited.

To the hot-blooded youth, even this wide academy must feel like a confined space.

The only time I went outside was for the midterm exam, and I almost crossed the Jordan River there.

Weapon, who had been thinking for a while, suddenly makes an expression as if a good idea has come to him.

"There's one person that comes to mind. He's probably… sleeping there by now."

"Are you sleeping at this time?"

"That's just the way he is."

Speed Weapon checked the time on his wristwatch and continued speaking. He then lifted his chin and said.

"Let's stop by the store first. There are some things to buy."

* * *

"Was there a place like this at the academy?"

He turned his head and looked around, muttering. It was a place I

had never been to before, even when I played ‘Miracle of Protection M’.

The academy grounds are the size of a small city, so I couldn’t visit them all, but this was the first time I’d seen a place with such a strong Japanese feel.

Joaquin Academy’s archery range.

A wooden building made of cedar. When I turned my head to the side, I could see targets with arrows stuck in them in the distance.

An exotic place, as if I were traveling to Japan. In my previous life, I was a Japanese chef, but I had never been to Japan. The reason is simple. I was busy. I didn’t have time to enjoy my hobbies, and traveling abroad was an extravagance. Still, I really wanted to go to Japan at least once to do some market research, and I never thought I would be satisfied here.

As I was looking around as if I was a tourist, my eyes were drawn to a girl lying on the floor.

“Weapon, there’s someone over there.”

“Oh, there it is.”

Weapon said that and strode towards him. I followed him with a trembling expression.

The weapon walks towards the girl, grabs her by the shoulders and starts shaking her.

“Hey, wake up.”

“… … .”

It seemed like they were shaking her quite vigorously, but the girl didn’t react at all. It seemed like she had fainted. Her eyes were closed and her body was swaying like a mollusc.

Even though the weapon was making loud noises, she was still sleeping soundly. Soon, he let go of the girl and spoke softly while

holding her waist.

“I bought some yanggaeng.”

“!”

At those words, her beautiful eyelids that had been tightly shut until now slowly opened. She rubbed her eyes for a moment, then lifted her body off the floor and slowly looked up at the weapon.

His face was still half-asleep, a bit hazy. Ironically, that was what made him so charming.

“Do you have any Yanggaeng?”

Weapon nodded immediately, saying, “That’s right.”

“Okay, I’ll give it to you after I hear your story.”

Weapon took out a bar of rice cake from his inner pocket, which he had prepared at some unknown time, and shook it in front of the girl. Her light blue eyes moved left and right, following the rice cake.

Saki Ryozo, the daughter of Jeokgung.

A beautiful girl with a slender figure who looked like a noblewoman in a kung fu uniform. Her light blue hair, like the clear sky, flowed down to her waist.

She yawned loudly, tapped her mouth, and spoke to me from a few meters away.

“Do you have any yanggaeng?”

“… … .”

I had no words to say in response.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 36

Episode 36: This time, it's not ordinary (4)

Common mass-produced mobile games have a variety of ways to attract players.

Among them, the easiest way to take money from players' wallets is to utilize attractive characters in the game.

In some ways, it may seem like an extremely simple and clear method, but it may also be a difficult method.

But in our friendly domestic mass-produced mobile RPG game 'Miracle of Protection M', we prepared everything because we didn't know what to prepare! We made the characters' individualities clear.

There were times when some people said it was a bit too much depending on taste, but anyway, the sales ranking is proof of its success.

The reason why this extremely ordinary game was able to settle into the top 5 to 10 of the store rankings is also thanks to the characters, each with their own unique personality.

Especially in games like 'Miracle of the Guardian M' that are set in an academy, the character's charm is a good way to empty players' pockets. It's a genre with a strong class structure.

Even I, who was reluctant to spend money on games, was drawn to the charm of the character Abel and opened my wallet as if possessed while playing.

… If I had known you would drag me into this world, I wouldn't have done it.

Anyway, since the story of this world revolves around the unlucky and handsome Leon, pretty girl heroines are drawn to him like a magnet.

But think about it. The law of supply and demand. Simply put, there is only one protagonist, Leon, but there are too many women who want him. By the middle of the story, there are about five or six heroines who are obsessed with him.

Probably by the time we get to the second half and Leon awakens as the strongest Munchkin, it will be impossible to count them all on one hand and toe.

that

So, except for the main heroine, Abel, the rest gradually disappeared into thin air.

Although each of them showed off their unique personalities and abilities, the story of the work solely depicted the process through which she and Leon overcame adversity and hardship and their love blossomed.

Well, it would be difficult to surpass Abel, who was singled out as the main character by the game company.

Anyway, among the countless defeated heroines, the one who becomes an empty character the fastest is the pretty girl who looks like a noblewoman in front of you and you can't take your eyes off the rice cake.

The prodigy of the archery world was Saki Ryozo.

Although Saki was the first to be eliminated as Leon's partner, her position in the community was quite solid. She had a thick fan base.

This is because she has the setting of an elite who is at the top of her class despite looking like an idiot, and she is the heroine with the least amount of the so-called sweet potato traits, as she sleeps all day

long and is a problem, but does it when she has to.

Unlike other girls who were taken hostage or cried out for ‘help!’ depending on the episode, Saki never showed any of that, and she was quite capable as a helper.

In addition, at the time of play, Saki Ryozo had a unique characteristic: the health recovery value of her Yokan was higher than that of higher-level potions.

It was a cost-effective heroine that was favored by many players because it allowed them to save on expensive potions.

At the time, I just thought it was a peculiar trait, but it turned out that he was a Yanggaeng fanatic.

I looked at Saki. A girl with refreshing sky blue hair. Calm, calm eyes that resembled those of a bowwoman, and eyes that reminded me of a cat.

‘There was a reason Weapon made such boasts… … .’

The weapon that seemed tough was confident enough to bring me here. Although my perspective on her may be a bit different, she is still a very desirable resource for me as a player. In addition, having a ranged dealer in the party is not enough to make it any less reliable.

Since one ranged player can take charge of the front and rear guards, it raises the stability of the party to the next level.

Even Saki Ryozo wasn’t a character that had a large presence in the story of Miracle Protection M.

As mentioned above, she is the heroine who becomes air the fastest.

The community protested to the game company, asking why they were only focusing on Saki Ryozo, but of course, the game company behind our Miracle Guardian M just coolly ignored it.

So, I wanted to believe that her attending this party would not cause any political turmoil or anything.

Weapon approached Saki and took out another piece of yokan. When Saki Ryozo reached out to grab it, Weapon smiled and put the yokan in his bosom.

Saki Ryozo asked sharply, his lips sticking out. The bird-like eyes of the archer were fixed on the inner pocket of the speed weapon.

“What brings you here, Weapon?”

“Well, that’s the point.”

Soon after, Weapon began to explain to her. Her flowing speech, and the way she explained things logically while strictly adhering to the six principles were good, but… … .

‘You talk too much.’

Too Much Talker. He was so talkative that it reminded me of a baseball player on Earth. His lips were constantly moving.

I burst out laughing at the very different appearance from his first impression of being a reserved person.

‘It’s worth the nickname.’

Saki nodded halfheartedly, listening to his words with one ear and letting them go out the other as if she was used to it.

When it seemed like the weapon’s description would get longer, she blinked and cut him off.

“So what you’re saying is, I want you to join the dungeon party next week?”

“yes.”

Weapon, who had been excitedly explaining for a while, wrinkled his nose for no reason and replied. Saki Ryozo put his index finger on his cheek and spoke in a languid voice after thinking about it.

“The reward for clearing dungeons is reflected in your grades, so there’s no reason to refuse it.”

Saki's gaze glanced at me. Then she nodded to me and asked absentmindedly.

"You, were you that guy from the subspace sparring match back then?"

I nodded in agreement without saying a word. Saki collapsed back down.

"You seem to have less grit than I thought."

"… … ."

I never thought I'd hear the word 'guts' spread around in broad daylight from someone who was sleeping. There's probably no one whose name fits the two letters 'guts' as well as I do.

"I'm sorry, but I don't want to hang out with someone who looks like they have no guts."

Saying that, Ryozo Saki stretches out one hand to the weapon. Unlike his drooping body, his flag is clearly appealing.

"Saki, you saw the sparring too. And I told you that this guy Kanggeomma is no ordinary guy."

"I guess the opponent was weak."

"No, you're crazy. The opponent was from Auditore! And this kid, during the midterm exam… … . Oh, I can't tell you and it's frustrating. Just listen to me, you bitch!"

"Am I your dog? If you tell me to listen, I'll listen to you straight?"

"Hey, if a dog drools just looking at a piece of rice cake, then what is it?"

"Weapon, what do you know about Yanggaeng?!"

A scuffle between Speed Weapon and Saki Ryozo that lasts for several minutes.

I frowned inwardly, feeling annoyed. What do you want me to do?

Being envious of her as a party member and being shameless are two separate issues. There is no need for her to be so humble as to need her.

I nodded to Weapon, who was trying hard to persuade her.

“Weapon, that’s enough. Let’s go. That kind of uncooperative attitude is poison to the party. Let’s find someone better.”

Saki Ryozo’s eyes curved gently.

“I guess the dungeon raid isn’t that urgent?”

I didn’t answer. I let out a sigh of relief as the thoughts came rushing in.

I realized this a few days ago when I saw Knox, but nothing beats a carrot and a stick for a black-haired beast. Well, come to think of it, there aren’t many black-haired people here, right? Anyway.

I took out the sashimi from my pocket without saying a word, recalling the lesson. Then, the two people flinched for a moment. I looked in the direction of the target.

Whoosh, bang!

Immediately, a piece of sashimi was stuck exactly in the center of the target at a distance of 50 meters. The blade, which was stuck perpendicularly to the red circle with a gap of about a meter, flashed coolly.

“… … .”

Saki and Weapon stood there blankly, looking back and forth between me and the target.

Saki was drooling for a moment. I casually took out another piece of sashimi and threw it away.

Bam!

The ray of light extends towards the target and is lodged in the tip of the sword hilt.

“… … .”

“… … .”

The moment our eyes met, Saki swallowed hard.

“Can you give me more?”

When I asked, Ryozo Saki nodded slightly as if he understood.

As smart as he is, he must have figured out the hidden meaning of ‘The next target is yours.’ As expected, there was no better means of communication for a swordsman.

“Weapon, pass me a piece of Yanggaeng.”

Weapon, who had been opening his mouth several times, offered some rice cakes. In the meantime, Ryozo Saki accepted them and ate them.

I felt that this party was also unusual. I put my hand on my forehead and shook my head.

* * *

Inside the Starbucks Cafe conference room inside the Academy.

Chloe came to me first and expressed her intention to join the party. Furthermore, perhaps because of the work at the archery range, Ryozo Saki also joined the party without hesitation.

Contrary to her cold first impression, Saki showed a cooperative attitude. From dungeon selection to the Academy’s permission procedures.

If it were just me and Weapon, parts that would have taken some time were smooth sailing with her by my side.

To be honest, my first impression wasn’t that great, but now that I

think about it, I'm glad she came.

Although I did nod off here and there, I was able to do everything I had to do, so it wasn't a big flaw.

Saki occasionally gave me a cold glare whenever our eyes met, but she was basically calm.

Long, light blue hair cut in steps. I think the younger generation on Earth called it a hime cut… It was an unfamiliar style, but it suited her well.

Should I say that she is the most girlish among the heroines?

However, it was a bit annoying that I was always eating Yanggaeng.

Well, I can't say anything since it's a food item, but I had it in my mouth every time I saw it because of the level of addiction. People who use their brains a lot say that sugar intake is essential or something.

'If you can't even speak.'

I looked at Saki's profile while sipping my espresso. Chloe, sitting next to me, glared at me with her halibut eyes. I immediately looked away and took a sip of my coffee.

Wow, that's really annoying.

"As the name suggests, Buffalo Dungeon is where C-class demon buffalos reside. They are also commonly referred to as 'water buffalos.' They charge at you from a distance, so unlike the mermen during the midterm exam, they are difficult to fight in close combat, but they have a clear weakness in that they are helpless against long-range attacks. That's how important the role of long-range dealers is in this dungeon."

Weapon stood up and asked for our opinion. We nodded in agreement. Then he began to talk with an excited look on his face.

Weapon's gaze turned to Saki. She nodded as if she understood, munching on the yokan. Weapon moistened his throat with iced

Americano and continued his explanation.

“The number of individuals is not that large, and the reward for clearing is good, so second- and third-year seniors often visit here, and there are few casualties. Still, let’s learn from the midterm exam and not let our guard down. Oh, right. And there are some things you absolutely must not do.”

Weapon raised his index finger for emphasis.

“Never open the stone gate in the center.”

Chloe asked with a puzzled expression.

“What happens when you open the stone gate?”

“Rumor has it that it’s something similar to a seal. It’s just a hypothesis, so nothing has been confirmed for sure.”

To my question, Weapon shrugged and shook his head.

“Well, the condition for permission from the Academy to raid the Buffalo Dungeon is ‘don’t open the stone gate.’ There’s no reason to do something you’re told not to do, right?”

“That’s right, you should never open that place.”

As I said that, everyone’s eyes turned to me.

“What? Kanggeomma, do you know what’s behind the stone gate?”

“Oh, that’s not what I meant. I just mean, don’t do what I’m told not to do.”

“Oh, what should I say?”

Weapon looked away with a puzzled look at my indifferent words. Then, we talked about various things such as coordinating dungeon routes and schedules.

‘No matter what happens, the stone gate must never be opened.’

I chewed on those words and wiped the corner of my mouth. I know

this because I have the experience of being a player, which can be considered a special privilege.

The hidden boss is sleeping in the dungeon most frequently visited by Academy students. I'm probably the only one here who knows about it.

However, the stone gate is a place that can only be opened if certain conditions are met. Since it is a place blocked by the game system, it is a door that cannot be opened even if you want to open it at this point.

Besides, Buffalo Dungeon was a dungeon known for its cost-effectiveness, except for the risk factor of the stone gate. It would be a shame to just pass over it just because it had one hidden dungeon.

'…however.'

A sudden chill ran through my entire body. The feeling of my heightened senses prickling my skin. A chilling sensation felt from beyond the transparent glass walls of the conference room.

I turned my head and looked across the conference room. There were cadets enjoying their youth, each holding a drink in one hand.

"Geumma-kun, what's going on?"

After a quick glance around, I shrugged my shoulders as if nothing was wrong.

"No, I just felt like someone was staring at me."

As I said that, Chloe's eyes became wary. Before I could say anything, she glared at Saki Ryozo.

Saki was already half-asleep with her eyes half-open. Chloe glanced at her and then looked away.

"… Now that I think about it, it doesn't seem like a big deal, Chloe."

"Ah, yeah!"

He scratched the back of his neck and looked straight ahead again.

‘I see you’re watching.’

Although I felt a bit uneasy, I decided to wait for now. When the time comes, it will appear before my eyes.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 37

Episode 37 Buffalo Dungeon (1)

After a two-hour limousine bus ride for the Joaquin Academy cadets, we arrived in Cheorwon-gun, Gangwon-do, where the Buffalo Dungeon is located.

It was a distance that I would have liked to have reached in one breath through the subspace gate, but I couldn't use the gate for personal reasons.

Even if it had been available, the crew would have been against it, especially since the speed weapon caused severe motion sickness.

After getting off the bus, I stretched. Following that, the party members also started to get off one by one, each packing their bags.

'You arrived early.'

Even taking into account the fact that the bus was comfortable and the ride was smooth, so it felt short, I thought it would only take about two hours from Seoul to this place located at the edge of Gangwon-do.

That's understandable, Cheorwon, which is considered a remote area in Gangwon-do on Earth, was famous among the heroes of this world.

Farming dungeons have sprouted up here one after another since one day.

The origin is unclear, but from what I heard in mythology class, it is

said that it started when demons fled the sanctuary and made a nest here in the mythical era before humans became monkeys.

So it is said that in the past it was also called Magul. But in modern times, it has become a famous place for farming.

There were many dungeons with good cost-effectiveness, with difficulty levels that weren't too high and good rewards.

As it was a place often visited by high-ranking heroes, the asphalt was neatly paved, and a few tall buildings that did not seem to fit the village were visible.

I stretched my neck here and there, then turned my head to look at the party members. Chloe had the katana hanging on her back. And she was wielding a small crossbow in both hands. I thought she was only good at melee weapons, but since she's an assassin, she doesn't seem to care about her weapon type.

I turned my gaze to Saki Ryozo. She was about the same height as me, and she had a rolled-up weapon on her left shoulder. Looking at her blankly opened eyes, I thought she was really consistent.

As I briefly looked at Saki Ryozo's armor, Chloe puffed out her cheeks with a sullen expression. Then, she said that they had a long way to go and took the lead with a brisk gait.

"I'm always the vanguard, so I'll stand in front!"

I burst into a small laughter at the sight. Just a month ago, she was a timid and small girl, but now she was confidently leading the way.

We followed the yandere girl without saying a word.

"Geumma, why do you have so much luggage?"

The weapon walking next to me dropped my backpack.

I guess he was bothered by the clanking sound of the backpack slung over his shoulders every time he walked. I opened the bag without saying anything and showed him the contents.

Inside the bag, there was a single saw and a bundle of knives. Daiso sashimi bought for 10 million won by a blacksmith.

"…Are you here to sell knives?"

Weapon asked in a tone that was slightly joking. I laughed quietly.

"Ubiquitous."

"… You sound just like an old man. But since you prepared it, you must have a reason."

I turned my head to the side and saw Saki Ryozo holding her knees and catching her breath for a moment. She met my eyes and then suddenly opened her mouth.

"I'm having a hard time."

"It looks like that."

"I think I'll get some strength if I eat something sweet… … ."

He let out a deep sigh and handed her a handful of candy he had wrapped in a paper bag from the front pocket.

"… The candy is a bit like that. Do you have any rice cake?"

"You left it with me? I bet you brought it with you too."

"I'll save that for later, heh."

It's a bit odd. I clicked my tongue and started walking away.

Then, Saki Ryozo lowers his eyebrows like a puppy's tail and has no choice but to put the candy in his mouth. Whenever he says no, his eyes sparkle as if he likes it.

After walking along the path while talking for about ten minutes, we soon arrived at the entrance to the dungeon.

At the checkpoint, which was like a highway toll gate, two sturdy officers were standing. The tanned officer glanced at our uniforms and spoke quietly.

“You are from Joaquin Academy. Please write your names on the guestbook here.”

Starting with Chloe, the party members wrote their names on the list. The staff checked their names with a sidelong glance. The last moment was when I wrote down my three-character name.

The employee’s pupils were clearly visible shaking slightly but definitely.

I looked straight into the employee’s eyes. He quickly adjusted his gaze and expression.

My eyes narrowed in discomfort. Meanwhile, the group members who had entered the dungeon entrance first waved their hands at me, telling me to hurry up and come.

I tried to avert my gaze and walked towards the entrance. After walking a few steps, I turned my head back halfway.

Through the crack of the dungeon entrance door that was gradually closing, an employee peeked his head out and glanced at me from the corner of his eye. I tried to suppress the sense of discomfort that was creeping up on me and hugged my outer garment.

A feeling of warmth in the bosom of your heart.

Murasame’s sword sounded faintly along with the beating of her heart.

* * *

The inside of the dungeon was well-designed like a tourist attraction, breaking the stereotype that it would look like a cave.

The high ceilings, the spacious common areas, and the crisp air that seemed to wash away the early summer heat as if the air conditioner was on. In terms of the environment alone, it felt more comfortable than outside the dungeon.

However, since it was a dungeon that students often visited, childish graffiti like ‘So-and-so came and went’ and ‘Cheol-soo♥Young-hee’

were written like wall posters.

However, since it was a dungeon after all, instead of fluorescent lights, there were torches hanging in a row on the walls, creating a rather creepy atmosphere.

After walking like that for a few minutes, Chloe, who was in the lead, stopped in her tracks. She put her ear close to the ground and muttered quietly.

“Three, no, five demons are coming towards us from 200 meters away!”

Chloe, sensing the presence, lifted her ear from the floor and opened her mouth. Weapon nodded.

“Let’s just do as planned. Then they’re not dangerous. Saki and Chloe, I’ll leave it to you. I’ll make sure you don’t feel bad about putting in the buffs.”

Weapon pounded his chest cheerfully. Saki rolled the candy in her mouth and took off the cloth of the armor she was wearing on her shoulder. My two eyes opened wide.

S-class armed red bow and white arrow.

A magnificent red bow with gold leaf on the strings like a belt. Even I, who was illiterate in archery, thought it was extraordinary.

However, it was difficult to trust the sleepy look in his eyes even after entering the dungeon. It must be proof that he was relaxed… … But since he was a party member, I had no choice but to trust him.

Saki Ryozo pulls the bowstring a few times with a languid expression as if he is ready, then stops.

“Oh, wait a minute!”

As she said that, she took out a piece of rice cake from her skirt pocket and opened the wrapper. As I looked at it, the faith that had formed just a few seconds ago disappeared.

She took a big bite and gave Weapon an okay sign. At the same time, Weapon put the recorder around his neck to his lips and started blowing loudly.

Beep↗ri-ryu↘ryu↘

The off beats are so loud they hit your ears. Your tongue sticks out at the performance skills that are worse than before.

Saki Ryozo didn't seem to mind, as if she was used to it. Then she took a deep, calm breath.

Doo doo doo doo doo!

The sound of bloody hooves coming from the dark curtain. The loud noise shook the wide space.

"Buffalo herd, 100 meters ahead!"

Chloe shouted loudly. Immediately after, five buffalo rushed toward us through the blackout curtain with a loud thud.

Its appearance was almost similar to that of a cow, but it was twice as large, and its temples had antlers with branches like those of a deer.

It showed a speed that did not match its size, with its eyes shining red. Indeed, it was a demon of a much higher rank than those little fish. Speed Weapon, which had finished buffing, shouted at Saki and Chloe.

"Kick out the buffalo calves!"

With those words, Chloe grabbed the crossbow in both hands, jumped up, and fired at the buffalo.

Pok! Pok! Pok!

"Mu …

One buffalo, disoriented by an arrow in its left eye, crashed into the wall next to it. However, the other four were unharmed. Chloe's

expression was not entirely satisfactory, as she was not yet used to the crossbow.

The buffaloes, meanwhile, charged at a fast pace.

Chloe, jumping high, continued to shoot her crossbow, but the buffalo shook their horns and knocked away the flying arrows.

Chloe clicked her tongue briefly and grabbed the hilt of the katana slung on her back.

“I’ll slow down those guys in front.”

“Chloe, don’t get near those guys!”

Then Weapon, who was playing the recorder, stopped her.

“But… … .”

Chloe looked at the group of demons charging at her fiercely.

I could feel the aura of the devil. I had to stop the buffaloes before they got close. Otherwise, I would be impaled on their horns or trampled to death by their hooves.

Chloe’s face showed a look of regret. But she bit her lip and stepped back behind Saki Ryozo.

‘… I guess I’ll have to step forward if necessary.’

I opened my backpack and took out a few sashimi sticks. Since I have limited weapons at my disposal, I plan to use the sashimi sticks as throwing weapons.

I turned my head and looked at Weapon and Saki.

Weapon was absorbed in his own performance, and Saki Ryozo was catching his breath.

Her eyes were unwavering, and in her right hand four arrows were loaded sequentially from top to bottom on the bowstring.

The appearance of that reckless boy who would fall asleep at any

moment and whine for rice cakes at any moment was now completely gone from his face.

She took a deep breath, closed her right eye, and slowly pulled back the bowstring.

Kiriric.

The red-colored lips of the Red Bow White Shi were stuck to the center of the lips. The left eye, which was slightly raised, was fixed on the target. Saki Ryozo remained still in that position for several seconds.

She pulled the protest up to her chest and smiled faintly with her pursed lips. A strange light flashed in Saki's eyes.

"Put it between your eyebrows."

As Saki's fingers snapped, a cool breeze blew.

Her sky blue hair spreads out like a fan.

Pee-pee!

At the same time, four arrows left her right hand and struck the demon's eyes straight between his.

"Mu …

One buffalo wailed and lost his balance, and then the line broke apart and the rest of the buffalo began to slide on the ground as if their feet had become tangled.

'Range carry.'

They say that a skilled long-range attacker can't be stopped, so this deserved applause.

"phew."

Saki wiped the sweat from her forehead with her sleeve. I, with a bewildered expression, reached out my hand and tried to raise my

thumb, but ended up not doing so. She couldn't stand it any longer and munched on the yanggaeng with a sullen face.

Let's look at it for a moment. As if not wanting to lose it, Saki shoves the yokan into her mouth. I was so dumbfounded that I tried to say something, but then shook my head.

In fact, she killed five buffaloes by herself, so I wasn't in a position to say anything.

A buffalo that was thought to have fallen suddenly reared up and charged at Saki Ryozo.

"Saki—!"

As if he was going to take her with him on his way to the afterlife.

Saki made a surprised expression as if she had not expected it and quickly tried to shoot an arrow, but the buffalo charged forward while bucking roughly.

Just as the buffalo, with an arrow stuck between its eyes, approached Saki and struck him with its horns, I took off my sword sheath.

Sigh!

The cow-shaped demon stopped running for a moment. Then, a red line was drawn vertically between the eyebrows and then split into two on its own.

thud!

Blood oozes out like juice from the clean cut surface. I wiped the blood off the sashimi and turned my gaze towards Saki Ryozo.

"Are you okay?"

Saki opened her eyes wide and looked at me.

"Hiccup!"

She tried to nod, but hiccupped without realizing it.

“Hiccup!”

* * *

The party members, who had confirmed that there were no signs of the demons rising, took a break and stretched their necks. I walked towards the fallen buffaloes.

The four buffaloes, except one that was split in half, are lying limply with their nostrils flaring. Their eyes are turning gray-white. They blink their long eyelashes as if trying to say something.

‘… … .’

There wasn’t any particular excitement. They were just materials to strengthen my weapons anyway.

I looked down at them with a cold gaze and took out the saw I had kept. The purpose of coming here was to gather the materials of the demon.

Swish-saw.

In two cuts of the saw, the buffalo’s horns were cut off like tofu.

After I had been sawing for a while, Saki came up to me and crouched down next to me. Then, all of a sudden, she started talking to me in a low voice.

“Thank you for earlier.”

I nodded and continued sawing silently.

“This is a thank you.”

Saki suddenly held out a piece of yokan. When I absentmindedly accepted it, she gave me a strange smile and started walking.

“… … .”

I took a bite of the Yanggaeng. It was so sweet that it melted my tongue.

Why are you eating this kind of thing?

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 38

Episode 38 Buffalo Dungeon (2)

After walking for about an hour, I couldn't even feel the presence of any ants, except for the five water buffaloes that had appeared at the beginning.

As we approached the center of the dungeon, the atmosphere became darker and more sinister.

Even near the entrance, the number of torches that were hanging close together had decreased significantly. The air had become cold, and when I exhaled, steam rose from my mouth.

"Are there really this many of them?"

Chloe, who was in the lead, looked around with a puzzled expression.

"That's right. No matter how popular a dungeon is, it wouldn't dry up to this extent. Saki, what do you think?"

"Hmm."

Saki Ryozo folded her arms and thought deeply. Finally, she opened her mouth.

"I was thinking about it, didn't you think those buffaloes were acting a little strange earlier?"

"Strange? What is it?"

Speed Weapon's eyes widened and he asked back. Saki Ryozo put one

of the candies I had given him earlier into his mouth.

“No, I’m not sure. They kind of ran towards me like they were running away from something. Considering the nature of buffaloes, it doesn’t seem to fit.”

“That’s true, water buffalos are basically gentle animals. In Cheorwon, they are often used for plowing fields. I guess you could say they are relatively friendly to humans.”

… and they use those vicious cattle to plow the fields? What on earth do the people here… … .

Weapon and Saki talked about the devil buffalo for a long time.

They say that the difficulty level of this dungeon is relatively low because the buffalos don’t attack first unless there is a serious provocation.

Well, that’s not much different from when I played it.

Even during gameplay, the Magic Buffalo, commonly known as the Water Buffalo, was a magic buffalo known for not attracting aggro easily.

This world is reality to me now, so I thought it would be different from the game, but it seems that’s not the case.

“Well, there are a few suspicious things. But what’s the big deal? The route here is set, and even if something happens, this is a dungeon with a radio signal, so it’ll be fine.”

“Yeah, well. There are staff waiting at the checkpoint.”

Saki nodded in a languid tone to Weapon’s words. Her words suddenly made him frown as he remembered the employee whose eyes he had met at the checkpoint. Somehow, the feeling of discomfort inside him wouldn’t go away.

I called out to Chloe, who was quietly walking ahead. Chloe smiled and clung to me like a squirrel that found an acorn.

“That employee said earlier… … .”

I whispered softly in her ear. Chloe nodded. Then, as if she understood, she clenched her fist.

“Yes, I understand for now.”

“What is it? Please tell us too.”

I shook my head at Weapon, who asked me indifferently.

“I asked you to do something only Chloe can do.”

“… What, are you guys dating? Somehow.”

Speed Weapon narrowed his eyes. Chloe’s face turned red like a persimmon at those words. I firmly raised my hand and denied it.

“It is also a prejudice to only see the relationship between men and women in that way.”

“Really? I thought that was because we were always together.”

Then Saki, who had been turning her head halfway and pricking up her ears, giggled.

“… … .”

Chloe stared at me silently. Her lips were protruding, looking like they were really protruding. I let out a short breath while maintaining my poker face.

I was just asking for something, and I thought it was too harsh, but there was nothing I could do.

Maintaining a proper distance was one of the yandere encounter guidelines I learned from YouTube before going to bed. I looked around for a moment to find where to look, then naturally changed the subject.

“By the way, Speed Weapon, how did you know Rachel and Saki? You seem to have a wide range of connections.”

“Oh, that.”

If you think about it a little, it’s strange that I, as a player, didn’t know Speed Weapon, which most of the main characters knew. It was a name that wasn’t even mentioned when I was playing.

Speed Weapon answered with a slightly hazy expression and a mumbled voice.

“My family is Rachel’s family, a collateral branch of the Changseong family. I’ve met Rachel here and there since I was little, although not often. Even though we’re distant relatives, we’re of the same blood.”

Speed Weapon scratched the back of his head in annoyance, as if frustrated.

The nobles who value bloodlines seem to argue in a disorganized manner about what bloodline a person is, whether he is a collateral branch, etc.

Of course, there must be a huge difference in their backgrounds between me and them, who were special students, but in their world where contempt breeds, being from a collateral line would be an object of ridicule.

But it’s funny that I, a commoner, am worrying about this. At least this guy won’t have to worry about money.

I am a blacksmith or a shucker… I will leave out the detailed explanation.

A guy who smiles cheerfully as I ponder what to say.

“Don’t make that face, Inma. I’m in a much better position right now.”

Speed Weapon smiled, revealing his teeth.

“I’m glad I’m from the collateral line. I don’t have much contact with that dirty noble society. Those guys are really disgusting. Oh, right. And Saki—”

After hearing his answer, Saki took out the yokan she was holding in her mouth and interrupted him.

“I was the top student in the written test, and Weapon was the second top student in the written test. He heard it somewhere and kept going wild.”

“Hey, what if you say that?”

“Why? I told you the truth.”

Saki giggled as if she found it funny.

“For your information, I also got 3rd place in the class placement test.”

Saki Ryozo, who sticks out her tongue slightly. Although she looks like a noblewoman, her actions are that of a tomboy.

Speed Weapon licked his dry lips with his tongue. He gave up on asking a question and his chin twitched.

Weapon This guy was second in writing, he was a character that shattered all preconceptions from start to finish.

I nodded, stroking my chin. Speed Weapon playfully patted my shoulder.

“But you, Geomma, are really amazing. When you become famous later, don’t ignore me.”

I let out a faint smile.

“Don’t worry, that won’t happen.”

Chloe, who had been pouting, nodded her head and muttered in agreement.

“You never know. Maybe you’ll become one of the Seven Star Heroes later on?”

“Yes, if it’s the Sword Demon Army.”

At those words, Saki's steps stopped.

And then he slowly turned around with a cold, hard face and glanced at us.

"I hate the Seven Star Heroes."

After saying that, she quickly turns her head away with a puzzled expression. She tries hard to hide her expression as if she doesn't want to show her agitation, but somehow Saki's eyes seem to be slightly wet.

"What is that guy?"

Speed Weapon looked at Saki's back with sullen eyes. I did the same. She turned her upper body slightly backwards and waved her hand gently, telling her to hurry up.

"Let's go first. We need to finish clearing the dungeon quickly and go back."

"yes."

Weapon nodded coolly.

"… Over there, Sword Demon Army."

"huh?"

Chloe, who was at the back of the line, said as she tugged at my sleeve. She thought about it for a moment and then licked her lips.

"… That, something feels a bit strange. I feel like demons are approaching from behind."

"Oh, really? I guess we didn't find it on our way here. That's good. How many demons are there?"

"Oh, that's it."

"You don't have to be exact. Just tell me how many."

She trailed off, as if she was not sure, and then moved her lips away.

“About fifty of them are detected by the guardian… … .”

“what?!”

I opened my eyes wide. I thought I had misheard, but at the same time, a tremendous noise blasted into our ears.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo!

The dungeon shook. Our eyes simultaneously turned to the back.

A herd of buffalo, too numerous to count, was approaching with their eyes glowing red. Red liquid was dripping from their pierced nostrils.

“What are those guys?! Why are there so many of them?! And are they buffaloes in the first place?”

Weapon spoke in a trembling voice.

There was no difference in appearance from the buffalos that were defeated at the beginning of the dungeon, but their momentum was extremely ferocious.

“Muuuuuuuu!”

The buffalo, who appeared to be the leader in the very center of the front, let out a hoarse cry. Then the group following him let out a fierce roar.

“““““““““Ummuuuuuuu!”””””””””

It was like a cheer filled with the desire to throw down the gauntlet. The ground shook so violently under their hooves that it seemed to ring in my head.

‘You are a gentle devil!’

Even though it was a demon with a clear weakness in long-range attacks, it seemed difficult to handle them when there were dozens of them.

But I couldn’t just run away without looking back. If I did, I would be

caught up in no time and impaled on those thorny horns.

I concentrated my mind on devising a method of destruction.

Surprisingly, just by concentrating a little, a clear image of how to swing the sword seemed to be projected.

The moment I established my purpose, my confusion quickly subsided and I faced the situation coldly. As if dark adaptation was almost over, my eyes began to accurately estimate the number of the devil even in the gloomy darkness.

My breathing became slightly rapid. The tight air enveloped my skin. But the cold touch of Murasame in my arms calmed me down.

I remembered what my first teacher had said.

‘Every knife has its use. Just as you can’t use a knife for slaughtering a cow with a knife for slaughtering a chicken, a knife for sashimi is for slaughtering fish, do you understand?’

A short laugh escaped from between the teeth. It was a self-deprecating laugh.

‘It looks like you’re going to kill a cow with a knife used to kill fish.’

I spoke to Chloe right away, my voice calm and unsuited to the urgency of the situation.

“Chloe, you distract that buffalo herd. Don’t charge straight ahead, move quickly to the left or right, and their formation will break up.”

“Ah, yes!”

“There’s no need to attack, just grab my attention.”

Chloe nodded with a determined expression. Her face was radiant with confidence. She drew the katana on her back.

As the blade cries out, he makes a satisfied expression. It seems that the crossbow didn’t fit his hand very well.

Then I looked straight into Weapon's eyes and spoke. The expressions of fear and surprise disappeared from his face.

"You know?"

"Of course, child!"

Weapon shook the recorder hanging from his neck as he spoke. His eyes sparkled with trust.

"Saki, you stop the guys who come close."

"Uh, uh."

Saki nodded her head with a dumbfounded expression. I turned my back on her and walked forward.

"…What's with him? Why is he so calm?"

Saki stared at me quietly and then asked Weapon. Weapon shrugged and answered.

"Don't be surprised."

"…what?"

Saki's eyes widened. Weapon grinned silently at her. I ignored their gazes and placed the sword between my fingers like a claw.

Kook.

As I slightly applied force to my jaw, the distance between the eight blades widened.

Then, as I spread my arms that had been folded across my chest, the scabbard completely fell off.

-Slurp!

The cool blades sing with transparent resonance.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 39

Episode 39: Buffalo Dungeon (3)

It's been about an hour since Kanggeomma and his party entered the Buffalo Dungeon.

The Buffalo Dungeon checkpoint staff member made a hasty phone call to someone. The staff member pressed the phone close to his ear, keeping an eye out for anyone who might be listening.

Doo-doo.

The receiving sound continues briefly.

Click.

Soon the other party picked up the phone. Then, a nervous look appeared on the employee's face. He cleared his throat silently and spoke in a humble tone.

"Ah, Instructor. About an hour ago, Kanggeomma and his party arrived and entered the dungeon."

– Are you ready like I said?

A woman's voice responds indifferently, chewing on something.

"Yes, yes, of course. By now, they must have encountered buffaloes that had been driven mad by the magic stone. There are about fifty of them, so you don't have to worry too much. No matter how excellent the cadets are, they are just blood clots, right? They must have been

run over by cow hooves by now.”

-Well, yeah. I don’t believe it though.

The woman let out a bitter laugh, as if she found it ridiculous.

-Have you done anything else?

“Oh, yes. I did as you told me, but… … .”

The employee trailed off. He spoke cautiously, looking at the face of the person on the phone who wasn’t even in front of him.

“Personally, I think it will probably be sorted out along the lines of rabid buffaloes.”

-hey.

A voice as cold as frost. The murderous intent in the voice froze the employee’s body. He tried to swallow his swear words as if they were dry saliva.

-You’ll know if you fail, right?

“… … .”

The employee nodded his head and answered with the sound of his teeth chattering.

The faint laughter of the woman on the other end of the phone lingered in my ears. Soon after, she added in a playful tone.

-Well, I’m sure you did well. Please call me right away when you get the results. -Thank you for your hard work!

“Okay, I understand.”

-Sudden.

The employee checks the screen of his phone again after the call ends. He lets out a deep breath that he had been holding only after putting it on Do Not Disturb mode. His collar is soaking wet.

The employee wiped the sweat running down his temples with his sleeve, then turned his eyes and looked at the dungeon entrance with a blank stare. Then he muttered bitterly.

“Should I die here or there… ?”

A few days ago, I used the magic stone I received from the woman to make dozens of buffaloes go berserk. They are usually gentle beasts, but when a group of buffaloes go berserk, they are literally like living tanks.

Even a party of adults would be in shambles if they got hit by them. Even students from the world’s most prestigious Joaquin Academy are still inexperienced teenagers.

Moreover, since the door to ‘that place’ was forcibly opened just in case, the possibility of them surviving in the dungeon will be close to zero.

‘…however.’

But the anxiety was so overwhelming that it made him feel suffocated. The employee suddenly remembered the moment when he had made eye contact with Kang Geum-ma.

At first, I wondered why the female instructor was so concerned, but I changed my mind after seeing Kang Geum-ma’s appearance.

Black hair with grayish-white tips, and a terrifying glare from her pitch-black eyes.

My body trembled reflexively at the gaze that seemed to pierce through my very being.

The employee shook his head to clear his mind of his thoughts. He did everything he could according to the woman’s orders. He did the best he could.

‘but.’

He turned his eyes and focused his gaze on the dungeon entrance. For some reason, the feeling of unease wouldn’t go away. The employee

wiped the corners of his mouth with a serious expression and made up his mind.

‘Let’s go in and check.’

The employee gave a word to the colleague standing next to him, then packed his weapons and entered the dungeon entrance.

In order not to leave even a single possibility of failure. On the other hand, his fingers holding the weapon were visibly shaking.

* * *

Saki Ryozo stood there with a blank expression on her face, her mind completely blank. Her lips moved without going through her brain.

“…crazy.”

The rice cake I was holding in my mouth fell to the floor with a thud.

The cool air was thick with a pungent moisture. A sticky stench that stung my nasal passages. The roar that echoed as if it was shaking the dungeon had also stopped.

Saki Ryozo rubbed his eyelids, wondering if he was dreaming, and stared ahead with half-open eyes. However, the sight before his eyes remained unchanged.

A mountain of fleshy pieces piled up from the corpses of demons. Beneath it, a pool of bright red blood flowed.

On the walls of the dungeon, blood is scattered like a modern art painting, gradually cooling and hardening.

Saki’s eyes, which had been blankly staring, slightly rose. Her light blue pupils dilated.

A strong horse standing with one foot on the summit of Buffalo Mountain, where the heat is fading away.

He had thinly spread sashimi slices of blood on both hands, shining between his fingers. Only his eyes were shining whitely in his

shadowed face.

The colors of the distorted sight were black and red. They were horrifying yet harmoniously mixed together to create a disaster. Her eyes were fixed on it, and her cheeks were twitching.

An indescribable emotion spread across Saki Ryozo's face. He tried to straighten his body by putting strength into his knees that were shaking from the loss of strength. Then he looked around with strength in his eyelids.

'What is this?'

Time. No, a moment would be more correct. A moment that lasts less than a minute.

A herd of buffalo, numbering in the dozens, had been reduced to slaughtered pieces of meat, losing heat. It was unbelievable.

When Kanggeomma waved the blade on his finger like a fan, the demon's body was cut off in a slick manner.

Of course, this includes Chloe, who dispersed the buffalo's gaze left and right at incredible speed, Speed Weapon, who buffed it by blowing the recorder diligently, and Saki Ryozo himself, who shot arrows and broke the enemy's ranks.

Although he faithfully carried out his assigned duties, it was none other than Ganggeomma who ended up slaughtering most of the enemies.

As he shook his shoulders and arms with all his might, multiple blades cut down his enemies like lightning. It seemed like they were cutting down indiscriminately, but the buffaloes fell with a single blow.

Even without the slightest hint of sunlight, the buffaloes, split in half and dead, show off their smooth cross-sections.

'… … .'

I knew of Kang Geum-ma's uniqueness through his subspace training

and rumors, but seeing his performance in person was completely different.

The graceful movements of the body, as if dancing a sword dance, amidst the flesh falling in clumps like tofu. While aiming an arrow at the sight, Ryozo Saki forgot that he had to shoot.

A hand gesture that leaves her speechless. When she turns her head slightly, Weapon shrugs his shoulders as if he understands her reaction.

“I told you, don’t be surprised.”

“… How can you not be surprised when you see that, you idiot?”

“Hahaha. Well, I was speechless when I first saw him. Even now, I’m still dumbfounded. Kanggeomma, that bastard blows away all my common sense every time I see him.”

Saki moved her slightly trembling lips with a complicated expression.

“… Ganggeomma, who is this guy?”

“I don’t know either.”

Weapon shook his head and smiled awkwardly.

“Well, but.”

While talking, Weapon suddenly looked up and looked away. Saki’s eyes followed suit.

The swordsman, who was standing there as if he was reigning, waved his arm and swung his sword. Then, Sashimi’s blade flashed whitely as if nothing had happened.

Kiiing—

The ominous sound of the sword fluttering sadly as if its thirst had not been quenched. Kanggeomma absentmindedly put the sword back in its scabbard and shook his hand.

Then Kanggeomma took out a saw and started sawing off the buffalo's horn. Chloe was watching him from the side.

Weapon, who had been quietly staring at Kanggeomma, blurts out a word to Saki.

"legend."

"… … ?"

"Well, it's probably something like that, right?"

Weapon rubbed the bridge of his nose and smiled slyly at Saki. He took a step towards Kanggeomma.

Saki is left standing alone, dumbfounded.

"under."

Finally, she let out a hollow laugh.

* * *

"This should be enough."

A cloth bundle filled with buffalo material. I checked again, wiping my chin. The number of subdued animals is more than half a hundred, but the amount that can be taken is about twenty.

Although it was a shame considering the effort, I decided to bring as much as I could handle since I didn't have any items like a subspace pouch.

In fact, even this is a satisfactory achievement. I nodded with a satisfied smile.

"Geumma-kun, you were so cool today!"

Chloe was smiling bashfully and wagging her invisible tail. Her hair, which quickly caught the buffalo's attention, was blowing in the wind and was disheveled.

Her appearance matched her cute impression, so she looked like a

fluffy puppy. I smiled at her.

“Chloe, you worked hard too. It could have been a dangerous situation, but thanks to you, we were able to deal with it easily.”

“Hey, thank you.”

Chloe looked down with a flushed face. I looked down at her.

Chloe and the crew gave their utmost effort for me. Thanks to each faithfully performing their roles, I was able to defeat all the enemies without losing a single life.

I have no intention of being sentimental, but I also had no reason to hold back on a few words of appreciation for those who had moved me toward my goal.

‘And the gambling capital also worked to some extent.’

The biggest achievement in this situation was the alternative to one-on-many battles. There will be a lot of opportunities to run dungeons to strengthen your weapons in the future.

In most dungeons, there are groups of demons living there, and it is not possible to ask for help from your crew members every time.

If I couldn’t come up with a solution to a one-on-many battle, I would be at great risk of dying in the dungeon in an emergency. That’s why I spent the whole night trying to come up with a solution, and it worked out pretty well.

Of course, the effect time is still less than a minute, but the duration of the painless protection will gradually increase according to the frequency of use. In addition, the pain will decrease as the ‘Armed Rank’ is raised, so the outlook is quite encouraging. Thinking about that made the corners of my mouth go up.

“The dungeon clear condition is to subdue twenty buffalos, but somehow I ended up subduing more than twice that amount. Well, it’s actually shameful that you, Ganggeomma, took care of them all by yourself… … .”

Speed Weapon said, scratching the bridge of his nose awkwardly.

“I didn’t do anything when you subdued the Merman group during the midterm exam. Just think of it as this.”

“Hey, you were staying alone then… … .”

The guy glanced at Saki Ryozo and mumbled something. Then he took a deep breath and nodded.

“Well, okay. Anyway, thank you. Honestly, we almost died screaming, leaving aside the dungeon clearing. By the way, why were these buffalo cubs like this today?”

Weapon frowned and fell into thought. At those words, Ryozo Saki glanced at the buffalo’s corpse and was about to open his mouth.

Ss …

A chilling wind suddenly blew from the center of the dungeon. An unbearable sense of foreboding. The faces of the crew members turned pale as the wind brought cold air.

The sensation my body remembered in the artificial air current expanded, and the space between my eyebrows slowly began to narrow.

The resonance of magic. The aura that the mermaid gave off during the midterm exam was so fierce that it made me laugh. The goosebumps on my arms just wouldn’t go away.

‘Something is wrong.’

Before assessing the situation, you must first escape.

The moment we think that way, a dreary magic envelops our bodies in the blink of an eye.

“Fuck, what the… … !”

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Episode 40: Buffalo Dungeon (4)

“what!”

The eyes of the checkpoint staff scanning the scene were filled with shock. The blood was so thick that it was like fog. The mountain of demons towered over the passageway, which was at least 50 meters wide, like a barrier.

The employee opened his mouth a few times and then closed his dilated pupils. His mind, which had woken up a beat later, was now slowly beginning to realize the seriousness of the situation.

“Hey, shit. If I do this wrong, it looks like it’s going to be fucked up.”

An employee biting his fingernails with a pale complexion. Every bone in his body popped out in fear.

Something was wrong. That thought filled my head. Those kids I thought were just cadets.

Her trembling eyelids opened slightly, and her sorrow deepened. In a few minutes, the wrinkles on her frog-like face deepened.

“It’s fucked.”

The boasts made to the female instructor were meaningless, and all of the dozens of buffalo that had been enraged using magic stones were completely annihilated.

With 10 years of experience as a Buffalo Dungeon staff member, there's probably no one who knows more about this place than he does. That's why I was confident…

The employee grabbed his head with a crumpled expression. It took a lot of force, and a handful of hair was pulled out into his hand.

"Fuck!"

I already have genetic hair loss, and with the excessive stress on top of that, my forehead line and crown are about to meet.

Debt of 2 billion won accumulated from playing cards at Cheorwon Land, the largest casino in South Korea.

It had been a long time since he had lost all his assets, and there were even creditors who would come to his house at every opportunity and threaten to kill him.

So, a woman who called herself an instructor at Joaquin Academy came to him and made him an offer, even though she was in deep debt.

'I'll pay off your debt if you do me one favor.'

A woman with dark blue hair and a model-like build. Her purple eyes, permeated with a faint dryness, made my stomach churn just by looking at them.

I instinctively knew that if I went against her, my neck would fall out of place. Besides, her proposal was also suspicious.

After handing over a magic stone of unknown origin and making the buffalos go berserk, tame them and target the cadet named 'Ganggeomma' and release them all at once when he stops by.

Another one is to use the magic stone to open the stone gate that is tightly closed in the deep part of the dungeon.

It was a proposal that was no different from an assassination attempt, but he had no other choice as he was at rock bottom in life.

If you pay off the debt of 2 billion and finish the job properly, you can take the magic stone. If you auction it off on the black market, you can get a nice cash reward. It's such a rare and valuable item.

"… Then… I can try one more time, hehe."

It was still a situation that could be avoided. The employee's mean face still had a deep sense of desperation, but he began to laugh in an effort to deny reality.

Bloody footprints were imprinted on the floor like a stamp. At some point, they stretched out like a rope toward the stone gate, as if being dragged by something.

"You little bastards, I'll make sure to take care of you."

The employee spat on both hands and ran his hand through his hair. A few strands of hair, unable to support the weight of the cold sweat, fell down in drops.

Then, he grabbed the single-edged axe-type weapon and staggered towards the center of the dungeon. There was a twisted earnestness at the base of his footsteps.

* * *

I thought things were going well for some reason.

'…Fuck.'

I was dragged into a hidden dungeon as if I was being swallowed up by the swirling current of magical energy. At this point, the situation was not surprising, but rather annoying.

No, why was the stone gate of the dungeon, which was supposed to be closed from the beginning, open, and why was it gaping open as if it was waiting for us?

And the stone gate that closed as if it had been waiting for me and my crew to cross the threshold.

Even before entering the dungeon, I felt a little uneasy at the

suspicious gaze of the checkpoint staff, but who could have known that things would turn out like this? I'm not a god after all.

'That bastard employee… … .'

I don't know for sure, but I could guess it from the look in the eyes of the employee who was glancing at me from the corner of his eye. Buffalo's personality was completely different from when I played it. That bastard must be the one who opened the door to this damn hidden dungeon.

But suddenly a question arose.

The stone gate of this hidden dungeon could only be opened with the 'Gigant's Mana Stone', a quest reward from around the middle of the game.

The first magic stone to drop from the player's perspective in Miracle Protection M.

This is an ore item that drops when you defeat the final mob in the 'Gigant Dungeon', which can be said to be the turning point between the beginning and the middle of the story.

However, the sense of accomplishment that the player felt at having entered the middle of the story was short-lived. Those who acquired the Gigant's magic stone soon found themselves in an absurd situation.

Since it was a 7-star item, the second of seven levels of rarity, and there was no explanation in the information window, users who didn't read the guide just turned it into a strengthening material.

However, users realized too late that the seemingly useless magic stone was the key to the hidden dungeon.

Even the 'Gigantic Magic Stone' was one of the few one-time drops, so it must have been quite a chill to users' heads.

Besides, it would have been less frustrating if it had been just a hidden dungeon with nothing special to see, but the reward for this dungeon is a unique blessing, the 'Blessing of Transfer'.

A blessing that transfers one of the owner's blessings to weapons or objects. As a single blessing, it has virtually no effect, but the synergy is incredible.

By using the protection of transfer and giving protection to 'Balmung', who would later become Leon's weapon, according to the situation, you could really cut down your enemies.

It was not easy to control the Balmung, which had both yin and yang tendencies, and to amplify the power inherent in the sword without the protection of transfer.

However, since such an important protection was kept hidden in a hidden dungeon, the complaints of users who had ground up Gigant's magic stones into strengthening materials were obvious even without looking at it.

Of course, our Miracle Guardian M's game company has consistently ignored and set an example of K-operation that makes our hearts swell.

Fortunately, I was busy with my main job at the time, so I put it in my inventory and forgot about it, so I was able to avoid this unfortunate incident.

"under."

I let out a sigh of relief, and steam rose from my mouth.

It was understandable that the temperature would be low in a cave-shaped dungeon, but the air here was particularly bone-chillingly cold.

The atmosphere was also heavy. Not because of my mood, but physically. My skin felt tingly from the magical energy that stabbed my entire body like needles.

I quickly turned my head and looked around. One by one, the crew members who were covering their foreheads to soothe their nausea started to get up.

Fortunately, none of them seemed to have been seriously injured

while being dragged here.

Only Saki Ryozo's school uniform skirt was swept to the floor, and the side of the skirt was torn all the way to her thighs. It seemed to be because the skirt was quite long.

She brushed the dirt off her skirt with a displeased expression.

The shape somehow reminds me of the cheongsam, a garment from a neighboring country. The straight, bare legs are visible through the torn gap. Upon closer inspection, only the skirt was torn, and there were no rips.

'You're lucky.'

After confirming that the crew members were in good condition, I checked the situation.

A dome-shaped, hemispherical ceiling that must have been at least 30 meters high. A spacious space the size of the Academy's training grounds. Torches lined up like belts on the walls flickered softly.

In the meantime, the center of the room was dark with a shadow. I strained my eyes to look at it. Thanks to the protection of the swordsman, my night vision improved at some point.

As I narrow my eyes, a shape slowly wrapped in a dark curtain begins to appear on my retina.

A giant sitting with his upper body bent over, using a large rock as his throne.

Hidden boss of Buffalo Dungeon. A-class demon, Minotaur.

Among users, he was affectionately called 'Cow King' after the name he got from the game next door.

Despite his friendly nickname, he wasn't all that friendly in person.

Its head was like that of a buffalo, but from the shoulders down, its body resembled that of a human. It held a long, double-edged axe in one hand, supporting it like a cane.

Minotaur is a hidden boss, and unlike the other monsters that are just field mobs, its strength is comparable to that of a mine.

In reality, it is a very powerful demon that is treated as a mine in the work, although it cannot handle magic.

In addition, on either side of him, there was a pair of twin demons that looked like a deteriorated version of the Minotaur, as if the vassals were assisting the king.

At the time of play, these B-class demons were called Left Ox Politics and Right Ox Politics in the community.

In particular, the Demon Twins are not a big threat on their own, but when their powers are combined, they can be quite a challenge.

'It's impossible to deal with all three of them alone.'

Even though I had both eyes closed, I swallowed dry saliva as the energy seeped into the floor.

"…Geumma-kun, what the heck is that?"

Chloe came up next to me, grabbed my sleeve, and quietly opened her mouth.

She, who is specialized in detecting presences, seemed to have noticed it too. I put my index finger to Chloe's lips to silence her. She nodded silently as if she understood.

Weapon and Saki were blinking, their eyes still not fully adjusted to the darkness, keeping them on alert.

Still, the two of them kept their mouths shut as they watched me silently fret. I turned my head back and looked at the stone gate. It was so hard that even a simple blade wouldn't be able to scratch it.

A single red line carved diagonally on the solid stone door that was firmly shut. It was clearly the '【???】line' written on the status window.

'Let's go out quietly.'

The 40 seconds of painless protection were all used up to kill buffaloes. So it was no use dealing with the Minotaur.

If it were that guy's material, it would be easy to strengthen his weapons, but my life was more precious to me.

If you catch Daiso Sashimi and activate the protection of the swordsman, you will scream loudly instead of cutting through the door. If you use Murasame, it will hurt so much that you will die, but you can endure it.

After thinking for a moment, I put a piece of Daiso sashimi in my mouth. It was not intended as a weapon, but as a gag to endure the pain.

Then, he took out the Murasame that he had kept carefully in his arms. Then, he felt a creepy sensation behind him. His eyes instinctively turned to that direction.

One of the Minotaur's ears twitched. Then, his eyes, which had been tightly shut, slowly opened, then soon swung open. Then, he slowly began to lift his butt off the rock he was sitting on.

thud!

The Minotaur struck the ground hard with the butt of his double-edged axe.

The demons standing next to him also roared in a ferocious manner as if they were worshipping the Cow King.

""Mu …

"what?!"

Weapon, who had been trying hard to keep his mouth shut, swallowed a breath.

thud!

As the Minotaur struck the ground once more, the flickering of the torches intensified. Soon, a blazing flame illuminated the entire

interior of the cave.

Only then did the crew members catch sight of the Minotaur and the Demon Beast. They just stood there, holding their menacing double-edged axes, but cold sweat formed on their backs.

By the time that guy woke up, it was too late to run away with all his limbs intact.

Even if we cut open the door and headed outside, we couldn't guarantee the lives of all of our crew members.

'In the end.'

I gritted my teeth and turned around. My cold reason and perception quickly began to find a solution.

It's different from the midterm exam. At that time, I had no information about the Minotaur, but I had caught the Minotaur before.

If everything was perfect, I could easily catch those three on my own. But now, I was over the time limit for the protection of the painless, so it was impossible.

That's why you have to use everything you can, even if it's a bit of a gamble. I spat out the Daiso sashimi in my mouth and moved my dry lips.

"Weapon, can you give me a pain reduction buff?"

"Oh, it's possible."

Weapon looked at my face and the pale complexion returned to its original color.

Meanwhile, the Minotaur slowly advances towards us. I wiped the urgency from my expression and spoke one word at a time.

"How many minutes can you spare?"

"The maximum is about two minutes."

“That’s enough. Instead, keep putting it in while I fight that guy. If I lose focus for even a second, I’ll probably… … .”

I made a motion to hit his neck with my palm. Weapon licked his lips in embarrassment. I smiled faintly and relieved the guy of his tension.

“Okay. Okay. That’s what you said, Kanggeomma.”

“Saki and Chloe, I’ll ask the sidekicks to take care of some things.”

Saki nodded, her face clearly showing signs of tension. Her fingers, tightly gripping the bow, were trembling slightly.

“Don’t be so nervous.”

I smiled faintly and walked towards the approaching Minotaur.

Saki just blinked at me. The passion on her face melted away in an instant.

I looked at the faces of the crew members. They nodded slightly at me. There was determination in their eyes.

“Let’s just do it like before.”

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Episode 41: Buffalo Dungeon (5)

As the rope wrapping around the Murasame is almost removed, a sharp blade is revealed.

Weapon, with his lips pursed tightly and the end of the recorder in his mouth, looking prepared.

I nodded to him and stepped forward a little further. I looked down at Murasame, whose rope was almost completely stripped away.

'This is my first time in real life.'

In fact, being armed is one thing, but for me, the biggest gamble was to face the enemy without relying on the protection of the painless.

The silver lining is that although it is an E-class Murasame, its rank is far higher than Daiso Sashimi, and its weapon support has been added.

Still, it must have been painful enough to make my face wrinkle. My body trembled as I thought about the excruciating pain that would overtake me.

I raised my gaze slightly and looked straight ahead.

The half-human, half-bull's hand approached with its nostrils flaring. The majestic gaze glaring at me was like that of a warrior. It was as if it had been waiting for its rival.

The frown that had been forming at that sight began to soften. Come to think of it, even when we were swallowed up in this hidden dungeon with such a commotion, that guy didn't move at all.

The Minotaur opened its eyes when I pulled out Murasame to open the door. And its ears twitched as if they had detected a faint metallic sound.

Not only that, but from the guy's perspective, there were plenty of opportunities to launch a surprise attack. However, the guy insisted on revealing the common field of vision and waited for me to finish preparing.

'… … .'

Inside the hidden dungeon, where all sides are blocked, the Minotaur and the Demon Twins. How long have they been here?

I met the gaze of the Minotaur. He was only looking at me. The twin demons also spread out and distanced themselves from him. It seemed as if they would not interfere with the fierce battle that was about to unfold.

Their appearance was quite pious for a demon. I didn't think they were mere beasts. Thinking that, I couldn't help but snicker.

The guys were just trials. If things were as they were, they would have been trials that would have made the protagonist Leon even stronger.

I held the hilt of Murasame's sword tightly with determination.

A few days ago, I remembered the sparring match I had with the swordsman. The sparks flying when the blades overlapped. That was enough to set a fire in the swordsman's heart.

Even his heart, which normally kept its temperature cold, heated up like red-hot metal at the thought of swinging a sword.

'I guess I'm starting to feel affection for the devil.'

I shook my head and looked ahead, laughing in vain. Even though he

was the enemy of humanity, I wanted to fight the Minotaur with all my might.

“Hmmmmmmmmm!”

The Minotaur raised its chin and roared loudly as if responding to my mood. Hot breath rose from its nostrils.

The twin demons each held their spear blades tightly. Their movements were slow, but they dug deep into the ground.

Swish.

“You must have been bored, so I’ll play with you for longer than usual.”

The sharp blade of the sashimi knife. The light from the blade, which was glowing in the torchlight, burst out like sparks. I closed my eyes tightly and took short, controlled breaths.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

An intelligent woman’s voice lingers in my ears, and her eyes open slightly.

+ + + +

A single moment of emptiness determines life and death.
Kanggeomma opened his eyes wide, applying strength to his eyes.

“…ha.”

White breath leaked out from his teeth. The Minotaur facing him also snorted and blew out breath.

The heat radiating from humans and demons filled the room. The air, a mixture of intelligence and wildness, calmly settled down.

Beep beep beep!

The recorder sound of the Speed Weapon rang out, signaling the start of the duel.

Even though the protection of pain relief is activated, the pain is still scratching at the inside. However, Kanggeomma raises his head and smiles. Rather, it makes you feel the intense pain that is piercing your entire body is alive.

“Hmmmmmmmm!”

The king of the cows let out a loud battle cry. He hit the ground with the end of his spear and rushed at Kanggeomma. It was the movement of a beast. The torches hanging on the wall shook greatly in time with the sound of his hooves.

Pot-bat!

Kang Geum-ma also ran out with his arms hanging down.

The speed wasn’t as fast as usual, but the movements were freer than ever.

As the painless protection was removed, the dormant sense of battle awakened. The hilt of the sword wrapped around my palm. The corners of Kanggeomma’s mouth rose a little more.

Kkwadduk!

The Cow King’s axe swung down hard. Kanggeomma evaded the

blow by slightly turning his upper body to the side. Only a handful of black hair, cut off by the wind pressure, slowly fluttered.

Kanggeomma swung his arm, which carried the inertia of his twisted upper body. The sharp moon's curve aimed for the demon's arm.

Crack!

Cow King angled his spear to block the blade, then raised his blade to attack the swordsman. The fierce axe blade passed by late.

The demon's body vision chased the human. The human's shadow was swaying in the air. The rising strong sword horse rolled its body and charged forward with increasing momentum.

The fierce noise of metals gnashing against each other. The sound of human swordsmanship flowing in at strange angles. When you look in the direction of the sound, you only see the shadow of the strong swordsman.

Bang!

The two heavy arms that were blocking the sword strike trembled. It was hard to believe that a human half his size was producing such a heaviness. Thick blood vessels formed on the beast's arms.

"Umm!"

Cow King gave a short slash and swung his spear, pushing the strong horse away.

The blades that had been entangled like vines fell and flew away. The movements of the strong swordsman striking the falling sword looked like acrobatics even to the beast.

Cow King extended his axe far. A strike that took advantage of the difference in reach from his weapon and physique. The beast's thirst for battle was met with intelligence.

The axe's blade, shining ominously, struck the ground deeply. The ground shook as the beast's muscles twitched.

Kwakang!

The impact caused a cloud of dust to rise. Cow King quickly rolled his eyes to gain vision.

“Hmm, umm?!”

The strong sword horse stood crookedly, gently stepping on the spear like a coiled snake. The bright-eyed ox opened wide. The pupils that had been watching also opened wide.

“oh my god.”

Saki Ryozo muttered as he watched the fierce battle between the Ganggeommas.

Then, taking advantage of the gap, the blades of the left and right wings flew in a crescent-moon-like trajectory. She bent her waist to avoid the blow, then aimed for the enemy’s blind spot and fired an arrow at the bow.

Bloody, bloody

The air currents caused by hot wind, the load of the air, and the refraction of light were calculated in an instant and converted into movement.

The arrows that were fired intermittently attacked the enemy’s weak points accurately and without waste.

It wasn’t an easy move, but with careful calculations and the S-class armed enemy archer Baekshi, the enemy couldn’t figure out the attack. The move was quickly covered in arrows like a hedgehog.

“Whew, we’re almost done here.”

When she had some free time, Saki wiped her sweat and turned her gaze towards Kanggeomma. Immediately after, her irises opened wide.

Clearly, Kanggeomma thought he would be able to deal with the Minotaur with his superhuman speed.

However, he slowed down and pushed the demon with all his might. Naturally, human strength was no match for the demon's claws.

Then how did the demon's body begin to slowly tilt under the power of the strong sword? The archer's eyes, which were stretched out in layers, quickly found the reason.

The sophistication of technology has reached its peak.

The swordplay, which utilized the use of muscles, posture, stride, and positional energy, was persistently targeting only weak points and destroying the enemy's center of gravity.

Even if it was a demon, it was a small mammal. It was impossible to exert force in the direction where its joints were twisted. As evidence of this, the Minotaur's large body was staggering as it took on the attack of the strong sword horse.

However, the above are theoretical stories. The gap between theory and practice is worlds apart.

Moreover, even if you are a seasoned veteran with a lot of practical experience, you tend to lose your cool in a situation where your life is at stake. Experience is what dulls that mental agitation.

As far as Ryozo Saki knew, there was only one person who came closest to him.

"… the swordsman Siegfried."

Saki Ryozo muttered softly. A few days ago, there was a rumor that Kanggeomma had a duel with the sword master. According to rumors, the sword master unleashed an aura on the cadet. Her mind was spinning quickly.

As I was thinking like that, the ideas that had been floating around in my mind began to come together little by little.

'no way……?'

Saki Ryozo's pupils opened wide as he looked at the swordsman.

Kanggeomma gripped the hilt of his sword tightly. His foot, which had stepped on the spear, glided forward.

The devil thought.

The human was formidable. It was a rival he had been waiting for for a long time, and more. The cow king opened his mouth wide. His even teeth, like those of a herbivore, flashed whitely.

The image of Kanggeomma was reflected like a mirror in the Cow King's bright eyes. The red light stretched out.

At the sight of the ghost holding a sword, instinct caused the demon's huge body to stiffen for a moment.

The cornered cow king instinctively threw his fist. Although it didn't have sharp claws, its power was enough to blow a hole in any living creature with just a brush.

Kanggeomma straightened the blade with his wrist. He did not dodge the flying fist. The sharp blade headed towards the murderous regime.

-Crunch!

A cool day that passes vertically. A red bruise that passed through a heavy fist appeared on the demon's shoulder.

Then, as the swordsman pulled out the blade embedded in his flesh, Cow King's arm opened wide like a flower bud.

"Conspiracy!"

The cow king opened his mouth wide and screamed. A primal emotion that paralyzed reason. Fear seeped into the demon's body.

Kang Geum-ma turned around slightly and looked at the situation.

Sweat dripped down Speed Weapon's forehead as he played the recorder. His face was noticeably pale. His pursed lips were a pale color.

And Chloe stuck her katana into Woojung's neck. Woojung vomited blood while writhing briefly. When she pulled out the blade, a brilliant stream of blood gushed out from the demon's neck.

"…Geomma Army."

Chloe looked at Kang Geum-ma. She bit her lower lip.

The sight of Kanggeomma torturing her body while fighting the enemy. Warm water streams ran down her cheeks.

Saki Ryozo, who was looking at Chloe's profile, also took a deep breath. Something unknown was rising from deep within.

Kang Geum-ma glanced back and smiled faintly. At that sight, Saki Ryozo felt a tickle in his chest.

The Minotaur violently pulled out the axe stuck in the ground with one hand, as if his next attack would be the final blow.

"Hmmmmmmmm!"

After letting out a roar that gathers momentum, he raises the ferocious horn on his temple. His appearance is filled with venom.

"Ganggeomma! Kill me!"

Saki Ryozo's lips, which had been quivering, moved on their own. His usual languid appearance was nowhere to be seen.

Kanggeomma tightly shuts his eyes and slowly raises his eyelids. Then, the blazing flames begin to subside all at once.

"ha."

Kanggeomma let out a hot breath, releasing hot breath. Weapon, who had been blowing hard on the recorder, almost lost the melody due to Kanggeomma's sudden change in mood.

'It's different from before.'

Unlike the usual ready posture of keeping the upper body suppressed,

the posture is one of keeping the back straight and holding the sword handle tightly.

The flames on the wall that had been burning vigorously were soon extinguished by the cold wind blowing through the room.

The darkness suddenly came. Even in the moment of cold silence, Kanggeomma held Murasame upright and caught his breath.

The wind was blowing against me. The artificial pressure was pushing down on my stomach. My shoulders were heavy.

Then, a bright blue flame rose up, illuminating the dazed eyes.

Hurrruk!

Then, a surreal aura swirls against the backdrop of a darkened field of vision.

A chilling sword sound burst out from the sashimi wrapped in aura.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 42

Episode 42 Buffalo Dungeon (6)

It was an unbelievable sight.

Speed Weapon was so surprised that he almost stopped the melody he was struggling to continue.

He shook his head and tried to pull himself together, playing the recorder loudly. But his eyes never left Kang Geum-ma.

“crazy.”

Saki Ryozo exclaimed in amazement on behalf of Weapon. Chloe, who had been sending cheers to Kanggeomma, also opened her mouth wide. They looked very embarrassed.

Weapon turned his head back to look at Kanggeomma and Ma-su.

From the knuckles of his fingers, something wrapped around the sashimi he was holding in his right hand. A faintly blooming blue sword.

What the Ganggeomma was emitting right now was definitely an aura. It was an aura so deep that it could light up the entire vast space that had been dark for a moment.

‘… … Ganggeomma, every time I see you, you shatter common sense.’

Weapon, who was forcing the air drawn from his lungs into the

recorder, fixed his gaze on Kanggeomma. He could feel the phlegm boiling in his throat, but his eyes sparkled.

Eyes filled with awe and respect. My heart raced at the thought of being able to capture the legendary scene with my own eyes.

Whoosh whoosh.

The aura surrounding Sashimi grew more fierce. As the aura grew stronger, the blade began to crack like a spider web. The current Murasame was not enough to contain the aura of the Strong Sword Demon.

The determined Kang Geum-ma hardens his expression and then holds the sashimi straight.

“Hmmmmmmmm!”

The cow king howled. It was a cry like the battle cry of a warrior determined not to retreat.

The demon groaned loudly and scraped the ground with his hooves. His one remaining arm raised a double-edged axe. His movements were unusual.

At the same time, the double-edged axe was covered in a strange blood red.

Hit the button!

“““““!”””””

Amazement spread throughout the room. Only Kang Geum-ma smiled faintly as if he found it interesting. An unpleasant tingling sensation on the skin. It was clearly magic.

“That’s ridiculous. How can a demon use magic… …!”

Saki Ryozo said with a trembling voice. Chloe, who glanced away, also swallowed dry saliva.

Demons cannot use magic. That was the unchangeable law of nature.

The demons used magic, which was their exclusive property, to control the demons as their subordinates.

However, the evil aura surrounding the double-edged axe of the cow king in front of him was clearly magical power. An evil light started from the blade and flowed down the spear.

Then how? The momentary question was quickly resolved. Cow King burned his magic power in exchange for his own life force.

Using his own body as firewood, he poured in the oil of life force and unleashed magical power. Saki Ryozo was speechless.

The fighting spirit of a demon who was prepared to die. The great power that was created by scraping the bottom of life force was knocking on the realm of magic.

Kwakang!

The cow king, who had been kicking the ground, ran forward fiercely. The evil light wrapped around his axe scattered.

Kanggeomma took a deep breath without stepping back. His eyes met the enemy who was running straight ahead fiercely.

The melody of Speed Weapon was dangerous. Blood flowed like a spider web from the lips that were holding the recorder. It was a good thing that the cheeks were sunken and did not collapse.

Speed Weapon opened his eyes slightly. He chewed on his words without letting out the sound that was rising up in his throat.

'…I believe.'

Confidence lingered in the eyes of those watching.

"Hmm-meh!"

Cow King cut off his shout sharply and swung his axe. A red glow of magical power spread out along the edge of the axe blade in a crescent shape.

An attack with a huge range due to the overwhelming weight difference. If you get caught up in it, you will be torn to pieces without any form.

Kang Geum-ma closed his eyes and opened them. His pupils were pitch black, half-closed by his eyelids. The cheering from his team, which had been like background music, stopped in his ears. He was in a state of complete thoughtlessness.

There was a sharp, cutting sound of wind. Cow King's attack reached Kanggeomma's feet with a hot sensation.

A life-or-death moment that lasts less than 0.1 seconds. The eyes of the Ganggeomma capture the death of existence. Red lines appear on the retina.

'If you cut it, it will be cut.'

I suddenly understood the meaning of a phrase that had previously felt vague.

Kang Geum-ma quickly put strength into his half-closed eyes.

Then his shoulders and arms swung involuntarily. The afterimage of the aura whipped along the trajectory of the sashimi.

Shhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

The aura of the Ganggeomma and the magic power of the Cow King were combined. His swordsmanship cut through the magic power that had spread out. Murasame moved only for one result.

To cut and slice.

Even amidst the chaos of magical power, the skillful swordsmanship accurately cut through the red line. At every moment, the traces of magical power scattered like bloody dust.

Quagmire!

A series of loud explosions filled the room.

The chilly air suddenly became warm. Chloe and Saki's skirts fluttered as the wind blew back. The aftermath of the fight chafed their skin.

Right after.

Phew!

As the sound of explosion reached her ears, Saki Ryozo blocked the flying dust with her arms instead of holding onto her skirt to secure her vision. She flinched.

Sashimi was stuck halfway into Cow King's chest, the swordsman twisting the blade like a key.

Shh …

The blue black energy that started from the throbbing chest engulfed the demon's large body and swallowed it.

"Conspiracyooooooooooooo!"

Cow King screamed in pain. Kanggeomma twisted Sashimi once more. The blade imbued with aura scratched the inside of the demon. There was a sound of bones breaking and snapping.

The cow king's eyes began to turn gray-white. The demon's roar echoing through the hall also subsided.

thud!

One of the Minotaur's knees hit the ground. The demon's vision became blurry, and he gradually lost sight of what was ahead.

The demon looked up. The victor of the fierce battle was looking down at him.

But for some reason, the human's face did not look so bright. Instead, it was a face filled with gloom. It was as if the sight was greatly comforting the one who had been his enemy.

"Conspiracyoooo… … ."

The cow king let out a faint moan mixed with a cry. Water gathered in the cow's eyes.

Before losing consciousness completely, Cow King mustered all his strength and slammed the bottom of the spear into the ground.

thud!

It was a final request.

Humans and demons.

Even if the conversation doesn't go through, the sincerity will definitely reach you.

The man who had been silently looking down nodded once and raised his arm holding the sword.

Cow King showed his teeth for the first time since birth and showed his emotions. The raised sword glowed brightly for a moment.

-Wow!

The sound of cutting was refreshing.

The blade slid across the cow king's neck, without any pain.

The demon's two ears perked up once, and then there was a "thud" sound. The sword was so simple that he didn't even realize that it had been cut off.

The Minotaur's head fell to the ground belatedly. The demon closed his eyes in satisfaction.

At the end of a lonely life, there was one person.

* * *

"Gasp, gasp."

Speed Weapon took the recorder out of his mouth. He tried to catch his breath, trying to even out his rhythm. He leaned forward on his knees, and covered his mouth as nausea washed over him.

His body was covered in wounds. He had no external injuries, but his insides were rotten from the aftereffects of the pain relief.

A sharp, aching sensation from head to toe. Even when trying to straighten my back, my body loses balance and tilts to the side.

“Hey, breathe, breathe.”

Saki Ryozo came up to him and patted the back of the staggering Weapon. Soon, Weapon’s legs gave out and he fell flat on his butt on the floor.

“Haa, haa.”

Weapon took a deep breath. His breath blew out in large puffs.

He spat out a gush of blood onto the floor, then barely managed to keep his upper body upright, using his arms to support himself on the floor. Then he turned his gaze towards the swordsman.

Kanggeomma was staring blankly at the corpse of the demon. It was not the expression of a victor.

I was thinking of screaming in joy, but Weapon just scratched the back of his neck in embarrassment.

“Weapon.”

“Uh, why.”

Saki Ryozo, crouching next to him, spoke up.

“… I think I know what you meant by what you said earlier.”

“What did you say earlier?”

“There’s that legend and all.”

“Oh, that.”

Saki threw her head back and looked at the ceiling.

“And I understand why you keep chasing that guy around.”

“Oh, when did I!”

Speed Weapon stretched out his arm and got angry. Saki let out a sly laugh with her ringed eyes, then turned her gaze to Kanggeomma.

“For some reason, I also want to go out with that guy, Kang Geum-ma.”

“… Are you crazy from the shock? Or are you possessed by a demon? What does that Saki Ryozo want to do?”

Saki Ryozo let out a hollow laugh, as if he himself found it ridiculous. He then shook his head to collect his thoughts and asked.

“Weapon, according to the Academy’s rules, it’s impossible for Kanggeomma to skip a grade this year, right?”

“Oh, that’s right. It’s clearly stated in Article 2, Section 4 of the School Rules.”

Speed Weapon shrugged his shoulders and replied. Saki then placed her index finger on her temple, looked absorbed, and continued speaking.

“Then what about the opposite? There’s no clause that says that’s not possible, right?”

“Saki, you… … ?”

Weapon stared at Saki. She just smiled bashfully and said nothing.

* * *

The Minotaur is dead.

Even with the added protection of Speed Weapon’s pain, my body staggered from the intense pain that was rushing in. I laughed briefly.

‘To this extent, he is a nobleman.’

I fought the enemy without the protection of the painless. That alone was enough of an achievement. If I go back to the academy and rest

well over the weekend, I will probably get back to my normal condition, if not to the top.

“Sword Demon Army!”

Chloe ran over to me and hugged me tightly. I was grateful, but… … .

I stood still, panting for air. If I caught a stray breath or coughed, it felt like my lungs would burst.

When I motioned for Chloe to leave for a moment, she blushed and moved away from me, perhaps out of embarrassment. I let out a short breath.

As I was suppressing such extreme fatigue, a status window suddenly appeared before my eyes.

= = = =

[NEW! Congratulations! You have manifested a new blessing.]

= = = =

If things had gone as planned, it would have been the chance that the main character, Leon, would have obtained.

I laughed bitterly. Regretting what had already happened wouldn’t make much of a difference.

Besides, I had no choice but to deal with Cow King just to hold on to my lifeline.

I touched the newly emerging phrase with my trembling index finger.

Paat-

= = = =

[Protection of Transition]

You can transfer the protection you have to a living being or object.

[※ However, the body must unconditionally touch the target.]

= = = =

Yes, a simple explanation like this is better than a long one. It was a blessing that I had already manifested when I played 'Miracle of Protection M', so it felt familiar to me.

A synergy type protection that shows its effectiveness when combined rather than as a single performance. It was a spirit-level protection that was rare in this world.

'Let's think positively.'

I let out a deep sigh. Then the stone door that had been tightly shut opened wide. I could see someone through the crack in the door.

Squeak-

He was an employee at the checkpoint. His face was a mixture of complex emotions. He was smiling, but his expression was distorted, making him look even more dangerous than a demon.

Chloe blinked. She looked back and forth between the door and me, then tugged at my sleeve and said.

"…Geumma-kun, you told me earlier… … ."

"Chloe, what I asked you to do earlier."

I smiled faintly and nodded my head.

"Now is the time."

"yes!"

Chloe nodded vigorously and ran towards the employee, her eyebrows furrowed.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 43

Episode 43: Buffalo Dungeon (7)

Before entering this dungeon, the request I made to Chloe in secret was this.

‘Chloe, if you meet that checkpoint staff member in the dungeon, kill him.’

Naturally, Chloe accepted the request without much question. Although I was not used to dealing with people, there was no reason why I could not take advantage of her boundless trust.

By the way, there are two reasons why I asked Chloe.

One, Chloe is an assassin, a member of the Auditore family. While regular cadets are prohibited from harming others, members of the Auditore family are exempt from punishment as long as their cause is justified.

Two, that employee was definitely involved in the inside story of this incident. That’s why I couldn’t just kill him without mercy. Well, if I found out everything, it would be a different story.

If I were to do it myself, the author would be beheaded in one blow, so I planned to make him at least a semi-crippled person and ask him all sorts of questions.

I didn’t even consider the possibility that the author might be an unrelated person.

The intuition that that kid was a dirty kid. The intuition that had become clearer thanks to the protection of the swordsman was able to see through the employee's sinister intentions exactly.

anyway.

Bam!

Chloe kicks the stomach of an employee who has a katana stuck in one of his legs. The employee flailed around violently, tears and a runny nose running down his face.

"Ewwwwwwwww!"

"Be quiet!"

Kook.

Chloe pressed her foot against the leg where the katana was embedded. The employee let out a loud scream of pain.

Bam!

When there was no sign of calm, Chloe's low kick landed in his side. The employee's back bent like a shrimp.

"Ugh!"

He couldn't even put up the slightest resistance, despite the weapons he had brought, and he sobbed and stammered.

"You, you little brats! Why are you doing this to me?! What did I do!?"

I smiled lowly and squatted down in front of him.

"We need to find out now."

When their eyes met, the employee's body froze. Speed Weapon, who was standing behind him, asked with a pale expression.

"What the hell is going on?"

“I asked Chloe earlier.”

I shrugged and continued.

“Weapon, Saki. Think about it. Do you really think it was a coincidence that the buffalo herd went berserk or that the stone gate here was open?”

“… That’s right. No matter how much I think about it, it was definitely unnatural.”

Weapon stared at the employee with a gruff expression for a moment, then took a deep breath.

“But there’s no evidence that that employee is the culprit.”

“We need to find out from now on.”

“Kang Geum-ma, what are you?”

Speed Weapon shook his head as if he was tired, frowning. On the other hand, Ryozo Saki agreed with me as he took off the wrapping of the yokan.

“Kang Geum-ma is right. To be honest, it’s suspicious that that employee showed up with such good timing as if he had been waiting for it. There were no surveillance cameras inside the dungeon. And that guy, I see he’s holding an anti-personnel weapon in one hand. There must be only one reason why he would come into the dungeon with an anti-personnel weapon that he uses against people, right?”

Saki Ryozo takes a big bite of yokan and explains the situation in detail to Speed Weapon, who is not easily convinced.

‘… But would Yanggaeng fall for this situation?’

Saki Ryozo tucked her hair behind her ears and stood close to me. Her skirt was open to the side. She spoke to the staff in a low voice as if nothing had happened.

“Who is behind you?”

A languid yet coldly cynical attitude. A tone that was intended to gauge the opponent rather than threaten them.

“… That, that.”

Then, a look of despair spread across the employee’s face. He tried to speak, but soon his lips moved. Even as he spoke, bloody pus flowed from his groin.

She sighed and looked at the staff. As if she had a rough idea of what was going on, she absentmindedly ate some rice cake and shook her head.

“You don’t plan on talking? What are you going to do?”

“… … .”

Saki shrugged and asked me. I was grateful for her calm demeanor in this easily excited atmosphere.

Of course, Saki also frowned at Chloe’s cruel hands, but she did not deny the necessity.

Weapon turned his astonished eyes the other way.

The only male member of the crew besides me seems to be more timid than I thought. I met the staff member’s eyes without saying anything. My eyes were trembling violently.

Given the lack of any counter-questions, it seems clear that the employee was involved. However, judging from the hesitant look in his eyes, I can infer the circumstances to some extent.

That employee is more afraid of the person who instigated him than of us, who put a knife in his leg.

In that case, there was only one way. I had to instill fear in him until he opened his mouth. I scratched my eyebrows and moved closer to the employee to speak.

“If you don’t intend to talk about the background.”

“… … !”

I nod to Chloe. She nods in agreement.

He approaches the staff, dragging his katana on the ground as he sings the fierce name of Kiririn. The murderous intent is scattered. It is clearly that of an assassin.

“Speak, speak!”

The employee rolled his eyes and stammered, shouting. Chloe glanced back at me again.

I crossed my arms and nodded with a cold expression. Then the employee moistened his dry lips with his tongue and began to talk.

Yellow water mixed with the blood flowing from his groin flowed down.

* * *

“… So you’re saying that a few days ago, someone who appeared to be an instructor at Joaquin Academy handed you a magic stone and specifically mentioned the Ganggeomma?”

Speed Weapon, who had been listening with a bewildered expression, asked bitterly as he muttered. Biting his lip, a rather complicated emotion flashed across his face.

“Yeah, that’s right. I was really surprised at the time. I was really upset about how an instructor could do something like that to a student.”

“No, fuck.”

Weapon swore as his anger grew.

“What did that instructor look like?”

“…uh.”

The employee rolled his eyes at Saki’s casual remark. When Chloe

tapped his shoulder with the back of her katana, he moved his dry lips as if he had made up his mind.

“She was a female instructor with purple hair and eyes. She was tall.”

The employee trailed off as if he was afraid. He covered his trembling shoulders.

“Does anyone come to mind, Weapon?”

“Well, I don’t know. I don’t know the faces of all the instructors at the Academy. There are more than one or two instructors at the Academy. At least in the Dragon class I belong to, I don’t think there was an instructor with such an impression.”

Weapon spoke while racking his brain as if his thoughts were complicated. In the meantime, Saki, who had been pondering while holding her index finger close to her lips, spoke one word at a time.

“That female instructor, I think she’s our class’s assistant instructor?”

“Saki, you don’t even pay attention in class.”

“I never forget something I’ve seen once.”

Saki shrugged her shoulders and took a piece of candy out of her pocket and put it in her mouth.

“And I remember that female instructor’s gaze because it was so impressive.”

“… I see.”

Weapon wiped his chin with a serious expression as he collected his thoughts. Then, an exclamation mark suddenly appeared on his face.

“Then, wasn’t that person also planning the midterm exam?”

“Midterms? What happened then?”

Saki Ryozo returned the question I posed to him with a question.

Weapon glanced at me. I nodded. Since I had shared this incident

anyway, it would be better to reveal it rather than hide it.

“Oh, that’s it. I had a random encounter with the Mine Mermaid during the midterm exam.”

“What? Then, is it possible that Leon was hospitalized right after the midterms because he fought with Mine?”

Saki’s eyes widened in surprise. Weapon awkwardly shook his head in denial.

“Mermaid, that bastard Kanggeomma, took care of it all by himself.”

“ah…….”

Weapon pointed at me with his raised thumb and said. Saki drooled and then showed an expression of understanding.

Now, no matter what the situation, it seemed like my name was no longer needed to be explained. I let out a hollow laugh.

“Well, we’ll probably find an answer if we discuss it again later.”

“Well, it seems like there’s no point in racking my brain here. I guess I should go back for now.”

The situation was somewhat resolved. The face of the employee who was almost dying began to brighten. Then, Weapon suddenly asked him, as if he was curious.

“But why did you grant that female instructor’s request?”

“… … .”

The employee’s expression changed. The corners of his mouth were noticeably twitching.

‘I guess you have no intention of answering.’

Then it’s time to draw out the answer. I motioned to Chloe.

She nodded and stamped hard on the employee’s leg. The weapon in her merciless hands frowned, perhaps because it looked a bit odd.

“Eww! I’ll tell you, I’ll tell you, stop!”

“so.”

“Well, well… I had some gambling debts, so I couldn’t help it.”

“This is a pure bastard!”

Weapon crumpled his face and shouted fiercely. The staff’s eyebrows twitched at the torrent of curses.

“I am still old.

“Hey, you should apologize to the dog, you idiot. Selling out a student for money?! Oh, you bastard, you’re worse than an animal.”

Weapon clicked his tongue roughly and waved his arms. I lightly patted his shoulder to calm him down.

“Don’t worry. I wasn’t going to leave that kid alone.”

“Sword Master, what are you going to do with that kid?”

I took my phone out of my pocket and showed it to my crew. The recording app was running. Weapon and Saki let out a short sigh, as if they hadn’t expected it.

“Anyway, I already pulled out everything that needed to be pulled out. And there’s even a dungeon that’s supposed to be open that’s open. Isn’t this enough of a situation to turn someone into someone they never were?”

“Wait, wait!”

The employee’s face turned pale. He asked, barely holding back his trembling jaw.

“Surely not?”

I looked straight into his eyes and snickered. Then I turned my head towards Chloe.

“Chloe.”

“Yes, Mr. Geumma!”

Chloe’s eyes sparkled as if she had been waiting for words. Her shoes were soaked with sticky blood.

“I’ll leave it to your judgment, assassin.”

My request was to get the employee to confess, so the rest is up to her, Adito. Chloe nodded obediently. Then she straightened her back and began to wipe away the emotions from her face one by one.

“I condemn you.”

Soon, even her eyes became cloudy and she completely went into yandere mode.

“Ah, no, sleep… … !”

At Chloe’s sudden change in mood, the employee’s expression suddenly became thoughtful.

Chloe tilted her head sharply. Then her shoulders shook.

Denggeng.

The blade passed through the employee’s neck and exited on the other side.

Bam.

The head fell to the floor. Blood spurted out brilliantly. Weapon covered his mouth.

Immediately I took a step back. There was another decapitated body there. I turned my upper body and looked at the employee’s body.

“That bastard is worse than an animal.”

After muttering like that, he picked up his saw and walked towards Cow King. No matter how angry he was, he had to do what he had to do.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 44

Episode 44 Question (1)

Joaquin Academy.

A long-standing tradition of 700 years and a reputation as one of the world's most prestigious schools.

As it was a space where children of world-class nobles gathered, all of the auxiliary facilities were also of the highest level in the industry.

The fact that the cadets, who have a keen sense of money, open their wallets lightly regardless of the price of goods was a great merit.

That's why, from the school mart to the gym, cafe, and restaurant, etc., they had to go through strict inspections and strict screening to be able to enter. This was also the case for the Joaquin Academy blacksmith shop.

The blacksmith from Norway, Byland, has been here for 15 years.

It is said that every cadet at the Academy entrusts his weapons to Buland at least once during his time there. Countless weapons have passed through his hands.

Although he had a somewhat worldly personality, Bülant's skills were at the top of the industry, so the weapons he handled satisfied even the most demanding customers.

However, an unpleasant moment appeared in the blacksmith's life, which seemed to be going smoothly.

About a week ago, a boy showed up at Büland's blacksmith shop carrying a long, single-edged sword.

A first-year cadet with uncommon black eyes and hair. For some reason, the ends of his hair were gray. Judging by the color of his black name tag, he was a special promotion student.

In fact, the origins of the cadets were not that important to Büland, who was not of heroic origin.

If it was a customer who could fatten their pockets, he would hum a tune and bang his hammer on the food trucks.

Anyway, as he was greeting Bullant with a welcoming smile on his face like any other day, a black-haired special promotion student came to him and asked him to refine and strengthen his weapons.

At first glance, he looked like he was in dire straits, and his weapon was a single-edged sword of unusual construction. If he was not careful and used the hammer incorrectly, there was a high chance that it would break. However, Bulandt accepted the order without hesitation.

The reason is, of course, maintenance. How could I refuse if they gave me the leftover scrap metal from the B-class weapons? Even if it's just the auction price, it could probably fetch at least 30 to 40 million won.

He wiped away the drool that was rising in his mouth and smiled brightly as he lit the fire in the blacksmith's shop. Bwullant, who was considered the top in the industry, had confidence in his own skills beyond his own. It was the pride of a blacksmith.

Although B-class weapons were clearly high-class weapons, the weapons that Bulandt usually handled ranged from A-class to S-class, which is a noble item.

It was a case of losing money and winning. Besides, Buland did not do business without losing money.

Even if I messed up, I was confident that I could still roast and boil fluffy fluffy babies. That was my confidence as a businessman.

But that confidence was gone until a week ago. The current him is… … .

“Sir, please strengthen it.”

“… … .”

A black-haired male student came with a bundle of some kind of material. Bwullant was taken aback by his impudent and brazen attitude.

He revealed that his name was Ganggeomma.

‘How can a person’s name be… … .’

Bwyllant let out a laugh and opened the bundle that Kanggeomma had brought. Buffalo horns poured out in droves. There were at least twenty of them.

“Did you subdue all of these?”

“I didn’t do it alone, I did it with my crew members.”

Among the cracks in the material, one horn shone particularly enchantingly. It was unusual for a material derived from the same C-class demon buffalo.

Judging from the blacksmith’s keen eye, it seemed like at least a B-grade, if not an A-grade demonic material. The source is unclear, but it was an unwritten rule in this world not to ask about such things.

Bulant glanced back and forth between the prominent horns and the strong sword.

The young boy’s cheeky attitude made Bwullant click his tongue inwardly.

I wanted to give him a beating and drive him out of the sacred forge, but I sighed deeply and lamented my fate.

Meanwhile, Kang Geum-ma took out the Murasame that was in his pocket and handed it over.

“And the armament, it’s like this, so while I’m strengthening it, can I also repair it?”

A flash of anger flashed through Bwullant’s eyes as he received the Murasame. The blade that had been shining with light was now covered in cracks, and the sword body made of the highest quality paulownia wood was charred black like burnt charcoal.

Buland, the sword he had worked so hard to forge had become a complete sledgehammer.

Despite Kang Geum-ma’s arrogant attitude, thick veins formed on the temples of Buland, who had been keeping his mouth shut.

“Hey! What the hell did you do to make the weapon look like this!”

Her already red face turned bright red like a bomb about to explode.

“While fighting the devil, something happened.”

Kanggeomma cuts off his mother and answers briefly as if he is annoyed.

Bwullant tried to add something, but managed to swallow it down with his spit. A lump of something stuck in his throat, like a rough fish bone.

“… … .”

As I looked into the eyes of the stern fellow, I remembered the sight of him holding a knife and dripping arsenic a week ago. I ran my hand down his brown forearm, goosebumps rising from the murderous intent that seemed to press on his veins.

He squeezed his facial muscles with superhuman mental strength and forced a bright, salesy smile.

“… You should have handled it more carefully. What if you got hurt?”

“It’s an E-class, so its durability is weak. Since it also has an A-class demon material, I believe you’ll be able to handle it well. Okay.”

After saying that, Kang Geum-ma turns his back and waves his hand in greeting.

‘Hey, hey, that little brat. Even Satan would give that guy a standing ovation.’

Bülant moved his lips against the back of his head, silently swearing.

Then, Kanggeomma turned his head at just the right time. His eyes met with Bulant’s.

“Oh, right. And.”

At the sudden reaction, Buland swallowed heavily. His lips were parched, perhaps due to the dry heat of the forge.

The thought of the death benefit that was being withdrawn without mercy at the end of every month flashed through Bwland’s mind. There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment, and Kanggeomma opened his mouth after a short grumble.

“If you strengthen it and use the remaining materials as a side dish, you can make some medicine. Then I’ll really go.”

Kanggeomma yawned so hard his mouth was about to burst, then closed the heavy blacksmith shop door and left. Bulant stared blankly at the spot where Kanggeomma had passed.

Then, Bülant shook his head and picked up the hammer.

Land! Land!

The rough sound of iron striking reverberated beyond the blacksmith’s door. It was the sound of iron mixed with joy and sorrow.

* * *

Two days after clearing the Buffalo Dungeon.

The day after I returned from Cheorwon, I gave Murasame to the blacksmith. The blacksmith frowned, as if he was not happy, but

what can I do? I have to clean up my own shit.

If that old man hadn't prepared the weapons in the first place, both me and that gentleman would have been at ease.

But I didn't want to leave any unnecessary feelings of resentment since we'll be seeing each other so often, so I added some Pochi.

Anyway, the remaining buffalo horns are of little use to me. They are not hunting trophies for hunters to hang on their walls.

Buffalo horn is a C-grade derivative material, and is used to upgrade from E-grade to D-grade.

There is a chance of reinforcement failure, but the cow king material will greatly reduce that chance.

Surely I could fail after passing on Grade A material? If I do, I'll really cut off your wrist.

Before the morning assembly began, I gathered my thoughts and opened the status window with the green chalkboard as the background.

＝＝ ＝＝

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh level: (8▶9) ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: (4▶5) ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armour level: 3 ▷ When protection is activated, pain is reduced by (1) level.

☆Education rate: 9.3% ▶□ 12.7% ▷ The line of 【???】 (1) is readable.

→[When the assimilation rate reaches 15%, the following unlock

conditions are met.]

★【???】

[※ The protection is activated only when the sword is less than (38 + 1) centimeters long and less than (9 + 1) centimeters wide.

It's possible.]

＝＝ ＝＝

First of all, the most noticeable change is the rapidly increasing fairy tale rate.

Unlike the numbers that remain stagnant for a while, once an incident occurs, they jump up.

The physical and mental levels described above have also increased. The problem is that the increase is so insignificant compared to the beginning.

Still, it wasn't a completely useless ability, as I felt that a healthy(?) mind resided in a healthy body.

And when the numbers rise a bit more, there is a possibility that unlock conditions will appear step by step.

The most urgent thing at this point is the level of armament. However, there is no need to rush.

The reason I look deeply into the protection of the sword is not simply to become stronger, but to address a more fundamental issue.

I never expected to figure it out so quickly. I shook off my distracting thoughts and lowered my head slightly.

'When the assimilation rate reaches 15%, the following unlock conditions are met.'

On the other hand, the fairy tale rate will probably be unlocked after clearing just one more dungeon.

Not only will there be one more line, but will there be other items added as well? Then it would be a stealth ability.

No, honestly, even now, as a player of 'Miracle Protection M', the magic of the fairy tale rate is so amazing that I can't even describe its performance.

Moreover, rather than slowing down, the upward trend gained momentum and hit the ceiling of the graph.

'It's an ability that steadily rises… … .'

The three levels listed above each have clear targets, but the assimilation rate doesn't seem to have any special consumption value. Is that really a good thing?

There is nothing in this world that is given for free. This is an immutable law that parents instill in the minds of Koreans even before they finish grinding their teeth.

In particular, the irregularity of the numbers was significant, so even if I used a calculator and averaged the three cases, I could not reach a conclusion.

"It's clear that there's something."

I stroked my chin and thought deeply about the changes that had occurred over the years.

The starting point of the increase in the fairy tale rate was the mock match with Chloe. If we take that as the turning point, the physical change is that gray hairs grow on the ends of the hair.

At first, my hair was about 2 cm long, but now it has grown to about 5 cm. I thought about dyeing it, but it didn't bother me that much, so I left it alone.

'Surely something like a sea bream can't be the price for increasing the fairy tale rate.'

And the strange symptoms that came over me right after the sparring match were something I have never experienced since that day. So it

is a bit of a stretch to call it the price of Dongwha Yul, who is on the rise.

'… If that was the case, I would have put down my sword right away whenever the fairy tale rate went up.'

I looked back on everything that happened from the moment I was thrown into this world to the moment I received the funds.

Not only did I have thoughts about the protection of the swordsman, but I also had to organize the events that had happened in the meantime. It seemed that I finally had the time to reflect on the situation.

Of course, I had to think back on the 'instructor' that the senior members and checkpoint staff had been talking about, but that was beyond what a mere first-year student could tolerate.

Still, I must be prepared. My first teacher always told me to be prepared.

My style is to deal with the problem at hand rather than going through it one by one.

Even that gentleman, who repeatedly emphasized the power of ubiquity, could not stop the bald head… … .

I absentmindedly traced my forehead line with my fingers. The richness that could be felt in an instant.

After letting out a deep sigh of relief, I gently shook my head to clear my mind of distracting thoughts.

First of all, I was thinking about how to use the 'Protection of Transfer', which was an unintended result of this dungeon. After all, it was impossible to spit out the protection I had acquired.

As it is a synergy type of protection, its performance will vary greatly depending on how it is used. I feel a little sorry for Leo, but that kid will probably gain better abilities later anyway.

I stretched and leaned back against the back of my chair. As the

assembly time approached, the noisy noise of students arriving at school gradually reached my ears.

I turned my head absentmindedly and looked out the window. It was a habit that had developed without me realizing it.

The weather was so nice that it made me lose my sense of reality for a moment. The sky was so clear and sunny, and the warmth of the sunlight streaming through the window announced the beginning of summer.

'I'll be wearing summer clothes soon.'

After dropping out here about a year and a half ago, my daily life was uneventful until I received my acceptance letter.

The life I so passionately desire now seems like a mirage that I can no longer grasp even if I extend my hand. A vague sadness weighs on my heart.

When I entered the academy, I had dreamed of a bright future, but life here was not as easy as I had expected.

Life was a constant threat, and living standards were at rock bottom due to the murderous prices.

However, life at the academy was not filled with only misfortune.

In my previous life, I had only worked since I was young, so I didn't have any real friends, but this life was different. I now have two classmates that I can call friends. Speed Weapon and Chloe.

Chloe, I don't know if you think of me as a friend, but… … .

Having shared two life-and-death experiences with Speed Weapon, who clearly maintained a favorable attitude toward me, our friendship grew quite deep.

He was a guy who was good at understanding situations and had a strong will.

Moreover, Chloe and Weapon were not the main characters of

‘Miracle Protection M’, so there was no reason to distance them.

By the way, Chloe called in sick today because of a sudden seasonal cold. No matter how much of an assassin she was, she was just an ordinary person in the face of illness.

‘… Being admitted to the VIP room because of a cold isn’t exactly ordinary.’

While I was gathering my thoughts and staring blankly for a while, I heard the sound of the school gate being pushed aside. Then, the class atmosphere became even more chaotic.

Perhaps today’s ordinance was also attended by Instructor Lee Won-bin. Without even turning my head, I indifferently basked in the warm sunlight.

Wheeing—

At that moment, the cell phone, which was always quiet, rang.

‘what?’

I turned my head slightly to check the screen of my phone.

[Hey, what are you doing?]

A text message from an unknown number. My phone vibrated again immediately, regardless of my intention.

[Look ahead.]

Then my gaze slowly turned straight ahead, and at the same time my eyes opened wide.

Saki Ryozo, holding a cell phone in one hand, smiled brightly and waved at me.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 45

Episode 45: Question (2)

"… So, as of today, Cadet Saki Ryozo has been reassigned to our class. I hope everyone gets along well. That's all for now. Please change into your uniforms and gather at the training grounds within 30 minutes. That's all."

Lee Won-bin, who had been making a dumbfounded expression while speaking, went out of the classroom. Immediately afterwards, the class atmosphere became as noisy as a flea market.

"Is this true? Saki-sama is in the same class as us?"

"The bald instructor said so. He was reassigned of his own free will. Awesome."

The cadets surrounded Saki Ryozo, excitedly chatting as if they had met a celebrity.

It makes sense, because she was the top student in this year's class, also known as the Generation of Miracles. She was Kyushu, who had a brilliant mind that made her the top student in the written exam, and a martial art that was not far behind her, and she was truly a person who was both talented in literature and martial arts.

In addition, she was also the daughter of one of the Seven Star Heroes, Saki Kojima, nicknamed Jeokgu. Incidentally, in the setting, Saki Kojima is the Prime Minister of Japan and has the nickname Jeokgu.

Unlike the stern Siegfried von Nibelung, who was reluctant to be exposed to the public due to his meticulous personality, Saki Kojima actively used the fame of the Seven Star Hero to serve as the head of the Japanese government for a full 40 years.

Just like Earth, Japan in this world does not have a presidential system, so in reality, Saki Kojima is no different from a lifetime prime minister. To that extent, he can be called the king of the country.

Because he was an unusual figure whose actions were clearly different from those of the other Seven Star Heroes, his influence was said to be enormous and his influence on world society was said to be stronger than that of the other three.

Accordingly, the position of Saki Ryozo, the daughter of Saki Kojima, is also equivalent to that of a princess of a country.

In this world where there are many real princesses, this may not seem special, but when you think about the prestige of Japan as a country, it is enormous.

For reference, in the world of 'Miracle Protection M', the rankings between countries are more openly announced than on Earth.

The most powerful country is the United States, which is a reflection of reality, and of course, the celestial nation. Next, proudly, is Korea. Although the game company is criticized for its K-operation, I really like this aspect.

After that, Germany, Japan, the UK, China, etc. lined up, so it was essentially a bipolar system with the US and Korea.

Of course, there is no disagreement that Japan is a fourth-ranking superpower, not just a beggar like our country. Saki Ryozo is the daughter of that Japanese national system.

That is why, even within the Star Class, which consists of children of the highest-ranking nobles, I understand that there are the most students who want to approach Saki Ryozo.

Of course, her beautiful appearance also played a big part in why male students wanted to approach her.

“Saki-sama, are you really being reassigned to our class?”

“Can I ask why?”

“Hey, get out of the way! Are you the only one asking Saki-sama questions?!”

“Saki-sama! What are your tastes in men?”

Despite the cadets’ continued barrage of questions, Saki Ryozo indifferently licked his lips and let the questions flow out one ear. His beautiful eyelids blinked listlessly as if refusing to take them in.

“Haam.”

Suddenly, Saki Ryozo yawned loudly and walked towards her with slow steps. Hundreds of pairs of eyes followed her every step.

The reason was obvious. Saki was eyeing the seat next to her.

After Saki took her seat, it seemed like there would be a bloody fight over the seat. So her whereabouts were of great interest. But… … .

She steps forward, looking at me intently.

For a moment, a glimmer of emotion appeared in Saki’s lifeless eyes. I tried to ignore her gaze.

Anxiety seeped into my chest. As expected, everyone’s attention was focused on Saki and me. At this point, it didn’t seem new. Saki, who had come close, asked.

“Is there a seat here?”

“… … .”

A voice that was both languid and intelligent. The hair tucked behind her ears resembled the clear sky. She gestured to the seat next to me with her eyes.

The seat that Chloe always sat in. Even though she was lying in bed with a cold, it was still her seat.

Let's say I understand that Saki Ryozo was suddenly reassigned to our class.

At the point when the Seven Star Hero, Geomje, took over as class co-instructor, Lang's class was no longer an extraordinary class.

But the fact that Saki was sitting right next to me was a different story. Even though she was a character who was rapidly becoming airborne, she was still one of Leon's women.

What this means is that, from my perspective, Saki Ryozo is a very burdensome person.

After the incident at Buffalo Dungeon, she seemed to have developed some interest in me, but I needed to keep a certain distance from her.

Besides, my first meeting with Saki wasn't all that good.

"There, Chloe, that's your seat."

"Oh, really?"

After asking that question, Ryozo Saki sat down as if it was natural. I was dumbfounded for a moment. I was dumbfounded.

"…what?"

"If you haven't arrived by the time of the meeting, aren't you either late or unable to come? Considering the location of the dorms here, it's more like you couldn't come than being late. And where are your seats and mine? The first person to sit takes the seat."

I had no words to say in response. It was really a speech that left no room for me. If Chloe had seen this sight, she would have been furious. I let out a short sigh.

The cadets' murmurs reached my ears. But after the inspection and sparring, they could not openly criticize or ignore me.

It was a mental match that was invisible to the eye, but even to them, who were cadets at Joaquin Academy, I was a special promotion student with quite a good position.

As I glanced over them, the cadets cleared their throats and started moving busily to change into their uniforms one by one.

Some were still trying to decide when to speak to Saki, but soon they licked their lips and left, promising to meet again next time.

As most of the students left the classroom, Saki looked at my face for a moment and then took out two pieces of yokan.

“Want one?”

The taste of the sweet jelly, so sweet that it made my head spin, lingered in my mouth. I immediately shook my head.

Saki took a bite of one yokan with a sharp expression. Then she opened the wrapper of the remaining yokan and began to savor its taste. Her quiet eyes suddenly opened.

“So delicious.”

“… … .”

It’s an image that becomes clearer the more you know about it.

I had a burning desire to ask Saki why she had been reassigned to Lang’s class, but morning assembly training was just around the corner.

I let out a short breath and got up from my seat to go change into my clothes. Saki, regardless, continued to chew on her yokan with a hazy face.

“Saki, aren’t you going to training?”

“I’m an archer, so mental training takes priority over running outside. So, consuming sugar like this is my own form of training.”

Saki Ryozo raised his index finger with a smile on his face, emphasizing his point. I laughed in vain and headed toward the school gate.

“Oh, and.”

Saki called out in a soft voice.

“Don’t call me Saki, call me Ryozo.”

“what?”

“Don’t friends usually call each other by their first names instead of their last names?”

“Speed Weapon also calls you Saki.”

“Well, he is who he is. Anyway, train hard and come back-. I should take a nap.”

Saki Ryozo mumbled something like that. She nodded a few times and then fell asleep on the desk.

I looked at her for a moment as she took a deep nap. Then, leaving behind the snort that escaped my lips, I walked toward the changing room.

* * *

At that time, Cheorwon-gun, Gangwon-do.

In front of the Buffalo Dungeon checkpoint, a tangled line of yellow tape with the logo “NO TRESPASSING-AGENT LINE-INVESTIGATION” was formed.

Far away, inside the entrance, agents wearing sunglasses that looked like something out of a Western movie were interrogating a checkpoint officer sitting on a chair in their middle.

“—So what did you say before entering the dungeon?”

“That, that… He said he was worried about the cadets and that he had to go in and check.”

The employee glanced at the agent’s face with a nervous expression on his face and moved his mouth.

One of the agents pushed up his sunglasses and absentmindedly

wrote down the employee's words in a notebook.

"Was there anything unusual?"

"… Well, well. Oh, now that I think about it, that guy went in with his personal weapons for some reason. At the time, I thought it was just that, but for some reason, his complexion looked bad."

Soon, the checkpoint officer began to recall something and began to recite the events of the time. The agents wrote down what he said, their sunglasses flashing.

It wasn't that unusual for someone to die in a dungeon. In the first place, entering a dungeon teeming with demons required the determination to give up one's life.

So, the investigation into human casualties within the thrown is not that thorough. However, in this case, the situation was ambiguous.

As it was a dungeon teeming with demons, the agents deployed were from the Hero Academy.

Graduates from academies that are ranked 2nd or 3rd, if not the most prestigious in the world, such as the Joaquin Academy, are scouted by the Hero Association under the government.

There was no way that graduates of Joaquin Academy would become civil servants with low salaries and meager pensions.

Even in dungeons where there are many deaths, there are bound to be bodies left behind. When a missing person report comes in, agents are dispatched to identify and collect the bodies.

Shim Du-jun, the head of the Buffalo Dungeon investigation team, frowned in discomfort. There were more than a few things that were unsettling.

When the investigation team led by Shim Du-jun entered the dungeon for a preliminary search, all team members' eyes widened simultaneously.

Even though they were veterans among veterans, it was their first

time seeing such a sight. A mountain of buffalo hide.

I heard that students from Joaquin Academy visited, but it was definitely not the work of a single student. According to the staff, the students at that time returned safely…

The biggest problem was that the body of the staff member who the cadets were worried about was never found. It was as if he had never existed in the first place.

However, there was no way he could have passed through the stone gate. The stone gate of Buffalo Dungeon, one of the popular dungeons, had never been opened before.

Shim Du-jun's eyes naturally turned to the dungeon roster. He had already figured out the names of the cadets, but there was no progress.

The Joaquin Academy was an extraterritorial place. Even agents under the executive branch could not conduct investigations without a warrant.

Moreover, the possibility that his superiors would issue a warrant to search that place, which was a banquet for all sorts of noble children, was remote.

"I'm going crazy."

As Sim Du-jun was mumbling bitterly, he saw the face of a woman approaching the checkpoint. It was his first time seeing her, but he could identify her by the clothes she was wearing.

"Hello, Agent Sim Du-jun. My name is Instructor Kim, and I am an instructor at Joaquin Academy."

The woman who approached him smiled and greeted him politely. Sim Du-jun nodded his head hesitantly at the sudden greeting.

"I just heard that they are conducting an investigation related to our academy."

"Oh, yes. That was a few days ago, after four students from Joaquin

Academy visited the dungeon, one of the checkpoint staff disappeared without a trace.”

Although the Hero Association and the Joaquin Academy are completely different organizations, Sim Du-jun, as if possessed, explained the current situation in detail.

“Hmm, I see.”

A bitter line appeared at the corner of Instructor Kim’s mouth. Then, Chief of the Investigation Team Sim Du-jun was startled by the sudden, intense sense of discomfort that passed through him.

How come this woman knows my name even though she didn’t give it to me? Moreover, the investigations by the association agents are conducted in utmost secrecy.

Even if it was the Joaquin Academy, there was no way it would know. So how did this woman know and come at such a timely manner?

As a mixture of surprise and amazement appeared on Sim Du-jun’s face, Instructor Kim took out a candy cane and bit into it.

“Then, the only ones who know about this situation are the staff here, Team Leader Sim Du-jun, and the team members?”

“… … !”

Shim Du-jun nodded artificially. It wasn’t his own will.

“Hmm, I see. The higher-ups who sent you will know, but that’s none of my business.”

Smile. Instructor Kim smiled. Her expression hardened for a moment and she snapped her beautiful fingers.

“Ugh, ugh!”

Not only Shim Du-jun, but also his team members and the staff at the checkpoint froze, making groaning sounds as if their mouths were zipped shut.

In Sim Du-jun's mind, he was guessing the identity of Instructor Kim, who was handling this unprecedented power, instead of the revolving lantern. It was his last struggle as an investigator.

The association defined those women as half-human, half-demon. However, the public had a different derogatory term for them. Humans who made a contract with the devil. The world called them 'villains.'

Instructor Kim walked across them to the dungeon door, then without looking back, snapped his fingers once more.

Hwaruruk—

Purple flames swept over the men like waves. They were unable to even scream because their mouths were blocked by something, and in the blink of an eye, they were engulfed in flames. The flames covered their retinas. That was the last scene Sim Du-jun remembered.

A few minutes later, piles of human-shaped charcoal collapsed one after another. Only then did Instructor Kim turn his head slightly and give a crooked smile.

"It's good that you work hard, but you're too clueless."

As she said that, she hummed and entered the dungeon. The jewels on her earrings gleamed with an eerie light.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 46

Episode 46: Question (3)

There was a small commotion in the Star class. The reason was Saki Ryozo's class reorganization.

As it was the highest class, there were definitely some students who failed to adapt and voluntarily dropped out to the Dragon class. Usually, these students were divided into two categories.

Either their origins are relatively unsuitable, or their skills do not match the level of the class.

However, the person involved in this incident is the top student in the private section of the academy.

Although she often slept, she always got perfect scores on the weekly essay tests and her skills were outstanding. What's more, she was born to a famous family, the daughter of the Japanese Prime Minister and the empress dowager Saki Kojima.

Even if we make a hundred concessions and say that she wanted to be reclassified because she didn't fit into the class, the class she chose was amazing.

"Miss Abel, did you hear that? That Saki girl, she was reclassified as a wolf class. What kind of nonsense did she hear when she always snorts around somewhere?"

"… Yeah, I see."

Rachel asked Abel as she relaxed her sore joints. The sound of bones cracking was heard. However, Abel's expression remained unchanged, and he rested his chin on his hand and stared blankly at the blackboard.

Rachel shrugged her shoulders without disappointment and glanced at Abel's profile.

Even though it was a gaze that could easily be seen as stupid, Abel's irises were emitting a beautiful, pure gold light. Then, a playfulness spread across his heart-shaped eyes, and Rachel burst into laughter out of nowhere.

"Do you feel that sorry?"

"Uh, yeah what?"

"Why, the class reorganization can't be done without Tio. This year, we were one person short of the Lang class. Saki, where did she get that information and strike first? She was the one who just slept at the archery range."

Abel, who had been quietly listening to Rachel's story, tilted his head and asked back.

"But what does Sakiga and Lang's class reassignment have to do with me feeling regretful?"

"I heard from Speed Weapon that he formed a party with Geomma and cleared the Buffalo Dungeon last week."

"——!"

While talking, Rachel glanced at Abel with one eye. Abel's face was faintly, but clearly, embarrassed.

Rachel's lips turned into a playful expression at that reaction. She shook her head, pretending to be very sorry.

"Saki, that's right. No matter how much you like her, there's a certain order. Isn't that right? Our Miss Abel took the lead on the sword."

“Hey, Rachel! What the hell are you talking about!”

Abel stood up, slapping the desk with his palm. Rachel giggled and twirled the side of her hair with her fingers as if she found it amusing. Abel’s mouth turned into a crooked expression.

“I’ve been feeling this way for a while now, but Miss Abel only reacts when the name of the swordsman is mentioned?! Is there really something going on?”

Abel sighed deeply and said, turning around.

“Let me be clear. Kang Geum-ma, I’ve only talked to him a few times, and we’re not really related. So I hope you won’t make any strange assumptions in the future.”

“Hehe—”

Rachel stared intently into Abel’s eyes. Then she just smirked and opened her mouth.

“You’re saying we’re not related until now, so you’re saying we won’t know each other from now on?”

A somewhat cold voice and sunken eyes, as if trying to gauge one’s intentions.

“Abel, I don’t know about other people, but lying to yourself doesn’t seem like a good idea.”

“… … .”

Abel’s face was filled with emotions such as confusion, surprise, and bewilderment. Rachel’s words, which were not her usual playful words or actions but rather piercing to the lungs, made his heart ache.

Abel’s attitude was always dignified. No, he had to be dignified. He intentionally did not show his emotions and maintained a calm demeanor.

There was only one goal. To gain the recognition of his grandfather,

the swordsman Siegfried. Although he was a grandfather who gave him endless love, he was reluctant to acknowledge his swordsmanship.

As the strongest in the human race and the next 'Sword Master', his standards would be high. Abel thought so and trained with the goal of gaining the Sword Master's approval. He also cut off unnecessary emotions.

To be reborn as a proper prosecutor, to be recognized by her grandfather, whom she respects and loves the most, and to prove that she is alive.

He held the sword handle tightly and swung it, as if to shake off any elements that might hinder his growth.

I accepted the pain of calluses on my hands and the torn muscles. I had no resentment about living that kind of life. I could endure this much to become the best.

But Simma came suddenly.

I asked my grandfather for advice about the mine attack that happened during the midterm exam.

I didn't have high expectations since he was a prosecutor who was extremely reluctant to expose himself, but contrary to expectations, he personally stepped forward.

There is news that she will be taking on the temporary instructor position at Joaquin Academy. And it will be in the Wolf class, not the Star class that she belongs to.

I guess it was because of the Ganggeomma. My grandfather, who always looked bored, was particularly interested in things related to the Ganggeomma.

It was as if I was looking at a gemstone with infinite potential. I don't know for sure, but it seems like I'm quite envious of Kanggeomma's talent.

Considering his grandfather's temperament, it must have been so. At

that sight, strong emotions welled up in Abel's chest.

'Ganggeomma.'

The owner of an absurd talent. His talent is so extraordinary that it is hard to believe that he could be called a genius of the world. What's more, he was born as a special promotion student.

Because Abel had received an education that excluded the idea of chosen people thanks to the hard work of the inspector, he was able to think without being bound by the nobility or lowliness of his origins.

Still, the ideas floating in her mind. The legitimacy of the nobles passing down their vested rights was power. In other words, protection.

To solidify their power, they judge each other, form relationships with suitable opponents, and then continue the line.

Thus, the descendants of the nobles became stronger day by day, but the gap with the commoners also widened.

But Ganggeomma was different.

Ignoring his origins, he overcame the situation with his own talent and force. Whether it was through his hard work or not, his health had also improved noticeably.

When I first saw him, the boy who had a frail and lanky body had now grown into a handsome young man with a masculine body and a sharp appearance.

Moreover, he continues the hero's path more clearly than Leon van Reinhardt, who is called the hero candidate, but he does not show it on the outside.

He walks the thorny path silently, without showing off his achievements to anyone.

Perhaps it was to protect those involved with him. If rumors spread that Ganggeomma had killed Mine, Mine would persistently target

him and those around him.

Even if he had a pimple, he would have hated it, but he ignored even the cadets who were teasing him and did not respond. Rather, Abel found that sight annoying.

I felt ashamed to death of myself for being jealous of such a strong swordsman. The more I thought about it, the more his face swirled around in my head.

'… … .'

Abel's cheeks flushed as he was lost in thought for a long time. Then Rachel looked at her with a smile. Abel, who was startled, shook his head. Then he cleared his throat and opened his mouth calmly.

"No matter what you think, I have neither the intention nor the leeway to harbor the kind of 'feelings' you think I have toward Kang Geum-ma."

"Oh, when you say it like that, I feel relieved, Miss Abel."

Rachel's eyes quickly became filled with the usual mischievousness again. Abel was embarrassed by those eyes that he couldn't read. Rachel winked one eye.

"I don't have to compete with you over the sword. Thank goodness, thank goodness! I could handle that red-haired brat and Saki, but I can't possibly compete with Abel, nyahhaha!"

"…uh."

Abel thought, "Oops."

* * *

"… Now, this part will be on the written test next week, so remember it. A student's duty is originally academics. Although the practical test reflects a lot in accordance with the academy's purpose, a cadet with no brain will grow into a hero respected by the world… … ."

A professor lecturing on the importance of learning. His long, wavy

hair stands out.

It was a lecture on ‘Basic Analysis of Gaho’, which could be a bit boring. However, the professor was popular with the students because of his witty remarks.

Even I, who was still unfamiliar with the smell of ink, was enjoying this class.

Moreover, I was able to take a closer look at the settings that were mentioned in one or two words in the game play. I moved my pencil diligently.

“Well, the level of protection is determined by the subject that is inhabited. If it is inhabited by a guardian spirit, it is called a guardian spirit-level protection. If it is inhabited by a spirit, it is called a spirit-level protection.”

“Professor, if the ancestral spirit resides in me, does that mean I receive ancestral spirit-level protection? Even without that, my deceased grandfather appears in my dreams every time I dream.”

“When your ancestors are pounding iron, they only lift the weight of the pole, not the weight of the water. They don’t protect you, Cadet Joto Mate.”

The professor answered the male student’s playful question in a humorous tone. Some students who liked old jokes snickered. The professor calmed down the potentially noisy atmosphere and continued the lesson.

There was a girl who seemed completely oblivious to the friendly class time and was sleeping soundly.

It was Ryozo Saki sitting right next to me.

The professor who was looking at her looked away as if he was used to it. He could have expressed his dissatisfaction or reprimand, but he continued his lecture without saying anything.

It may be due to her external status as the daughter of the great Saki Kojima, but in fact, even though Ryozo sleeps like this, she gets full

marks on every note test.

From an educator's perspective, it must be a very burdensome student.

I turned my head and looked at the side of Ryozo's face, who was sleeping soundly. The beautiful shoulder line connecting to his neck. Pure white between his sky-blue hair.

'You sleep really well.'

Today marks two days since Saki Ryozo was reassigned to the Wolf class. I wanted to find out why she was here, but I didn't have time to ask.

Why? I couldn't talk to him because he had been sleeping all day. Even if I shook his shoulder to wake him up, he would just blink his heavy eyelids a few times and fall back asleep.

The students who came to get to know her also sighed when they saw her sleeping throughout class.

Well, up to this point, we can just pass over her as just a pretty girl with a sleeping personality.

But why does she always insist on sitting next to me? She looks as lazy as a sloth, but she always takes the seat next to me.

It's a good thing Chloe, the original owner, was hospitalized for a long time, but if she finds out, there will be another stabbing.

'… Still, thanks to him, the aftermath was easier in many ways.'

When the checkpoint officer's head was cut off, Saki quickly got to work cleaning up instead of giving a sermon. Even though a human head was cut off right before his eyes, his attitude was not much different.

Speed Weapon, who is of the same brain type, uses his brain quickly to analyze the process. On the other hand, Ryozo spares himself unnecessary words and identifies the important connections. He is indeed a sweet potato prevention heroine.

I scratched my chin and turned my gaze toward the professor. My fingers holding the chalk were covered in white powder.

“The ranks of guardian spirits are classified from top to bottom as Young (英) Spirit, Jeong (精) Spirit, Suho (守護) Spirit, and Sa (私) Spirit. Most of the guardian spirits here probably have commander-level guardian spirits. Right?”

When the professor asked that question, a subtle emotion spread through the students’ faces. The professor continued his explanation as if he was trying to console them.

“Cadets, don’t be disappointed. Even if it’s a guardian spirit, no, a commander-level protection, if you can use it skillfully, it can be more effective than a guardian spirit-level protection. Besides, isn’t a spirit-level protection something that only exists in this world?”

I had one of those few blessings a few days ago. In the midst of it all, a female cadet raised her hand and asked.

“Professor, what about the spirit-level protection?”

“A protection of the heroic level. People call it a protection of the heroic level. It may be a bit awkward for me, a professor of protection studies, to say this, but it is actually a level that is considered legendary. Since the first manifestation of protection by mankind, only one person, the progenitor hero Balor Joaquin, has manifested it. Well, of course—”

The professor suddenly cuts off his words. It seems he was about to mention Leon, the second awakened spirit-level guardian. However, he soon shakes his head.

Of course, Leon has not yet fully awakened to the second Heroic Spirit level and title protection in human history, the ‘Protection of Miracles’. It would be difficult for a scholar to make a hasty judgment.

“Okay, let’s end today’s class here.”

After saying that, the professor set up the introduction and banged on the desk. As soon as the class ended, the students left the class in a

hurry. They couldn't stand the lunch break.

Just as I was about to get up from my seat, a question suddenly crossed my mind.

"Professor, I have a question."

When I shouted, the professor who was cleaning up got wide-eyed. It was a surprising reaction since I usually just listened to the class quietly. Soon, the professor smiled gently.

"Of course, Cadet Kanggeomma."

"Do you know anything about the phrase 'May God bless you.'?"

Saki Ryozo, who had been sleeping soundly, rubbed his eyes and slowly raised his head at the sound of my voice. The professor stroked his beard and answered with a puzzled expression.

"I don't understand what you're asking, but there's something wrong with what Cadet Kanggeomma said."

"What are you talking about?"

The professor blinked at my words.

"There are no more gods left in this world. Well, I am still impressed by the passion of the students I have met. If you have any questions, please come to my lab at any time."

The professor was leaving the class. I blankly stared at his back.

Saki snickered at the sight. I slowly turned my head to look at her.

"Are you all asleep?"

"Well, I don't think so."

Ryozo buried his forehead in the desk again.

"wow."

I briefly admired it.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 47

Episode 47: Where the Stars Finally Reach

“…eww.”

A faint groan escaped through my teeth. The sunlight pouring down without mercy was so dazzling that it stung my eyes.

I rubbed my eyelids repeatedly with my hands that were lightly clenched. However, my eyes were having a hard time adjusting to the merciless direct sunlight.

Soon I put my arms down and stopped my actions. I knew that I would get used to it after some time anyway. I was acting hastily because I was feeling impatient for no reason.

I took a deep breath and let it out loud. Then, some of the tension that had built up was relieved. Then, I expanded my senses, except for sight.

The silence that seeps into your ears. In reality, no matter how low the silence is, you can still hear the sound of insects.

I can’t hear anything. There was no sound in my ears that could cause tinnitus. It was as if someone had forcefully plugged my ears.

Then I spread my fingers wide and waved them in the air. I couldn’t even feel the resistance of the cool air.

What can I say, it felt like a scene from a movie where you float aimlessly in the deep sea. The overwhelming sense of helplessness

weighing down my body. I got goosebumps at the feeling of even my sense of being alive being paralyzed.

Even though I opened my eyes slightly, a tingling pain swept through my eyeballs. I swore once and closed my eyes tightly again.

I closed my eyes and calmly looked at the situation.

‘Where is this?’

Even after thinking about it carefully, I couldn’t remember how I arrived at this strange place(?). I couldn’t help but tilt my head at the strange yet paradoxically familiar feeling.

After much thought, I began to understand the situation to some extent. Lost sense, causal circumstances. There is only one circumstance that can be inferred.

It’s a dream.

As soon as I realized that I was dreaming, my eyes opened slightly involuntarily. Soon, my blurry focus began to come back into focus.

“Is this a lucid dream or something?”

My muttering lingered in my vocal cords and was swallowed. But my voice was definitely ringing in my ears. I swallowed at the unfamiliar sensation.

Soon, my half-closed eyelids opened, and I opened my lips a few times at the sight before me.

The stars and the sun burning brightly, embroidered like grains of sand on a white beach, on a dark canvas that cannot even be measured.

The Milky Way glides across the vast landscape as I turn my gaze slightly. It looks like a sword cutting through the universe itself.

“universe?”

Yes. In my dream, I was suddenly floating in space, in the vast ocean.

I hurriedly checked my breathing and exhalation. Fortunately, I was able to rest well.

It was so realistic that I momentarily forgot that it was a dream. I awkwardly chuckled and turned my head to look around.

If there were sunsets in space, wouldn't it be like this? The hazy traces of the stars emitted a rainbow of light from the cracks in the silent universe.

It was a surreal landscape, but it was also nature. I was amazed again and surrendered to the weightlessness of space. This floating feeling was quite addictive.

Come to think of it, have you had a dream recently? At least half a year? A year? I don't think I've had one in more than that.

It's been a long time since I've had a dream so lucid and realistic.

At that time, I was muttering to myself.

Ss …

"——!"

The stars scattered across the universe began to move simultaneously around me. I was confident about the speed, but it was so fast that it was difficult to follow with my eyes.

The stars that had been shining brightly soon stopped moving and aligned themselves, as if they had found their places.

My eyes widened. I checked again with a trembling face.

What appeared on my retina was a combination of words written in stars. I opened my eyes wide in surprise and stared straight ahead.

['GM' requests a conversation with you. Do you accept? ☞(Y/N)]

An exclamation mark appeared on my face at that sentence. It was similar to the status window I had. As I became accustomed to the world of 'Miracle Protection M', I now sometimes dream like this.

I stared blankly at it and nodded. Then the fixed stars began to move and rearrange themselves again.

(Y/N)

▲

Ss …

[You have accepted GM's request to speak with you.]

['GM' interferes with the world line-
Code.◎●○●○●●○○●●○○●.]

"What is the world line again?"

A bunch of confusing words. What is 'GM' and what are the world lines and the symbols(?) following them?

One, it was so vivid that it felt strangely eerie, even though it was a dream. Goosebumps quickly ran through my entire body.

Booooooooooooooooooooo—

The stars twinkling in my field of vision shook with a loud roar. I could tell right away. The universe was vibrating.

My body felt as if it was bound by invisible chains, and my movements were halted. Starting from my toes, my body began to stiffen, and even my vocal cords became blocked.

[The opponent's level is too high.]

[Your level is too low.]

[You have not yet met the criteria for 【? ? ?】.]

At the same time, the echo in my ears is enough to make me dizzy.

[Do you still want to proceed? ☞(Y/N)]

A sentence made up of a cluster of rising stars, as if engraved on the retina. I looked at it clearly.

At that moment, I realized that this wasn't just a dream. Maybe that's why I fell into this world.

Even if I can't do it, it might be a clue to the 'protection of the swordsman' that I have been granted.

That was the only possibility that came to mind. Meanwhile, the resonance of the universe grew even stronger. I barely managed to strengthen my stiff neck and nodded.

(Y/N)

▲

Right after.

[GM has confirmed your intention.]

[GM uses restraint to contact.]

[Starting the overall adjustment and conversion of the world line-Code.◎●○●○●●○○●●○○●.]

Jiiing—

Soon, a cracking noise was heard in the pitch-black space that filled my retina. Soon, the fragments of space that had been torn apart into small pieces began to fall down.

A bunch of red lines start to appear in a bleak manner. It is clearly something that happens when I manifest a blessing.

Along those lines, countless stigmata, clusters, and spaces were cleanly cut out. I watched the scene with a blank look.

'…What is this?'

A cluster of stars scattering like dust. The line between true and ecstatic scenery becomes blurred.

It wasn't a metaphor, but literally the heavens and the earth were being opened up. I felt a sense of foreboding. It was similar to when I

manifested the ‘Protection of the Sword God’ on my first day at the academy.

Soon, an indescribable light began to shine through the gaps in the debris that were swept away in disorder. I fixed my gaze on it.

I must see what it is at all costs. A sourceless conviction came over me. Then the vibrations of the universe became uncontrollably violent, and all of a sudden, my mind began to come back to me.

“Hey! Get up!”

Someone’s voice immediately struck my ear. Who was it? I don’t know. But it was definitely familiar. I felt a hand on my shoulder.

[Due to external interference, ‘GM’ will wait for a later date.]

[‘GM’ wants to speak to you.]

Then, the scenery before my eyes slowly began to darken.

I stretched my arms forward, sculpting letters of stars between my fingers.

[Cut it.]

But the force working behind my back involuntarily sucked me in.

[Whatever it is.]

That’s the end of that sentence.

The darkness that had suddenly rushed in swallowed me up roughly.

Paat!

+ + +

… … … …

… … …

… …

…

《May God bless you.》

…

… …

… … …

… … … …

+ + +

“Hey! Ganggeomma! Wake up!”

When I opened my eyes, Ryozo grabbed my shoulder and shook me. He shook me so hard that I felt motion sickness like I had never felt before in my life. I slowly straightened my back, holding my dizzy head. The faint sunset was rippling beyond the scenery.

“Whenever you tell me I sleep too much, you sleep like a log.”

Ryozo was saying something with a sour expression. However, I couldn’t hear it clearly because of the tinnitus in my ears.

“If I hadn’t woken you up, you would have gone to school in the classroom tomorrow?”

“… … .”

“ruler.”

Saki said that and handed me a few tissues she had taken out from her bosom. I shook my head to come to my senses, then took them.

“Don’t most people drool when they sleep? Why are you shedding tears, Geomma?”

As she said, something was dripping down her cheek. I wiped it away with a tissue. Ryozo stared at me intently and spoke with concern.

“What, did you have a sad dream?”

“…hmm.”

I couldn’t understand why Saki, who always slept, was caught sleeping, let alone why she was crying.

I scratched my chin absentmindedly and thought, I must have had a dream.

They say that dreams tend to fade the more you try to recall them, but this dream faded away particularly quickly. And then, like a mirage, it disappeared without a trace.

“I think I had a dream… but I don’t remember it. Anyway, thanks for waking me up.”

“Well, yeah. Originally, dreams were about preventing hormones secreted in the brain from being stored in the hippocampus.”

Ryozo rattled off a string of unfamiliar scientific terms. I let it go in one ear and out the other. At my indifference, she pouted and took it out of her pocket. It was a yokan.

“Get up quickly. The professor’s building will close in 30 minutes.”

“It’s already that much time?”

“You slept for twenty minutes after class.”

“… … .”

He was sleeping during class, but he was brazenly nagging me. I shook my head in disbelief.

“Anyway, get up quickly. Let’s go.”

“Oh, okay.”

Ryojo tried to get me up without even listening to my advice, as if he was whining. As I was about to pack a few introductory books scattered on the desk into my bag and get up from my chair, a question suddenly occurred to me.

“But, Saki, why haven’t you come back yet?”

“… … .”

Saki rolled her eyes dynamically as if she had not expected it. Soon, she started to move her lips stammeringly.

“Oh, of course I stayed until the end to wake you up.”

It was a contrast to his usual cold attitude. Feeling uncomfortable, I put down my bag and sat back down on the chair.

Then, Ryozo, with his head stiff and a look of bewilderment, quivered his lips. Then, after looking around carefully, he began to reveal his thoughts in a fluent manner.

“Ahem, that’s right, I heard from Rachel, men, you know, when they wake up, they get immediate physiological feedback? No, I was just curious about that from an academic standpoint. But you happen to be taking a nap at that time, right?”

What kind of academy is this where there are more women than men… … . I sighed deeply and cut her off midway through her string of excuses.

“hey.”

“Huh, huh? —Hiccup!”

She hiccuped as if she had swallowed something because of the rice cake. When I looked at her pitifully, her face turned red.

—Hiccup!

A hiccup echoed through the empty classroom. Saki covered her mouth and groaned to stop it.

“You go first.”

Saki quickly backed away with her face reddened with embarrassment. She really was a difficult character to conceptualize.

I made sure she was completely gone. Then I slowly looked down at her groin.

‘… … .’

I stuffed my hands into my pockets and tilted my head toward the window frame. The sunset was particularly dazzling today, so I decided to take a quick look.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 48

Episode 48 Club (1)

The next day, lunch time.

I gathered with my crewmates who had cleared the dungeon together at my favorite bench. We gathered to review the events that had occurred and discuss future plans.

It would be much more efficient for people who shared the incident to put their heads together rather than struggling alone.

Moreover, two of these four are the top two students in the school. Chloe is also a member of Auditore, who is deeply involved in this incident. I had more than enough reasons to summon them.

It's a bit of a heavy story, but this place was sparsely populated anyway. The only person I'd ever met here was my first meeting with Abel.

Since then, I haven't seen a single person coming or going, so I arranged this place.

Besides, I think I'll be having frequent meetings with them in the future, but I can't rent a cafe conference room every time.

Chloe, who was discharged from the hospital yesterday, also attended. She coughed dryly while wearing a mask, as if her cold had not yet completely gone away.

Her complexion was pale, and it seemed like she wasn't feeling well.

When I asked her with concern, Chloe seemed touched and answered that she was fine with half-moon eyes.

I gave a faint smile.

“So it seems like there’s an enemy within the group targeting this guy, and during the midterm exam… … .”

“Oh, okay. I told you so. Weapon, why are you rambling on and on about such long explanations? Just get to the point. Does that mean you can’t be the leader?!”

It seems that he explained it just before the Speed Weapons gathered for Ryozo, who didn’t know the details. Perhaps because the explanation was too much, Ryozo had dark circles under his eyes.

“Huh, Saki, it seems like you’re relying too much on your brain. No matter how smart you are, you can’t beat someone who works hard. Do you think you’ll stay at the top of the class forever? You’ll get a lot of feedback on the written exam next week.”

Saki shook her head like a crane. She ignored Weapon’s determination and glanced at me from the corner of her eye. Then, when our eyes met, she looked away bashfully.

She turned her eyes back to me, peering at me. As if worried that I might be disappointed in her. Her half-visible blue eyes stared at me intently.

I guess it’s because the ordinance ended yesterday. I just didn’t have any thoughts.

He was at an age where he was interested in such things, but he was not the kind of person who would be so narrow-minded as to be disappointed in someone over something as trivial as that. Rather, it would be the duty of a model adult to guide him in the right direction.

‘… … ,’

But come to think of it, my body is like that of a teenager now.

When I woke up last night, it took quite a while to calm, soothe, and calm down the tent that was so bulging.

Because it almost went past closing time by 30 minutes.

It was the first time in a long time that I felt a surge of pride, inspiration, and self-esteem as a male. On top of that, I am 183cm tall and have a slim body.

It is not certain whether this is true or not, but at least Ganggeomma proved the 'popular rumor' floating around the internet.

'You're lucky.'

I cleared my throat, glanced at my crew members, and spoke.

"Saki, I'm sure you've heard the explanation, but the situation is a bit complicated. Trying to wrap my head around it by myself won't get me anywhere."

"I told you to call me something other than Saki."

Ryozo pouted his lips and grumbled quietly.

"… Ryozo. Is that okay to call you?"

Only then did she show a satisfied expression. At some point, the listlessness on Ryozo's face had disappeared. I let out a short breath.

"I thought about what we should do right now in my own way."

Weapon took out a notebook from his bag and opened it up. It was neatly written in cursive, with lines underlined with colorful highlighters.

Weapon reloaded his explanation while rubbing the bridge of his nose. Saki already looked tired.

"I've organized it based on what we know, while also trying to figure out the truth. First, the fact that the Academy's senior members are after you, Geomma. Second, the appearance of the female instructor that I heard from the checkpoint staff. Like this."

The weapon scanned the area. I nodded as if to tell him to continue.

“But come to think of it, it’s not that important that we know this. Since the elders’ request is not clear-cut anyway, Auditore will probably get criticized. Right?”

Weapon turned his gaze to Chloe. Chloe coughed briefly and nodded. Just as Weapon was about to continue his explanation, Ryozo cut him off.

“Oh, by the way, there was that female instructor that the checkpoint staff mentioned. I definitely remember seeing her, but I don’t know her name. So I broke through the academy’s internal security and checked the memories of all 546 instructors, from the head instructor to the assistant instructors, but the identity of that woman who looked like that was not confirmed.”

“You can do that too, can’t you?”

“In a world overflowing with the 4th industrial revolution, wouldn’t we need one or two of these technologies?”

When I asked with wide eyes, Ryozo answered calmly. Weapon shrugged his shoulders as if he knew.

“But you sleep all the time, do you have time to do that?”

“The network security system is most vulnerable at dawn, when the network staff are off work. You have to take advantage of that gap to try to hack, and you may or may not succeed. Even for a country like this, it’s not easy to break into the security system.”

“… Then you were also sleeping during every class?”

“Right. I’m not a sloth, how could I sleep all day?”

Ryozo had an innocent smile on his face that he didn’t answer. I really thought he was a symbol of laziness, having slept all day.

As I was reflecting on my thoughts, a question arose. … Could it be that they found out a phone number that I never gave them?

“Anyway, nothing has been clearly revealed right now. But that doesn’t mean we can just storm into the Elders’ Group and threaten them out of the blue.”

Weapon quietly turned his head towards me. Then he muttered with a snicker.

“… Well, I guess it would be possible for you, Geomma.”

I think there is a serious misunderstanding.

“And even if we do that, it will only make the situation worse rather than solving it.”

“Yeah, I admit that too.”

“I think so too.”

Ryozo also agreed with that statement. Chloe, who had been quietly listening to the story, also chimed in.

“So what I thought was, let’s create our own club.”

“Club? Why a club all of a sudden?”

I blinked. The words came out so suddenly. Then Ryozo, who was half-leaning on the bench, explained instead.

“Joaquin Academy’s clubs are special. They not only have freedom of movement, but they also provide support for activity expenses. As you know, this place emphasizes cooperation between cadets, whether it’s actual combat or something else. That’s how much they encourage group activities and give them special privileges.”

A clear summary. I nodded and listened carefully to Ryozo’s words. She raised her index finger for emphasis.

“As part of that privilege, the club here is treated as an affiliate of Joaquin Academy. In short—”

“—Just by belonging to a club, you receive protection from the Academy.”

Weapon quickly caught Ryozo's words as if this was the moment. Ryozo stuck out his lips and quickly turned his head away.

"It's not enough to just be an academy cadet. There are over 2,000 cadets currently enrolled. The academy can't take care of each and every one of them, but the number of clubs is significantly smaller. There's also a special department that's solely responsible for clubs. For us who have enemies at home and abroad, they act as a double breakwater."

Since 'Miracle Protection M' was a game with an academy background, it naturally had a club system.

However, it was used to increase favorability by flirting with the characters in the work. That's why it was considered to be a maniacal content that only people from the so-called 'that side' did.

Who would have thought that it would actually have such a positive function? When I just heard the description of the weapon, it naturally caught my eye.

"Are there any separate conditions for creating a club?

"First, at least 5 people should write a 「Club Creation Plan」 and submit it to the relevant department."

"The process isn't as complicated as I thought."

"I guess it's because the academy encourages it. Most cadets don't do club activities because they find it annoying. And it doesn't have a direct impact on their grades."

Weapon answered, scratching the bridge of his nose.

'…The minimum number of people is 5, so we're missing one.'

A thought that suddenly occurred to me while I was thinking about it for a moment.

"By the way, are you all joining this club?"

"Oh, man, that's disappointing. Isn't that obvious? If we weren't

going to do it together in the first place, I wouldn't have suggested it."

Weapon wiped his nose with his index finger with a look of embarrassment. I turned my gaze to Chloe and Ryozo.

"You too?"

"Of course! If it's something that helps the Sword Demon Army!"

"Well, I owe you my life once in the dungeon. And in a place like this, shouldn't there be at least one person with brains?"

Chloe coughed in response. Ryozo tapped his temple with his index finger and agreed. Those scenes made me feel very emotional. As I got older, I became more and more self-interested in my relationships.

In a society where there are many authors who date and reject others only for the sake of practicality, those who I don't even know much about believe in me and follow me.

Even in a world where nobility and baseness clearly exist.

Perhaps I was satisfied with being dropped into this world for the first time. 'I am trusted.' That feeling alone made my thoughts, which had been quiet for a while, surge up. I forced myself to suppress my emotions and looked at their faces.

"Thank you, everyone."

Weapon asked with a bright smile.

"Well then, let's start by deciding on a name for the club. We'll need to write a separate plan and find another member, but it doesn't seem like a bad idea to decide on a name in advance to build momentum."

"Well, I guess."

Chloe ponders, pressing her cheek hidden by the mask with her finger. Soon her eyes sparkle.

“Memories of Assassination! With the purpose of assassinating the corrupt forces! What do you think?!”

“… Well, that doesn’t seem right.”

“Eek.”

Her voice was drooping. Ryozo quickly yawned, feeling sleepy, and blurted out a word.

“Well, how about just the Dotip Village Security Squad or something? Even if you call it a club activity, it’s just kids playing around, right? And is the name that important? Just make it up.”

“… Saki, shut up.”

Weapon scolded mercilessly, his tongue sticking out. Ryozoh lay down on the bench. I stroked my chin and pondered for a while before opening my mouth low.

“How about a travel club where we can explore the outdoors while also clearing dungeons?”

Suddenly, I remembered a movie of the same name that I had seen on Earth. Although I couldn’t think of a name, I was still able to use my imagination. I scratched the back of my neck in embarrassment.

“… Not really?”

“Well, it’s a travel club. It’s simple, so I think it’s better. I agree.”

“Me too, I think it’s okay!”

Chloe also nodded her head as if she had been waiting. On the other hand, Ryozo stared at me as if he was assessing me. After a while, she also nodded coolly.

“Not bad.”

I didn’t know until now that this insignificant club would have such a big impact on the ending of the story.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 49

Episode 49 Club (2)

“Oh, by the way, I think I need to find a professor to be in charge of the club. There’s also a written test next week, so I think it wouldn’t hurt to prepare in advance.”

“I guess they’ve decided on a club name,” Ryozo muttered, as if he had just remembered something, before each of them returned to their classes.

“That’s right. After all, the professors will be busy grading the written exams right after. There’s no harm in asking in advance. Then, Saki, do you have a professor in mind?”

“Hmm, well. I can’t think of anyone in particular. It’s been a while since I’ve taken a proper class.”

Saki Ryozo shrugged his shoulders indifferently. Weapon showed a dumbfounded expression. Ryozo took out the yokan and started mumbling.

“Don’t worry. I have no intention of missing out on top spot on this midterm written exam.”

“… … .”

Weapon just moved his lips and didn’t say much in response. Although his pride was hurt, he seemed to accept her words obediently. Chloe looked back and forth between the two of them as if it was someone else’s business.

“Anyway, that’s fine. If there’s a professor you can think of, tell me. If you can find a professor who can be your advisor, I’ll write up a draft of the plan so you can submit it right away.”

Weapon continued, scratching his chin absentmindedly.

“For your information, only professors and above can be club advisors, so tell me who you can think of.”

There was a clear hierarchy among the academy’s faculty. For example, in Korea, instructors in charge of guiding and guiding students and providing practical training were like middle and high school teachers.

The professors at Joaquin Academy were not much different from those in Korea. They lectured to students and conducted research in harmony with graduate students in their individual labs.

Since the establishment of a club is usually a study session with a strong academic purpose, it is said that professors serve as advisors. I think it may be a way for them to select the next slaves.

“… As far as I know, Professor Guk Seiton from the Department of Ethics is already in charge of another club, so it won’t work out… … Professor Yujiro Kanma from the Department of Humanities is someone who only stays in his lab, so it’s hard to meet him in person… … .”

Weapon muttered, stroking his chin. Chloe, who had been listening, opened her mouth in a deafening voice.

“Then how about the professor in the Department of Home Economics? That professor’s lectures are popular and he’s very kind.”

“Oh, Professor Damien. But he’s so busy that he probably won’t be able to do it. In fact, there’s no one like him.”

He smacked his lips as if he was sorry about the weapon.

Among the faculty and staff of over 500, there are only about thirty professors. If you count the number of professors who teach first-year students, that’s up to ten.

After considering all the factors, there was no one suitable to take on the task of founding a club.

As it is the world's best academy, it is not only about on-campus lectures.

"… You say you encourage club activities, but what kind of system is this?"

"That's what adults do."

Ryozo just shrugged his shoulders.

"Does anyone come to mind, Sword Maiden?"

Someone who comes to mind… … .

I listed the faces that I could remember in my head and crossed them out one by one. While I was briefly organizing the faces like that, an exclamation mark appeared above my head.

"Is it okay if it's 'professor level' or higher?"

When I asked casually, Weapon tilted his head and answered.

"That's right. But there are almost no professors above me in the academy."

"It's not like there isn't one, right?"

As I said that, I took my cell phone out of my pocket. Ryozo, who had just finished eating the yokan, asked me.

"Where are you calling from?"

"The principal's office."

* * *

"Oh, shit!"

Claude von Beimharg, one of the five elders of the Joaquin Academy. He gritted his teeth and let out a fit of rage mixed with curses.

Cladi cracked the cap off the glass with his teeth and poured it into a glass filled with ice. He had already poured the cold water down his throat before the glass was half full.

Gulp.

At the same time, my Adam's apple started to swell.

Phew!

A clear liquid burst out of his mouth like a fountain. In an instant, the scent of alcohol began to faintly permeate the office.

The liquid mixed with saliva flowed from the corner of Claude's mouth. He looked down at his glass with a blank expression.

"…alcohol?"

Judging by the taste, it is not just any alcohol, but the 'Royal Scotch 28 Years Old Black Label Edition' that Claude himself acquired with great difficulty through an auction half a year ago.

It was a top-quality liquor worth tens of millions of won per bottle. Why was this liquor, which should have been in a personal wine rack, in this glass bottle?

Suddenly, a fleeting question crossed his mind, and a thick blood vessel formed on Claudia's wrinkled temple.

"What the hell is this kid!"

The fury in Claude's eyes grew even more intense. He wiped his mouth nervously with a gold-embroidered handkerchief.

Then, feeling a sense of exhaustion creeping in, I sank deep into the sofa and muttered absentmindedly.

"…father."

Limon von Beimhark. He was the father of Claude himself and a great man known to the world as Gwangho (狂虎), one of the Seven Sacred Heroes.

However, 40 years ago, my father received orders to go to war against the 6th Army Corps Commander Basmon.

The public hailed him as a noble hero, but young Claude's character was greatly distorted in the face of public acclaim.

In addition, the assassination plot against Claude that was carried out by the Beimhark family immediately after his father's death in order to take over the family. Such experiences accelerated Claude's twisted course.

He harbored poison in his heart. He turned the assassination plot against himself and killed his relatives, and reestablished the discipline that had been shaken by his father's absence.

And finally, at the young age of thirty, he was able to obtain the honor of being a senior member of the Joaquin Academy.

However, the dark nature that had already been tainted since childhood had been transformed into anti-humanitarian thoughts. Claude accepted that it was her destiny to guide foolish humanity and firmly maintain the absolute chosen people system.

In order to control the ignorant masses and the lowly subjects, a public enemy was needed, and since humanity had a huge enemy called the Demon Tribe, they were able to secure the legitimacy of their power.

But variables tend to come without warning.

Leon van Reinhardt.

The next hero chosen by heaven who has manifested the 'miraculous protection', the only power that can subdue the Demon King. Claude felt a great sense of crisis at his appearance.

Of course, the gap in power between humans and demons was so great that the possibility of Leon van Reinhardt defeating the Demon King would be close to impossible.

However, there was the hero of the beginning, Balor Joaquin, who sealed the 1st Legion Commander 'Lycan', the worst and most evil

demon, despite being a mere human.

Since the legend was a real precedent, Claude couldn't help but be greatly shaken.

'That should never happen.'

When he made up his mind, someone came to him and made him an offer he couldn't refuse.

-I'll help you deal with that brat candidate, Elder!

A mere female instructor. Normally, I wouldn't dare speak to her. The level of distinction between herself as a senior and a mere instructor was clear.

But the moment I met her cold, burning eyes, it was engraved in my bones as if it was imprinted on me who was high and who was low.

Half-human, half-horse, villain.

A human who made a direct contract with a commander-level mine. A race that gave up humanity and chose magic power.

Claudie let out a long sigh. Her stomach started to hurt as she thought of the female instructor's face.

"… Even without that brat Leon, things are already a pain in the ass, but that lowly special promotion brat is making things even more complicated."

Auditore expressed his position that he would not proceed with the assassination unless the reason was clear, even though he had ordered it through the Elders.

However, since it is the opinion of the Academy's senior members, we will go through the verification process, but it will likely be sluggish.

It wasn't Claude's style to rely solely on a family of shady assassins who were obsessed with formalities and didn't take bribes.

However, it would be against my dignity to be swayed by that villainous female instructor. Considering how I got slapped in the ear the other day, I wouldn't be able to handle it even if I changed it several times.

'X years.'

If he was going to trample on them, he would do it. Claude had the power and wealth to do so.

After rolling the ice for a while, he poured the liquor into his mouth.

"First, I have to make sure that lowly bastard is taken care of."

Claude rolled the dial pad on her phone with her finger. A short dial tone rang in her ear, and the person on the other end quickly picked up the phone.

—Yes, Elder Claude von Beimharg.

"Call the Undertakers."

Cladi moved only her wrist, leisurely making the sound of rolling ice so that the person on the phone could hear it.

* * *

A warm, breezy morning in early summer.

I opened the door to the Academy's administrative office early, before the ordinance began.

We haven't reached the 5 member requirement for founding a club yet, but since the written exam is next week, we plan to at least submit the plan first.

The interior was decorated with antique wooden furniture and a rather high ceiling for an office. The employees were each sipping a cup of coffee.

'Do office workers live with coffee in their mouths?'

I raised my eyes slightly and examined the department sign.

… faculty and staff personnel, payroll and pension administration, accounting/bookkeeping, taxation, etc… I glanced over the various signs.

“Found it.”

I found the club department at the very back of the administration office. I strode over there.

The department had not yet received all of its employees, so only one person was there. A plump, chubby woman. Her face was visibly tired.

“I came to ask about founding a club.”

As I said that, the department staff member quickly looked me up and down with half-lidded eyes. It must have been some kind of habit that developed from attending an academy attended by children of high-ranking officials.

In the meantime, the employee’s gaze stopped for a moment on my name tag, and then he let out a deep sigh.

And then, before I could even hand over the club founding documents, he glared at me coldly and moved his thick lips.

“Oh, I’m sorry, but to create a club, the club president must come in person and apply.”

“I’m the manager?”

“You?”

An employee snorts in laughter, one corner of his mouth twitching. I guess it’s because of my status as a special promotion student.

‘But, fuck.’

How could someone who is an employee of an educational institution show such an blatant attitude just because he is a cadet? I felt

something rising to the top of my throat, and the veins on my temples clumped together.

“Well, if the procedures are followed, it will be created, right? Please accept the application.”

When I spoke in a cold voice, the employee flinched for a moment. Then, she covered up her surprised expression and began to speak sharply.

“Excuse me, special promotion students—no, first-year students too. If you want to apply for club creation, you need to have an advisor, right? Well… It looks like there’s no one who can be the advisor for this club.”

“What does that mean?”

“Do you not understand what I mean? Honestly, do you think there is even one professor in this academy who would be the advisor for a club created by a special student? Well, I guess I should at least be aware of my background.”

I guess it’s just as expected. Because of people like this who are steeped in the idea of chosen people, the academy is on the verge of disappearing.

I would like to pluck out my favorite means of communication from the inside out, but if I do so without any discernment, I become a criminal.

But I have been in the food service industry for nearly 20 years.

I have encountered countless disgusting human beings, so I know the best way to deal with people who are obsessed with this superiority complex.

It’s about being careful with your words. You have to keep a deep silence to control the momentum of the person who is chattering away. But still, your trembling hands are quietly reaching for the sashimi.

I looked down at the employee, forcibly stuffing my hands into my

pockets.

To cut, or not to cut, that is the question.

Then, the employee who had been talking nonchalantly flinched for a moment and shook his shoulders slightly. However, soon after, he tried to raise his voice even louder.

Rollin' Rollin—♪ Rollin—♬ Hey—!!!

The phone suddenly rang. The administrative office was filled with the voices of employees, so the bell rang particularly loudly.

I took out my cell phone. The employee blushed as if he was shocked. I ignored him neatly and answered the phone.

"Oh, hello. I'm at the administration office right now because of the club creation ceremony."

"Oh my, oh my, look at this kid. He's so ridiculous. Cadet, do you know where this is? He called… … ."

A female employee who is glaring and grumbling.

"—Oh, you're coming right now? I guess it doesn't matter though."

I gave her a cold glare and continued speaking.

"Okay, then I'll see you soon."

After I finished the call, I said in a cold tone.

"Once we confirm the person in charge, let's proceed according to procedure. Since you're coming."

"Hey! Who do you trust and are so shameless?! How big of a backer are you? I'm so dumbfounded. Hey, what about me? I'm the cousin of the principal's close friend! If I tell him, he'll get one of the special promotion students—!"

Hearing that, he started to spit out sarcasm and started to tease me with his twisted lips. He kept snapping at me. Everyone's eyes turned

to him.

A look where hypocrisy is completely stripped away. Yes, this is how it should be done.

“Shh, your voice is too loud.”

I whispered briefly in her ear. This kind of person is not worthy of respect.

“What, what did you say?”

Bam!

At that moment, the administrative office door opened wide.

The administrative staff’s gaze immediately turned in that direction.

For a few seconds, they looked blank as if they didn’t recognize me, but then they all stood up. I smiled faintly at that sight.

“I’m talking about the club advisor.”

I said, pointing behind me with my raised thumb.

“Say hello, it’s him.”

Knock, knock, the low sound of lonely shoes was heard.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 50

Episode 50: Short Leisure (1)

The face of Seo Yeom-jeong, an employee in charge of the club department, turned pale.

The entire administrative office stands in a line with their backs straight and their hands against the wall, carrying their bags behind their backs.

A flowing black silk robe. Her hair shone like crystal from her shoulders in the morning sunlight.

A deadly woman approached with her arms linked and her shoes clanking. Two attendants with broad shoulders followed closely behind her.

'… The principal?'

The principal of the academy soon approached Seo Yeom-jeong. Seo Yeom-jeong swallowed heavily at the cold gaze. He tried to understand the situation in front of him, but his mind only became more complicated.

The cousin of the principal's close friend? Of course, it was a blatant lie.

But the advisor in charge of this special student's club is the academy director?

Does it make sense that the sage Medea, the main character of the

Seven Sages, would claim to be the guardian of a special student? A situation that would make even a newborn baby laugh is unfolding before Seo Yeom-jeong's eyes.

I've been working at the Academy for nearly ten years, but this is the first time I've seen her face this close.

She had a youthful and fresh appearance that made you believe she was in her early twenties. However, the eyes of the academy director looking at her were not fresh at all.

Gulp. A heavy silence that felt like suffocation seeped into the walls, and Seo Yeom-jeong, who had been staring at the principal with a blank look, instinctively jumped up as if waking up from a dream.

"Ha, principal!"

Seo Yeom-jeong's personality was one of strength and weakness. She was kind to those she considered weak, but she bowed down to the socially powerful to the point of being cowardly.

Media frowned, not liking her tone of speech that was full of humility. Then, she looked at the special student who was calmly crossing his arms next to her and gave a gentle smile.

"We only talked on the phone yesterday, but I'm so happy to see you in person like this."

"I'm sorry for bothering you when you're busy."

"Hey, no. If you asked me to do it, I would have come running even if I had to run barefoot. And I was on my way to work at the time."

In the tense atmosphere of the administrative office, only the principal and the special student were having a friendly conversation.

All the staff members remained silent and watched the principal closely. Seo Yeom-jeong, who was bowing her head, glanced at the special promotion student out of the corner of her eye.

How can the supreme commander of Joaquin Academy treat a mere cadet, a special promotion student at that, so rudely?

… But wait, that special promotion student's name is Kang Geum-ma? Suddenly, a sense of discomfort grips my heart. I heard this story from a close instructor. The name of this year's top student is clearly… … .

As the thoughts floating in her mind began to fit together like a puzzle, Seo Yeom-jeong's lips began to turn pale. Her eyelids fluttered as she glanced at Kang Geum-ma.

"Geumma-ya, can you give me the documents first? I, the club's head, will take care of the rest of the procedures for you. It's already ten minutes before nine. There's a written test next week, so you can't be late for class. Go quickly!"

"Ah, it's already time. Then please."

Kang Geum-ma nodded to the academy director. The older staff members showed signs of discomfort at his light nod, but when the academy director glanced at them, their expressions returned to normal.

"Then, then. Leave this to me! Study hard!"

"Okay, see you next time."

Media smiled faintly and waved gently until Kanggeomma grabbed the doorknob.

widely.

Kanggeomma closed the door to the administrative office and left. Media's fingers, which had been swaying gently toward the door, stopped. Then, she slowly turned her body.

"I have a rough idea of what the situation is."

"… … ."

Her voice was so cold that it was almost painful. She was an infinitely kind and warm principal to the students, but to the staff, she was a terrifyingly strict and cold boss.

Media, who had just read the air, finally let out a hollow laugh.

As befitting his title of wise man, he was able to infer the situation almost perfectly just by looking at the details of the situation. There was no need to even invoke his special protection, the 'Poet's Protection'.

"I'm the principal of the academy, and yet there's still such an inconsiderate person working there? I bet he said something about his background as a Bona Mana. That too—"

The air in the room grew cooler. The curtains on the window frame fluttered violently.

"—I'm talking to the cadet that Zeke and I have marked as our successors."

Cold sweat flowed down the employees' backs like a stream. Some doubted their own ears. Seo Yeom-jeong was so embarrassed that she lifted her head slightly.

As Media nodded, one of the attendants pulled out the chair that Seo Yeom-jeong was standing on. Seo Yeom-jeong couldn't say anything and just moved her lips.

Media sat down on Seo Yeom-jeong's chair and crossed her legs provocatively. Then she rested her chin on her hand, stared at Seo Yeom-jeong, and opened her mouth low.

"Don't talk long. I'll give you five minutes."

As soon as she finished speaking, Seo Yeom-jeong took out a pen and paper and wrote a letter of resignation. She wrinkled her nose to keep herself from crying and moved the pen with trembling hands.

Because if I made an excuse, I felt like I would resign from this world, not my job.

* * *

That afternoon.

After class, I went back to the administrative office and was notified that my club creation application had been accepted.

Of course, the club is still not officially established because it is short of one member, but in other words, once that is resolved, the club will be established.

Since it wasn't something that needed to be done in a timely manner, we decided to find the rest of the members after the exams next week.

But somehow, the seat of the female employee who had blatantly ignored me in the morning was completely empty. And the administrative staff who had spoken to me in a friendly tone and offered me refreshments…

It seems like the media has said something, but even so, their changed attitude was quite burdensome.

Well, I decided not to take it too negatively since I think I'll be visiting the administrative office a few more times for club-related matters.

I scratched my head, shook off my distracting thoughts, and hurried my steps toward the blacksmith shop in the academy.

* * *

"Sir, I'm here."

At those words, Buland, who was pickling and sweating profusely, turned to me. He wiped the sweat with a rag covered in black rags and tried to control his ragged breathing.

"You came here to find weapons, right? Just wait a moment."

I nodded as if I understood. Then he made a mysterious expression and headed towards the warehouse to get the Murasame I had requested.

The firm, well-toned latissimus dorsi stood out through the gap in the tunic he was wearing. I looked at his back for a moment, then pulled

out a random chair and leaned against it. Sweat was dripping down from the hot air coming from the palanquin.

It was already the beginning of summer and the weather was starting to get warmer, but looking at the blazing fire, I couldn't help but nod my head.

I loosened my tie as much as possible and let out a deep sigh.

'How does that person continue to work in a place like this?'

I don't know what that blacksmith thinks of me, but to me as a user, he is a character with both love and hate.

Back when I was playing the game, I was a small paying user, so I didn't really have any feelings for him.

… Well, the 'evidence' has grown a bit because of what happened a while ago, but it's true that I feel sorry for him.

Blacksmith Bulant. One of the main NPCs who takes care of almost all the work related to armament. At the same time, he is a character with two sides, who is also a target of abuse as he instantly throws away the bullets loaded by the users.

Judging from the dialogue in the work, he was a character that was hard to hate because of his unique humor, even though he was very talkative about money. But that was probably because I was a small paying user.

On the other hand, heavy spenders harshly criticized him in the community, calling him Juralt, Doomland, and even Buralt.

Even though it is 'Miracle Protection M' belonging to Hyeja's axis, its origin is ultimately a K-mobile game. In such a world, it is impossible for Bwyland, who is in charge of weapon refining and strengthening, to avoid resentment and anger.

Actually, I was also furious when he upgraded my Murasame from B-rank to E-rank.

But if you take it into consideration, he probably did his best… … . I

wanted to believe that. Otherwise, I think I'd get even angrier.

Anyway, before users who paid for the upgrade gacha, they would put up a picture of Bwyllant in the upgrade window and make a wish, saying, "Lord Bwyllant, please just this once!"

The game company may be the one sucking the blood of the users, but it is Bulanty who is using the users' money as firewood to light the fire.

Besides, he is no longer a dry NPC to me, but a real person, a business partner. Thinking about it, my feelings became quite complicated.

"What are you thinking about?"

As I was lost in thought with a blank expression, Bulandt, who had come close to me, asked me.

"Oh, it's nothing. It's just that you resemble someone I know."

"Then that guy must be handsome like me."

Buland smiled, showing his teeth, stroking his blackened beard. I snorted inwardly. He handed me the Murasame he was holding in one hand.

Then, Bülant gulped down an apricot-colored beverage that looked like alcohol, wetting his tongue. It smelled like fermented grains, and was similar to makgeolli.

According to the setting, Byullant is a person from Northern Europe, and he is seen drinking makgeolli with relish.

I thought of the feeds that looked like foreigners with perfectly Korean patches, and I found that quite amusing. While staring intently, my eyes met with Buland's.

"Would you like a drink too?"

"…What if you offer alcohol to a minor?"

“Mommy, the kid should be like a kid! That talking punk looks like he’s been through a lot in the world.”

“… … .”

Bulat grumbled softly and swirled his glass. I looked away from him and looked around at the Murasame I had been handed.

“It may be a bit embarrassing for me to say this myself, but I can proudly say that this commission was more than perfect. Of course, the high-quality materials that were mixed in with the demon materials also played a part.”

As the saying goes, it seems like they put a lot of thought into it, and the quality is noticeably better than before.

The blade, which had been cracked by the aftereffects of the aura, began to emit cold air, and the hilt, which had been charred like charcoal, regained the texture of the lonely paulownia tree.

‘Bullant.’

I looked proudly at the upgraded Murasame and thought about the status window.

Phrases that flash across my retina.

Paat—

＝＝ ＝＝

[Painless Protection]

The pain goes away.

[▷NEW! The activation time has been adjusted as follows when the number of times the protection has been manifested is met.]

[※ Activation time: (40▶50) seconds, Cooldown: 12 hours]

＝＝ ＝＝

It seems that the number of times the painless protection is

manifested is only counted when it is manifested in actual combat, rather than simply fulfilling the condition by manifesting it many times.

Since I was only constantly checking the Sword God's Protection, I had forgotten about it, but this is good news. When I think about the dungeons I have to clear in the future, I feel like 40 seconds is not enough.

Although the increased time was only 10 seconds, it was a definite positive.

Although I used to grumble about it being a useless protection, this painless protection that the true 'Ganggeomma' has manifested is a protection with excellent general-purpose capabilities for a commander-level protection.

Even when the level of armament is raised in the future, if we consider using it in conjunction with the protection of transfer, there are many positive prospects.

I scratched my cheek and waved my hand a little more to scroll down.

＝＝ ＝＝

[Murasame (Raindrops)]

Type: Sashimi

Description: This is a sword that was called a sword that holds dew. It has been reborn as a carbon steel sword that contains the know-how of a craftsman. Although it is small in size, its performance may vary depending on the user?

Specifications: "Blade length – 35 cm", "Width – 6 cm"

Traits: 「Destruction Power – C」, 「Range – E」, 「Hardness – (E▶C)」, 「Growth Potential – A」

Grade: (E▶D)

[NEW! New features added.] ◀ (Touch to unlock.)

＝＝ ＝＝

Since it was a C-class buffalo material, I didn't have high expectations, but the upgrade wasn't all that dramatic considering the hard work.

Since there's also the material of the A-class demon 'Cow King', I thought it would be C-class… … Well, things can't be resolved that easily.

Still, it was quite encouraging that the 'hardness' was raised by two levels. In the future, there will be situations where Murasame will suddenly be blown up, and it will be difficult if he can't hold out and collapses every time.

I feel a little sorry for this drunken blacksmith, too.

"… … ?"

As I was scrolling down, I brought my finger to the phrase written at the bottom and touched it.

Paat—!

＝＝ ＝＝

Successful reinforcement and the growth potential of this weapon are combined to grant up to 3 special abilities.

1) [——(empty)——]

2) [——(empty)——]

3) [——(empty)——]

※ Special abilities can only be granted through *magic stones*, and are activated randomly.

＝＝ ＝＝

"Bralt?"

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 51

Episode 51: Short Leisure (2)

After stopping by the blacksmith shop, I returned to the dormitory. I rested my head on my arms and buried my back in the bedsheets. I stared blankly at the familiar ceiling and muttered.

“…Why the devil stone?”

When I first received Murasame, I had high expectations for its growth potential.

New features added to match.

It was an incredible perk that allowed you to equip as many as three special abilities. It was so good that I was secretly delighted when I first saw it.

“under.”

A deep sigh escaped me. It was clearly a satisfactory result, but I became deeply thoughtful at the word ‘magic stone’.

In the game, the description is full of empty words, but it is a mineral with little practicality.

They say that even dog poop can be used as medicine, and the words of our ancestors were never wrong.

Why on earth is the magic stone the catalyst for granting special abilities? As that question crossed my mind, the last sentence of

Murasame's description suddenly came to mind.

"Even if the size is small, the performance may vary depending on the user?"

"… … ."

Could it be because my name has the word "demon" in it? It may sound like nonsense, but why do I have this feeling that the possibility is leaning in that direction?

Let it be. In the first place, isn't it strange that Gaho, who is a 'sword god' and whose name is 'Sword Demon', is starting a pun? I let out a sigh of indifference.

Magic stone, an ore that contains magical power.

It was a material dropped when defeating boss monsters in certain dungeons.

The problem is that the boss mobs that spit out magic stones are, in fact, no different from mines, and although they are demons, they are at least Class A in terms of danger level.

For example, the Gigant that drops the 'Gigant Magic Stone', which is the key to the stone gate of the dungeon, is a demonic beast with the nickname of 'giant beast'.

For some reason, it seems like he was defeated by someone and had his magic stone stolen, but Gigant is clearly a high-level demon.

There was a description that the golem demon, Gigant, with its ridiculously large size and strong body, would shake the entire area just by rolling its feet.

However, even if it was to the extent of Gigant, it was cute. After that guy, the demons that vomited out magic stones were in fact demons in name only, and their very existence was a natural disaster.

The unclean snake 'Basilisk', the vicious beast 'Manticore', the Lich King 'Draug', etc.

Before they started to confront the Demons in earnest, they were called the ‘Wailing Wall’ by users who insisted on not spending any money.

Even I, a low-spending user at the time of playing, was astonished by the difficulty level.

Although they are nominally meant to be devices for the protagonist Leon to achieve great things, they are probably just tricks created by that crazy game company to suck money out of users.

Of course, I didn’t pay any fees to help subdue the demons. I was just upset about the yellow stuff.

Since I have a personality that is somewhat of a savage, I would dissect their patterns and attack them by heading straight to the ground. I even disabled auto-hunting. Thinking back now, I wonder why I tried so hard.

Anyway, is it worth risking such risks to give special abilities to weapons?

Moreover, it would be Leon’s job to subdue that guy.

I stared blankly at the ceiling, lost in thought. Then I quickly sat up and leaned against the windowsill.

‘…it’s well worth it.’

You can grant as many as three special abilities, which can only be granted to weapons of Class A or higher.

Although it is risky to activate them randomly, in my experience playing them, the difference between having special abilities and not was as absurd as any other mass-produced game.

In the first place, the majority of the reasons users pay for items are to strengthen their weapons and get special abilities.

The special ability of the weapon further enhances the user’s military power.

In other words, it was brave that the soldiers without any special abilities had managed to overcome crises so far.

I turned my head towards the window. The full moon was rising roundly.

As I watched, my worries eased and my thoughts deepened.

These days, I am longing for strength. I have put aside the lax thoughts of peace, safety, and security, but my fundamental goal is the same as before. To survive.

Unexpected variables that didn't exist at the time of the player are rampant, and dangerous factors targeting me are lurking everywhere.

As if the world was rejecting me, I was caught up in an unintended incident, and the affairs I knew were distorted.

I had a feeling that life at the academy would not be easy, but as many things piled up, my personality became more cynical.

Besides, it had already been a month since I entered the academy. The Second World War, scheduled for three years later, would also gradually reveal its true nature.

To defend against it, it was not a choice but a necessity to increase one's personal power and give special abilities to weapons.

Because, frankly, I can't even guarantee the outcome of the Great War that will break out in three years. The reason is…

Our main character, Leon van Reinhardt, is strangely untrustworthy.

Even though the Mermaid was a mine, it was quite shocking that the next warrior was knocked out with one normal attack.

Well, after that, there wasn't much difference from what I knew about Leon, but honestly, it wasn't very appealing.

Still, the results were clear, and it was not uncommon to hear stories of the parties he formed conquering high-level dungeons.

If things continue this way, you will soon obtain the hilt of the sword ‘Balmun’, a key weapon that runs through the narrative and a sword with light and dark attributes that resonates on the island of ‘Avalon’ where the ‘Uninhabited Island Survival Training’ will take place.

‘You envious little bastard.’

It’s a hypothesis, but maybe my existence is like a warding off evil spirits for the main character Leon? I’m the one who takes the blame for the threats that should have been directed at him. Thinking about it like that doesn’t make me feel good.

Feeling uneasy, I grabbed Murasame and untied the rope halfway. The clear sound of the sword snapping was heard quietly.

A blade soaked in moonlight. A face reflected there.

Black hair that was dyed black, with only the ends of the hair hanging down in a grayish hue, and the pupils painted black.

His appearance, which seems quite bleak, is the complete opposite of Leon, who shines like the sun. Like a shadow following the light.

It is possible that whatever threw me into this world had such unpleasant intentions, but—

After staring at Murasame for a while, he quickly gripped the handle of his sword. He gripped it so tightly that his blood drained from his body.

I looked up at the night sky and thought.

—I, who live in this world, am a strong sword. I have no reason or desire to follow the path of perfect goodness that befits the protagonist.

If it’s to survive.

I will swing my sword without hesitation.

“…if you cut it, it will be cut, whatever it is.”

Suddenly I hummed. A vague feeling lingered, as if I had heard a phrase somewhere before.

At the same time, the stars that had been dimly obscured by the bright moonlight began to appear one by one, filling the pitch-black sky. I remembered something a professor had said in passing during a lecture.

They say that the stars of this world are the souls of the saints who have gone before.

It is said that even after death, they will burn your soul to protect the human world.

At that moment, a star stretched out its long tail, forming an arc.

meteor.

I felt an inexplicable sense of relief and comfort from that falling star that seemed to respond to me.

* * *

A week passed quickly and the day of the written exam arrived.

I woke up earlier than usual and washed my body with cold water.

It's early summer now, and I tried it as a test day ritual, but the cold water that washed over my entire body chilled my bones.

Still, the drowsiness that had been hanging around my eyes disappeared in an instant, so I achieved my goal.

Standing in front of the mirror, I wiped the moisture from every nook and cranny of my body with a towel. The result of my exercise routine combined with my regular training was a six-pack and a body without an ounce of fat.

Above all, the heavy thing under the dantian. It seems that if you are thin and tall, other things will be big too.

"Hey kid, you're a bit of a hitter."

After a hearty laugh, I finish by shaking my head and looking at myself in the mirror.

Unlike other children of her age, she has lost a lot of baby fat. However, she still has fluffy hair on her face, making her a clear teenager.

Although he doesn't have a chiseled face like Leon, he's pretty decent. His skin is fair and his chin is very sharp.

But compared to my previous life where I had a manly appearance, I couldn't help but feel a sense of alienation because I looked like a parasite.

"I feel like a man."

Originally it was a strong sword.

It feels really strange to completely recognize myself as myself now. I think it was called 'possession' in the webtoons and stuff I occasionally read.

Suddenly, I got curious, so after finishing my body scrub in the bathroom, I looked up the meaning of the word "bing-ui" on my phone.

= = = =

Possession

[noun]

1. A phenomenon in which another person's soul, demon, spirit, god, etc. enters and resides in a person's body.

= = = =

"hmm."

It is not much different from the meaning we know from common sense.

Actually, it was funny for me to examine these things one by one. There were already too many things to tackle just by entering the game world.

“It’s not that important now.”

I tossed my phone onto the bedsheets and buttoned up my shirt.

I put on my school uniform, chewed on the sandwich I had made before going to bed, and flipped through my notebook, revising the notes I had taken.

‘The age of the manifestation of the guardian deity is… 694 years ago, in the aftermath of the heroic revolution that began in France… … .’

The academic style of Joaquin Academy is basically practical. As someone who had achieved satisfactory results in the midterm exams, there was no reason for me to be so serious.

Still, the reason why I became so serious about the written test, which also had a low reflection rate, is because

This is because the rankings are posted on a poster in the hallway of the faculty building so that all students can see them.

They say it’s meant to make people more aware of their grades, but I think it’s too cruel to these young kids who are growing so quickly. Including me.

Honestly, even if it weren’t for that, I was planning on just taking a quick look around, but two of the club members happened to be the top and second place winners of the written test.

It doesn’t really matter, but I didn’t want to be sexually ignored by my team members after becoming the team leader.

And the purpose of the club’s creation is to be a dungeon conquering academic society, but if my grades as the club president are low, would there be any students who want to join?

widely.

After closing my notebook and chewing the sandwich, I picked up my school bag and carried it. My shoulders were tense with a strange sense of tension. This is how a test taker feels.

On Earth, my family fell apart in an instant and I had to drop out of high school, but my grades in middle school were not bad.

Although I don't know much about studying, I've always been good at thinking outside the box, so if I just pick something that looks like the right answer, I'll usually get it right.

'I don't know number 3.'

I muttered a firm resolution to myself. I was just about to finish preparing.

Rollin～♬

A cell phone that buzzes and vibrates to indicate receipt of an incoming call. I was planning to leave it behind today since I had to submit it during the test anyway.

"Who is it this morning?"

I tilted my head and held the phone in my hand.

[Saki Ryozo: Today is the written test. Did you eat breakfast?]

Ryojo, who suddenly sent me a text message like a mother. She sometimes sent me useless text messages. Usually, they were links to academic journals about yokan, which had no nutritional value.

[Me: Yeah, I ate a sandwich.]

The number 1 after the letter disappears in less than 0.5 seconds.

[Saki Ryozo: You have to eat enough sugar before the test. Otherwise, your brain won't function properly. That's why I eat yokan every day… and so on.]

Ryozo is grasping at straws by even attaching links to academic papers.

“It’s happening again this morning.”

I was trying to read it coolly when a thought suddenly crossed my mind and I tapped the keypad.

[Me: In our country, there is a sweet that is traditionally eaten before taking an exam.]

[Saki Ryozo: Really? What kind of thing???]

I could clearly see Saki drooling over the phone. I smiled faintly and tapped the screen again.

[Me: Eat shit.]

The number 1 disappeared, but there was a brief silence.

Rollin～♬

And then the ringtone rings.

[Saki Ryozo: … Are you teasing me?]

“It’s more fun than I thought.”

I let out a short laugh, threw my phone back on the bed, and turned away.

Rollin～♬, rollin～♬, rollin～♬

I closed the door, leaving behind the constant ringing of my cell phone.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 52

Episode 52: Short Leisure (3)

The test started and I eagerly received the test paper, but in an instant, my mind went blank.

“… … ,”

= = = =

〈 2034 Written Midterm Exam 〉

1. “God is dead!” What is the essential meaning of this phrase uttered by Friedrich Nachtze, a philosopher born in the Prussian kingdom in 1844?

2. Write your opinion on whether humans are creatures worthy of being granted protection.

•

•

•

(Descriptive)

= = = =

Lost focus.

I turned my eyes and looked at the students around me. They were

all busy drawing with their pencils as if they were used to it.

‘No, shit. I never said the test was descriptive!’

Now that I think about it, I’ve never taken a written exam since I entered Joaquin Academy.

The entrance exam was also taken by the guy named Kanggeomma before ‘me’. Maybe it’s natural for exams in this world to be descriptive like this.

But can’t you at least give me a hint once?

“You’re done.”

I gasped and exhaled. Still, I had to do my best.

Then, I moved the pencil that had numbers 1 to 5 written on it at the end of each side.

* * *

At the same time, the villa of the Baymhark family located in Seogwipo, Jeju Island.

A group of men with iron clubs dangling from their waists were following Beimhark’s servants through the hallway.

“Captain, we’ve also become successful now. The elders of Joaquin Academy have called us. How about you also take this opportunity to advance to the sunny side?”

A striking woman standing out among the shabby men. Her attire was not flashy, but her elegant appearance gave her a charming charm.

“Parik, shut up if you don’t want your remaining tongue ripped out.”

“Oh, I got it! I got it. Why are you glaring at me like you’re going to kill me? I was just joking.”

The murderous intent was thick in his tone. Parik waved his hand

and spoke. Hiss, hiss, his pronunciation was slurred. At his response, the woman turned her head forward again.

“The captain is really old-fashioned. Isn’t that right?”

While saying that and seeking sympathy, Parik accidentally tapped his colleague Jang Tae-poong, who was walking next to him.

“Parik, you’re new so you might not know, but the captain originally disliked his superiors.”

“What? But why did you accept this one?”

Jang Tae-poong said with a bitter smile, curling his index finger and thumb into a circle.

“Of course, this is too much money to refuse. They are all doing it to make a living, and the manager took that into consideration.”

“Well, the down payment is 100 million won per person and the performance bonus is twice that.”

Parik nodded, rubbing his chin with his thick fingers. Jang Tae-poong also shrugged his shoulders in agreement.

Eventually they arrived in front of Claude’s office, and the employee knocked on the door with a dignified gesture.

“Claude von Beinhark, I brought them.”

“Come in!”

Parik and the rest of the group looked around the office, their heads spinning. Claude furrowed his brows for a moment, then sat haughtily in his office chair and poured himself a glass of whiskey.

“You must have had a hard time coming this far.”

Parik’s mouth twisted at Cladi’s contemptuous tone. However, he suppressed his emotions with a single gesture from the captain.

“I have called you here because I have something to entrust to you.”

“Who should I kill?”

When the captain asked with a blank expression, a sly smile appeared on Claudia’s lips.

“Give it to the authors.”

As Claude nodded, the employee handed the captain a document on the table. Parik looked over the captain’s shoulder to check the cadet’s photo embedded in the document.

“What is this? It looks like a kid who doesn’t even have any hair down there? He looks just like a parasite brother.”

“There’s a ‘desert island survival training’ next week. You can deal with that guy there. As I heard, the starting fee is 100 million won per person. I’ll give you a separate performance bonus.”

“…What should I do about the aftermath?”

Claudia looked at the captain who was asking the question.

Her brown hair covers half of her face, but it doesn’t completely hide her beautiful features.

Predator, Raytheon.

Although it may be a bit annoying that he only asks questions with a cold attitude, his skills are truly outstanding.

Claudia tilted her glass slowly and moistened her dry lips.

“Isn’t that the sea all around the island? Throw it away. Then it will become food for fish or sharks.”

By the way, the menu for dinner that night was fresh sea bream sashimi caught off the coast of Jeju.

* * *

After the written exam, it’s lunch time. I’m having lunch with my club members on a mat spread out on the lawn.

Although the club hadn't been founded yet, we only needed to recruit one member, so everyone except Chloe was already calling me the club president.

"Hey, Saki! How is that the answer to the first question?!"

"You of all people. Where is the fool who would take the statement that God is dead literally?"

"The more this type of problem is, the more intuitive the interpretation is required!"

"Just keep talking… Okay, okay. Ugh, let's stop talking."

Weapon raised his voice and Saki waved her hand as if annoyed. The two were arguing while comparing test answers.

Of course, it was just a one-sided argument by Weapon, and Saki was just trying to listen to him with a sleepy face and a smack in her mouth.

Only Chloe, eating fried rice, was munching on it like a hamster next to them. She had been packing fried rice for most of her lunches since I made it for her the last time.

"Did you do well on your exam, Mr. Geomma?"

Chloe asked, her eyes slightly raised. I answered, scratching my chin sheepishly.

"I took all the pictures."

"Eh, it's a descriptive text, how can I take a picture of it-! The Sword Demon Army is really mean."

Chloe tilted her head once, then giggled. I thought she would just trust me and let it go.

'Did I look at you like an idiot?'

I decided to humbly accept the test results, no matter what. It was an unexpected descriptive form.

I wrote down the answers as best I could. Although my detailed knowledge is shallow, I wrote down the last bits of information I had encountered in the game.

I did my best. The results are in the professor's hands.

I didn't have high expectations anyway, it was just for show, so what if the ranking is a bit low? But it'll still be higher than Chloe.

As I watched Chloe diligently moving the spoon, a question suddenly occurred to me and I asked.

"Chloe, have you heard anything from Knox? It's been a while and he doesn't seem to be responding."

"… Ah, that's it."

A few weeks ago, Knox came to me in person and told me this story.

―The Academy's senior members asked the Auditore family to dispose of the four strong swordsmen.

Although he said the verification process would take two months, Auditore's work as an assistant in the game was quick and reliable.

Given their intelligence gathering capabilities, they should have reached a rough conclusion by now.

However, even though I was maintaining my five senses, which had become even colder, there were no particular signs of abnormality. This actually made me feel uneasy.

'The calm before the storm.'

It's strangely calm and still, like right before a typhoon.

In addition, the gaze I felt during the Buffalo Dungeon meeting was not detected after that day. Even though I constantly looked around with my senses sharp, there were no unusual signs.

At my question, Chloe put down the spoon she had been busily moving and licked her lips. Her eyebrows, drawn in the shape of a

fist, reminded me of a dead puppy.

"… That, that, actually, I got a call from Knox yesterday, but I went to bed early so I couldn't pick up."

Chloe must have been nocturnal, so how late did she call?

If you get a call at any time, it may be urgent news.

Moreover, the phone numbers of Auditore members are protected as top secrets, and it is illegal to release them to outsiders. In Earth terms, it is similar to the personal information of National Intelligence Service agents being kept secret.

So unless Knox came to me in person, most of my news had to come through Chloe. Every word I heard from her was vital to me.

"What time did you call?"

I asked, leaning in closer. A blush appeared on Chloe's cheeks. So I put some distance between us.

"Me, it's 7 PM. I've been up a lot lately studying for exams… Hehe."

"… … ."

100% of you didn't receive it on purpose.

Although Knox's sources are important to me, she still seems uncomfortable with him.

I'm sure I had my own reasons, but I didn't want to get involved in other people's family matters.

'Still, they're siblings, so I hope they get along well.'

He scratched the back of his head and shook off his regret.

'If it's urgent, I'll call you back.'

Chloe awkwardly glanced at me and closed the lid of her lunchbox. She looked quite sullen, as if her appetite had been ruined by the name Knox.

There was a grain of rice stuck to the corner of her mouth. I was about to pick off a few grains of rice and give them to her, but I stopped myself.

‘Let’s not do anything that could lead to unnecessary misunderstandings.’

Chloe felt something foreign belatedly, turned her head away, and roughly wiped her mouth with her sleeve. Even though only the back of her head was visible, she was dripping with embarrassment.

‘… I wish you had at least said something.’

After a while, Weapon and Ryozo had been arguing heatedly for a long time. Eventually, Weapon’s face, which had been defeated by his own strength, turned gloomy. It seemed that a conclusion had been reached.

Chloe just tilted her head, not really interested.

“Eww! Why, why! I stayed up all night studying for days on end!”

“Why don’t you just admit it now? It’s just a difference in intelligence?”

A weapon that bursts with sorrow and a giggling Ryozo.

It seems that the winner of the heated debate is Ryozo, and the loser is Weapon.

However, Weapon still seemed unable to accept the result, and gave Ryozo a venomous look that said, ‘Let’s wait and see.’

Either way, Ryozo yawned softly, sat up, and sat next to me.

“What are you talking about? Aren’t you two really dating?”

At those words, the corners of Chloe’s mouth twitched. The blush on her cheeks grew deeper, and she soon wrapped her hand around his shoulder.

“I always say it’s not what you think.”

I resolutely cut that off.

Then, the corners of Chloe's mouth returned to their original place.

Chloe muttered something softly, her voice slightly dry. On the other hand, Ryozoh let out a strange laugh as he removed the outer wrapping of the yokan.

'… This is what I was aiming for.'

If you look at Ryojo, he has a personality that makes you wonder if he really is a child, but he also occasionally plays innocent pranks.

It wasn't like he was hitting on her aggressively like Rachel, but more like he was secretly feeling it. Still, their relationship seemed gentle on the outside.

Although they didn't talk often, Chloe, who would show her claws whenever she saw the women around her, was the only one who would wag her tail. Thanks to her talent for talking, Chloe, who didn't give in to Rachel's physical strength, was treated well like a stray cat.

"That's right. Manager, why do you always ignore my calls?"

"What, every day? Just because I chewed on it once."

"What are you talking about after chewing on it this morning?"

Ryozo pouted with a sullen expression. Chloe blinked for a moment and then tilted her neck to the side.

"… Contact… … ?"

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 53

Episode 53: Short Leisure (4)

One day in early summer, with the scent of fragrant grass in the air. The written exams had just ended, and countless young people poured into the academy. The greenery of the trees sparkled like jewels in the sunlight, and the chirping of birds tickled the ears of the young people.

There are couples whispering sweet nothings to each other in a secret place among the bushes, and there are also female students sitting on a bench, laughing and gossiping about their classmates.

But the atmosphere of the cadets sitting here on mats was a little different. The air was not just cool, but chilly.

The members' eyes were focused on Chloe. Weapon, who sensed the sudden change in the atmosphere, held his breath. Judging from her appearance, she looked like she could kill a tiger with her bare hands, so she was very timid.

"Chloe?"

"… … ."

Weapon called her name as a question. It was clearly Chloe on the outside, but there was an air of alienation that made it seem like she wasn't her.

Her eyes were cold and empty, and her cheeks were quivering subtly. They say that when a woman harbors resentment, frost falls even in

May, and it seemed like that was exactly the situation right now.

“Huh, what is it? Chloe, what’s wrong?”

“Miss- Get off of me!”

“Oh, what’s wrong! You’ve known Chloe for a while now, so you should know why she’s acting like that.”

Saki tilted her head with a puzzled expression. Chloe tilted her head at the same strange angle.

The red iris covering the pupil of the eye. What was that called? Sa-baek-an? I’ve only heard of it, but this is the first time I’ve seen it in person. I pushed my body with my hands on the ground and gradually distanced myself from her.

“… … .”

Usually, she has a baby bird-like face and a soft personality, but right now, Chloe’s expression is that of a poisonous snake. Her eyes, which were filled with poison, were losing their luster.

“Sword.Ma.Army?”

At that moment, Chloe, who was looking at me, spat out my name in a thin voice in monosyllables.

Goosebumps that didn’t even appear when dealing with Mermaids and Cow Kings quickly ran through my body.

“…and you didn’t even give me your phone number.”

“Chloe, that’s because your phone number is confidential.”

He tried to make excuses, but his small lips kept moving as if they weren’t reaching Chloe’s ears.

“… There are always other women around me playing around with me.”

“…I will do my best for the Sword Demon Army.”

“… The Sword Demon Army always makes me sad.”

“…you promised to be my prince.”

What are you talking about? I don’t know about anything else, but I can’t just ignore the idea of playing around with a girl and being called a prince.

Chloe’s stammering speech is gone, and she mumbles at a rapid pace. Her pupils dilate and shrink repeatedly.

It seemed as if two egos were clashing fiercely within Chloe.

‘…under.’

Chloe on the verge of yandere mode.

It’s a trait that I can’t get used to, and I don’t want to get used to. I thought things would get better after it was quiet for a while, but I let my guard down.

“What the heck, why is he doing this?”

Saki asked with a curious expression, tapping my shoulder. Her reddish-brown eyebrows arched a little more as our bodies made contact. I answered in a whisper, only drooling.

“…Ryozo, don’t you know you’re a yandere?”

“Andere? Miss, what’s so hard about pronouncing that? Don’t you know I’m Japanese? I’m not used to English.”

Ryozo sticks his tongue out and makes a sour expression.

‘No, crazy.’

Even I, who don’t know much about subculture, know this, but it’s funny that she, who came from the original place, doesn’t know.

‘… But what country’s word is yandere?’

I shook my head to clear my mind of distracting thoughts. Maybe Ryozo knew everything but was just pretending not to know.

In that case, I wanted to give her a hard punch in the middle of the nose. In the meantime, I noticed Chloe's fingers slowly crawling towards her pocket. Her hands were searching for a cutter knife.

I wondered why he was carrying a cutter knife around, and then I remembered how I looked this morning, when I had brought sashimi but not my cell phone.

"That little brat of mine too."

I sighed and shook my head. Judging from Chloe's eyes, it seemed like she hadn't completely lost her sense of reason yet. The only way to calm her down was now.

In the meantime, Ryozo, who is showing interest and tugging at my sleeve, keeps asking why Chloe is doing that. It seems like she is pretending not to know something on purpose.

However, the weapon, which seemed to have roughly figured out the situation, slapped her forehead and pulled her back. She let out a faint sigh of regret at the sight.

Hit me really hard.

Ryozo rubbed his forehead and growled with a ferocious expression. Does he know that Weapon saved him from having his blade pierced through his neck?

As Saki and Weapon were fighting, Chloe finally grabbed a box cutter from her pocket and started to fight.

The sight of the extension being pulled out from the question and answer dance really makes me think a lot.

Why is Chloe so overreacting? I confirmed her twisted feelings toward me in her diary, but is it because I helped her once during the class placement test?

In the first place, the members of Auditore should have been trained to suppress their emotions long ago, but is the feeling Chloe has for me really love? No, and do you usually point a knife at someone you like?

All sorts of thoughts were running through my head. But for now, calming Chloe down was the priority.

The method, of course, is conversation.

Drumroll.

Chloe approached with an ominous sound of a blade catching on plastic. Her pupils, once again clouded, were bloodshot.

Recently, before going to bed, I was blaming myself for neglecting my yandere studies on YouTube, and I made up my mind to resolve the situation through conversation.

I immediately suppressed the urge to shove the sashimi in my mouth. I didn't want to see any unnecessary bloodshed.

Besides, I still felt bad about cutting her hair the other day.

Of course, at the time, it was self-defense to save one's life. However, talking to someone with a stick isn't always the answer.

When a problem arises, finding a solution through words. Isn't that the clear criterion that distinguishes humans from beasts?

"crazy."

Weapon let out a bewildered voice with a shocked expression. It seemed that he had noticed Chloe's peculiarity, but unlike her appearance, her body seemed stiff due to her soft heart.

In the meantime, Ryozo looked at me and Chloe alternately with his bright eyes. It was so annoying to see him looking at me with such interest, as if he had no intention of stopping me.

I'm going to have to give you a good beating later, I can't stand it.

Whee-ing.

Suddenly, a chilly breeze, out of place in broad daylight, brushed my earlobe.

Chloe starts muttering as she holds the box cutter with the blade halfway up.

“The Sword Demon Army.”

“Chloe.”

Damn it.

“I’ll make sure you only look at me from now on.”

“Shall we try to solve this through conversation?”

Chloe’s one eyebrow twitches.

“What are we talking about when you don’t even contact me?”

“Chloe, I wanted to talk to you face to face. It would be too emotional for us to communicate through a piece of scrap metal like a cell phone, wouldn’t it?”

“… between us?”

“Yeah, between us.”

I fought back hard against Chloe’s threats. Then, I saw her complexion gradually calming down.

Thud thud.

He strode towards Chloe. As if he hadn’t expected it, she hesitated for a moment and took a step forward. The fingers holding the pink cutter knife trembled slightly.

Soon I stood tall in front of Chloe. She just raised her eyes slightly.

‘If you say one wrong thing here, you’ll get stabbed.’

I took a deep breath without being noticed. I tried to hide my complicated feelings with a calm attitude. A man’s bluff. It was my turn to say ‘Gao’.

I quickly use my brain to look through all the yandere-related videos

I've seen on YouTube.

Dozens of video films passed by like a train. My brain was under a lot of stress, and a burning smell lingered in my nostrils.

"The Sword Demon Army?"

At her call, I shoved one hand into my pocket and reached out with the other to stroke Chloe's head.

"Chloe, thank you for always thinking of me."

"… Huh, huh?"

A cute sound escaped her lips as she bit them, as if she was flustered. And then, her eyes, which seemed to have been covered with a cloudy film, began to take on a gung-ho feel.

'Here's where we drive the wedge.'

I put my mouth close to her ear and whispered. My tone, honed through twenty years of service work, was full of pretense.

Maybe he had been training his mouth muscles for this moment. He felt like his mouth was going to twitch in the forced smile, but he held it in.

"Even in the Buffalo Dungeon, I always rely on you. So don't be too upset."

"Me, really?"

I nodded, looking up. A deep blush appeared on Chloe's cheeks.

"Of course. I will ask for your continued support in the future."

"Heh."

Chloe let out a noise from her mouth, wondering if it was a coin or not. Then, her expression suddenly melted away.

"after."

I let out a long sigh of relief. Chloe jumped up and down in place with an excited look on her face.

Weapon, who realized that the situation had calmed down, was also clearing his throat. For some reason, Saki only twisted her lips.

'Why is he doing that again?'

As the tense atmosphere began to ease, the excitement of early summer returned.

Only then did I release the grip on the knife handle that I was holding tightly in my pocket. My palms were wet with excitement.

* * *

After the somewhat bloody meeting, Weapon and Saki were heading to their respective dormitories. Although their dormitories were different, they were right next to each other, so they were headed in the same direction.

"Kang Geum-ma, that guy… … ."

The walking weapon muttered. The time he had known Kanggeomma was not long. However, Weapon was definitely present at the scene of the incident.

That's why I thought that Weapon could estimate the temperament and skill of the Strong Sword Horse to some extent.

'The manager is changing little by little.'

There was a dreary sense of discomfort. At the time of our first meeting, he seemed like a cold person, but recently, Kang Geum-ma's eyes were thick with coldness. As the days passed, his atmosphere became more and more settled, and it seemed as if his humanity was wearing away.

Weapon treats him with the utmost generosity in front of him, but often feels a chill down his spine.

It's the same today.

The situation a little while ago. At some point, Chloe suddenly began to exude a vicious murderous aura. I guess she was not afraid of anything if it was related to the Ganggeomma.

Chloe's love for Kanggeomma is so obvious that even a child walking down the street would know. However, Kanggeomma always seems to struggle to maintain a certain level of balance.

'…twisted love.'

Weapon shook his head on his own. She was born into a family of assassins, so it was only natural that she lacked common sense when it came to emotions. Although she seemed different from the criminal at first glance, Chloe was always devoted to Kanggeomma.

'But that guy, Kang Geum-ma… … .'

A faint chill ran through Weapon's entire body.

Kanggeomma consoled Chloe, whose mood had changed. At first glance, her words and actions seemed kind, but even if others didn't notice, Weapon was smart enough to see it.

Kang Geum-ma was holding sashimi in his hand, which was buried deep in his pocket. It must have been because he was ready to pull out his sword in an emergency.

'The manager uses a mixture of coaxing and violence.'

A character who seeks to persuade and win over others through dialogue whenever possible, but who also knows how to use the fear of violence in times of emergency.

At first glance, he may seem like a villain, but that is clearly the quality of a monarch. However, the chief seemed to have that quality at the age of seventeen.

'It's clear that Kang Geum-ma will become big.'

At the same age, he possessed both compassion and ruthlessness, as well as unrivaled strength. Now, we eat together and talk about trivial things, but in the future, Kanggeomma will become someone

that cannot be looked up to.

As he thought about it, a strange sense of elation rose from deep within Weapon. After finishing his thoughts, Weapon turned his head. Saki was tapping the screen of his phone with a stern expression.

“Why are you doing that?”

“What about me?”

“You’ve been making such a pouty expression since earlier.”

“Nam Isa.”

Saki responded mercilessly when Weapon asked. She barely managed to hold back from hitting him harder than before.

The Saki that Weapon has seen so far basically does not reveal her inner feelings to others. However, she occasionally shows her honest side when she is with Kanggeomma.

Weapon had no way of knowing what his intentions were. He let out a short sigh and changed the question.

“… Okay, what are you doing on your phone? Are you searching because you thought the written test answers were different?”

“You, have you been talking nonsense since a while ago?!”

At the playful tone of speech, Saki narrowed her eyebrows and glared coldly. Weapon, startled, looked at the distant mountains and whistled in vain. She turned her gaze back to her cell phone and blurted out a word.

“I’m deleting some of the videos I previously uploaded to YouTube.”

“What, you were on YouTube too?”

“I didn’t do it professionally, I just organized some trivia and posted it because I was bored.”

“Hey, you sleep all day long and are diligent about everything? Then how many views do you have?”

Saki turned her phone towards the weapon as if she was annoyed.

Soon, the videos Saki had uploaded and the number of views appeared on Weapon’s retina. The average number of views for the videos was close to 500,000.

“Okay?”

Saki puts her phone away. Weapon mutters the title of the video she was erasing with a puzzled look on his face.

“Carl Sagan’s Cosmos, the dangers of the bubble economy, what to do when you encounter a yandere… … .”

It was full of difficult to understand content.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 54

Episode 54: Uninhabited Island Survival Training (1)

The weekend came after the written exam. Normally, I would have just laid out in bed and slowly woke up around midnight, but I woke up at the same time as on weekdays.

The reason is that I plan to visit the library for the first time in a while to prepare for the 'Uninhabited Island Survival Training' that will be held in a few days.

Of course, in this day and age where the 4th industrial revolution is rampant, you can do your research on YouTube, but I think I prefer paper books.

"The books I need to borrow are… Survival on a Deserted Island, How to Identify Poisonous Plants, Survival Guide by Daily Instructor Bear Garlix, and more… … Will this be enough?"

I walked along, mumbling about the books I wanted to borrow that I had written down on my phone.

Uninhabited island survival training to be held on the island of 'Avalon' for 2 nights and 3 days starting next Wednesday.

The words "survival training" may seem like a bloody survival training with life and death stakes, but it is an event-style training closer to camping.

The purpose was to provide a breathing space for teenage students who were struggling with their studies, similar to a school trip.

The fact that the number of team members can vary from 1 to 4, and that the training schedule is disclosed in detail to all cadets, are further proof.

However, the word “survival” also has an ambiguous meaning, and although it is a short period of 2 nights and 3 days, it also contains the intention to measure each cadet’s self-reliance ability.

Moreover, it is an event that is highlighted quite a bit in terms of the game’s story, as it is where the protagonist Leon obtains the hilt of the sword ‘Balmun’, which will be his main weapon, and a series of events occur that will lead to the development of feelings between the main heroine Abel and Leon.

“Finally, I’m connected to Abel.”

Honestly, I wasn’t particularly jealous of that part.

After entering here, I became somewhat cynical about the opposite sex, and the last time Abel came to class with Rachel and Lang, he showed his wariness towards me. It seemed like he had some kind of grudge against me.

Even though it was a situation that was like a flash of lightning, it was difficult for emotions to blossom no matter how pretty it was. That goes for anyone.

The Academy’s elders are after me, and there are unidentified instructors and recruiting the rest of the club members, etc. The situation is too tense to enjoy the excitement of warm early summer.

Thinking about it made my nose sting a little.

“Youth… in the next life… … .”

Besides, as a swordsman, it was inevitable that my eyes would be drawn to Balmung.

As a user of ‘Miracle Protection M’, I was even more curious about Balmung’s location and its capabilities.

Balmung. The only weapon of immeasurable grade in the work.

Finding the fragmented pieces of Balmung was one of the core narratives of the story.

The condition for being chosen by Balmung, the holy sword and the demon sword, is to manifest the ‘miraculous protection’. In short, it is a weapon exclusively for the protagonist.

According to the description in the work, if you stick it into the ground, the ground will collapse, and if you swing it, mountains will be cut down, but later on, it was a fraudulent weapon that allowed Leon to become the only one to achieve Musou.

In contrast, my weapon is E-class. No, now it’s D-class. Anyway, compared to Balmung, it’s a small, pitiful looking sashimi.

Additionally, just in case, I still carry around extra Daiso sashimi.

“…Can you refine the balmung into sashimi?”

As I was licking my lips with regret, I found myself in front of the library. As soon as I entered, I searched for books to read throughout the day on the computer provided.

For me, who was a Japanese chef in my past life but didn’t even have a hobby like fishing, it would be difficult to survive in a wasteland without any survival knowledge, even if it was only for two nights and three days.

The tools you can bring are also limited to a minimum, so you must be self-sufficient.

The only good thing is that this is not a place where demons live. In keeping with the original purpose of the training, you only need to focus on the keyword of survival.

Of course, if you think about the midterm exams, there may be other variables. However, this training is conducted with instructors and cadets. Naturally, it is a different situation from when the game was played.

In addition, as a special order from the academy director, he was also included in the instructor team that was currently serving as the

temporary instructor for the Wolf class.

The strongest hero in humanity leads the first-year students on a school trip… … .

Although the plot was a bit different from the original, I was still able to feel reassured about the security aspect.

So what I had to do was to acquire enough knowledge to be able to distinguish between camping, survival, and poisonous plants. That was the extent of my preparation for the ‘surface’ training.

I put down the books related to Avalon Island that were in the legend category and read them quickly.

「Avallon is an island in the far western sea, a mysterious place where its terrain changes from moment to moment. In the center is an ancient lake called the ‘Queen’s Lake’ that has been around since mythical times… … Omitted… … It is also called the ‘Land of the Beginning’ and ‘Paradise’ by some ethnic minorities, but it is currently an uninhabited island.」

“Well, it’s roughly similar to the setting.”

Although some details were added here and there, it was almost the same as what I knew.

It was the same in that it was treated as an uninhabited island, and the terrain changed every moment, so there was no separate map.

However, there was another reason why I returned my weekend morning nap to the library. I was busy looking through a few more books and researching about Avalon Island, in search of a clue to the ‘thing’ I was looking for on Avalon Island.

Perhaps because it was something I already knew, the information was quickly injected into my brain. My eyes scanned the text quickly.

Perhaps because of the purpose, the time spent in the library passed quickly, and before I knew it, the sunset streaming through the cracks in the windows was bathing the interior in a golden glow.

“Oh, you were here too, Geumma?”

An intelligent voice came from behind me. It was a familiar voice, so I naturally turned my head.

“… … .”

Blonde hair that sparkles like golden sunset, clear blue eyes.

“long time no see.”

Leon van Reinhardt was waving a warm welcome to me.

* * *

Even in the quiet library, Leon was showing off his presence brilliantly.

As he looked around the room, he saw some female cadets hiding behind bookshelves, peeking at him and squealing among themselves, which was being reprimanded by the librarian.

Moreover, even the librarian who was urging them fiercely glanced at Leon, so I am starting to feel the truth of the saying that appearances are plausible.

‘He’s so damn handsome. The peppers must be small, right?’

… But the books in the guy’s hand. Judging from the titles, they are books about magic.

‘Why are you reading a book like that?’

I looked at Leon in astonishment, then let out a deep sigh. No, the sight of the protagonist holding a magic introductory book wasn’t very pleasant.

But if we have to give it some consideration, it seems like they are trying to learn about mines and magic by using the midterm exam as a negative example.

One, he must have a mountain of work ahead of him, but he’s

digging up magic in the library. I could feel my faith in him eroding in real time.

When I furrow my brows, Leon hides them behind his back with an awkward expression.

"… … ."

There was an uncomfortable silence for a moment. Leon smiled broadly and opened his mouth.

"What book were you reading?"

"I was just researching Avalon Island, where we're training next week."

It seemed like he was trying to lighten the mood by making things worse, but I didn't want to stir things up, so I responded appropriately.

"Sword Demon, you are very sincere."

Well, I can't deny it. I can say with pride that my lifestyle these days is more diligent than anyone else's. My days are filled with exercise, dungeon exploration, and studying magic.

But what can I do? Knowing the dark future ahead, I have no choice but to do my best for the remaining three years.

"I have to take care of my own front."

"It's a front cover… … ."

When I say that, Leon mutters with a bitter face.

"… You are different from me. I am different from you too."

What's the difference? I remembered something Leon had said to me meaningfully when I first met him.

―Geumma, where did you come from?

A word that I couldn't guess what he was thinking. His greeting was

so warm, as if he had found a friend from his hometown.

No matter how much I thought about it, the main character Leon's appearance was completely different from what I had seen in my playing experience. His bright face had a sad tone to it, and he seemed to have a strangely troubled attitude.

However, his behavior does not differ greatly from Leon's in terms of play. How should we interpret his personality?

I shook my head and shook off the thought. Apart from my belief in Leon, the guy and I had completely different directions.

"… Then work hard and be careful on your way in, there's not much time left until closing time."

"Oh, thank you. You too, Leon."

Leon waved and turned away. I looked at his back with thoughtful eyes.

The long, ominous shadows stretched out in the sunset, contrasting with the gazes of those in the room who seemed to praise him. It seemed as if light and darkness were weighing down on each shoulder like heavy weights.

Could it be the burden of a warrior who carries the fate of humanity on his shoulders?

"… … ."

But I had no intention of comforting or placating him. I looked away from him and continued reading.

There was something I absolutely had to find and do before I got home.

* * *

… Monday morning, after spending the whole weekend locked in the library flipping through books, I came back to Lang's class.

I stare blankly out the window, resting my chin on my hand. It wasn't as easy as I expected, as I was looking for clues and clues about an unprecedented power that had yet to be discovered in this world.

As I stretched, a proud smile appeared on my lips.

"It was worth the effort."

Still, there was definitely a return on the precious weekend investment, as I was able to pinpoint the location of the 'guard' hidden on Avalon Island.

Now that the first objective has been set, I plan to find a guardian and enjoy a leisurely camping trip in keeping with the original purpose of the deserted island survival training.

I also went fishing, caught some fish with a line, and made some raw fish for the first time in a while.

"In my previous life, I didn't have time to enjoy things like that because of work."

While I was turning the happiness circuit, Leon's face suddenly flashed past me and it stuck in my mind like a thorn in my neck. Leon's antics made me feel uncomfortable.

"… … ."

For a moment, I scratched my chin and tried to ignore the rising thoughts.

My nose is three feet long, so it's a bit much to worry about a guy who gets favored by the world. As long as things don't go too wrong, the most I can do is watch Leon.

"… I'll sleep a little."

I had been staring at the letters late into the night yesterday, so I had a lot of fatigue under my eyes. I couldn't afford to be sleep deprived before an event.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 55

Episode 55

The Academy's training grounds were packed with cadets heading to Avalon Island, and a thick cloud of dust rose.

"Haam."

I yawned wide, my mouth wide open, and then stood with my back against some random wall.

'…I'm tired.'

After school for the past two days, I stopped by the library and browsed through books on myths, legends, and introductory texts, and before I knew it, Wednesday had arrived.

Contrary to my promise not to be impatient, my body moved in a hurry. When the body is busy, it tends to get antsy.

As I was staring blankly at the sky for a while, the instructors began calling the students they were each in charge of to gather them together.

Just as I was about to turn away from the wall, an old voice called out to me.

"Student Kang Geum-ma."

"Oh, your Majesty."

A black man wearing a green functional tracksuit. Unlike his serious-

looking face, you can see various fishing rods peeking out from his backpack. Was fishing your hobby?

“These days, the fortress doesn’t neglect training.”

“Oh, yes, uh… … .”

I answered, scratching my cheek awkwardly. Sometimes, when I was exercising alone, the inspector would watch me from afar.

As an educator, it was right to look after students, but it was quite burdensome. And it was also interesting to see them sparkle in my eyes whenever I did something.

The inspector stared at me intently, then smiled brightly.

“When you put in effort on top of your outstanding talent, the results don’t just add up, they double. However, you need to get enough rest so that your body can endure it, so please enjoy this training as much as you can.”

“… Thank you. I hope you catch some big fish too, Your Majesty.”

“Ah, that’s it, thank you. Anyway, I’ll take my leave now. Hmm.”

The inspector coughed in vain, perhaps feeling embarrassed, and quickly left the place. In the meantime, he felt a tingling gaze on the back of his head.

I turned my head back slightly, and Abel was glaring at me with a pointed expression.

It seems that my grandfather is not pleased with my blatant interest in him.

When our eyes met, she quickly turned her head with a blank expression as if nothing had happened. I muttered with a wry smile.

“Don’t worry, you’ll have a boyfriend soon.”

I smiled faintly and looked around the room.

Students lined up by class. Some students are very excited, while others look reluctant and don't seem to be interested in outdoor activities.

On their waists they carried training weapons, and on their backs they carried backpacks filled with their own supplies.

Although Avalon Island is not a demonic zone, there was an instruction from the academy director to bring at least training weapons to prevent complacency.

I also kept Murasame in the dormitory, but I was able to shake off my regret by taking a handful of Daiso sashimi with me in case of an emergency.

Last night, I got a text from Media saying, 'Have you packed your first aid kit? What about clothes? You need to pack at least three sets of underwear! Black ones so they don't show dirt easily!'

The way she was very careful in preparation for any eventuality was just like her mother preparing for her before going on a trip.

Oh, come to think of it, the principal of the academy, Media, is a lot older than my mother. I often forget her age because she looks like a young lady in her twenties.

'… But is it really necessary to decide on the color of the panties?'

I took a small step back and turned my gaze to look ahead. Among the bustling crowd, the instructors were checking each person's face one by one using the list they were holding.

So, instead, I started looking over the instructors.

It was not an ordinary event for all the instructors assigned to each class to gather together, so I was planning to look for the female instructor who looked like the person the checkpoint officer had mentioned.

I don't know what he's thinking, but if he's after me, this uninhabited island survival training might be the right time.

If you take advantage of the mysterious nature of the island where the terrain changes frequently, it will also be convenient to clean up afterwards.

Of course, I could apply that in reverse from my perspective as well. When the opponent reveals himself, I can deal with him and easily dispose of the body.

It still feels awkward to use a knife on someone, but I don't have the luxury of worrying about that when my neck is at stake.

'A tall woman with purple hair. With a nice body.'

By Earth standards, it would be an appearance you wouldn't be able to find right away even at Gangnam Station, but with just purple hair, there were five or six of them, and the female instructors' bodies were all outstanding, as if they had eaten something to grow so well.

"How do I find this?"

The more I looked at the colorful hairs, the faster they spread across my retina. I felt dizzy, like when I saw Magic Eye briefly when I was young, and I soon looked away.

I gently massaged the space between my eyebrows, then lifted my chin slightly and stared blankly into space to relieve the fatigue in my eyes.

Then someone quietly approached me and tried to poke my side with their index finger. I knew without even looking who was going to play this prank on me.

I snatched the delicate fingers that were sneaking up on my side and smacked them on the forehead.

Exactly!

With a light thud, Saki Ryozo lets out a short groan of "Ah!" She covers her forehead with both hands and glares at me with her flounder eyes.

"Hey! You're hitting someone just because you were bored and trying

to play a prank?!”

She grumbled to herself. When I laughed softly, she stuck out her tongue and moved away with quick steps.

“Saki Ryozo, he really doesn’t know character.”

I think she is probably the person in this world whose first impression is the most different from the first one.

He no longer seemed to be lying down and sleeping as if everything was bothersome, and now he was always loitering around me.

If you don’t react because it’s annoying, it pouts and disappears, then appears again.

To put it nicely, she was lively, and to put it badly, she was crazy. Ryozo, who had the neat appearance of a noblewoman, showed an attitude like a stray cat.

I don’t know what part of her interested me, but even though she was a character that appeared in the air, she was clearly one of the main heroines, so I didn’t want to become more intimate with her than necessary.

“… This time, I want to get through it quietly if possible.”

I will quietly seek the blessings I seek on Avalon Island, and if something unexpected happens, I will try to resolve it on my own.

So the instructors finished checking the cadets.

[The subspace gate to Avalon Island will soon be activated.]

[Stay safe and have a good time.]

The sound of a clever machine permeated my ears, and a purple curtain appeared like a dome across the blue sky.

[May the protection of the hero be with you.]

* * *

“and.”

As soon as I arrived at Avalon Island, exclamations burst out of my mouth.

Trees of a form I have never seen before, like a lingering fragrance of early summer excitement. The low-lying water fog on the ground caused by the ocean that can be seen when you turn your head adds to the island’s mysteriousness.

“There’s a reason it’s called the Holy Land.”

But above all, the sight of the huge tree rising like a parasol from the center of the island was spectacular.

Yggdrasil, the apple tree of beginnings.

A giant tree said to have been planted by the gods in mythical times, whose origins cannot even be guessed.

A sacred tree that has stood firm in the same spot for thousands of years, nourishing the ‘Lake of Mimir’ in the center of the island.

The leaves, which were sensitive to light, were emitting a pure golden light so clearly that they could block out the sunlight. They were not colored like autumn leaves, but were shining like a lighthouse.

Even if you tilt your head back for a long time, you still can’t see the top; its height is almost comparable to that of the main building of Joaquin Academy.

It had been over a year since I fell into this world, and I had thought I had become accustomed to fantasy, but I just blinked and stared at the overwhelming scenery that was incomparable to anything else.

As I looked at it, I felt as if I was losing my mind and being fascinated by its sacredness. I swallowed dry saliva and shook my head hard repeatedly to regain my senses.

“Let’s do the sightseeing first.”

First, I unpacked the bag I was carrying and checked the condition of my luggage.

A few days ago, I made a map after reading books about Avalon Island over the weekend at the library, and I brought a bundle of Daiso sashimi and clothes just in case.

But there was something that stood out in that gap. It was the 'machete' that I bought at the hiking corner of the school mart yesterday.

In keeping with the keyword "survival," in this uninhabited island survival training, food must be self-sufficient on the island.

In addition to just survival, there was also the competitive element of 'finding orbs', but for me it was only second best.

"I'm trying to survive by eating anything."

In fact, I could probably wander around on an empty stomach for a day or so, but for me, who was planning to search the entire island for two nights and three days to find 'Gaho', securing food was my top priority.

And in these remote areas, the most effective means of securing food is, of course, hunting and gathering.

However, it is not possible to hunt with bare hands or move forward by cutting through trees, so I spent a lot of money to buy one.

In movies and other places, the machete is depicted as a weapon used to kill people, but its original use is as a tool for cutting down trees and felling grass.

By the way, since when did the sashimi knife become a common knife used by gangsters when wielding a knife? Well… … . Wherever in the world, the problem is those who use a blade as a weapon.

"…except me."

Moreover, the biggest advantage was that it could be swinged freely without any pain thanks to the standard that was free from the

‘Protection of the Sword God’.

‘Sashimi should only be used in emergencies.’

The painless fermentation time has been increased by 10 seconds, now 50 seconds. You can’t use sashimi indiscriminately when you don’t know what variables may come up.

“Hmm.”

Suddenly, I took out my machete, held the handle at an angle, and ran my fingertips over the blade.

Perhaps because it was used only for sharp sashimi, the blade was smooth and the tip was blunt. As expected of a knife mainly used for logging, the grip was firm.

It was made more like an axe than a sword. It was practical for chopping firewood at a time when there was no other tool better than this.

I rolled the machete around on my palm and swung it with my arm, and it made a horrible, cracking sound.

Maybe because sashimi is already familiar to my hands, it felt like a strange sensation, like wearing new, rough clothes. The sound of air being cut long was also unfamiliar, and I wonder if it was a feeling of my instincts not being right?

However, since I had no other choice, I put everything except the machete into my bag and got up.

“Let’s start by hunting.”

I walked towards the dense forest of trees that greeted me, recalling ‘The Survival Guide of Daily Instructor Bear Garlix’, one of the books I had read at the library.

If you’re lucky, you might catch a small game animal within an hour.

* * *

After about an hour of pushing through the bushes.

Sasa sasa sak—

A pile of grass shook and a rabbit jumped out.

But the singularity grew so large that it was almost as big as a wild boar.

The guy was wandering around me, tilting his head as if he found people strange.

It looked like a devil, but it wasn't ferocious, so it was just a rabbit that had eaten well and gained weight. And now it was my lunch.

If we succeed in hunting that guy, at least we won't have to worry about food supply during this training period.

The hide can be skinned and tanned to make a blanket, and the leftover meat can be semi-dried to make jerky.

The food plan for the training period is being sorted out in an instant. This time, it looks like things are going well for once.

"Phew."

I took a deep breath and gripped the machete's hilt tightly.

An unfamiliar feeling of being free from the pain of holding a knife but not using sashimi.

The corners of his mouth slightly went up, and a spark like that of a warrior determined to go to battle burned in his eyes.

The rabbit tilts its head to the side a little more as I take small steps forward.

The red eyes, like pomegranate seeds, reminded her of Chloe. For some reason, her grip grew stronger.

"Beep?"

Then, as if a brightly shining blade had caught his eye, he began to

march forward with a loud roar.

“… … !”

A rabbit quickly gained distance in front of my eyes. It was so fast that the gap between me and the rabbit grew to about 50 meters in an instant. I also took a big step forward and chased after the rabbit in a hurry.

I ran after the guy with all my might for about ten minutes, and my heartbeats started to pound.

“Haa, haa… … .”

I had been consistently training my physical strength and was confident in my endurance, but it seemed that it was not enough to chase a four-legged beast.

Even while running away, the guy turned his head every so often to check on my condition.

I sat down on my knees, catching my breath, and then collapsed.

“I’ve already killed Mines and Cow King, but I’m still struggling against rabbits… … .”

Without the protection of the swordsman, my current situation was like chasing a rabbit and getting exhausted.

Still, I was able to run for about 10 minutes without breathing, so compared to my previous life, I was no different from a superhuman.

I muttered something self-deprecating and stared straight ahead. The rabbit was staring blankly at me with its round red eyes.

I chuckled and laughed.

“You’re so damn fast. I’ll spare your life, so go.”

The guy who had been blankly staring at me heard those words and suddenly turned around and exposed his butt.

“Beep, beep, beep.”

And then it started wiggling its fluffy buttocks as if to show off. Even though it was an unspeakable beast, I could tell that it was clearly meant to be a mockery.

“… … .”

A rabbit that has been performing the winner’s ceremony for a long time.

I felt my temples tingle.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 56

Episode 56

I wiped the blood off the blade and glanced down at the rabbit's corpse.

"… … ."

I was going to spare his life because it was annoying, but in a fit of anger, I grabbed the sashimi and chased him away in one breath, cutting off his neck. I didn't feel much emotion because it was basically shortening my own life.

After I put the sashimi back on the road, I took out my machete and started peeling the rabbit's skin away from its flesh.

I've only ever used fish before, but this was my first time using wild game, and the flesh came off more smoothly than I expected.

After roughly finishing the digging, I gathered some hay and firewood and lit a fire with the matches I brought.

Then, they placed the meat on the fire and spread the hide on a wooden stick and began tanning it.

Even though there were a lot of holes in it due to the poor manufacturing process, it was large to begin with, so even if the damaged parts were removed, it was sufficient for use as a blanket.

The blood that was extracted was sprinkled far away to distract the attention of carnivores, and the rest was buried in the ground to

block the smell. Then, a thought suddenly occurred to me.

"… What the heck, why am I so good at this?"

Even though I had studied survival books in advance, I never thought my survival instinct would be this strong.

Maybe life in the wild is a better fit for me than the academy… … I thought, laughing out loud at the newfound side of myself.

'It would be fun to go camping with the club members later when I have free time.'

However, the primary purpose here should not be reversed. Since there is not much time left, I plan to go around the island tomorrow based on the map I drew up.

"… I really want to find that protection and go back."

Profit.

Meanwhile, the meat was getting cooked to a golden brown color. I cut off the charred parts and rolled it around over the fire.

After staring blankly for a moment, I raised my head and saw that the once blue sky was also turning yellow.

Yggdrasil, ripening with the sunset. Its boundless majesty seems to embrace the island.

The ecstasy that blows away all sense of reality will leave you lost in thought for a while.

If I kept looking at it, I felt like my soul would be stolen, so I lowered my head back and looked towards the campfire.

When the fat on the surface of the meat dripped onto the firewood, smoke rose with a sizzling sound. I wiped away the saliva that was rising with my sleeve.

'Come to think of it, I haven't seen anyone since I landed on the island.'

From what I remember, the area of Avalon Island is similar to that of Jeju Island on Earth. And the island's terrain changes from moment to moment.

If you think about it that way, it's not so strange that you haven't met anyone.

'Still, you must not let your guard down.'

You have to constantly check your surroundings with your keen senses. Based on past experiences, variables come without warning.

In case any strange air currents were detected at any time, two sacks of sashimi were kept in his bosom.

I added the hay I had gathered and poked the campfire with a poker. I had told them to cook the wild animals thoroughly to prevent any possible infection.

At that time, I was poking the meat with the hope that it would cook quickly.

Sasa sasa sak—

The sound of something brushing against the bushes near my ear. It wasn't close enough to be right next to me, but my keen senses quickly picked up on its presence.

My head instinctively turned toward that place. I quickly put down the poker and machete and took out the sashimi from my bosom and held it. I was planning on taking off the scabbard immediately if necessary.

'It is not the spirit of a beast.'

Sasa sasa sak—

The unidentified object was getting closer. Sashimi was ready to scatter his bright blue sword light at any moment with just a flick of his wrist.

As I approached Batu, the bushes swayed violently and a shadow

suddenly appeared. At the same time, Sashimi's scabbard was about to slip.

As soon as my gaze met with that of the other person, my twitching wrist suddenly stopped.

"What are you… … ."

Abel, drenched in water, looked up at me with a flushed face. After hesitating for a while, when she was about to open her mouth.

Gulp –

A loud horn blew from Abel's boat.

* * *

As the sun that had turned the sky yellow began to disappear beyond the horizon, Kanggeomma and Abel sat in front of a campfire.

"… … ."

A low, silent silence hangs over them. The man and woman stare awkwardly at each other's burning fire, neither of them speaking first.

Kang Geum-ma let out a short sigh and stirred the meat with a small branch used as a kindling. The fragrant smell, no, the fragrance, lingered in his nostrils.

Gulp!

A fierce stomach growled repeatedly. Then, Abel's cheeks began to ripen like tomatoes.

Her shoulders shook with embarrassment rising to the level of Jeongsu-ri.

'You're crazy, you're crazy!'

Immediately after arriving at Avalon Island, I hated my past self for thinking that two nights and three days of training would be no big

deal.

If only I hadn't had such a complacent attitude, things wouldn't have gotten this bad…

My heart, which had been vaguely filled with confidence, was momentarily shaken as I began to experience difficulties in obtaining food, the most basic necessity for survival.

They tried to hunt and kill any wild animals that caught their eye, but the beasts that grew up eating plants and trees that were rich in nutrients from the 'Fountain of Mimir', known as the Lake of Life…

Even if it was a rabbit, its body was monstrously large and its feet were so fast that it was difficult to track it with one's eyes.

He even showed his guardian spirit and chased after a rabbit, but the rabbit twitched its ears and leisurely shook Abel off.

Once a certain distance was created, the butt-shaking ridicule was a bonus.

After running like that for several hours, darkness fell on the ridge and I started to feel hungry from running so long.

The darkness of the mountain is dangerous. The thick darkness makes you lose your sense of direction. In addition, the terrain of this place, Avalon Island, changes frequently, so the atmosphere is particularly

I had no choice but to spend the first day hungry, but soon I stumbled and fell into a stream that had suddenly appeared.

I looked around diligently, but my feet slipped in an instant as the maze-like terrain changed.

Fortunately, I wasn't seriously hurt, but I felt a sharp pain in my sprained ankle.

"First, we need to find a campsite to spend the night."

As she walked along the dark forest path with her wet body, she discovered someone warming herself by a campfire. A warm breeze

wafted in, bringing a savory smell.

Avalon Island is an uninhabited island, so that person must be someone from the Academy. His own appearance was shabby due to a series of misfortunes, but his hunger was enough to paralyze his reason for a moment.

Still, as she was the direct descendant of the Nibelung family, she dressed as formally as possible and led her tired body towards the bonfire, savoring the smell of meat tickling her nose.

When he got about 50 meters closer, Abel's eyes widened when he saw who it was.

'That's… … ?'

It was Ganggeomma. A large piece of meat was being cooked golden brown on the wood fire in front of him, and Ganggeomma was sitting by the fire with his fur draped over his shoulders, staring quietly into the flames.

At the sight, Abel's paralyzed reason returned, and a bitter taste returned to his mouth.

'… Even here, I lost to that strong swordsman.'

Even in the smallest details, he always goes ahead of her as if he were looking down on her from above.

Even the fighting spirit that had been burning brightly toward Kang Geum-ma until recently had now died down like a dead log. Soon, Abel shook his head and muttered bitterly as he pondered.

"…Let's just go."

As she tried to avoid the situation, Kang Geum-ma sensed her presence and approached her, holding sashimi in both hands.

Abel, panicked, fell to the ground with a thud. He would have run away quickly, but his sprained ankle held him back.

And then the next moment was this moment, sitting in silence in

front of a campfire.

Kanggeomma glanced at Abel. She rolled her eyes and avoided eye contact.

This is someone I was trying to avoid anyway, but now that I'm blatantly screaming at them, I feel like I want to run away right now.

However, the situation was quite awkward for that to happen, and my feet felt heavy like wet cotton balls due to my injured ankle and hunger.

Then, Abel's body suddenly began to tremble. The chilly night wind enveloped his wet clothes, rapidly cooling his body heat. His lips were slowly losing their pink color.

Kanggeomma stared at her for a moment, then took off the fur coat he was wearing and pushed it in.

"Cover this."

"…uh?"

Abel looked back and forth between Kanggeomma's hands and face with wide eyes. He shook his wrist holding the fur and tried to persuade him again, and Abel pretended to be defeated and accepted it.

'It's warm.'

The residual heat of the sword still remained on the fur. Then, he suddenly took off Abel's shoes. A blush and embarrassment appeared on Abel's face.

"Huh, huh?!"

"If you leave your ankle like this, it will fester while you're here."

Kang Geum-ma split a plank and used it as a splint to fix his ankle, then tore the clothes he had brought and tied them up.

He stepped back after making sure it was firmly tightened. Abel's

eyes grew round and he moved his mouth, suppressing his pounding heart.

“…thank you.”

Kanggeomma shrugged his shoulders and gave a silent reply before returning his gaze to the meat. Abel opened and closed his mouth a few times and then firmly shut it.

Her lips didn’t part easily due to this fluttering feeling. It was a very unfamiliar feeling to her, who had only held a sword her entire life.

Instead of talking about Abel, I looked at the figure of the strong swordsman glowing in the campfire. His face and impression were sharper than before.

The pitch-black eyes held something indescribable, making me stare at them endlessly. What had happened in the meantime? The thought kept circling through my head.

At that moment, their eyes met. As Abel was stammering with a look of confusion, Kanggeomma held out a handful of meat that he had torn off.

“It’s all ripe.”

The meat was cooked perfectly. Feeling the gaze of the swordsman, Abel accepted the meat without thinking.

Abel cautiously observed Kanggeomma’s expression as he continued to show kindness. Kanggeomma spoke as he peeled the cooked meat off the bones.

“Eat it while it’s warm. It’s too much to eat alone anyway.”

“…huh.”

Abel nodded slightly and took a big bite.

“Wow, what is this?”

Abel, who bursts out in admiration without realizing it.

The oil exquisitely coats the surface, and is salty and has not the slightest hint of the animal's scent.

The market is said to be the best side dish, but even putting that aside, the taste was incredible. Then, Kang Geum-ma, whose expression had not changed until now, smiled faintly and began to speak.

"Wild animals have a strong gamey smell, so if you just grill them and eat them, they're disgusting and inedible. Luckily, there was a laurel tree nearby, so I wrapped the meat in the leaves to get rid of the gamey smell. Finally, I seasoned it with rock salt from a nearby rock."

Kang Geum-ma explained the cooking process with sparkling eyes. After talking for a while, Kang Geum-ma scratched his chin as if he felt embarrassed.

Abel stared at the sight for a while, and for some reason a smile appeared on his lips. As if responding, she took another big bite and pursed her lips.

"delicious."

Kang Geum-ma laughed.

"Eat a lot."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 57

Episode 57

Morning came early on Avalon Island. A twilight with a deep blue hue.

I woke up with my eyes wide open. I took a deep breath and the cold wind from the outside entered my lungs, bringing me back to my senses.

I muttered, stretching my body.

“I hope I find it today.”

Protection of rebirth.

This is the name of the guardian deity I am looking for on this island.

It is a guardian spirit-level protection that is one level lower than the ‘Protection of Transfer’, which is a spirit-level protection. Although it is one level lower, it is a protection that is evaluated to have a standalone performance that is higher than that of the Protection of Transfer.

The effect when manifested is, as the name suggests, a protection that quickly heals physical damage and injuries. However, it cannot regenerate serious injuries such as amputated limbs.

“… That would be almost magical.”

If you just listen to the name, it may seem like a rare healing and buff

type of protection, but in reality, it is a strengthening type of protection that instantly amplifies the body's cell regeneration ability.

The difference from other buff series protections is that the effect is limited to the caster only.

If you look at it this way, its usability is nothing more or less than doping.

'but.'

As a holder of the Protection of Transference, the versatility of its performance is of utmost importance to me.

If I could activate both of these abilities at the same time, I would be able to heal others simply, and even temporarily repair my weapons, which are likely to break.

As it is a guardian-level protection, its limits are clear, but it is not a situation where you can be picky right now. At least, it is better than the protection of a painless commander.

Moreover, since this protection is treated as a kind of hidden piece, it will not hinder Leon's growth.

And anyway, that kid's potential was far beyond that of an ordinary person, so later on, he would grow to a level where he could laugh off most injuries, so there was no need to worry.

'… But still, I have playing experience that that kid doesn't.'

I chewed on the jerky I had pierced on a branch before going to bed and thought about the plan I had made.

To find the hidden location of the Protection of Regeneration, you must find a rock with a certain pattern drawn on it.

The location is roughly limited to the vicinity of Yggdrasil, and if we just hurry our steps, we should be able to get there within the afternoon.

I had to see results at least by tomorrow, so I quickly finished

preparing to leave, shaking off my sleepiness. After looking at the map I had drawn, I turned my head and glanced to the side.

Across the campfire, Abel was sleeping soundly like a baby bird, his fur blanket covering him.

Yesterday, right after dinner, she fell into a deep sleep, as if she had been relieved of her tension. Judging from her appearance, which seemed to be covered in fatigue, it seemed like she had had quite an eventful life.

Maybe that's why there wasn't much conversation between the two of them, and they didn't have anything else to say. Even though he was moving his mouth, it seemed like he had something to say, but I blocked him in advance.

We weren't the type of people who could chatter away in front of a campfire, and we wanted to avoid forming an unnecessary bond.

'And somehow it seems like he doesn't like me very much.'

Well, it's strange that he's the one who's been listening to all the complaints she's been pouring out, so he's just being so casual. After all, Abel's character is that of a cold and haughty young lady.

I watched Abel sleeping soundly for a while.

Her shiny hair flowing down her cheeks, her long eyelashes drooping elegantly. Even her sleeping figure seemed to be drawn like a painting, her unrealistic beauty seeming to captivate people.

'It's pretty.'

Actually, after I ran into Abel out of the blue last night, I did him a few favors.

Of course, I didn't have feelings for her. I just couldn't turn her down when I saw her shabby appearance.

The blushing embarrassment of covering one's hungry stomach, or the limping ankle that appears to have been injured somewhere.

No matter how much you want to avoid contact with Abel, the main heroine of the story, as a human being you cannot ignore that situation.

Well, it's not like the world will change because you did something good once. The government may get a little twisted, but compared to how things have been so far, it won't be that much of a change.

Prioritizing human morality over one-sided favor. Even if variables run rampant in the future, I think that might be something I should pursue.

'Oh, come to think of it… … .'

If I remember correctly, Abel will develop feelings for Leon within today.

"… … ."

Then, a feeling of emptiness came belatedly. It was the so-called wise man's time.

"Ugh."

I took a deep breath, gathered my personal belongings, and stood up. Then I walked towards the center of the island.

The chirping of birds was announcing the morning on the island.

* * *

"Ooh, um… … ."

Abel's eyelids slowly opened at the sound of the mountain birds crying.

She straightened her upper body to shake off the sleepiness hanging from her eyes. Then she rubbed her eyes and looked around.

"huh?"

The swordsman was nowhere to be seen. Abel tilted his head at the

somewhat unexpected situation. He thought he had left the area for a while, but he felt a sense of emptiness.

In that moment, Abel jumped up and looked at his son-in-law more closely. His luggage had disappeared cleanly. It seemed like it had left while he was sleeping.

I felt empty at the fact that I was left alone without knowing it.

"… What, you just disappeared without saying anything?"

Abel's eyes widened gently, then he sat down again with a sharp expression.

Among them, there were pieces of jerky neatly placed. Perhaps, before Kanggeomma left, he had left them there for him to eat. Upon seeing them, Abel's eyes, which had been narrowed, widened.

At the same time, her face turned red and hot. The mixed emotions subsided as if nothing had happened.

Immediately afterwards, something that had been in the corner of my eyes flowed down my cheek.

"uh?"

Abel, momentarily flustered, quickly wiped it away with his sleeve. After wiping it away for a while, his heart finally calmed down.

Tears flowed suddenly. Even she herself didn't know the reason. No, maybe she knew but was pretending not to know. Her delicate eyelashes fluttered, intertwined with small sobs.

Being cared for by someone was something new to Abel. No matter what happened throughout his life, he had always overcome it alone.

Even if she had reached a great wall, she would overcome it in the end. That was the karma of one who would inherit the name of Nibelung.

Even though her body was crushed by the pressure, she held on with her thin shoulders without relying on anyone.

Spoiling is a luxury. I kept reminding myself that I had held on strong, but Abel sniffled hard to keep himself from crying.

“Geumma, why are you doing this to me… … .”

Abel sat quietly in the place where he was left alone, pulling both legs up to his chest.

It struck me deeply that I had been jealous and envious of the person who had shown me such undeserved kindness.

At the same time, a contradictory feeling of hotness and warmth spread through my body.

Abel, who had been standing still with a gloomy expression for a while, slightly lowered his gaze.

The right ankle was fixed with a splint. Thanks to the skillful treatment, the condition has improved to the point where it can be released and walked.

I remembered how flustered I was when Kanggeomma first took off my shoes and I even stuttered.

She smiled faintly and touched her ankles absentmindedly. The knots on her clothes were tightly tied.

When I thought about the remaining two days, I felt like I didn’t want to take off the splint, which would restrict my movements like shackles.

Abel thought for a moment, then picked up the sword lying next to him.

“But there are still two days left.”

After a brief pause, she calmly cut the knot.

Sarak

A piece of cloth neatly peeled off in one go. I stared at the clothes that had fallen to the floor and the fur blanket he had handed me,

then gathered them up.

“… I guess I should give it back, right?”

A pleasant line appeared on Abel’s lips as he spoke. He then straightened his back and tried to hit the tip of his right foot against the ground. His condition was perfect.

Abel looked up at the sky, covering his eyebrows with his palm.

Abel’s eyes, bathed in the morning sunlight, sparkled with a pale gold color, and the island breeze gently caressed his cheeks.

She stretched for a while, then lifted her feet gently.

My feet felt firmer on the grass than before.

* * *

I walked along the forest path for a while following the map I had drawn.

To be honest, it’s hard to pinpoint Gaho’s location just by looking at a roughly drawn map.

That’s why I just used the map as a reference, and when I saw a fork in the road, I trusted my intuition and turned my body in the right direction.

The geography of the island changed dramatically, but fortunately, as I walked along, I noticed a certain regularity to it.

Rather than being simply capricious, it seemed as if the island itself was emerging as a living being.

“Whoa, but it’s really fucking hot.”

The salty air, laden with moisture from the sea, makes it hard to breathe.

Footprints dug into the muddy dirt.

We walked along the ridge like that for several hours.

“Ha, I can’t go any further.”

I sat down on a large, shaded rock and loosened the tie that had been suffocating me.

I wiped the sweat off my body with the hem of my shirt and took out a piece of beef jerky that I had dried yesterday and chewed it.

It had a bit of a musty taste as it had been soaked in the humid sea breeze, but it was okay to eat as a light meal.

I have to go out a lot today and tomorrow, so I need to eat well.

While I was chewing on the chewy jerky, I also thought about my goals.

“But while I’m looking for Gaho, I’d like to take a few orbs as well.”

It is basically a survival training on an uninhabited island for the purpose of relaxation, but the Academy has hidden orbs all over the island to stimulate the hot-blooded youth with a competitive element.

Of course, my main goal was to find the guardian angel of regeneration, but I had no intention of turning a blind eye to the goals set by the Academy.

The Joaquin Academy is generous in rewarding hard work.

If you collect and submit the orb, it will be reflected positively in your grade, and if not, you can sell it to the blacksmith Buland.

After staring blankly for a while, the beef jerky melted in my mouth.

As I was about to get up from my seat, dusting off my butt and gathering my things, I suddenly felt a sense of emptiness.

“Oh, that’s right. Rabbit fur.”

It was a quilt that I finally got after hours of tanning yesterday.

After covering Abel, I forgot to collect it before leaving in the

morning.

“…ah.”

Since it was a monumental piece of clothing, I was thinking of taking it home as a souvenir.

I sighed in regret for a moment, then shook my head to shake it off.

‘She already looks sick, so I’m sure she’ll use it well. And it’s a bit weird to give it away and then take it away.’

Anyway, if you wander around, it’s not uncommon to come across a wild animal or two.

Since I’ve already tried tanning once, I’ll be able to do it more skillfully the second time.

As I was trying to shake off my thoughts with a short smile and walk away, a thought suddenly crossed my mind.

“Surely you wouldn’t give that to Leon or anything… … .”

After standing in the same spot for a while and sighing, I quickened my pace.

“… Rather than pursuing a frivolous relationship, let’s pursue practicality.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 58

Episode 58: Desert Island Survival Training (5)

A man and a woman wandered around Avalon Island together. Speed Weapon and Saki Ryozo.

Thud, thud.

Ryozo, who was walking in the lead, swung the broken branches as she advanced. She turned her head halfway to look at the weapons following behind her, clicked her tongue, and grumbled.

“Tsk, why did I have to come all the way to the island to meet you, Speed Weapon… Oh my, it’s my fate.”

Ryozo shrugged his shoulders and let out a deep sigh. Then, the blood vessels on Weapon’s temples began to clump together in a combative manner, and he suddenly shouted.

“Hey! Do you think I want to see you too? I thought you wouldn’t want to see my face, but you’re the only face I’ve seen all this time, so do you know how I feel?”

“Then who the hell is that? You’re the one who’s confused about east, west, south, and north, so you’re complaining when you meet me. Pfft.”

“… … .”

Weapon twisted his lips without being able to refute Saki’s unexpected words.

Before arriving at Avalon Island, it was I who challenged Saki Ryozo to a competition to find the Orb… … .

She found out that he had lost his sense of direction and was just going around in circles, so she accompanied him.

If I hadn't met her, I would have just sucked my thumb on an empty stomach the entire training period, let alone searched for the Orb.

Saki, who had confirmed that the weapon was just moving its lips, walked forward without any reaction.

Weapon's gaze landed on Saki's back. Strangely enough, as she pushed through the forest path, a path appeared as if it were a miracle.

I hate to admit it, but Saki, this kid is multi-talented in many ways.

Despite sleeping all day and having a languid face, his grades are always top-notch. He is also one of the top five students in his grade, and can literally be called a genius with both talent and ability.

However, that was until he met Kanggeomma. Unlike Saki, who seemed like she could somehow overcome anything if she kept trying, Kanggeomma's talent was not something he was even jealous of.

Beings that are inherently insurmountable are bound to be revered with more awe than worldly emotions.

Moreover, there was something about Kanggeomma's independent nature that resonated with me as a fellow man.

'… I wonder where that guy is and what he's doing right now.'

While walking silently for a while, thinking, Weapon suddenly had a question. Then, he spoke to Saki, who was walking briskly.

"Hey, Saki. I have a question."

"What is it?"

Saki replied indifferently without even looking back. Although she was starting to feel annoyed, Weapon superhumanly suppressed her annoyance in order to relieve her curiosity.

“What do you think about Kanggeomma?”

“What are you talking about… … ?”

“No, that’s right. Just a month ago, he was just lounging around the archery range, but now he’s acting out when he’s with Ganggeomma. And you hate hacking networks and stuff like that, so it’s a bit weird when he’s doing things without being asked. You’re not harboring ulterior motives toward Geomma, are you?”

Then, as soon as she finished speaking, Saki suddenly stopped like a grasshopper. Due to the inertia of her quick steps, the weapon’s nose hit the back of her head.

“Oh my, hey! What if it suddenly stops?”

“… … .”

Weapon fell backwards in surprise. However, Saki stood there dumbfounded.

Goooooooo.

There was an odd silence between the two, and Weapon gulped as the atmosphere became cold and settled. His Adam’s apple rose and fell loudly.

Then, Ryozo turns his head towards the weapon with a strange movement. Even though it is May, the air feels colder.

‘I’ve seen this scene somewhere.’

I remembered. In a Japanese horror movie, there was a ghost crawling out of a well with long hair pouring out. That grotesque scene overlapped with Saki’s current appearance.

Weapon tried to push the floor with his arms and back away. Saki felt goosebumps run down her spine at the sight of her shadowed face.

It didn't seem like I had said anything wrong, but this was the first time I'd seen Saki react like this.

He quickly went back over what he had said, but he didn't think it was something he had said out of context.

'What the heck! Why are you doing that!'

Weapon slowly backed away, and Saki chased after him with slow steps. Then Weapon forced a smile on his face and hurriedly moved his lips.

"Calm down. Why are you suddenly so serious?"

"… Hey, weapon."

A voice that was so cold that it was almost chilling. Saki immediately crouched down in front of Weapon and met his gaze. Then, she looked at Weapon with poisonous eyes and muttered softly.

"Do you have a lot of tea?"

"…what?"

Weapon looked at Saki with a flustered expression at the unexpected reaction. Suddenly, a bright blush rose on his cheeks. His usual stern appearance was nowhere to be seen, and he asked while twisting his side hair with his index finger.

"Does it make you sick a lot?"

The sight seemed even more terrifying than the attitude he had shown just a moment ago. Could it be that he was possessed by a ghost? Or was it a mine that dealt with mental magic?

Weapon, who was caught up in countless thoughts with a look of fright. Then Saki frowned and stood up with her knees straightened. Then she walked away again with brisk strides, then immediately turned her head sharply and muttered a word.

"You, if you tell me this somewhere else, I'll turn you into a hedgehog."

Saki shook her shoulders as she held the bow. Weapon simply nodded.

She let out a short sigh and gestured urgingly.

“Okay. I have to find the orb and hunt for dinner before nightfall, so get up quickly. Or just starve.”

She walked forward proudly, letting out a fresh snort. Weapon followed behind her, his heart pounding.

* * *

The darkness of the island comes in the blink of an eye. I felt it yesterday too, but it doesn’t seem like we’ve traveled for hours, but there are signs that it’s going to get dark soon.

I moved my feet diligently, as if I was running along the ridge, referring to the map, and I think I reached my destination.

As night falls, visibility narrows and my feet become tied. I become anxious as I remember that there is not much time left on the island of Avalon. I must at least reach the Lake of Mimir, the fountain of life, before it is too late.

“Ah, it really feels like we’ve all arrived. Where are we?”

I squinted my eyes and looked around. What used to be east was now west, and what used to be south was now north. The directions were all in disarray, without any unity.

“Oh, man.”

Curses come out of my mouth. I feel like I’m just standing around in place. Since I have to make decisions and move forward alone, when my judgment becomes clouded, my progress slows down.

‘At times like this, I miss my friends.’

As I was alone, the absence of my members loomed large. Until recently, I had vowed to live alone, but now I feel empty. I muttered with a bitter smile.

“What are the kids doing?”

Well, they’re all kids who play one finger each, so I’m sure they’ll do well. It’s pointless to worry.

As a cool breeze blew, a sweet smell lingered at the tip of my nose.

‘…What is that smell?’

Suddenly I wrinkled my nose and focused my senses on smell.

At first glance, it smells like apples, but it actually has a strong, honey-like scent.

“no way.”

I followed the smell and walked straight towards it.

Before coming to the island, I researched the rocks with the patterns written on them. The exact location is unclear, but I was able to piece together some abstract clues to deduce what they were.

One of them is the Fruit of Life Garden. By the way, despite its grand name, the Fruit of Life is treated as just a special fruit that grows on the island of Avalon.

According to those who have tried it, it is a terrifying fruit that has absolutely no taste, and even if you eat just one bite, you will suffer from a stomachache and diarrhea the next day.

However, its scent is so heavenly that it is said to be sold at high prices on the black market. I heard that it is used as an ingredient in the special perfume of Kermes, the world’s top high-end luxury brand.

The scent of heaven, the taste of hell.

If we look at it as meaning that the boundary between life and death crosses from one fruit, the ambiguous name ‘fruit of life’ seems quite fitting…

‘I wonder if I can make some money if I sell it.’

I followed the scent for quite some time. There was no separate forest path, so I went over winding hills and pushed through the rugged bushes for quite some time, but there was no sign of anything appearing.

‘Are we going in the right direction?’

The sun seemed to be setting from east to west faster than my footsteps.

Moreover, the island’s terrain changes rapidly.

I decided to trust my senses rather than letting it all go to waste in a split second. With that determination in mind, I started running.

After running like that for about ten minutes, the bushes finally cleared from my sight and a desolate plain appeared.

“Arrived.”

The fields were covered with golden-leafed trees, and a mysterious fragrance wafted in the air. I was so intoxicated by the freshness and excitement that I thought my mind would become hazy.

In his previous life, he was a well-known drunkard, but since it had been a while, he wasn’t very cheerful.

I covered my nose with one hand and looked around the garden. When I gathered the clues, the rock with the pattern was definitely stuck in this crevice.

The field was about the size of a soccer field. If you hurry your feet, you will find it quickly, but fruit trees block every path.

“Tsk.”

I wanted to take out the sashimi and cut down all the trees blocking my view. But… I felt like I would be punished if I did that, so I put that thought aside.

I was starting to get tired of looking for rocks and was starting to get annoyed.

In the distance, a particularly prominent object caught my eye. At first glance, it looked like a tree, but its texture was rough and solid, which was clearly different.

When I narrow my eyes, I can see it more clearly. A rock covered with hieroglyphic drawings like vines.

“That’s it.”

In an instant, the irritation subsides and a satisfied smile appears on my lips.

I blew my stuffy nose and took a light step toward the rock.

As the rock got closer, a spherical object resting on top of the rock also appeared on my retina.

“Orb?”

The size was also solid, and it must have been a special grade even among orbs. I hummed a tune to the happiness circuit that quickly flashed through my mind. The fruity scent became more distinct.

I feel like I’m finally getting lucky. Well, I guess I’ve been too hard on myself lately.

If you have a conscience, you should be blessed with this much luck.

A subtle smile appears on the lips.

Finally, I stretched out my arm, within a distance of just ten steps.

That moment.

Swish—

At the same time, a new one appears at a similar speed to mine.

Thud.

My hand and another hand gently covering each other on the rock.

No matter how keen my eyes are, it is not easy for my expanded

senses to miss something close by.

‘what?’

The distracting thoughts were fleeting. I quickly turned my head to the side with a hardened face.

Hana Binson was looking for sashimi in a hurry.

“Oh, what is it? It was you, Geomma.”

“… … ?”

A completely unexpected person appears before your eyes.

Leon van Reinhardt opened his mouth with a broad smile, holding the hilt of his sword without a blade.

“Shall we start by talking about that?”

He nodded and pointed to the sashimi in my hand.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 59

Episode 59: Desert Island Survival Training (6)

The flowing silence was subtle.

Wheww.

I stared at Leon with my hand on the rock. Leon still had that sad, kind-hearted smile on his face.

Even from his perspective, my appearance must have been sudden, but his face showed no sign of surprise. Then, my gaze slowly moved to the bladeless hilt that Leon was holding.

'Found it.'

A weapon with contradictory attributes, being both a demon sword and a holy sword.

The Sword of Twilight, Balmung's Handle.

The hilt of the sword, which had a pure silver sheen, was so shiny that it was blinding to the eyes, and a beautiful wave pattern covered the entire sword body.

But what stands out most is the blue jewel embedded in the center of the hilt.

'Jewel of the Ether.'

It was originally a catalyst that neutralized Balmung, the world's most evil sword, with divine power. Its value cannot be put into

words.

It was a new experience to see it in person rather than just in the play area.

When I was a user, I swung it around like it was my basic weapon, and even though the blade part was still empty, it still had the coquettish appearance of the world's strongest weapon.

To be honest, as a fellow swordsman, I do want it, but anyway, that Ego Sword won't allow even a single finger to be touched without Leon's unique protection.

'… It's cool.'

… But anyway, why is this guy here? As the distracting thoughts cleared, the child began to wonder.

This garden is located in the very center of Avalon Island. If I remember correctly, Balmung's location is far outside of here.

Even I, who had prepared thoroughly before coming to the island, barely managed to get there after wandering around for two whole days.

Compared to me, who was left in a mess after passing through countless bushes, Leon's journey seemed quite easy, judging by his neat appearance.

Well, given the island's geography that changes frequently, there was a chance that he came here by chance…

I was so annoyed that I thought Leon had found the area by mere chance, after all the hard work I had put into it.

'The main character's buffs should also be moderate.'

As anger flashed in my eyes, Leon, who had been watching me, quickly pulled his hands away with a look of bewilderment. Then, he scratched his chin and spoke first.

"I saw the orb from afar and came running, but I guess our paths

overlapped."

Even while he was talking, his other hand was holding the ball of his foot.

It's clearly a sign of caution. I think so too, because I'm not letting go of the sashimi I'm holding in my right hand.

I let out a short sigh and put the sashimi back in my pocket. Only then did Leon awkwardly shake his head.

Leron smiled awkwardly and seemed to be struggling to find something to say.

Then the silence that followed.

In fact, even though the island of Avalon is so vast, it's still crowded with academy students, so it's even more surprising that I haven't met anyone.

'… The problem is that I happened to meet Leon.'

The deserted island survival training is a very important event for the main character, and is a turning point in the early part of the scenario.

If things were as they were, this would be the time when Leon would have met Abel and their feelings would have started to blossom.

A story about a handsome man and a beautiful woman sitting in front of a campfire, confessing their hidden feelings and comforting each other's wounds. Thinking about it, a thought suddenly came to mind.

'Could it be that I unintentionally intercepted the time Leon was supposed to spend with Abel?'

Then the relationship between those two will be completely beyond my expectations.

'shit.'

As I chewed my lips, Leon, who had been looking at me, carefully

opened his mouth again.

“Hey, Geomma, did you find this orb too?”

I opened my eyes slightly to gauge Leon’s intentions. His face was clean and untainted, and there was no sign of a lie. It seemed like he didn’t come with the intention of offering protection.

From my perspective, it wouldn’t hurt to get the Orb as well, but my main goal was ‘Protection of Regeneration’.

Of course, an orb of this size would be valuable, but at least for me, it is nothing compared to a blessing.

But if I were to readily hand it over to Obman Leon, I would have to explain in detail why I came running so quickly.

‘There is no need or reason to convince anyone.’

If Leon is going to have suspicious thoughts about me, I’d rather seem like a philistine. I nodded, making up my mind.

“Oh, that’s right. I couldn’t find any orbs while I was on the island, but I happened to see one.”

“Oh, I see.”

Leon thought for a moment, rubbing his chin. He tilted his head a few times before muttering softly.

“Then, there’s nothing I can do.”

“… … ?”

As he said that, Leon took out the balm that he had been holding.

Kiiing.

The bladeless sword cried. The resonance was fleeting.

A pure white straight sword extending straight out from the top of the hilt.

Leon narrowed his eyes and pulled Balmung to his chest.

A halo formed along the guy's face, caused by the light of the invisible blade.

"Beat me in sparring and take it."

Leon, who looks like a paladin and speaks like a dungeon boss.

It was an unexpected situation. It would be ridiculous to fight over a single orb.

I wondered if Leon had such a worldly personality.

However, the guy's eyes were filled with determination and fighting spirit. The prosecutor's eyes were completely free of any sinister thoughts.

At first glance, Leon's capricious reactions begin to make sense.

The orb is just an excuse, the guy wants to use me as a stepping stone for his growth. A sword to pickle himself.

The distrust I had harbored toward him until recently has subsided.

A hero who has overcome many hardships and trials before finally achieving his accomplishments. Perhaps the reason Leon was so disappointing up until now was because he was before Balmung chose him.

As if to prove it, Leon gave off a completely different, mad aura than before.

I chuckled, smiled proudly, and grabbed the hilt of the knife.

"The main character is the main character."

However, apart from my virtual mindset, I had no intention of spending much time on it.

Considering the possible variables, it would be a waste of time to allocate painless protection time to such an event.

Besides, even if it's a duel, if you get caught up in the atmosphere, you could end up getting your head cut off.

I took a step forward and pulled the blade out of its scabbard.

Kiiing.

Balmung and sashimi resonated together.

* * *

After a while.

The duel ended in an absurdly fleeting moment.

It didn't even go beyond a second.

As the short sashimi brushed against the Holy Sword Balmung, the Balmung's blade snapped like a piece of candy.

'It's too high.'

It was a level that seemed impossible to reach even after swinging a sword for decades. It was a sword skill that seemed to have evolved beyond what it had been during the midterm exam.

There was no way I could know how someone of the same age could use such a ghostly skill. I wouldn't know even if I asked. It was not a skill, but rather an instinctive way of wielding a sword.

"haha."

Leon stared blankly at the empty hilt of the sword, then burst into laughter.

Leon looked at Kanggeomma. He had put his weapon away and was examining the rock where the orb had been placed.

The sparring from earlier didn't seem to have even a trace in Kanggeomma's mind. He was only focused on the winner's special reward.

'… Kanggeomma, you should have been chosen instead.'

Leon spoke without moving his mouth. A subtle emotion from deep within filled his chest, making him feel suffocated.

Leon held back what he wanted to say and walked slowly toward the forest path without saying a word.

The shadows of the deepening sunset dyed the back hill.

* * *

“Oh, what? When did you go?”

While my eyes were briefly drawn to the engraved rock, Leon disappeared without a trace.

“Did I finish it too quickly… … .”

Even I thought the result was disappointing.

Perhaps it was because he was too determined not to waste 50 seconds, but the duel ended with a single swing of the sword.

As Sashimi ran over the red line drawn on the balmung, the invisible blade scattered into the air like dust.

I carefully hit the guy with only his feet so as not to cause any scars.

Even though it was only a sword handle, it was the strongest weapon in the world, but it disappeared without a trace. I reviewed the training for a moment and shook my head.

“Well, the final form of Balmung will be different.”

I picked up the orb that was resting on the rock. The crystal-like gem was about the size of a baseball.

“Still, I guess the grade reflection rate is high at this level.”

I stuffed the orb roughly into my backpack and approached the rock with the pattern engraved on it.

A soft light source flowed through the engraving of the fine pattern. I spread out my hand and put it close to the rock.

“… … .”

There is no response. Doesn’t this usually produce a flashing, glowing, and body-permeating effect?

Come to think of it, in the game, it was just obtained naturally when you got close to it and heard a mechanical sound.

I narrowed my eyes and scanned the rock up and down. I looked closely to see if there was anything unusual, but it was just a tree-shaped stone with a few lines of text engraved on it.

After standing there for a few minutes, absorbed in my thoughts, I started to feel annoyed.

I’ve worked hard to get here, so what are you doing when your goal is right in front of you?

Then, a thought suddenly crossed my mind. The memory of when I had coincidentally obtained the blessing of regeneration came flooding back to me. I muttered quietly as I lost myself in thought.

“…no way.”

I put down the backpack on my shoulder and took out a bag of sashimi.

And he gripped the hilt of the sword tightly and swung it with all his might.

Swish!

A rock that splits like butter the moment it touches my skin.

thud!

The fallen leaves flew up and scattered in the aftermath of the impact.

Soon, a welcome status window appeared on my retina.

Paat!

＝＝ ＝＝

[NEW! Congratulations! You have acquired a new protection.]

[Protection of Rebirth]

It rapidly proliferates and repairs damaged cells.

[※ However, the detached body parts will not regenerate.]

＝＝ ＝＝

Sashimi looked at the status window with his brows furrowed, put it back, and took out a machete from his bag.

“Let me just check.”

I lightly cut my arm with a machete. It wasn’t a deep cut, but it was enough to leave a scar if left untreated.

However, the blood that had been pooling on the skin stopped and the flesh stuck to it in an instant.

“Oh, the performance is certain.”

It’s the most intuitive and reliable performance I’ve ever achieved. I was going to check it out a bit more, but I stopped because it felt like I was messing with my precious body.

“Well, I’m glad I got what I wanted.”

I pushed my chin with my palm. There was a cracking sound as my joints released.

I felt refreshed.

There was an unexpected intervention by Leon in the middle, but compared to his previous actions, it was not even a nuisance.

Suddenly I opened my eyes and looked up at the sky.

The sun had completely set beyond the western horizon, and darkness quickly fell.

Gulp.

The ship's engine thumped loudly.

"Come to think of it, all I ate today was beef jerky."

There was no food left. We had been running around in the bushes all day, so we couldn't hunt.

I was thinking of going out to look for wild animals even now, but the accumulated fatigue was rushing in and my eyelids were heavy.

'Well, I've been running around for over five hours.'

I scratched my chin and looked around, hoping to find something edible. Then, a cluster of fruits hanging from a tree came into view.

"The fruit of life."

The original smell was fragrant, but because I was hungry, saliva flowed down my chin. My sense of taste was revived and my appetite was stimulated.

"The scent of heaven, the taste of hell… … ."

In my experience as a chef, it is unlikely that a fruit with this kind of aroma would taste bad. I don't know for sure, but it is probably a rumor that has been distorted from a bitter taste.

I picked a fruit and roughly wiped it on the hem of my clothes. The fruit's surface was shiny. Then I took a big bite and left a tooth mark.

Crunchy.

"Kyaaaaak!"

The strong taste that enveloped my mouth made me shiver and phlegm boiled in my throat.

"Fuck! Thud, thud!"

It was a taste like hell, like I would lose my sense of taste if I ate more.

* * *

The next day, when the sun rose, we walked along the forest path for about two hours.

The bushes that were blocking the view were cut down with a machete.

“… Phew, it’s so stuffy.”

Sweat ran down my temples in the hot wind. Perhaps because the island is surrounded by the sea on all sides, the salty and humid sea breeze engulfed my entire body.

I unbuttoned the top two buttons and wiped the sweat with my sleeve. I took a short breath as the discomfort index rose to the top of my head.

My stomach hurts so much that it hurts. Maybe it’s because I ate the fruit of life yesterday, but my stomach hurts. This isn’t a metaphor, but when I woke up this morning, my stomach was in hell.

“Water, water.”

I desperately needed water to quickly rinse my torn insides and wash my body.

I flapping my sweat-soaked top, straining my senses to find a nearby stream.

There is no need to sit cross-legged with your hands on your knees like in the movies. Just standing still and closing your eyes is enough.

The senses that were refined by the protection of the swordsman were far superior to the original perception. The expanded field of vision projected the surrounding terrain into three dimensions into the mind.

The sound of grass swaying in the wind, the flow of seabirds flying across the sky, and soon the sound of water flowing like a stream reached my ears.

‘Found it.’

I pushed the snowball up and opened my eyes. The terrain changed quickly, so I had to get there before I lost it.

I put strength into my calves, kicked off the stone steps, and started running towards it. The scenery stretched out in front of me and scattered in a long line.

Perhaps because he had been training diligently, his feet were very fast even though he was carrying a heavy backpack.

‘Then how fast was that baby rabbit the day before yesterday?’

I don’t know for sure, but it seems like that guy wasn’t an ordinary beast. After running for about five minutes, a stream flowing at the end of the road came into view.

The damp wind blew in from the river, increasing the discomfort index, but one cold splash of water would wash it all away. All my nerves were already focused on that place.

The fragments of scenery that had been passing by began to take shape, and soon I reached a stream where I could wash off my sweat.

Shushu shuk—

A ray of light passes before your eyes like a flash.

“… … !”

I twisted my pelvis momentarily to avoid it, and soon, with a bang, the curved sword was lodged in the tree next to me. The branches shook violently due to the aftershock.

Before I could even begin to wonder what was happening, three identical curved swords came in, bending like boomerangs.

Shhh— shhh shhh shhh— shhh shhh—

Swords flying in as if staggering through the air.

At the same time, I stepped on the true ground, struck the ground, and then swept away the blades that were spinning around and dazzling the eyes.

However, due to the sudden surprise attack, he was unable to activate the swordsman's protection, and so he was lightly scratched here and there on his body, and blood gushed out.

Following the swords that were immediately stuck in the old tree like an awl, with a thud.

Thud, thud.

The unpleasant sound of many footsteps.

"Wow, Captain. Is that kid really a cadet? This is awesome. How about we just scout him while we're at it?"

"Be quiet, Parik."

"yeah."

Shadows began to appear one by one from the corner of my vision.

They appeared, led by a man with a forked tongue like a snake. Among them, the one who stood out was a woman standing in the middle of the men.

Because I know her.

Rayson.

The leader of the assassin group Undertaker, a half-man, half-horse who Leon Van Reinhardt later encounters for the first time.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 60

Episode 60: Desert Island Survival Training (7)

Clap! Clap! Clap! Clap!

The man in the lead suddenly clapped his hands, and the applause echoed unpleasantly. Then he scratched his temple and opened his mouth in a hoarse voice.

“Kid, what are you? Even though I threw it gently, it wasn’t something that could be easily dodged. What, are you also a hired hand who has gone undercover?”

I frowned deeply at the sight of his serpentine tongue flickering strangely. Then the man burst into a raspy laugh. Then he immediately turned to the leader next to him, Ray Shen.

“Captain, that kid is no ordinary kid. How can a kid make that kind of face in this situation? He’s funny, that kid. Captain, what do you think about scouting him?”

“… … .”

Ray Sean didn’t respond to his words, her arms folded. Then she immediately focused her cold gaze on me. Her eyes narrowed as if she was assessing me.

A woman with a striking appearance among the men. She may look like a noblewoman, but her true nature is that of a bloody assassin.

‘Lay-sion.’

At the time of her play, she was not human. Humans who gained the ability to control magical powers through direct contracts with legion commanders were called ‘villains’ in the world.

They did not have much of a role until the first half of the story, but in the second half, they became the henchmen of the legion commanders and were the first to threaten humanity.

I opened my eyes wide and looked at her. She was in a completely different state than when I first met her during the ‘Miracle of Protection M’ playthrough.

The expressionless face made my skin tingle with the murderous intent that was clearly being sprayed, but it was definitely human. It seemed like it was still before he had fallen into villainy.

‘Well, the first time we met was probably around the end of Leon’s third year.’

Ray Sean must have sensed my gaze as he spat out monosyllables that were eerily poisonous. Yet, I felt a sense of discomfort in his noble eyes.

“… Where do you belong?”

“… … .”

What the fuck are you talking about?

It was shocking that the Undertakers suddenly attacked me, and then they immediately questioned me about my affiliation.

The summer heat can make you feel uncomfortable, but when your head gets caught up in emotions, it tends to invite mistakes.

In this situation, momentary excitement can lead to your own destruction, so you must regain your senses as quickly as possible.

I tried hard to suppress my emotions and began to quietly swallow my breath. Soon, my reddened mind quickly cooled down.

I rolled my eyes and scanned the enemies to assess their strength.

There were seven enemies I could see, but my intuition told me there were probably two or three hiding.

‘About ten people.’

In the meantime, the snake-like man smiled faintly and moved his mouth.

“Hey, you punk. You’re not dead yet, but you think you’re amazing, right?! Isn’t this the first time the captain has taken an interest in prey? Right, vice captain?”

As if seeking sympathy, the bastard poked the side of the man called the vice-captain. The vice-captain let out a short sigh and nodded.

“Certainly, judging from his movements, he’s not ordinary. I thought he was just a kid, even though he was the top student this year, but he’s at a level where he could jump right into this industry. And that guy dodged all of Parik’s attacks while carrying his bag. Well… he didn’t dodge perfectly, though.”

The vice-captain laughed at me with a crooked smile. Then, the hazy emotions that had been rising like smoke suddenly subsided, and something eerie began to run through every corner of my blood vessels.

A feeling as if your consciousness and heart are stopping. A paralyzing sensation that starts with an overwhelming sense of helplessness that is overwhelming you infinitely, and suddenly engulfs your entire body from your fingertips.

‘This feeling… … .’

A dull ache as if the back of my head had been struck. It was similar to the inexplicable elation I felt during my duel with Knox.

With the intoxication that enveloped me, coupled with the rising blood temperature, I soon threw the bag I was carrying on the ground and spoke.

“Body disposal team, judging by the fact that you guys came, the one who ordered this must have been at least a senior level.”

Then, the faces of the Undertakers are crumpled without any reason.

In fact, it was just a random remark made after gathering information from the past, but judging by the reaction, it seemed to have been accepted. The deputy chief, who had a particularly fierce expression, immediately became angry.

“You little shit, where the hell are you from?! How dare you investigate us!”

“stop.”

Before the vice-captain could finish speaking, Captain Ray Shen cut him off. Then, he twisted his mouth loudly, spit out a curse, and clicked his tongue. Ray Shen looked at me and asked coldly.

“It seems like you know something about us.”

“That they are just a bunch of bastards who kill people for money?”

A tone full of provocation. A faint dryness seeped into her eyes.

“That crazy kid. The thing the captain hates the most.”

The expressions of the members, including the vice-captain, gradually turned into confusion. I know Ray Shen’s disposition well.

As the story progresses, it is revealed that she was originally born into a high-ranking noble family.

He was driven out of his family due to the betrayal of his relatives, and due to his sense of betrayal and resentment towards the nobles, he eventually chose the life of a contract killer.

That resentment grows with each passing day, and he eventually sells his soul to the commander of the legion, becomes a villain, and is an unfortunate character who is defeated by Leon…

However, I did not feel any sympathy for her who chose an inhumane life.

Where in the world is there a person without a story? To begin with,

it is not normal to choose murder because there is a flaw in the environment.

If you look at it that way, my family was torn apart in my past life because of my father's debt guarantee.

First, I lived a straight life, slicing fish, not a derailment. I even rejected the temptations of the underworld that offered me a lot of money.

'But when I think about it, I was such a pitiful kid too… … ?'

Hey, that guy, he's way more than a hitman.

"… … ."

Ray Sean was staring at me with his ringed eyes wide open.

I went out of my way to tease her to break her composure, and judging by her reaction, it seemed to have worked.

They may be human, but they are professional killers. Not only that, I have not even drawn my weapons yet, so I have to take advantage of the enemy's gaps.

I added with a low laugh.

"Why, you don't want to hear people call you a human barbarian just because you're from a noble family?"

Ray Shen's pupils trembled more than before, and the vice-captain among them ran towards them, shouting as if he was about to have a seizure. His fingers were covered in bloody knuckles.

"이 개새끼가!"

The vice-captain flies his body with a sharp sound. His face is filled with nothing but anger and murderous intent. The members all stiffen at the vice-captain's sudden action.

'It's now.'

I deliberately scratched Ray-Sun's insides for this moment. It was a moment that could change the situation of one-on-many. As I took out the sashimi from my bosom, the vice-captain came up to my nose, cursing at me.

"Get behind!"

A heavy knuckle aimed for my face, and I quickly flicked my wrist to expose the blade. Meanwhile, a vicious regime filled my retina.

Slurp-

A brief slash and a flash of light slid past the vice-captain's neck. The positions where the vice-captain and I were standing intersected.

The vice-captain pursed his lips a few times and then ran his fingers along his neck.

"What, what?"

An elaborate scarlet bruise appeared on the neck, and then the head fell off with a thud.

The vice-captain's pupils, which were gradually emptying as they rolled on the floor, stopped and turned towards the members.

"… … !"

"What is this!"

"What the hell, Vice-Captain!"

The screams and cries of the members burst out belatedly.

They looked back and forth between me and the vice-captain several times with blank eyes, as if they didn't understand the situation.

A thrill that was hard to describe in words filled my heart. It was my first time directly cutting a person.

"after,"

This strangely rising sensation wasn't so bad. Rather, it felt like

pleasure was covering my body.

I took a deep breath and ran my hand through my hair. Only then did I hear a familiar woman's voice ring in my ear.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

The Undertakers looked at me in a panic and pulled out various weapons and aimed them. Ray Sean stood there for a moment, dumbfounded. Then he pulled out two knives from his holster.

"That little kid, get kicked!"

"shit!"

Those guys were screaming out curses. Droplets of saliva were flying everywhere from between their yellow teeth. I took a step toward them.

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

《May God bless you.》

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

The 50 seconds to swing the sashimi were already running out.

* * *

Kwajik-!

An eerie sound of flesh and blood echoed, and another head fell off.

"Kkaaaaaaah!"

"Oh, shit! What the hell is this kid doing!"

The members were swearing in a panic. Even in the midst of all this, the nimble blade swept through their bodies at a speed that made it impossible for them to react.

"Hey, where is this kid—"

Thud. Thud.

The bodies of the sturdy men were cut to pieces, as helpless as tofu. Parik shouted, his neck bloodshot.

“Hey, kids! Get your mind right! Your opponent is just a kid, stab them all at once!”

At those words, the members instantly reorganized their formation and launched a combined attack on Kanggeomma. A number of sharp skewers rushed towards Kanggeomma.

But Kang Geum-ma seemed to have expected it, and he dodged it by leaning his waist back and using the elasticity of his knees.

“crazy!”

A merciless attack that pierces the air. The empty gazes capture the movements of the strong sword horse in their pupils.

Whirlyrick.

Kanggeomma swung his arms while holding the sashimi in that position.

Sigh!

A burning sensation ran down their arms, and then the hands holding their weapons were cut off one after another.

“Ugh, ugh, shit! It hurts, it hurts!”

“You little rat, come and find me!”

One of the dogs swung a knife with his remaining arm.

The swordsman displayed his strength and instantly straightened his back, twisting and pushing the sashimi.

The blade that had dug into the ulna came out through the back of the neck.

“Ugh!”

The unit let out a single groan, then fell to the side helplessly as Kanggeomma pulled out the sashimi. At that moment, everyone's eyes were focused on their former comrades.

Sasa Sak.

The blood-soaked blade swept through the remaining members' cries like a wave.

It was a death that could not be seen with the eyes. Their necks rolled naturally on the floor.

Bloody— Bloody— Bloody—

Arrows flying from far away, behind.

Kanggeomma, who sensed the presence, tilted his head back slightly and looked away without looking back.

Immediately, Kanggeomma's eyes caught the archers among the trees. When they met his cold gaze, their pupils opened wide as if they were lanterns.

"What the—"

Only then did they try to avoid the blow. At the same time, there was a swoosh-like sound of air being cut, and the sashimi flew in a straight line, striking the vital points one after another.

The three archers writhed in convulsions and fell down the tree, breaking their necks.

The Undertakers were speechless. What the hell was going on? They had become accustomed to the pungent smell of blood, but this was their first time facing such an opponent.

The target they had assumed to be prey was actually the one who was being hunted mercilessly.

And the opponent is a cadet.

I thought it was a request that I could receive for free, beyond

convenience, but in less than 10 seconds, how many necks did that idiot lose to sashimi?

The moment the members of the unit scattered in the aftermath of the shock, Kanggeomma flew straight ahead.

Ta-da-da-dak!

Before I could even take a hasty step back, the cool sensation of iron struck me.

Thud-thud-thud.

“”””Ewwwwwwww!””””

There was a sound of something snapping, and the screams that had been echoing like background noise died down.

The only remaining members are Parik and Ray Sean.

“All right, Captain!”

Parik called out to Ray Shen in a voice filled with fear. A colorful, new scream escaped from between his forked tongue.

Ray Sean just stood there blankly, thinking, oppressed by an indescribable sense of oppression.

You want me to kill that thing? Thinking about it again, that wasn’t human work.

No matter what adjectives you use to describe that kid – monster, ghost – they’re not enough.

It was a feat. Not only the movements, but also the swordsmanship that dug in without resistance was a magical skill that made one lose sense of reality.

Thud, thud.

In the meantime, Kang Geum-ma approaches, holding sashimi in his hand. Parik, who is breathing heavily and shaking his shoulders, has

a seizure.

“오, 오지 마, 개새끼야! 씨발, 회칼로 사람 써는 백정 새—!”

Crunch!

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 61

Episode 61: Desert Island Survival Training (8)

The bodies of the ten or so Undertakers were rolling around on the gravel road, cooling down. Looking at their pale, dead faces made me lose my appetite.

"…under."

It was a strange feeling, different from the feeling of taking down a demon's life. But even so, I didn't have any regrets or hesitation.

They attacked first, and I was only acting in self-defense. There was no reason for me to show mercy to those who were hired to kill human butchers.

'It's pretty much sorted out.'

Even if I widen my sensory range just in case, the only people alive in the area are Ray Shen and me.

Ray Sean, whose eyes met mine, chewed his lower lip. His body seemed to be motionless, and only his two hands holding the Bowie knife were trembling slightly as he glared at me fiercely.

Ray Sean looked like he was going to jump out at any moment, but he was unable to move as if he was tied up in a rope.

I think the reason for this is because of the effect of the spirit of the swordsman's protection, which is 'your words and actions are imbued with a sense of intimidation.'

If I think about it, I've only ever dealt with demons, mines, and monsters that are far stronger than humans, so my mental power has never been useful.

It seems that the effect is more effective on humans than on demons, and the fewer the number, the better.

The proof was the ray before my eyes. I shook my wrist and wiped the blood off the blade.

However, I frowned because I didn't completely get rid of it because I had buried it too much.

After blowing three knives at the guys who were hiding, these two sashimi were the only ones left.

He had no choice but to wipe the blood off his sleeve, put the sword back in its sheath, and then turned his gaze to Ray Shen.

"Lay-sun."

When I called her name, her eyebrows narrowed. Only then did Ray Shen release the pressure from the pressure, and she let out a sharp breath. Then, her expression hardened and she looked straight into my eyes.

"Tell me who sent it."

"…Do you think I'm going to say that?"

Ray Sean's eyes were burning with life. I shook my head and let out a deep sigh.

I vaguely remember seeing Ray Shen's human days in the game's main story, so I also know her personality to some extent.

To put it nicely, he's a professional, to put it badly, he's a hired killer with a shit philosophy. Rather than trying to persuade him, it would be more effective to crush him with overwhelming fear and make him confess.

This is a chance to find out who is behind the plot to kill me. If I

don’t hear the inside story by beheading him in an instant, I’ll probably regret it for a long time.

Then I added, pointing with my thumb to the ones behind me who had already lost all their vitality.

“Your men are like that. Are they stupid or brave? It’s better for both of us when we say nice things to each other.”

“… crazy guy.”

Ray Sean, who was staggering as he said that, regained his balance.

At one point, his face turned pale and tired, and his eyes were burning with a fierce determination, whether it was a resentment toward his subordinate or a personal aversion. I clicked my tongue at that sight.

The already thick stench of blood was making me feel even more uncomfortable, and Ray Sean’s uncooperative attitude only made it worse.

It was even more absurd to hear someone called crazy, even a contract killer, who was the lowest of the low.

Furthermore, the Undertakers are one of the three most vicious groups in the underworld. They are disgusting guys who kill anyone without distinction as long as they receive money.

Even if they were commissioned to do so, the fact that they swung their swords at me, a cadet, without any questions or answers shows how little ethical awareness they have.

It was fortunate that my senses were sharp, otherwise I would have been the one who lost my neck in an instant.

That is also the reason why I cut off their lives without any delay.

In the meantime, Ray Sean begins to condense the turbid air on the knife he holds in both hands. The surrounding atmosphere changes as the turbid air swirls around roughly.

Well, that level of skill is the minimum requirement to be able to sign a direct contract with the legion commander in the future.

‘The head is a bit different, isn’t it?’

Ray Shen, who was receiving my indifferent gaze, flinched once and then suddenly started spitting out sarcasm that was inappropriate for the situation.

“Ha- I understand why that human asked you to deal with him. You should have noticed that all your personal information, including your relatives and parents, was erased. That old lady, how dare you ask us to take down a villain?”

Ray Sean spouted out something. At that moment, I felt something rising in my mind that had not moved even a bit until now.

Countless thoughts lingered in my mind. What does it mean to have no relatives or parents? In this world, I had parents who took care of me for about a year.

I raised my head slightly and looked at Ray Sean.

She is muttering curses in a self-deprecating voice with a distorted expression.

My keen intuition tells me that this is not the attitude of a person who spews out lies.

But what makes me feel suffocated the most is that for some reason I can’t remember my parents’ faces.

‘…What did you look like?’

As if they had been artificially erased, the fragments of memory slowly disappeared like a mirage.

My home address before entering school and the conversations I had with my parents also remain as afterimages, like a hazy mist.

“Fuck, if I had known this would happen, I should have cut off that old man’s head first—.”

“hey.”

I cut off Ray Shen’s words that were continuing without a trace. Ray Shen paused for a moment, turned his gaze this way, and then soon stopped talking.

The voice that passed between my lips was so cold that even I was surprised. Then, a look of fear quickly began to spread across her face.

“What did you just say?”

“…what?”

Ray Sean stared blankly at me with a blank expression. In an instant, the ominous atmosphere that had suddenly taken over her made her lips tremble and she broke out in a cold sweat.

“Did you tell me that I have no relatives or parents?”

“… … .”

Ray Sean froze like a statue and swallowed her groans silently. The cynicism on her lips also faded and her face immediately turned pale.

“Originally, I was going to let you go in peace after hearing only the name of the guy who ordered me to kill you.”

“… … .”

I took the sashimi out of my pocket. Ray Sean was awkwardly silent, either not saying anything or unable to come out.

“I have something to ask you.”

“… … !”

“For your information, this is not a negotiation, it is a threat.”

As if he had anticipated what was going to happen to him, his face turned pale and soon even his blood drained, resembling a corpse.

“If you don’t want to answer, don’t answer.”

Kirik—

As I took off the scabbard halfway, drops of blood stuck to the blade fell and a hazy swordsmanship spread across my body.

The echoing cries of birds added to the eerie atmosphere, and it was the moment when I stepped forward and exposed the blade.

Sararararaak—

Suddenly, I felt a dizziness as if the back of my head had been hit, flowing through my bloodstream.

As the terrifying, blistering heat seeped through my body, I instinctively realized what it was.

“horsepower……?”

A suffocating, scattering wave of magical power. It’s enough to make your mind fly away in an instant. The magical power that crushes my body engulfs my movements.

“What the fuck, what’s going on!”

This place where I and Ration were, began to bloom as if it were a completely isolated space. However, the sight that followed at the same time was even more bizarre.

Srrrrrrrrrr—

A pool of blood formed from the dead bodies of the Undertakers and began to squirm out, gathering towards Ray Sean.

Immediately, the blood that had become thin like threads, tangled like snakes and formed a chain, rushed at her. It was arranged along the tips of her feet and covered the lines of her body.

“What, what is this?!”

As if it was an unexpected situation, he quickly shouted with a face filled with shock and fear.

Ray Sean cut the chains of blood with the Bowie Knife he was holding, but the speed at which they invaded his body was faster than his sword strokes.

“Lord, I don’t want to die!”

Ray Sean let out a scream mixed with tears.

But in an instant, the sanity that I had been barely holding onto until then suddenly snapped, and a cloudy film appeared over my eyes. And then my limbs went limp.

Her eyelids closed on their own as the light of life in her pupils faded. Blood was sticky all over Ray Shen’s body.

Soon, as Ray Shen’s body floated into the air, the once blue sky became covered with dark clouds, and the birds that had been flying in the sky, squawking, all fell to the ground.

Kwagagagagagagang!

The power of the tide covers the sky, and the cries of life being cut off erupt from all directions.

A literal disaster was unfolding before our eyes.

* * *

That same day, from early in the morning, the swordsman Siegfried was leisurely enjoying fishing.

It was a small hobby I had enjoyed since the time when my hair started to turn gray.

It was only when I reached the twilight of my life, after running nonstop until I was seventy, that I realized that the secrets of fishing and swordsmanship were very similar.

He waited quietly for something to bite, with a sense of touch in his fingertips. It was like meditating while sitting cross-legged and holding a sword.

The gentle sound of the stream seeps into the sharp ears of the inspector, and the flow of air coolly brushes his wrinkled cheeks.

‘Go and make sure nothing happens to the cadets. If you’re bored, go fishing or something.’

I remembered Media’s face as she spoke while shuffling through a pile of documents.

Although he was sent to the island as a security measure after learning from the midterm exam, Geomje was enjoying a leisurely life.

Moreover, since the location was Avalon Island, there was a mysterious atmosphere. On the rippled water surface, Yggdrasil was reflected, showing off its majesty.

“Not bad for a management position.”

The inspector hummed softly and stared at the squid quietly.

And the following thought. As the saying goes, fishing is about fishing for time, so fishing is a battle with oneself. If you are swayed by the slightest movement and pull the fishing rod, you will not be able to catch a big fish.

After about five minutes, the inspector frowned.

“… I can’t seem to catch it today.”

Still, the bite will come in a minute or two, but the taste is too bland. The inspector looks at the bait here and there, then glares at the fishing rod with a displeased look.

“I can’t afford the expensive price.”

At that moment, the eerie cries of birds echoed in the sky. An ominous hue gradually darkened the once blue landscape.

As the inspector reflexively raised his eyes and looked at them, he felt an eerie, dark energy rushing in from the left.

At the same time, goosebumps that make every hair on your body stand on end engulf your entire body.

The calm waters are now rippling like a broken heartbeat, and the surrounding mountain birds are scurrying away, chirping.

The inspector squinted his eyes to see where the ominous energy was coming from. It was coming from beyond his left side and tapping against his side.

“No way, this is… … !”

This ominous current is imprinted on the aged body of the sword master. The resonance of magical power.

What on earth is going on over there? Avalon Island is a place where demons and beasts cannot stay due to the sacred power of Yggdrasil.

But what my instincts continued to detect was unmistakably magic.

It was not an ordinary magical power, but a vicious wave that far surpassed the limits.

The vicious sensation of being licked all over my body prickles my skin like thorns.

Not only that, but even the beautiful scenery is fading in color as it is swept away by the fever of magic, and the wild animals are screaming and howling and foaming at the mouth and collapsing.

“A demon that can unleash this level of magical power… … .”

The inspector touched his wrinkled lips and then quickly got up. He was overcome with a feeling of anxiety that made his heart stop beating.

But soon he threw down the fishing rod he was holding, grabbed the hilt of the sword at his waist, and stepped forward.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 62

Episode 62 Disaster (1)

My heart pounded loudly. An emotion of unknown origin rose to the top of my head and stiffened the back of my neck.

A suffocating sensation was transmitted to my lungs. I desperately twisted my limbs and barely managed to shake off the invisible magical power that was binding my body.

“Cough”

I barely managed to raise my upper body, retching several times as if I was throwing up my insides while touching the ground.

However, I quickly covered my mouth to calm down the disgust that was coming over me unconsciously.

What the hell is going on? The blood from the corpses formed a film and covered Ray Sean.

And then this is what happens next.

At first glance, it seemed like Ray Shen’s last desperate attempt, but judging by her reaction, it was probably not what she had intended. Her expression was like that of a dead person sinking into an endless abyss.

I slightly raised my eyes and looked at Ray Shen floating in the air.

A bizarre sight, floating in the air with arms outstretched to the sides.

The red film rose up to her ears and dyed her.

The slowly fading gaze tells Ray Sean that there isn't much time left.

"What is that?"

My head is spinning. But—

'Try to remember, □□. Even the smallest, seemingly useless pieces can sometimes serve as mirrors to reflect the future.'

—Why do my first teacher's words come to mind again?

I concentrated my mind, which was scattered in confusion, and thought deeply about the situation.

The greatest merit I have in living in this world is the memories I had while playing 'Miracle of Protection M'.

The driving force that allowed me to glimpse the future and prepare for crises that have not yet occurred was undoubtedly my experience as a user.

I quickly racked my brain.

Even as the sharp waves of magical power scrape against your skin, instead of your body collapsing, you straighten your back and face the situation.

Even in this do-or-die situation, he was able to reflect on the situation so calmly that it was scary, and that must have been thanks to the 'protection of the swordsman'.

At times like this, as the name 'Gah-ho' suggests, it felt like something was watching over me and helping me. I often think that perhaps it was the entity that bestowed 'Gah-ho's Protection'.

After shaking off my thoughts, I looked back on the situation and picked out only the key points from the scenes that were projected quickly like a film.

The rising excitement gradually subsided and cold reason settled in

my heart. Then I muttered a thought that suddenly occurred to me.

“Progress of half-human, half-demon transformation?”

I don’t know for sure, but there are probably only a handful of beings in this world that can emit such a vicious aura.

This tragedy where space is torn apart and the son-in-law screams.

A violent current so strong that it buries all that has happened so far covers the area.

Even the magical power that the Mine Mermaid exuded feels like a trembling pyramid compared to this vicious magical power.

However, from what I remember, the half-human, half-demon transformation wasn’t that grand.

And it doesn’t have enough magical power to distort space like this.

Even if he is a human who made a contract with a demon of the legion commander level, the villain is originally a human. It is impossible to break through the clearly defined limit of strength with just one contract. Unless it is Ray Shen’s own secret, or an intentional half-human, half-demon transformation.

… the possibilities are narrowed down to one.

A strange five-way formation drawn with blood from the scattered corpses and a crimson film engulfing the entire body of the small Ray Sean.

A demon of the rank of commander descends in person, sacrificing Raysun and his members.

“…Fuck.”

As soon as the judgment was made, the emotions belatedly gained momentum and found their place. And the urge to curse soon spilled out of my mouth.

It wasn’t a metaphor, it was literally a screwed up situation. The

courage that started in his heart seemed to be sapped in the hopeless situation.

Even in the midst of all this, the magic was thickly laid down. When I looked up at Ray again, it seemed like it would be over soon. My breathing was getting harder and harder, and my fingertips and toes were tingling and even spicy.

“Damn— it’s fucking hard to survive.”

I spat out a curse under my breath. Then, I grabbed the sashimi with drops of blood stuck to it here and there and swung the blade to shake off the emotions that were rushing in.

“Well, I’ve come this far, so what else can I do but die?”

I can’t just give up. It’s an absurdly unrealistic situation, but I have no choice but to try my best to fight with my sword one last time.

‘There are about 9 seconds left.’

I wasted 41 seconds of my time slicing through Undertaker guys. I wasn’t letting my guard down, but who knew that one do-or-die situation would come after another?

… If I had known this would happen, I would have left it for even 5 seconds. Well, it’s too late to regret it now, so there’s nothing I can do.

I have to hold on to my consciousness. My intuition tells me that if I run away, I will die without being able to fight back. In that case, I have no choice but to do something.

Kwarrrrrrrr!

Suddenly, a red lightning bolt flashed through the dry clouds. The weight of the air weighed heavily on my shoulders, and even the golden light of Yggdrasil dimmed.

‘You’re here.’

Then, Ray Shen slowly opened his half-closed eyes. Just by looking at

his slightly opened eyes, he could tell that it was no longer Ray Shen.

Long, red eyes.

Instead of the clothes Ray Shen was originally wearing, the melted blood was woven like silk, forming a thin red dress that covered her skin.

Just exchanging glances sends a mental shock through my bones. It's an indescribable feeling, like I'm having a nightmare. Fear wells up, making the courage I've built up through the past events pale in comparison.

"after."

I exhaled. Even though it was a hot early summer, pure white vapor rose and flew away.

Slurp.

The feet of the floating 'thing' touched the ground.

Then the flow of the wind, the flow of the stream, and the sounds of life all stopped at once.

An eerie silence hangs low over the area.

"ah……."

It uttered monosyllabic words. Then it clenched and unclenched its fists repeatedly and began to laugh loudly from the tip of its tongue.

"Poohahahahaha!"

The sound of enthusiastic laughter. Even the small flagship was like magic. It was no different from the insects crawling on the ground bursting at the thoughtless footsteps of humans.

When I heard that sound, my eardrums were torn and blood flowed down my earlobes. There was no hand to block my tingling ears. I shook off my fear and put great strength into the hand holding the sashimi.

After laughing for a while, it looked around and soon made eye contact with me. Then, a ring appeared in its eyes and it greeted me with a wave.

“Hello, kid?”

“… … .”

“Well, isn’t this the right way to greet people? It’s been 700 years since I’ve been out of the Demon Realm, so I don’t really know how humans conduct themselves.”

The thing that spoke in a hoarse voice looked at several corpses rolling on the floor, then raised the corners of its mouth and began to speak.

“Did you do this, kid?”

It continued to speak to itself, seemingly oblivious to my response.

“Isn’t that amazing? Somehow, the fact that you’re still sane after seeing me like this shows that you’re not an ordinary person.”

Its voice lingered in my ears like tinnitus. I blinked my eyes wide to wake up from the approaching haziness. Then it giggled and laughed as if it found it amusing.

“Wow, you’re holding up this despite using a mental spell? You’re not an ordinary kid, are you? How about making a contract with me while you’re at it? Well, looking at your appearance, you’re still a lump of flesh, but I think you’ll be fine in the future.”

As he spoke, his tongue flicked between his red lips. Then, as if remembering something, his eyes sparkled.

“Oh, right. Now that I think about it, I didn’t ask your name. Well, humans introduce themselves first. I am Agor, in charge of the 5th Legion. Nice to meet you! Well then, would you like to tell me your name? I am a kind master who remembers the names of most of my slaves, my child.”

When I heard its name, I swallowed hard.

I had expected it to some extent in the short moment, but when I heard it directly, it went beyond being unfamiliar and didn't feel real.

Agor, the lord of the succubi known as Mongma and commander of the 5th Army of the Demon King's Army.

A demon that uses fire magic among the five attributes of magic. Although his power itself is not outstanding among the commanders who are close to transcendence, he is said to be the best at using mental magic among the commanders.

In fact, it's not that noticeable, but the existence of that monster itself is no different from a natural disaster. That alone could destroy a small country, so it's not much of a consolation in the current situation.

It is a dreamer who moves only as instinct and desire lead it, and it uses dreams as a catalyst to deceive humans and suck their energy to use as nutrients.

I had quit the game halfway through, but since she was a sexy succubus who was every man's fantasy, I roughly looked through the settings on the wiki.

"Hehehe, this is the first time in 700 years that I've personally addressed you like this, so please know that it's an honor. I'll give you the special honor of being my slave, little one."

"… … ."

Agor playfully lifted the hem of his thigh and let out a lewd moan. He could feel the thick concentration of magic shaking his insides.

"You humans also pretend to be noble, but you judge each other and rank them. You kill people and cause them pain while pursuing your own selfish interests. In that case, why don't you dream a glorious dream like me?"

Agora continued, tapping one of Undertaker's corpses with his foot. At the sound of his raspy voice, his mind shifted between hallucination and reality in a split second.

Yeah, if you think about it, Agor is right.

Humans judge others and rank them for their own self-interest. The strong take advantage of their interests and do not give to the weak.

Because humans are the ones who tolerate injustice when they see it, and even start wars based on their own selfish calculations.

I remembered how in my previous life I was completely ruined in an instant because of my father's debt guarantee.

The bank stuck red stickers all over the house, and society took away our family's chance to survive on their own.

'but…….'

A strong voice. No, he swung his sword and struck back at the mental magic.

A feeling as if something suddenly snapped. My mind immediately became clearer.

Clear away unnecessary thoughts and take hold of the sword.

As if to cut through both the magic of temptation and the fear that was creeping in.

"Oh my, why doesn't it seem like the magic isn't working? It was a higher level magic than before."

"… … ."

"Could it be because of this lowly body? Anyway, I whined and signed the contract, but this is what he does. How can a possessed body do anything like this? Seriously."

"ha ha ha."

I gave a short, audible laugh as I stood before Agor, who was mumbling something.

Agor, who had been looking at me silently for a moment, tilted his

head to the side.

“You, are you laughing?”

“Oh, it’s funny how you keep talking nonsense.”

At those words, silence fell over the entire area.

A suffocating rage filled Agor’s eyes.

Honestly, if you want to save your life in the moment, it would be right to accept Agor’s offer.

Besides, my ultimate goal of surviving would be much easier if I joined the Demon King’s army.

But, that’s the devil.

That too, Agor, the commander of the 5th Army of the Demon King’s Army and the Empress of the Succubus.

A demon who deceives humans with sweet talk and sucks their energy.

The devil, who treats even his own kind like small creatures, would really treat me kindly?

Well, I’m really skeptical.

If it doesn’t suit my mood, I’ll just snap my fingers and kill it.

Rather than living such a cowardly life of dependence, let’s just throw ourselves into it.

I made up my mind like that. Then I said while wiping off a piece of sashimi that I had peeled off about an inch.

“That’s what I mean when I say I want you to be my slave.”

Kiriririring.

Unlike just now, a chilly light was thinly spread across the sashimi blade.

Why is it that I can’t help but snicker in a situation where death is imminent?

I said, looking at Agor.

“Fuck you.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 63

Episode 63 Disaster (2)

Siegfried the Swordmaster arrived at the source of the magical resonance.

“Big.”

The ominous air, which makes you cough involuntarily, stabs your lungs mercilessly.

The magical power that extends out is so ferocious that it can instantly destroy even the strongest mental power.

The inspector paused for a moment and looked around. The scene he had wanted to believe was a dream, but it was actually a hellish scene.

The sounds of the living beings ceased as if time had temporarily stopped due to a huge force. I felt as if my consciousness would suddenly snap out of my consciousness.

‘… this feeling.’

It was even more than when he had faced off against the 6th Corps Commander Basmon half a century ago. The sword master could gauge the sharp magical power that was gnawing away at his opponent’s entire body like a fire demon without even looking at him.

“…Agor.”

The only demon among the legion commanders who can handle fire magic. Its harmfulness was beyond what a mere human could handle.

Countless questions crossed my mind, but it was not the time to ask for reasons when something suddenly came out of the blue.

“after.”

The swordsman let out a deep breath and shook off his fear by gripping his weapon tightly. He would be able to face the enemy if he pushed aside a layer of bushes.

It was when the inspector stepped forward towards the gruesome scene.

A woman wearing a dress like a hostile suit. Judging by the magical power she exudes, Agor must have taken possession of her body.

In order for a demon of the rank of a legion commander to reveal himself, he must sacrifice flesh to weaken the boundary between the demonic realm and the human realm, and possess a human body that acts as a catalyst.

In reaction, the commanders who had been possessed were unable to bring out all of their power, but it was still an unstoppable disaster.

‘It turned out to be what I expected.’

Just as he was about to move forward, drooling dryly, the inspector’s gaze slightly turned away. After a while, he was unable to continue speaking.

Cadet Kanggeomma. He slowly raised his blade while staring at Agor.

The inspector stared at the sight, dumbfounded.

There is no wavering in his eyes. In a situation where even the Seven Star Hero himself feels fear, Kanggeomma erases any sign of fear.

These are not the eyes of a warrior who has given up his life. They are eyes that are clearly filled with gun power. Kanggeomma is currently thinking of cutting down his enemy.

Agor relaxed his stiff expression for a moment and looked at Kanggeomma with interest. The line hanging from his lips was charming enough to captivate people.

Kiiiiiiiiiii—ing

The sword name of Sashimi fluttered sadly.

Hurrruk!

At the same time, a dazzling light streamed across the blade. The scene reflected on the sword master's retina turned blue.

A chill ran down his bones. What was that light?, the inspector muttered.

"…Come."

At a young age, he was displaying his swordsmanship. As a fellow swordsman who wielded a sword, I was filled with awe rather than jealousy.

The sparks of black energy flew towards the enemy. The sword was imbued with will like a living being. The pure blue aura alone and detachedly sprouted the spark of life in the midst of the red light.

The sword master, who had been staring blankly, shook his head and quickly came to his senses. He almost lost consciousness. Then he called out Ganggeomma's name at the top of his lungs.

"Ganggeomma, stop!"

At the old man's shout, Agor and Ganggeomma's gaze turned to him.

Agora glared at him curtly, as if he was annoyed by the intrusion of the sword. The dream demon that sucks the life energy does not show much interest in the old man.

Agor turned his gaze towards the swordsman. His eyes, gleaming with a fierce light, became even more sinister.

'Kang Geum-ma, you're not as good as that cadet.'

A treasure and hope that will break the chain of evil between humans and demons.

A talent of unparalleled caliber should not be wasted in a place like this.

“I’ll take care of it! You get out of here quickly!”

The sword master cried out again. Kanggeomma tried to move his mouth but soon stopped talking. Then he fixed his gaze on the enemy and immediately took off all of the scabbards.

Kiiiiiing—

The sashimi, filled with determination, answered with a sword. The sword master also drew his sword and kicked the ground.

Take a break.

The swordsman disappeared from sight, leaving behind an afterimage.

* * *

As the human shadow stretched out, a straight new shape appeared like a film.

Boom!

A burst of air accompanied by a short, cracking sound.

The strong sword reached Agor’s eyes in an instant.

His arm slid in an arc toward his enemy.

‘The speed is not visible… … .’

The swordsman’s eyelids blinked. In that instant, the process of the result was neatly omitted, and silvery trajectories piled up layer by layer. It was a sharp movement that aimed for the point accurately without being hasty.

Whirl, squeak!

The swift sword, with its precision and unrealistic speed, aims for Agor's neck. The sound belatedly followed the movements of the strong swordsman.

A speed far beyond recognition. It is no longer at a level that can be pursued by the body organs. The sword master uses the realm of imagination to vaguely imagine the attack and defense in his mind.

The sword strikes a high point and falls, then leaps up from a low point in an instant.

A strong sword with solid power and a sharp sword with sharp edges are standing on two sashimi swords.

Even before the new model is ready, another shadow is far away.

It can also appear suddenly from below or above.

The swordsman shook the sashimi.

'Swinging.'

After causing confusion by disrupting it with irregular movements.

'Stabbed.'

The essence of sashimi lies in the sharpness and lightness of the tip of the knife.

'Bend.'

A series of attacks that cannot be made with other weapons draw an angled straight line.

————Whiriririrrik!

How to deal with a strong enemy, vital points, the opponent's breathing, emotional tone, and the flow of the attack.

All of this was combined and hammered into Kanggeomma's mind.

It is the remnants of 20 years of life, engraved on the skin, of a knife that only holds and swings sashimi.

The talent for the sword that led him to become the best swordsman in the country. Added to that was the protection of the swordsman.

What he lacks in practical skills is made up for by the experience gained from holding a sword, and his blossoming sense is tempered by the protection of the swordsman, thereby limitlessly expanding the realm of his talents.

Crunch!

A sharp beam of light cut through the air. Its incredible speed made it look like a straight bolt of lightning.

“Oh- That’s pretty good? You’ve now surpassed human limits?”

Agor, who had disappeared from sight, was now standing behind Kanggeomma. The ground where Agor stepped was instantly eroded and crumbled.

Agor struck with his sticky claws.

Boom!

The aftershock alone caused the air to warp and the floor to cave in.

Without showing any sign of panic, Kanggeomma twisted the trajectory of his sword. The sword strokes imbued with aura were calm yet fierce. The sea green aura was entangled like a thread at the tip of the blade.

“Even at a young age, he knows how to use it so freely, it’s a shame to keep him as a human.”

Agor laughed briefly and parried the attacks with his bare hands. Blood flowed out from the cuts made by the sword. Agor sensed the attacks with a face full of passion and took them.

The surrounding landscapes were broken apart mercilessly along with the scattered blasts. In the gaps between counterattacks and attacks, the boundary between life and death became blurred.

Sagagagagagagagag!

The more this happened, the more fiercely Kang Geum-ma swung his blade. As his arms and shoulders shook, the space around him rippled like waves.

A series of elusive sword strikes. Every movement is mechanically precise and grounded. The sharp sword strikes create a wind of blades and rush in.

Kwaaaaang!

Before the aftermath of the attack could be heard, multiple blades flew at the enemy like birds of prey.

Agor, who was throwing away the sword that was coming in at a bend. His once relaxed expression had been stripped away and he looked quite stiff.

'It's getting faster and faster.'

Aghor exhaled softly. At first, he had intended to play along, but now he was busy blocking the blades. The blades mercilessly dug into his vision as if they were cutting into his timing to attack.

Soon, Agor's blood spurted onto the ground. As soon as it was cut, new flesh grew greedily. However, Agor frowned.

"I really can't get used to the fact that my blood is red. It's like I've become human. If only it weren't for that clause from 700 years ago… … . It's really unpleasant and makes me feel bad."

Agor's shadow flickered and then appeared at Kanggeomma's feet. Then, his blood-soaked, sticky nails rushed towards Kanggeomma's nape.

Just before the claws touch the flesh, Kanggeomma dodges the attack by spinning his body, and then shouts. Only his black hair swayed slowly. A movement that extracts maximum speed with minimal movement.

Kagagagagaga river!

The fierce red and white attacks and defenses are layered and form a

distinct shape.

All of this happened in just over five seconds.

"… Ah, no."

The swordsman rubbed his open eyes and stuttered. The swordsmanship practiced by the strong swordsman was free from the shackles of humans.

The blade, imbued with the will to strike, rushes toward the enemy, drawing the aura. As if cutting through space, an artificial trace of the cut remains in the thick dust.

The swordsman couldn't move his feet. He couldn't even keep track of the speed with his eyes.

The black energy scattered by the strong swordsman there does not allow the intervention of others.

I just squint my eyes and try to grasp the sword path. My pupils move so quickly that they shake from side to side as if there was an earthquake.

Hururuk.

As the iron tool swept through the air, friction occurred and sparks flew into the air. The smell of burning lingered in my nostrils.

'…but.'

As the fierce battle continues, the balance of the battle tilts towards Aggor.

Kanggeomma's eyes gradually became cloudy as he reached his limit. His sharp swordplay became noticeably dull. Red liquid flowed down his cheeks from his burst blood vessels.

His breathing was irregular, and whenever Kang Geum-ma exhaled, steam escaped through his teeth even though it was early summer.

It was evidence that the body temperature was abnormally high

compared to the air temperature.

The blood flow boils like lava as the body moves in a way that defies the laws of physics, and the body's heat rises abnormally.

"Haaang."

Then, Agor muttered with a face full of passion, moaning strangely. As steam rose from the faint wound, it healed cleanly.

"Isn't it really a shame to leave him as a human? His fiery spirit that burns his own body is truly charming. He may not be very smart, but at his age, he has a better future than the child who is being divined as 'that person's' vessel. But—"

It smiled faintly. Then, Agor, holding up one hand, continued speaking in a whisper.

"—That's all for playing. I'm almost used to this body now."

Agor took a deep breath. Then the wind flow reversed and flowed backwards. The magical power gathered in Agor's hand began to take shape in an instant.

"Let's test whether you are the child who will fulfill our wish, my child."

"Get out of here, Strong Sword Horse!"

When Geomje realized the situation, he threw himself at Ganggeomma without hesitation.

Agor glanced at him and smiled sinisterly before lightly reciting the words.

"Flama."

As soon as the spell was over, a fierce heat blew so fiercely that I couldn't even open my eyes, and then a huge flame burst out.

A scorching sound that seemed to burn the eardrums. The life and greenery of the forest nearby were reduced to ashes. Black smoke

polluted the depths of the lungs.

Even if it is the simplest fire attribute magic, if the target of the spell is a general, its power is on a whole other level.

Behind Agor's back, a blazing fireball spread flames like a snake's tongue.

Agor winked one eye and asked playfully against the red-tinted background.

"Can you handle this much?"

Kanggeomma looked at Agor with a distorted face. He writhed as if he could no longer move.

At that sight, Agor let out a wicked sneer like a demon, then straightened his fingers.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 64

Episode 64 Disaster (3)

My mind is blank.

The memories of the battle with Agor were shattered into fragments.

I remember grabbing the sashimi and attacking it fiercely, but after that, the intense pain that came rushing in made my brain ache and I lost consciousness.

'…Is he dead?'

I felt dizzy and barely managed to hold on to my slender consciousness. I felt the sensation of my body that had been forgotten in my disconnected consciousness. Then I felt the desolate wind brushing my cheek.

He's still alive. I can tell intuitively.

Is this what it feels like to be dead and come back to life? But it's still too early to scream in joy. I sharpened my senses a bit more and woke up. Then I felt blood flowing through my veins to every corner.

Beginning with touch, my senses of taste, smell, and hearing came back to life one after another. The hot wind that cut through my skin sharply, the spicy, dry air that touched my tongue, and the burning smell that stung my nasal passages.

However, the scenery that was visible had a cloudy grayish tint to it, perhaps because the focus was not yet on.

I instinctively breathed sensation into my hand. The taste of the knife handle was etched into my knuckles.

I sighed in relief for a moment, but then I began to wonder how I could be without excruciating pain even after the pain relief had ended. Rather than excruciating pain, my head felt refreshed as if it had been ventilated.

‘… … .’

I felt a sense of foreboding. It was similar to when the wooden sword broke during the sparring with Chloe. However, unlike that time, my mind was clearer. There was no ominous voice whispering inside me.

While lost in thought, the scenery began to gradually come into view. The vision that had seemed like an afterimage soon took on a clear shape.

“Coolook, coolook.”

I opened my eyes and looked straight ahead at the thick coughing sound that reached my ears. What came into view was the back of the swordsman.

But the left side of the swordsman was empty. His left arm was gone, down to his upper arm. Flames were burning next to his armpit. There was an unpleasant smell of burning meat.

“…Your Majesty?”

“Cough, cough. Are you coming to your senses?”

He turned his head slightly and looked up. He tried to force a smile, erasing the expression distorted by pain. Blood leaked out through his teeth and ran down his chin.

The eyes that were looking at the sword master’s missing arm wavered. The sword master spoke in a slow voice.

“Just take it easy while I recover. The situation is really bad.”

“Your Majesty, your arm.”

The inspector shrugged one shoulder and replied.

“It’s okay. Do you really need to use both hands to hold the sword? Don’t worry about it and just take care of yourself first. The situation is still hopeless.”

In the meantime, the inspector raised the corners of his mouth a little bit more as if trying to reassure me. Then he immediately turned his gaze and stared straight ahead.

Agor tilted his head and looked at the sword master and me before speaking.

“That’s strange. Old lady, you. How could a mere human cut my magic?”

The swordsman took a deep breath and did not respond. He took a stance, gripping the sword with his remaining right arm. Agor sighed and shook his head.

“Ha, this is annoying. I guess this body and I don’t get along well. It’s hard to see me struggling against that bloody lump and that old man who’s about to die.”

Then, Agor suddenly distorted his impression. When he clicked his tongue, anger spread across his eyes.

Then, the fire condensed on Agor’s forearm wrapped around him like a glove.

Then, all of a sudden, the water dries up and evaporates with a hissing sound as steam rises.

As Agor unleashed his magical power, it took physical form and wrapped itself around his body. The shoulders of the sword master behind him shook slightly.

“I don’t know what trick you’re using, old lady—”

Before he could finish speaking, Agor stamped his foot.

Kwakwakwang!

With a loud noise of air bursting, he came within striking distance of the swordsman in an instant and swung his arms.

My skin was chafed by the strong, artificial wind.

Although I would like to help the sword master, I cannot move my fingertips due to the backlash from the sword master's protection.

"—Die."

The fiercely burning flames aimed for the sword master's neck. The sword master opened his eyes wide and raised his blade. A silver line slid across Aghor's arm.

Seogeong!

The sound was sharp and the movements were concise. Movements were like dance steps.

The ultimate swordsmanship, with all unnecessary elements removed, cuts the uncuttable.

Then, one of Agor's arms rolled across the floor. The intense heat caused the ground to melt like lava.

Agor blinked his eyes with a dumbfounded expression for a moment. Then, a bloodshot look began to form on his face.

"How dare you, you little bug!"

When Agor screamed, a frenzy broke out.

The air currents surged fiercely, and the flames that burned the floodwaters formed a huge curtain-like wall of fire.

All the moisture in the air evaporates, and your mouth becomes dry in an instant.

At that moment, the swordsman scraped the dry ground with the tip of his sword. Then, a thick cloud of dry dust rose up, and the swordsman buried himself in the dust, disappearing from sight.

“This tough little rat!”

As Agor snapped his index finger and thumb, hundreds and thousands of fire bars appeared behind his back and were immediately triggered.

Pavababababababababak!

A shower of flames rushes towards the swordsman.

Knock!

The sound of light footsteps. The hidden sword master swung his sword with a pure blue aura. The aura aimed at Agor’s vital points like a blue whip.

The fierce momentum of the sword contains the skills, talents, and experiences of a human being. The series of movements and blades performed by the sword master are materialized and projected in the realm of my imagination.

The sword that a man has worked for his entire life finally strikes Agor’s neck.

Sigh!

‘I cut it.’

But the eerie sound of skin scraping is heard simultaneously.

Crunch!

“Uh… Ugh!”

One of the many fire bars that shot up from the ground pierced the sword master’s stomach. Crackle, the sound of flesh being torn apart. The sword master kicked the ground and opened up some distance, and blood gushed out from his mouth.

The inspector slightly lowered his eyelids to check his condition, and soon his pupils shook greatly.

The abdominal cavity was hollowed out in a circular pattern. Burned by the overwhelming firepower, there was no blood or flesh seeping out.

“Ugh, ugh.”

The sword master opened his lips several times and let out a groan of pain. Soon his knees touched the ground and the light in his eyes began to slowly fade.

Agor slowly walked towards him, his arsenic dripping down his cheeks. His severed arm had healed without a scratch, and was now attached.

The gap between humans and demons wasn’t just the difference in the power they used. At that moment, Agor cast a mental spell that shook the sword master’s vision.

“shit!”

I bit my lower lip. My front teeth dug into it and blood flowed out. My body couldn’t move. Agor glanced at me from the corner of his eye and then turned his gaze back to the sword master.

“Old lady, you’re amazing for a human. But what can’t be done can’t be done. No matter how hard a bug bites, it’s still a bug.”

The inspector stared at Agor, holding his breath. He snickered and retorted Agor’s words.

“That’s scary.”

“…what?”

Agor’s eyebrows curved gently. The sword master spoke while regulating his fading breath.

“I don’t know exactly why you came here from beyond the demon realm. But I can see it. There’s clear fear in your eyes.”

“Ha, how ridiculous. You’re acting so smug because you’re a little in sync with the rhythm. Hey, bug. Just because you got lucky and cut

off an arm doesn't mean you and I are on the same level."

"haha."

At those words, the sword master let out a low laugh, and Agor's lips twisted.

The swordsman raised his head slightly and looked straight into Agor's eyes. His golden eyes were shining brightly.

"Old lady, you, those eyes… Aaron, that guy's descendant?"

Agor, with his eyes narrowed, tilted his head and asked coldly. The sword master simply smiled and continued speaking.

"That's funny."

"…What the hell are you talking about all of a sudden?"

"It's funny to hear a monster that's been alive for over a thousand years call you an old woman. My old colleague, the old woman, is like a fresh-faced fairy in front of you, yes."

The speaking swordsman's breathing became ragged. A strand of hair stuck to his cheek.

But instead of falling, he buried the blade in the ground and slowly got up, using it as a cane.

"The demons are definitely stronger than us humans. To the point of absurdity. That's the fact that when I was younger, I used to resent this world. It's a hopeless law that there are walls that can't be overcome no matter how hard you try. However… at this age, I've finally come to realize something."

The swordsman straightened his back while holding the hilt of his sword with his right hand. He then looked at me with both eyes and smiled faintly. At that gaze, goosebumps ran down my entire body for no reason.

"Agor, you should know that too. Humans develop and progress with each passing day. That is what the Demons fear the most, and the

reason they are always trying to invade the human world."

The swordsman pulled out the blade he had stuck in the ground and aimed it at his enemy. The color drained from Agor's face as he grew more and more angry. Then, as if he was in disbelief, he shook his head and let out a hollow laugh.

"Ha, I really can't listen to you. I thought a dying mother would leave some grand will, but is that really all she says? Anyway, you guys are really old-fashioned, whether it be seven hundred years ago or now."

As he spoke, Agor stopped walking. As the tip of the bastard's foot pointed towards me, confusion quickly spread across the sword master's face.

"Your opponent is me!"

"What are you saying, you idiot who's dying? I have no intention of dealing with a corpse like you. Since I'm here in the real world, I want to play with young kids."

Agor snorted and replied indifferently.

"Are you turning your back on the enemy right now?! That guy is just a cadet!"

"Hey, Aaron's bloodline. Are you measuring me with human standards? I thought you were smart, but you're just a senile old man."

The swordsman who had been shouting loudly charged forward with his sword in hand.

However, Agor has already reached my eyes. As he chants some incantation, the mental magic that extends out binds my body.

"No! Ganggeomma, run away!"

With one arm missing and a hole in his stomach, the swordsman's steps were noticeably slower. Agor glanced at him with a cold gaze and whispered in my ear.

“I don’t agree with that old man, but looking at you, I can see that humans are evolving creatures. Your body looks useful, so I’ll take it, kid.”

“… … .”

The background sound of Agor’s dark taunts and the swordmaster’s earnest cries mingled together lingered in my ears.

Agor gently stroked my head with his outstretched hand, and then out of nowhere he kissed my forehead.

“This is my last gift.”

Then he put his hand on my forehead and began to wreak havoc on my mind with the magical power he emitted.

“Hehehehe, your body will be used for the wishes of our demon tribe. Don’t hold back too much, and I’ll see you in hell, Ganggeomma.”

After saying that, the noisy background noise suddenly stopped.

Paat!

[Unauthorized intrusion from outside has been detected.]

For a moment, a blank sheet of paper appeared in my mind, like a white shadow.

Beep beep

[Unauthorized external intrusion is detected and the system automatically deploys a defense program.]

At that moment, a sharp, monosyllabic alarm sound and a heartless woman’s voice resonated repeatedly in my brain.

[Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred! Error occurred!]

[※※An unexpected error occurred.※※]

[The user's level is still too low for the program to work.]

[The worldline is still too low level for the program to work.]

[Location – Code. A temporary increase in rank is possible with Yggdrasil's catalyst.]

[The program uses suppression power to realign and synchronize world lines.]

Jiiing—

[The conditions as 【? ? ?】 have been met.]

A feeling of gradual mental confusion and a tremendous sense of helplessness that attacks one's reason.

[Forces the level of all of the user's protections to be increased and manifested.]

[The God of Painlessness and the God of Regeneration are manifested simultaneously.]

[The God of Transition uses two protections to stop the suffering and tearing of the world line.]

[Considering the load of the world line, the manifestation time is limited to 60 seconds.]

Jiiing—

An intoxication of unfathomable depth.

And then suddenly something was cut off.

[The Sword God's protection is removed.]

* * *

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

《Please look down.》

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 65

Episode 65 Disaster (4)

“You devil!”

The swordsman ran towards Agor, shouting.

“Haha, isn’t it a compliment to call someone a devil to the Demon Tribe?”

Agor placed his hand on Kanggeomma’s head and giggled playfully.

Blood flowed down the sword master’s chin, and wind flowed through the wide-open hole in his stomach.

All around, flames are writhing like life, and life is melting away like a candle.

There was no hope of victory. Nevertheless, Siegfried grabbed the hilt of his sword and ran.

“Even if it means sacrificing my life, Agor, I will take both of your legs!”

Kiiiiiing—

Siegfried’s sword cried on behalf of its master. Then, a pure white light flowed down the blade, starting from the knuckles of the sword master’s fingers.

Agor’s eyes widened as he watched. A chill ran down his spine. Agor muttered with a dumbfounded expression.

“… The aura of the Black Sword?”

The identity of the light source that covered Siegfried’s sword like a white curtain. It is the sword energy of a human known as the first swordsman who threatened Agor’s own life 700 years ago.

“Aaron Nibelung.”

It was imprinted on each and every cell of Agor. The 5th Corps Commander’s body tingled at the human swordsmanship that surpassed standards.

During the First World War, the face of the person who had thrust a cold blade in front of him, the commander of the human legion, overlapped with the sword. For a moment, he was confused, and an unpleasant feeling welled up deep within Agor.

“… This, this insect-like human… … !”

When Agor was about to scream in anger, his expression crumpled without mercy.

Goooooooo.

Dark shadows swallow the sky. The fiercely burning magical fires have also died down.

“… … !”

It wasn’t the weather’s whims.

An unknown sensation begins to spread through Agor and Geomje’s entire body.

The wind direction changes as if forcibly pushing away the tension that had been tense until just a moment ago.

In an unexpected situation, Agor just raised his chin and looked up at the sky.

“What is this?”

The sky was turning black. Broad daylight was turning into night in an instant.

The sun that brightened the world hides behind the shadow of the moon and leaves behind a lesson.

Countless stars appear in Agor's eyes as he stares blankly upward.

The overwhelming number of stars, which cannot be estimated or counted, all look at Agor with determined gazes.

Immediately the sound of lightning flew into my ears.

Kwaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Lightning bolts flashed fiercely between the pitch-black clouds.

Instead of fading starlight, flashes of light fill the vast sky.

Kwarrung!

A series of loud noises that seemed to tear the eardrums apart.

As the sky crumbled along the lines of thunder that tore through the empty air, the faded leaves of Yggdrasil, the great tree of life, began to fall like snowflakes.

Soon after, the walls that had been clashing in the air began to descend with willpower towards a point on the ground. There, Ganggeomma and Agor were.

Agor, who still hasn't grasped the situation, stares blankly at the lightning bolts flying at the speed of light, then quickly collapses.

"Kuaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

The sound of the angry voice echoed in the recording. Where lightning struck, yellow sparks and lightning flashed.

"Ugh… Ugh… … ."

Agor stepped back, his whole body blackened and breathing heavily. Bloodshot bruises burst out like roots on his skin, spurting out blood.

The wound healed quickly, but confusion lingered on Agor's face.

The thick layer of dust and the fiercely burning flames were being consumed by the flickering flashes of light.

A huge energy was felt. Agor's gaze moved on its own.

"This, this, this."

Wherever your gaze is directed, there stands a strong swordsman.

A dazzling halo of light surrounds him, with the eardrum-numbing roaring as the background music.

There is an indescribable radiance in the eyes, and the space around the body of the strong swordsman refracts, creating a ripple and shimmering effect.

The swordsman who was looking at the sight swallowed dry saliva.

Even if you squint your eyes to see the details, the shape is not captured properly.

OMG.

The sashimi that Kanggeomma was holding with both hands emitted a holy sword sound.

"Hey, what is that!"

The 5th Corps Commander Agor, who still had a blank expression, shouted as if he had had a fit. There was an emotion in his voice that he had never felt before.

Unprecedented strength and weight tighten around the demon's entire body, making him squirm like a weakling.

"… … ."

Kanggeomma stands firm, with his back to Yggdrasil, without saying a word.

He turned his head slightly and met the gaze of the sword master,

who was hesitating in confusion. The sword master's mind was filled with a sacred sense of elation.

"iced coffee."

The wrinkled eyes slowly turned red, and hot water flowed out. They were not tears of sadness like before, but tears of joy.

The inspector bowed to one knee to show respect.

If someone asks me later why, I will say that it was just an unconscious act on my part as a prosecutor.

"I will cut it."

Kang Geum-ma said without moving his lips.

It was a direct message that went straight to the brain, not through the ears. It was clearly a mime, but the voice and tone that seemed to resonate in the brain were unfamiliar.

At that moment, flesh began to bubble from the hole in the sword master's stomach and soon filled the wound. New flesh also grew on the cut-off section of the arm.

"…What on earth is going on?"

The sword master strokes his stomach and severed arm with a bewildered face. No matter how hard he tries to understand, he can't even guess.

Agora looked at the sight with blurry eyes. No matter how hard he tried to think about the situation, it was something beyond his understanding.

Kanggeomma closed his eyes without saying a word. The sound of the devil's fire burning away at the water echoed in his ears.

Kanggeomma gripped the hilt of his sword diagonally. At the same time, pure white light poured out from the ground beneath his feet and covered the ground.

Choaaaaaaah.

[The painless guardian god appears.]

[The god of regeneration appears.]

[The God of Transference is revealed.]

The two guardians are transferred to the guardian of transference, covering the entire world line and supporting the universe.

It is a realm of mystery that goes far beyond the dimension of protection.

To Agor's eyes, the appearance of the strong swordsman looked like a hazy mist.

It was as if the body and senses were paralyzed, as if the brain was rejecting the very recognition of existence.

'That's not human.'

Agor gathered all his magical power to move his still body. The corpses on the floodwaters and the rivers that had expanded with heat began to melt away, sloshing around.

As he concentrated his consciousness and released the upper limit of his body, he unleashed the magical power he had gathered in an instant, and the curtain of fire burned even more fiercely.

Whoosh whoosh!

"Blaze Tempest."

A huge fireball rose into the air, melting and drying up streams and streams. It was a magic of such intensity that it could even swallow up a descending flesh.

'If we leave that guy here, he will definitely block our tribe's path.'

Suspicion turns into certainty in an instant. Aghor, determined, reached out his hand. The flesh on his forearm melted away,

revealing blackened bones.

Kwarrrrung!

A huge wave of sparks surged up. It was a tremendous firepower that could burn the entire island. A single ray of fire melted the rocks like lava.

Kanggeomma stared at the approaching Hwama with quiet eyes. The pupils half-submerged in his eyebrows were filled with a quiet light.

Reflected on the retina. A distorted space with a blazing fireball. And countless red lines drawn here and there.

Kanggeomma slowly lifted a sack of sashimi. It was a movement of undivided grace, free of any traces of trivial habits, exquisite skills, or murderous intent.

The tip of the sword was pointed toward the sky.

A brilliant light flashed through the sky.

The sword pointed to the ground.

———Crunch!

There was a smooth sound. A pillar of light cut diagonally through the fireball. The golden flash continued on to the infinite farthest reaches.

Paat!

The flames that had been melting the surroundings burst like bubbles without leaving even residual heat.

The tragedy of the Ganggeomma was like a rule that brought about the phenomenon of ‘extinction’ into reality. It was an absurdity where cause and effect were reversed.

In contrast, the flames of Agor, although they are tremendous magic, are only a part of the world.

The incomprehensible phenomenon cuts down the very source of magic.

“ah.”

Agor muttered. A long slash appeared on his waist, and soon the upper and lower parts of his body slid apart.

It was only after a while that he realized that he had been cut. The engraved wound did not grow new flesh. There was no blood either.

Thump.

The severed torso rolled across the floor. Agor was speechless at the sight before his eyes.

A confusion occurred as a slanted crack appeared in the landscape. The boundary between the earth and the sky was redrawn.

From the split sky, a pillar of light poured down upon Yggdrasil, and the rugged mountain ridges were cut horizontally, revealing a cross-section, clearing away the paths of hell.

The forest was once again filled with lost greenery, and the clear sun was shining again.

The rotation stopped, and Agor’s gaze turned to the sky.

The sunlight that had been gathered in the darkness burst out through the open sky.

Agor’s eyes were opened wide at the sudden brightness in his vision.

“Ugh.”

Agor groaned as she sensed death approaching her with strides. She pushed herself up from the ground, her lower body almost numb.

“I can’t die like this.”

Aghor glared, straining his strength. He was close to death, but he still couldn’t even fathom the blow. Only one certainty lingered in his

mind.

‘Ganggeomma, that guy’s existence is nothing short of a disaster for the Demon Tribe.’

The swordsman who had been standing still seemed to have lost his balance and his body began to sway. There was no way his body could withstand such a blow.

‘The opportunity is now.’

Agor burns his remaining life force and converts it into magical power, casting a spell.

“Flame.”

I barely managed to put strength into my fingers before I could flick it.

Sigh.

The blade’s piercing power. The pure white straight sword pierced Aghor’s nape and came out through his maw.

Agor turned his creaking head back. The sword master, with his one-armed sword thrust into his body, looked down at Agor.

“Turning your back to the enemy? You and the 6th Corps Commander Basmon are just like that.”

Agor’s claws scraped painfully at the ground. The swordmaster bared his teeth fiercely and spoke.

“Hey, this fucking son of a bitch!”

“Go to hell, you devil thing.”

Agor lets out a sharp moan with a knife stuck in his mouth. His tongue is cut off, so he can’t pronounce things properly. The sword master in one breath blew the aura of the sword saint and tore at his body.

As the holy light enveloped him, magical energy flowed out from Ray Shen's eye sockets.

Then, soon, a crack appeared on Agor's body and an aura of light leaked out through the crack.

"Aaron's Husoone, you little bastard!"

"Still, your name is more tenacious than Basmon's."

The sword master twisted the hilt of his sword. With a crack, Agor's flesh fragments scattered. Soon, the little bit of magic power that remained evaporated like a mirage.

The death of the 5th Corps Commander, Empress of Mongma, Agor, was eerily quiet.

"And my name is not Aaron's descendant, but Siegfried von Nibelung."

The swordsman shouted, wiping the blood off his sword blade with one arm. Then he ran towards the staggering strong sword horse and grabbed its body.

Although his bones were protruding and he was extremely gaunt, fortunately he was still breathing. He laid the sword on the floor gently.

The sword master sat cross-legged next to him and examined the body of the strong sword master. An excellent warrior also serves as a medical staff in times of emergency. Moreover, there were few who knew the counter-effects of protection as well as the sword master.

'Breathing is normal, and there are areas where blood flow is blocked, but there are no fatal injuries. It's not like his life is in danger.'

After confirming that Kanggeomma was stable, Geomje let out a deep sigh of relief. He wiped the cold sweat that had formed on his chin and muttered softly.

"… Kanggeomma, who are you?"

Siegfried thought. At first, he just thought of him as an extraordinary genius.

But as time passed, my aversion to the Ganggeomma grew, and now it even felt alienating.

The sword master reviewed the events of the Ganggeomma. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't understand what it was. It wasn't an attack, but rather some kind of phenomenon.

The chilling shock, as if I had been hit in the head with a hammer, still enveloped my body. I expanded my scope of thought using my past experiences as material.

Thoughts follow one another, and he tries to gather conclusions. The inspector's white eyebrows narrow.

Randomly emerging ideas eventually suggest new hypotheses.

'Is Lee Ja really a human being?'

The swordsman lowered his gaze and looked at Kanggeomma. Even though he was lying down with his eyes closed, he seemed to be looking out at the world.

He lifted his chin and looked up at the sky. Clouds that had been artificially cut off were floating across the sky. He lowered his gaze back to look at Kanggeomma.

"… … ."

Long ago, since ancient times, humans believed that all things in the universe had an incomprehensible will.

Storms and floods, lightning strikes in the clear sky, and even comets falling in the night sky.

Superhuman and supernatural interventions have always been a source of fear for humanity.

Paradoxically, they worship Him in order to receive blessings and protection from His transcendent power.

People take it all in.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 66

Episode 66: Siegfried the Inquisitor (1)

My eyes opened loosely. Through the thin gaps in the snow, I saw a familiar white ceiling.

A hospital room at Joaquin Academy. The chemical smell lingering in my nostrils is still something I can't get used to.

The artificial aftertaste made me come to my senses. It didn't take long for the realism to seep into my skin. After all, this was the third time.

As I moved my body slightly, I heard a thud, a sound of bones snapping back into place.

I don't know for sure, but I must have been lying down for a while. I tried to force my eyelids open again. They were so heavy that I had to tighten my eye muscles for a long time before I could open my eyes.

"Ugh… … ."

A faint groan escaped between my teeth. It felt like my bones and muscles were being torn apart and then reassembled. My body convulsed in excruciating pain.

If I had been stabbed with a knife, that part would have hurt like crazy, but my whole body hurt, so there was nothing I could do.

But if you think about it differently, this pain that runs through your

entire body is proof of being alive.

‘The problem is that it hurts a lot.’

I lifted my upper body by supporting myself on the bed. A handprint was imprinted on the white bedsheet.

As the tinnitus gradually subsided, I heard the sound of paper being turned and folded. I looked away, regaining my hazy focus.

“I see you’re awake.”

“…Your Majesty?”

The inspector folded the newspaper while wearing his glasses. He folded the square glasses that reached all the way down to the tip of his nose with only his left hand and placed them on top of the newspaper. It was a skillful movement, like flowing water.

Where his right arm should have been, the hem of his clothes fluttered weakly. Sensing his gaze, Geomje smiled kindly as he wrapped his missing right arm.

“You’re a rare breed of savage. You’ve been unconscious for the past week, and the first thing you do when you wake up is worry about others rather than yourself. But don’t worry. You’ve gotten pretty good at living with just one arm.”

“… Have I been lying down this whole week?”

“Well, to be exact, I was in the hospital room for a week. The other week was in the operating room.”

“A week in the operating room… …?”

At my very surprised reaction, the inspector shrugged his right shoulder and continued speaking.

“Mediah put the entire hospital on notice to save you. That’s why it took more than ten medical staff to operate on you. It was a sight I’ve never seen before. Thanks to you, I think I’ve seen many new things at the age of seventy, haha.”

The swordsman laughs softly.

His previously stern appearance was nowhere to be found; he looked like a familiar old man who could be found anywhere.

He laughed for a while, then picked up the newspaper and glasses he had folded on the table and sat down.

“Anyway, since you’ve regained consciousness, Ganggeomma, I’ll be leaving now. Oh, and once your bones have healed, come to the principal’s office. I’ll usually be there.”

As he said that, the inspector turned his body in a measured manner. His right sleeve fluttered and shook. The tip of his nose stung at that scene.

“Your Majesty.”

The voice calling out reached the inspector’s back. He answered with only half of his upper body bent back.

“Um, something.”

“Did your Majesty continue to take care of me while I was sick?”

A subtle expression lingered on the swordsman’s face, and he turned his head toward the door. His grayish hair swayed like silver thread.

“How could that be? I came to see you today while I was at the hospital, and luckily you opened your eyes.”

The inspector waved his empty right arm once and pushed the door open.

He opened the door to the hospital room halfway and said something as if he had just remembered something.

“Oh, by the way, you don’t have to worry about hospital bills anymore. This hospital room will be yours for the rest of your life. Chew your meat thoroughly and get plenty of rest. Okay, I’ll be going now.”

The inspector knocked on the white wall with his left hand and then closed the door without looking back and left.

“what?”

I tilted my head for a moment and then buried my back in the blanket. My cool liver and gallbladder cleared, and exhaustion washed over me, and I fell into a deep sleep.

At that time, I didn’t understand what the inspector said.

After staying there for three more days and being discharged, I was finally able to hear the inside story from the nurse.

The fact that the inspector had used his own money to rent out the entire VIP ward, and that he had stayed by my side the entire time I was hospitalized.

* * *

Inside the Wolf Class. It was the morning of the second day since Kang Geum-ma was hospitalized.

At the third end, Ryozo Saki rested his chin deeply on his hand and looked out the window. His long eyelashes were loosely covering his eyes.

His face was expressionless, but his pupils were filled with various emotions that flashed and disappeared repeatedly.

When Kang Geum-ma was hospitalized, male cadets from all classes came to talk to Saki Ryozo.

Every time, she would shoot a cold gaze between their eyebrows. The male cadets would smile awkwardly and back away.

“…under.”

Saki let out a long, drawn-out sigh. It was a continuation of the unstimulating days.

Even though I slept all day, I still felt groggy, and the rice cake

wasn't as sweet as it used to be.

"I wonder if he's awake by now."

Saki muttered softly with a blank look. After the uninhabited island survival training, she heard that Ganggeomma was in critical condition.

More than ten medical staff members performed the major surgery over the course of a week.

And although Kang Geum-ma barely regained his breath, ominous rumors about his life and death still circulated among the cadets.

Every time, Saki felt the urge to shoot an arrow between their eyebrows.

'Kang Geum-ma, he will never die.'

Saki declared in her heart. However, she also did not know the situation of Ganggeomma.

The Academy strictly prohibited any approach to Kang Geum-ma. Bodyguards took turns guarding the ward where Kang Geum-ma was hospitalized, day and night.

Even when Speed Weapon and Chloe stopped by to visit, they didn't let them through. They just kept repeating that it was a special order from the principal and prevented outsiders from entering.

"… Is this something related to the inspector?"

In fact, the world's attention these days is on Geomje, not Ganggeomma. Geomje, who accompanied the cadets to protect them, lost an arm on Avalon Island.

Sakido was also present on Avalon Island, so she sensed the change. Although it was from a distance, she felt the magical resonance that made her whole body spin.

In fact, the map of Avalon Island has changed a lot since that day.

Lava that was not there before began to boil, and artificial ridges were created on the mountainside.

Although the facts are unknown, it is likely that the demons or the demons invaded and the swordsman stopped them. However, there was no information as to who the enemy was.

Media outlets around the world have made numerous requests for interviews with the prosecutor, but he has remained silent.

The head of the academy, Media, took it upon himself to act as his spokesperson and simply said that he would closely examine the situation and make an announcement.

“Ha, this is frustrating.”

Saki muttered and threw her head back, her light blue hair spreading out and gathering like a fan.

There have been many hypotheses floating around, but her insight is not to dismiss hypotheses without evidence.

“… When are you coming, I’m worried.”

Saki muttered. Her chest felt stuffy as if acrid smoke had risen. Even her excellent insight could not grasp the tone of this emotion.

However, right now, it seemed like I could greet Kang Geum-ma’s expressionless gaze as if we were meeting for the first time in decades.

As I saw the face of Kang Geum-ma, who was on the verge of death, the area around his eyes turned red and felt cold.

Saki wrinkled her nose for no reason.

She shook her head to shake off her thoughts. Her sky-blue hair spread out and gathered like a fan. Then, she felt a presence.

“Sniff, sniff. Sword Demon… … .”

Chloe, sitting two seats away, is wiping away tears with her sleeve.

Since Kang Geum-ma was admitted to the hospital, tears never dried from her eyes. Her swollen eyes were bloodshot and red like a rabbit's eyes.

Saki felt a faint chill at the sight, though it was sad.

At first glance, she seems like a cute girl, but her actions while Kang Geum-ma was hospitalized were beyond common sense.

'No matter what, it's not normal to break into the ward in the middle of the night to see Kanggeomma… … .'

As a result of that incident, Chloe was arrested by security guards and had to be placed on probation for a week. She finally returned to school today. Later, it was said that her resistance was very strong.

Chloe, who would scream with empty eyes, was called 'Red Ghost' among the ward staff and was talked about like a ghost story.

'… … .'

As I was about to turn my head after looking at Chloe's profile for a moment, a not-so-welcome face appeared in Lang Class.

"Weapon, why do you always come here and annoy me?"

"Tsk, I came here because I wanted to see your face too, right?"

Weapon glanced at the sobbing Chloe and then turned his gaze to Saki. He was carrying a large rolled-up piece of paper at his side.

"What is that?"

Saki nodded, resting her cheek on her clenched hand.

"Ah, this is our club poster. I came here for this. As soon as the club president is discharged, we'll start the club creation process, but we're still short on one member. Come to think of it, I've always just relied on that guy, and I've never done anything proactive."

Weapon said, rubbing his nose in embarrassment. His tone was filled with the confidence that Ganggeomma would return safely.

At those words, Saki's pupils, which had been indifferent, dilated. Chloe also stopped crying.

"… Weapon, you."

"What, what. I know what I'm saying is cringey!"

Weapon, whose cheeks were flushed, grumbled loudly. Saki raised the corners of her lips and added.

"It's because he's tall, because he's tall."

"Hmph, that's right. Mr. Geumma will definitely be discharged from the hospital in good health, so we have to do what we can until then."

Chloe nodded vigorously in agreement.

"This is the first time I've been surprised by you, Weapon."

"Uh, uh? Hmm, is that a compliment? Anyway."

At the unexpected response, Weapon scratched his cheek and smiled awkwardly.

"Well, first, show me the poster you made. I can review it and see if there's anything that needs to be fixed."

"Ahem, there probably isn't anything that needs to be fixed. After all, this Speed Weapon was up all night last night and made into a wall."

As Speed Weapon spoke curiously, Saki's eyebrows arched. Chloe's eyes sparkled with anticipation.

She tried to control her expression and gestured for him to unfold it. Weapon gave a short cough and unfolded the rolled-up paper.

Chorrrrrr—

＝＝ ＝＝

☆★We are recruiting members to join our travel club.♥♡

♣We are recruiting people like this~!

– Someone who wants to share the hot friendship and romance of youth while conquering dungeons^^

– Anyone who wants to enjoy camping and traveling freely throughout the eight provinces of Korea!!^^

-If you feel that the academy life is boring, come and gather! <(_ _)>

♦Support Conditions and Support Methods

-Eligibility requirements: Anyone who is a cadet at Joaquin Academy!

… … … …

… … …

… …

…

= = = =

"… … ,"

Saki stared blankly at the poster. A combination of jagged emoticons and letters.

Above all, the background painted in bright fluorescent colors and the sky blue sea otter character with a hazy expression were the best.

I was so dumbfounded that I muttered out loud what I had been thinking.

"… Wow, even if you tell me to make it like this, I can't make it."

"Haha. What do you think? Are you a little surprised?"

Saki nodded sheepishly at Weapon's question.

"Oh, in many ways."

“You punk, as expected from a top student, you understand my aesthetic sense.”

He hits his own chest with the confident fist of his speed weapon.

Saki had a lot to say, but for now she didn’t say anything.

She looked back and forth between the poster and the weapon’s face.

‘Is this kid out of his mind?’

My heart was virtual. However, I couldn’t bring myself to praise the poor quality of the poster. I just drooled and the corners of my lips twitched.

Just then, when the weapons were about to start lining up to present their own aesthetics.

Boo—uk.

The paper was smoothly cut left and right by the pink cutter knife. For a moment, there was the face of Speed Weapon in shock through the gap.

“Chloe, Chloe. What’s going on all of a sudden?!”

A weapon that points at Chloe.

Knock knock.

She put the sharp cutter knife back in and spoke vaguely.

“…I can’t show this kind of trash to the Sword Demon Army.”

“What if you just tear up everything I worked so hard to make all night long?”

Chloe tilted her head back silently.

Knock knock.

The sound of metal catching plastic was terrifying. Weapon’s pupils shook violently. He motioned to Saki, who was silently observing, for

help.

Saki stroked Chloe with a bright smile.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 67

Episode 67: Siegfried the Inquisitor (2)

A week has passed since I was discharged from the hospital.

However, he had not yet been able to go to school. This was because of a message from the principal, Media, asking him not to go to school until she gave him permission.

‘Well, wherever I show my face, mine appears as if it were a lie, huh.’

I encountered a mine that most people would never encounter in their entire lives once a month. The second one wasn’t even a demon, but one of the commanders of the largest force on the Demon King’s side.

‘I almost lost, but I survived.’

Still, during the week I was hospitalized, I was able to organize my thoughts in many ways. Not having to worry about hospital bills was a big factor.

The second hand in the hospital room ticked slowly, allowing me to recall various memories.

Memories of when I first manifested the protection of the sword, the midterm exam, and the Buffalo Dungeon flashed through my mind.

‘But I still don’t know what happened on Avalon Island.’

I tried to recall the feeling at that time, but I couldn’t remember it at

all. The memory was clear, but the feeling was lost. It was an unpleasant feeling, as if something had forcibly cut out only that part.

“I thought I was starting to get the hang of it… … but I don’t know anymore.”

The protection of the sword is a mysterious power.

When I am caught in the crossfire, it manifests as if by necessity and pulls me from the brink of death.

If you look at it this way, it is a blessing that is truly appreciated.

But as the manifestations continue, humanity fades away.

I recalled the memories and feelings from when I slaughtered the Undertakers.

At that time, I didn’t even frown.

Even when the enemy’s eyes lost their vitality, there was no blockage in his hands.

Rather, the blade seemed to take life and quench thirst.

‘I can’t believe I don’t even feel a shred of regret… … .’

I was deeply organizing my thoughts and then I recited the status window in my head.

Paat-

＝＝ ＝＝

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh (肉身) level: (9▶12) ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: (5▶8) ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armour level: (3▶5) ▷ When protection is activated, pain is reduced by (1▶2) levels.

☆Education rate: 12.7% ▶ 17.9% ▷ The line of 【???】 (1) is readable.

→[NEW! The unlock condition has been met by achieving a 15% fairy tale rate.]

★【???】

[※ The protection is activated only when the sword is less than (39＋1) centimeters in length and less than (10＋0) centimeters in width.

It's possible.]

＝＝ ＝＝

"The upward trend has become quite steep."

When I checked the status window after a long time, there was a rise in the values. The three levels at the top that had been rising little by little had also changed noticeably.

"The level of armament and pain relief rate have also increased by one level."

As I slightly lowered my eyes, I could see that the fairy tale rate had already reached the unlocking condition. I extended my index finger and touched the phrase.

Paat-

＝＝ ＝＝

☆Education rate: 17.9%

▷ The line of 【???】 (1▶2) is read.

▷ Faintly detects the voice of 【???】.

→[When the assimilation rate reaches 25%, the following unlock

conditions are met.]

＝＝ ＝＝

“hmm.”

I squinted my eyes, drooling. As expected, the numbers indicating the number of red lines were variable.

But what stood out among them was a new phrase.

「I faintly detect the voice of 【???】.」

I chewed over those words over and over again.

‘I can detect voices… … .’

At first, I thought those three question marks were some kind of concept. But the three letters of the word voice suggest a new number of cases that I had not thought of before.

‘Those three question marks in vain could be a living thing or a being.’

There are still many thoughts floating around in my head. I rub my forehead and sigh. Then I turn on my phone and check the time.

“Ah, time has passed so quickly.”

I got a surprise call from Media last night.

She said she would give me more details when we met.

Media’s tone was stiffer than usual, so I made up my mind to meet him at the principal’s office the next day.

“I had a favor to ask, so this is good.”

If there is a kind and considerate inspector, I can express my gratitude to him.

I owe him a lot of things.

I know that you rented out my entire hospital room and took care of my illness while I was unconscious.

It is a gratitude that cannot be put into words. Repayment is realistically impossible, but it is human nature to express gratitude.

I hurried out of the dormitory, adjusting my clothes.

Tick, tick.

The second hand of the wall clock moved quickly, as if urging us to keep going.

* * *

Geomje sipped his teacup while savoring the taste. Mediah's eyes, looking at him, blinked slowly.

A satisfied smile appeared on his lips, as if he liked the taste of the black tea.

'… That old lady is doing well without an arm.'

The Seven Star Heroes are the ones who stand at the forefront of the battlefield. They are always prepared to lose even a limb.

Even the archer Saki Kojima is cross-eyed, and the back of the creator Richard de Murat is engraved with deep affection.

'… Me too.'

Media caressed her lower abdomen with a bitter expression. Today, it felt heavier and more tingly than usual.

'What the hell happened on that island?'

Glancing at the swordsman, Media chewed her words inwardly. When Zeke lost an arm on the island of Avalon, Media was shocked.

Since he is called the strongest in the world, no weakling can even inflict a single wound on him.

The fact that he had all his limbs intact until he was seventy is proof

of his strength. But then one of his limbs was cut off. It was beyond puzzling; I couldn't believe it.

'But I sent him to Avalon Island for the protection of the cadets… … .'

I tried using the unique protection, 'Poet's Protection', but it was useless. Things that go beyond recognition are not captured by the protection. I could only guess that it was not an ordinary matter.

The sword master barely opens his mouth about what happened on the island. He smiles cheerfully and postpones the conversation, saying that they should wait until Kanggeomma wakes up.

Something harsh almost came out of Media's mouth.

The swordsman returned from Avalon Island in a hurry. He was carrying the strong sword horse on his back.

Kang Geum-ma was on the verge of death.

There were no visible scars, but the inside had been festering for a long time. All the muscle fibers and nerve cords were snapped like rubber bands, and the pupils were cloudy.

That day, Media felt her mind going blank. She threatened all the medical staff and healer heroes in the affiliated hospital.

If they can't save Kang Geum-ma, they'll be the ones lying in the hospital bed.

'Well, thanks to that, our swordsman came to his senses.'

Media looked at the sword with her ringed eyes.

The inspector also underwent a thorough examination immediately after returning from the island.

There may be other injuries.

But the specialist in charge of the examination stuck out his tongue and said this.

-… I have seen many patients for over thirty years, but this is the first time this has happened, Director. Oh, I am not saying that there is something wrong with you, Master. On the contrary, it is the opposite. You are amazingly clean. Even the residual illness that was there before has disappeared as if it was cleaned. I can only say that this is a miracle of God.

The doctor spoke while sticking out his tongue. Media felt greatly relieved inside, but also felt angry.

It was clearly the sword master's fault that Kanggeomma had become a rag. But even so, he couldn't say anything.

It was because of his actions after the inspection. He confessed his thoughts and rented out a ward.

As the Joaquin Academy is known for its crazy prices, the costs were astronomical.

'A 50,000 won fishing rod trembles in fear even as he lives… '

Not only that, but while Kang Geum-ma was hospitalized, the sword master never left his side. Not only did he take care of all the illnesses, he barely slept beside him.

Even if his own child was sick, it would be difficult to show such a brave devotion. Seeing that, Media waited for him to open his mouth, keeping patience in her heart.

But her patience was running out today.

Knock, knock.

Media crossed her legs and tapped the armrest with her nails. The inspector closed his eyes tightly, savored his black tea, and then opened his mouth.

"Well, Media, it seems like you've gotten better at making tea as time goes by. Twenty years ago, I would get a stomachache if I drank the tea you made for me."

As he said that, a thick blood vessel appeared on his beautiful temple

and Media let out a loud noise.

“Hey, you little brat! Do you know what kind of teahouse this is? The swordsman is coming soon, how long are you going to delay telling me! I need to know the situation too!”

“Heh heh, why are you in such a hurry? You should tone down that temper a bit.”

“Ha! You left your mind and arms behind on the island?! This is exactly what I was told!”

Media glared at the swordsman with a fierce expression. He hummed without any reaction.

Media’s eyebrows furrowed a little more.

She grabbed a pack of tissues on the table and threw them. The inspector avoided it without even opening his eyes.

“Slow.”

“This crazy old man!”

The two exchanged friendly questions and answers for a few minutes. Then, Media, who had become somewhat relieved, touched her forehead and took a deep breath. As she shook her body, her head cooled down.

Then, after a while, a deep fatigue set in. It was the so-called ‘wise man’s time’.

“… Hey, Zeke. What the hell happened? Tell me. The world media is nitpicking me so much. I can’t sleep these days because of you.”

The sword master looked at him with a sidelong glance as he muttered his words as if he was sobbing. He was lost in thought for a moment and then put down his teacup. The composure he had felt just a moment ago disappeared.

“I also needed some time to gather my thoughts. It took me quite some time to understand what happened on the island.”

“What on earth happened there… … ?”

The second hand of the clock had already pointed to five minutes before noon. The time for the appointment with Kang Geum-ma was approaching. Geum-je stroked his now empty right sleeve and spoke slowly.

“The 5th Legion Commander Agor appeared on Avalon Island.”

“uh?”

The tone of the swordsman’s speech was calm. There was not even a hint of a lie in it. Media’s eyes fluttered for a moment, then swung back and forth.

“Oh, that’s ridiculous.”

The inspector shook his head and denied Media’s denial of reality. Media’s lips trembled.

“It’s hard to believe, but it’s true. It was he who took my arm.”

“… That’s how Ganggeomma became like that?”

The inspector nodded in agreement. Then, Media leaned back deeply on the sofa, feeling a surge of exhaustion.

She repeated what she had said in a state of mental shock. After a long time, she came to her senses. Only then, startled, did she ask again.

“Then what happened to Agor?”

“It has been subdued. It is still too early to announce it to the world, so I have postponed it, but I have confirmed it with my own eyes, so there is no disagreement.”

“Zeke, did you subdue it alone?”

“Hahaha, do you think that makes sense?”

Then, the sword master burst into laughter, his face darkened. The

back of Media's neck stiffened as she looked at him.

'Zeke has finally lost his taste.'

Agor is a commander skilled in mental magic. The aftereffects of this may have caused Zeke to go mad. As the laughter grew louder, the possibility turned into certainty.

"Zeke?"

As Media's eyebrows furrowed, the inspector suppressed a smile.

"… … ,"

There was a moment of silence. Time passed quietly in the principal's office.

But Media felt a chill run down her spine.

In the silence of the inspection, fragments of thoughts slowly took shape.

"S, no way… you are the one who subdued Agor—."

Just as she was about to open her mouth.

Knock, knock.

A brisk knocking sound came into the principal's office. Media looked back and forth between the inspector's face and the door. Sweat beads that had gathered at the end of his fine jawline fell.

Bam.

Someone entered the principal's office, guided by a staff member.

"That's right."

The inspector answered belatedly with a bright smile.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 68

Episode 68: Siegfried the Inquisitor (3)

When I entered the principal's office, what greeted me was an awkward silence.

The inspector and the academy director stared at me from the middle of the round table. There was a look of surprise on Media's face, and the inspector was just leisurely drinking tea.

A quiet tension seeped into the walls. Sensing an ominous atmosphere, I nervously checked the time on the wall clock. The hour and minute hands pointed exactly to noon.

"…Did I come too soon?"

"Oh, oh? Oh, no! You came right on time."

As I scratched my eyebrows and spat out the words, Media quickly suppressed her embarrassed expression. She handed me a chair and motioned for me to sit down.

'Something's strange.'

I leaned back in my chair, watching the two people. Many questions came to mind, but it was not an atmosphere in which I could easily bring them up.

'I think we were having a serious conversation.'

After some time, when the air in the principal's office had been

somewhat revitalized, the inspector's teacup was placed on its saucer with a thud. He then tried to cross his arms, but realized that he only had one arm, and smiled sheepishly.

"I thought I was getting used to it, but after living with both arms for seventy years, I suddenly forget about one arm! I even get confused when I flush the toilet, haha!"

"… … ."

It was a jokey tone, as if trying to turn around the stagnant atmosphere. However, I couldn't even smile out of courtesy. That's because he was protecting me and that's how it turned out.

'I feel like I'm sitting on a bed of thorns.'

As a look of confusion crossed my face, Media clicked her tongue and said.

"Hey, even if you're joking, what kind of joke is that? Can't you see that the black magician is flustered? And what's toilet water, toilet water, for a person who usually acts with dignity, with dignity?"

"Mediah, you lack a sense of humor. Don't you know that black humor is popular among the younger generation? Become an educator who spends time with the younger generation, and you'll be fine."

"Ha, black humor is fucking crazy. You're making my eyes go dark, you piece of shit."

"Ahem!"

There was a casual exchange between the two. It seemed that she was still unfamiliar with the gentle attitude of the inspector.

Media took a deep breath, covering her forehead. Then her eyes lingered on me. She moved her lips, but hesitated and did not open them.

Media seemed to think for a moment, wiping the corner of her mouth, then opened her mouth cautiously.

“I just heard from Zeke. Geumma, you subdued the 5th Corps Commander Agor… … .”

“…ah.”

I chose my thoughts, not knowing what to say.

If you look at the circumstances, it is true, but from my perspective of being hazy at the time, it is difficult for me to readily confirm it.

The memory is clear.

However, because my senses were vague, I hesitated to tell the situation. It didn’t make sense to explain to someone else something that I couldn’t even understand.

As I continued to drool, Media added urgently.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Geommaya! I too, to say this to someone who just got out of the hospital… … I guess I was really flustered. I bet you haven’t gotten over the shock yet either.”

It’s an expression filled with utter regret. Even I, a party to the incident, find it hard to believe.

So, the media’s reaction seemed understandable at first glance. I shook off my distracting thoughts and responded in a dignified tone.

“it’s okay.”

At my reaction, Media blinked once. Then, as if she had calmed down somewhat, her stiff expression relaxed a little. She winked at the inspector and spoke in a hazy voice.

“Zeke, he’s not the type to lie like that, and you, Geomma… … . Huh, I still can’t believe it. Oh, of course I’m not saying I don’t trust you, Geomma! It’s just that my head is a mess.”

“But it is a fact.”

The sword master, who had been keeping his mouth shut tightly, put strength into his voice.

“Of course, I was there when the Agor subjugation took place, but it was basically just the performance of Ganggeomma alone.”

The inspector moistened his dry lips with black tea and continued his mission.

“I’m sorry that I only revealed to you today what happened on the Isle of Avalon, Media. But I had no choice but to wait and see for a while.”

“What does that mean?”

Mediah’s words trailed off in the golden eyes filled with a strong will.

“By now, the Demon side must have sensed the change. Media, you should know that there is no hero among the current human race who can stop a legion-level Mine. I don’t know how Agor intruded into the human world, but it had a clear purpose. It was as if he was trying to prevent something in advance.”

Media listened with gulping saliva. Sweat beads formed on her fine skin.

“If we just stay silent like this, the situation will only get worse. The Demons are an impatient people. They basically act on instinct. But they have a wicked intellect and power beyond that. It won’t be long before they realize what’s going on.”

The swordsman paused in his conversation. The momentary silence made the atmosphere even more solemn.

“… I guess there will be friction with them in a few years. It will be incomparable to what it was half a century ago.”

“… … .”

Media, who had been listening quietly, turned pale. She bit her lower lip as if trying to swallow a groan.

The words of the inspector contain a clear principle. If the inspector had acted rashly after that incident, it would have been impossible to know how the situation would have developed.

‘If the fact that Agor was subjugated is revealed, the demons may use that as an excuse to declare war. The fact that the Sword Emperor is being careful with his words is probably why they are not able to react much.’

His sharp insight was like a vision. Moreover, his light words and actions, which were out of place, were probably intended to ease the media’s worries even a little.

Although they are two people who are always growling, they are able to fathom each other’s inner thoughts as comrades who have been together for decades. I was secretly impressed by the depth of the sword master’s inner thoughts.

I realized that the reason mankind respected him was not only because of his military prowess.

“Oh, and actually, the reason I brought you and the principal here today was because I had something to say.”

The sword master’s eyes sank. When he stroked his empty left arm, the sleeve flapped weakly. The sword master closed his eyes for a moment and then opened them.

“I am now in a state where I can no longer go to the front lines. I will no longer be able to fulfill the role that has been given to me.”

The swordsman’s tone was aloof. Then, Media frowned and abruptly stood up from her seat.

“Hey, Zeke! Why are you acting like this all of a sudden! You’re going to talk like you’ve lost an arm and you’re a person who’s survived the whole world!?”

“I don’t regret losing an arm at all. Rather, I gained something because I lost it. I’m grateful for that. It’s like a blessing from God.”

The inspector gave me a wise smile and turned his gaze back to me.

“One, the future problems are at stake for the survival of humanity. An old man like me cannot stay nesting forever.”

The swordsman faced the media and muttered softly.

“‘To leave a better era, nurture upright heroes.’”

This was the content of the motto that the hero of the time engraved at the founding of the Academy.

“Mediah, that’s why you’re the headmaster.”

“… … .”

Soon, her eyes turned red, but she held them back. She quickly turned away. The sword master smiled faintly and opened his mouth as if nothing was wrong.

“I will soon step down from my position as a Seven Star Hero.”

“Your Majesty!”

I stood up in surprise at the sudden bombshell announcement. Media just stood there with her shoulders slightly shaking, without saying a word.

“Truly, Cadet Kanggeomma, this is not a sudden change of heart from an old man. It is a conclusion I reached after you were hospitalized for a week. And it does not mean I will completely step down from the front line. It means I will do what I can from now on.”

At those words, Media turned her head slightly.

“… The media around the world won’t leave you alone, Zig.”

“Well, I was planning on doing an interview in the near future anyway. Wouldn’t it be better to do it all at once and save time?”

Media shook her head as if she couldn’t stand it.

“Oh my, how is it that even though you’re old, you still look the same as you did fifty years ago!”

“Isn’t this proof that I’m living young, haha!”

“Oh my!”

The stagnant atmosphere was filled with energy. In that scene, without me knowing it, one corner of my mouth went up in a good mood. I felt anew that I was a part of this world.

Up until now, I've been trying my best to prevent the twists of the plot. In 'Miracle Protection M', whenever the characters in the work showed irregular behavior, I would sweat profusely.

But now that I think about it, I was really selfish and self-righteous.

These are not just characters in a game, they are people who live with their own egos.

Their words and actions are filled with will. Now, whatever choice they make, let's humbly accept it and overcome it as the situation demands.

'Covering your eyes and denying reality is no different from a baby's tantrum.'

It was around the time when I was making up my mind.

In the midst of a heated argument, Siegfried suddenly sticks his head out and looks.

"Oh, I almost forgot the most important thing."

"Just from what I heard today, it seems like my lifespan will be shortened. What are you trying to say now, you old lady!?"

Media frowned. It must have been a series of shocks for her.

On the other hand, the swordsman looked at me calmly. His irises sparkled amber like the noonday sun.

"Student Kang Geum-ma."

Media also slowly turned her head. Soon, the two people's gazes were fixed solely on me.

The inspector took a deep breath and opened his mouth.

“I will pass on my position as the Seven Star Hero to you.”

“““… … .””

A bitter silence flowed. Until my mouth opened.

“yes?”

* * *

Media stared blankly at the door. Zeke and Geomma had already left.

‘… … .’

It felt like a typhoon had swept through the principal’s office. I was so shocked that the back of my head was freezing.

Media glanced around the principal’s office.

Only the warm midday sunlight seeped into the windowsill.

“under.”

A sigh escaped her lips. Media rested her chin on her clasped hands.

She muttered complicated thoughts out loud. It seemed that only by doing so would the shocks swirling around in her mind be sorted out.

“First, we need to see how the Demons react, and we need to accept the interviews that the press has requested of Zeke… … Above all,—”

Zeke’s final words were as if he was driving a wedge in.

“To succeed the Seven Star Heroes… … .”

Media sank her back deep into the sofa. There was a sound of air escaping and her body was half-submerged. She remembered what the inspector had said just before he left.

‘Oh, of course not right now, it’ll take at least a year just to prepare. At least while I’m at the academy, shouldn’t I enjoy my school life? Hahaha!’

The sound of Ttak-tak's laughter lingered in her ears. At that moment, she straightened her upper body with anger rising to the top of her head.

"What a foolish old woman."

In fact, that's what he said, but I could fully understand the inspector's intentions.

If there is a vacancy in the Seven Star Hero position, the hero society will be in turmoil. If we are not careful, it could even lead to friction in diplomatic matters with the Demon Tribe.

The fame of the Seven Star Heroes lies in their symbolism as the hope of humanity. They shoulder a great responsibility, but they are also given honor and wealth.

'Just look at Kojima, who inherited the position of Prime Minister and served as Prime Minister for 40 years.'

That is why those who want to take advantage of its symbolism and position will rush in like wildcats.

However, if the person concerned, the prosecutor, directly nominates and acts as the guardian, there may be differences of opinion, but they will not be able to come forward and oppose it.

'It's a problem because it's so sudden.'

Even if we proceed immediately, the procedure alone will take at least a year. We need to obtain the consent of the remaining Seven Star Heroes and the Hero Association.

"It looks like we're having a class reunion."

He is on friendly terms with the inspector, but is on a cold relationship with the other two. It remains to be seen whether they will sympathize with the inspector.

Unlike the hikikomori, the influence of Changseong and Jeolgung is strong. It was also necessary to keep in mind the possibility of the two of them putting on the brakes.

“Oh my, my head.”

Media groaned and buried herself again.

‘Our swordsman… … .’

Isn’t it too much of a burden to put on a seventeen-year-old boy? She wanted to step forward and ask the question herself.

‘There are few people more suited to be the Seven Star Hero than Geomma.’

The steps that Kang Geum-ma is taking are beyond shocking. There are so many complicated circumstances that they are entangled like vines that they cannot be made public, but if the events that have occurred are revealed, the world will literally turn upside down.

A genius who came down from the sky dancing. Kanggeomma was stepping into the realm of legend.

“…Balor Joaquin.”

The name of the hero of the poem suddenly burst out between her crimson lips. Media shook her head to clear her mind of distracting thoughts. Her green hair sparkled like a sapphire in the sunlight.

As my thoughts calmed down, a feeling of weakness lingered over me. Then, suddenly, Kanggeomma’s request flashed through my mind.

“It’s a strange request to ask you to investigate my personal information. Well, I guess there must be a reason for asking.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 69

Episode 69 New Member (1)

… after leaving the principal's office.

Thud, thud.

The sound of my footsteps and that of the inspector filled the main hallway. The inspector walked in front as if leading the way, and I followed behind him.

A silence fell between me and him. A silence so suffocating that it was almost impossible to breathe.

The reason for this awkward atmosphere is, of course, because of the bombshell announcement made by the inspector a little while ago.

'I will hand over my position as the Seven Star Hero to Kanggeomma.'

The moment I heard those words, I felt my heart sink. In fact, even now, a few minutes later, the back of my head still feels cold. My eyebrows furrow in question.

Suddenly, I raised my head and looked at the back of the swordsman. He was walking so fast that he quickly gained distance from me. But he also showed off his graceful and dignified walk.

'I don't know for sure, but I'm sure he's eating some good medicine.'

I moved my feet, my lips moving. I was cautious about how to open

my mouth. But I felt that if I didn't move on from here, I would regret it forever, so I opened my mouth, which had been hesitating.

"Your Majesty, is it okay for a moment?"

Only then did the inspector slow down and look back. His eyes were as stern as usual, the lightness from the principal's office gone.

'I guess you were acting to ease the principal's worries.'

The swordsman stared at me for a moment. His pupils glowed with golden light from the sunlight streaming in through the crack in the hallway window. After a few seconds of that subtle air current, he spoke.

"Is it because of the succession of the Seven Star Heroes?"

As if he had expected it, a sharp voice whispered in my ear. I nodded, flinching. He soon stopped walking and leaned his back against the wall.

"It must have been a sudden situation. But as I said before, I thought about it for a long time and made a decision after much thought. Of course, I feel sorry for not telling you in advance, but I wanted to tell you in front of the media when I had made up my mind anyway."

He let out a short breath. Then, out of nowhere, he asked me a question.

"Do you know why the Seven Star Heroes have been sticking with four people until now?"

"Uh, that's… … ."

I hesitated to answer. It was a question I had never really thought about, but thinking back on it, I felt a sense of discomfort.

There were originally seven heroes of the Seven Sages. However, after the Battle of Basmon, three of them died, and now only four remain.

Fifty long years have passed, but the three seats have remained

vacant. I vaguely thought they were kept empty to commemorate the three who were sacrificed to Basmon.

“…Isn’t it to honor the colleagues of the late Master Inspector General?”

When he answered like that, the inspector opened his mouth again with a faint smile.

“Well, I guess you could take it that way. Oh, of course, I have no intention of belittling those friends who went before. It is thanks to their noble sacrifice that you and I are able to live on this land. However, it would be unfair to leave the position of the Seven Star Hero empty for that reason.”

The inspector shook his head and swept his hair back with one hand. His silver-tinged white hair bore the marks of the years. He then added.

“To be honest, the reason is simple.”

“… … ?”

“Because no hero stronger than us has appeared so far.”

I just blinked. The inspector let out a short laugh. Then he lifted his back from the wall and stared at me. His pupils were filled with a clear gunshot.

“The strength of the Demons is far beyond our reach. Although the human race outnumbers them, if the Demons raise an army, they will be destroyed in less than half a year. Dialogue and trade can only be successful if they are on the same level. The only means to restrain them is force.”

“What does that have to do with leaving three seats vacant?”

The inspector shook his head sharply.

“It’s better to have a pitiful half-penny and no power. Think about it, if the Seven Star Heroes were to be defeated by a mere demon, would humanity be able to have faith?”

“That’s true too.”

“The Seven Star Heroes are not just a place to enjoy a movie. They are a role to restrain the demons and represent humanity. There is a famous saying that with great power comes great responsibility. It seems like the meaning has faded now.”

The swordsman who said that frowned for a moment. I guessed his reaction. Perhaps a certain person had flashed through his mind.

‘The best, Saki Kojima.’

He is a person who actively uses the fame of the Seven Star Hero to serve as the lifetime Prime Minister of Japan. I don’t want to say anything bad about him since he is also the father of Saki Ryozo, but in reality, he is treated as a dictator by the world.

‘… Now that I think about it, that guy Ryozo hardly ever talked about his family.’

Even though Chloe occasionally brings up the subject of home, Ryozo strangely doesn’t talk about his own family or circumstances.

Even when I played ‘Miracle Protection M’, the other seven stars, Jeolgung and Changseong, were only mentioned and did not appear, so their personalities and actions are also unknown to me.

… Ah, this is not what is important right now. I was caught up in the words of the inspector, but what I wanted to ask was not why there are four Chilseongs or anything like that. I shook off my distracting thoughts and asked quietly.

“I understand what you are saying, but that is not what I am curious about. Please explain why it has to be me.”

As I said that, the inspector looked at me with a look of bewilderment. He kept tilting his head and looking me over as if he was assessing me.

“… Kanggeomma, are you pretending to be naive, or are you really naive?”

“yes?”

“I’m saying this because I think you didn’t understand what I meant. The reason I’m giving up my position to you is because you’re stronger than me, by a lot. Isn’t that obvious?”

“…ah.”

I couldn’t say anything in response. Strictly speaking, there was some truth to what the sword master said. After all, I was the one who turned the 5th Corps Commander Agor into a super swordsman.

One, the sensation at that time was so hazy that it was hard to believe that it was solely my power. When I was lost in thought and didn’t say anything, the inspector looked at me intently and then spoke.

“There’s something I’ve been curious about you for a while now. But now I need to know.”

The swordsman’s voice was quiet. I was momentarily puzzled, but I tried to hide my expression and nodded. After a moment of silence, he opened his mouth.

“It seems like your power has a time limit.”

“… … !”

My heart was pounding. I felt like I had been caught cheating.

There was no particular reason to hide it, but I didn’t tell anyone because there would be no benefit if it were revealed.

Thud, thud, thud.

My eyes met with the swordsman’s. He studied my face, shrugged his shoulders, and added.

“Don’t panic too much. To be honest, I was only guessing, so I wasn’t sure. But it’s impossible for a human to use such great power without any restrictions. Even for you, the Strong Sword Master.”

“… … .”

“Oh, and I guessed that the time constraint was a limitation. During the class placement test and Avalon Island, I would collapse after about a minute.”

I listened to him for a long time in silence, weighing the pros and cons in my head.

On the left, the benefits of revealing the constraints to him, and on the other, the risks.

After pondering like that for a while, I made up my mind.

“Your Majesty.”

The smile on the corner of his mouth dropped as he looked serious. I took a deep breath and slowly opened my mouth.

“I have something to tell you about my power.”

* * *

After a while, when I finished explaining, the inspector nodded as if he understood.

“So what you’re saying is… when you manifest a blessing, you get a lot of pain in return for the power, and then you suppress that with another blessing?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

I explained to him about the swordsmanship and the protection of painlessness. Of course, I omitted the detailed explanation. Even the most trustworthy swordsman is cautious about revealing his weaknesses to someone.

The reason I said this was to borrow wisdom, not to seek sympathy or understanding.

I stared at him silently. Feeling his gaze, Geomje patted my shoulder as if to reassure me.

“Don’t worry, I have no intention of telling anyone. And using a guardian to suppress the limitations of another guardian is a truly groundbreaking idea. You definitely have talent.”

The inspector tapped his forehead with his index finger.

“But sometimes, power allocation is also important. You don’t want to fight forever, pressed for time. To do that, you need an experienced teacher.”

The swordsman hung his horse’s tail. A smile appeared on his aged lips.

“—I really needed a talented disciple.”

I blinked. Then, the inspector stroked his right sleeve and burst into a bright laugh.

“Since I’ve chosen you as my successor, shouldn’t the handover be my responsibility? And although I’ve decided to retire, just thinking about it makes me shiver. Anyway, once things are sorted out, I’ll call you, so enjoy your academy life in the meantime, hahaha!”

“Hey, Your Majesty!”

Then, the swordsman quickly turned his body around and moved his feet briskly.

I belatedly reached out and called out to him.

But my words didn’t even reach his ears, and he quickly reached the end of the hallway. His footwork was so quick and nimble that it was hard to believe he was an old man.

“… … .”

I briefly considered using the protection of the swordsman to chase him away, but then shook my head.

“To think that I would rush at someone who has shown me kindness while holding sashimi… … .”

It looks like he got a head injury on the island. Or maybe it's the aftereffects of Agor's mental magic.

I sighed and stopped fumbling with my pockets.

* * *

After that, the weekend passed.

Since it was the last holiday before going back to school, I planned to get some rest, but… … .

"under."

I let out a short sigh. I couldn't rest properly because I was worried about the words I had been given as homework by the inspector.

"…I wonder what on earth is going to happen."

Now, I tried to laugh off the minor discrepancies, but it seemed like things would turn out completely differently if things continued this way.

I walked down the hallway of the faculty building, suppressing the thoughts that were running through my head.

The sound of cadets' chatter, like background music. Listening to it, I feel like my tension is being relieved a little.

"Nothing will change even if you grumble."

Yes, as the inspector said, the succession process will take at least half a year even if it goes smoothly. I should be able to persuade him somehow before then.

Honestly, the special privileges of the Seven Star Heroes are tempting, but when I think about the Second World War that will take place in three years, I feel like I should decline.

I was so scared when I imagined myself wielding a knife while holding sashimi in the midst of the chaos of Shisanhyeolhae. And more than anything, it was really burdensome.

“I guess it’s because it’s been a while since I went to school, but I don’t feel too bad.”

One corner of my mouth slightly went up. I raised my head and looked around. When I looked, I saw that there was a large crowd of cadets gathered in one of the hallways.

Unable to overcome my curiosity, I turned in that direction. The cadets were gathered in front of a bulletin board with several posters on it.

“Hey, did you see this? What’s with the club poster? Wow, the sense is really bad.”

“So, even if the student body president is a member of a club like this, I won’t join.”

“But the background is so crazy, doesn’t this blue sea otter look strangely hazy?”

As we approached Batu, the cadets’ murmurs rang clearly in my ears. I looked at the bulletin board from the back of the crowd.

Since I am tall, I can clearly see the tops of the heads of the male students.

‘Some of them will be taken off later.’

The gaze that had been looking down sadly also stopped for a moment. In the place where my eyes met, there was a poster with such bright colors that it made me feel dizzy.

“Wow, this is awesome.”

A design that will make your jaw drop.

In my previous life, I was a chef and a businessman, so I know the importance of publicity so well that it’s hard to even begin to explain it. Even though it was just a club poster, it was extremely crude.

The moment I got a little closer, the cadets who were standing glanced at me and suddenly made way for me. I turned to face them

nervously, but my body stopped in its tracks.

「Recruiting members to join the 'Travel Club'. Produced by. Speed Weapon.」

The pupils dilated to the size of a lantern. Then, the lips opened on their own.

"What the heck, sickness—"

I couldn't bring myself to say the next words. I felt ashamed later.

* * *

Same day, lunchtime, in the backyard of the Academy.

There was a happy reunion with the travel club members. Chloe clung to him with tears and a runny nose, and Ryozo indifferently handed him a piece of yokan. The atmosphere on the lawn was filled with relief and joy.

But where my eyes linger, there sits Weapon. I cross my arms and stare at him. He congratulates me on my discharge with a pleasant smile.

"Mommy, do you know how much we worried about you while you were hospitalized?! It's good to see you're still healthy. Oh, that's right. While you were away, we prepared to start our own club."

Weapon spoke while rubbing the bridge of his nose. He seemed to be secretly hoping for praise. I silenced my quivering lips and spoke in a low voice.

"… Oh, I saw the poster."

"Oh, really? Well, I did pay special attention to visibility. How could you not notice it?"

"… … ."

I thought about how to react. I think the sincerity is admirable, but if I praise it, it would be like acknowledging the poster.

The blood of the businessman imprinted on his body seemed to be reacting violently to it. He responded by just nodding his head weakly.

“Ah, I’m sorry, Mr. Geomma. I should have stopped you.”

Chloe was chewing on her lower lip next to her, mocking herself indignantly. She turned her head slightly and saw Saki clutching her forehead. There was a dark look of fatigue under her eyes.

“Ugh, sorry. Weapon, that guy is so stubborn… … I tried to block it as much as I could, but I didn’t know that kid would post it on the bulletin board at dawn, really.”

“…great job.”

The smell of early summer sunshine. The scent of life and greenery lingered faintly.

Even in the midst of all this, the mood among the members, excluding Weapon, was gloomy.

‘If we keep doing this, we’ll never be able to save the rest of the members.’

In terms of conquering dungeons in the future, creating a club is a major step. The plan was to gather members to conquer demons and use derivative materials to strengthen Murasame… … .

It is by no means something that can be taken lightly when the establishment of a club is hindered by a mere poster.

While I was drooling and trying to figure out a way.

Tiring, tiring, tiring!

A sharp phone ringing sound was heard from somewhere. Weapon then took out his cell phone from his pocket. He tilted his head and answered the phone.

“Hello—”

Weapon spoke cautiously, as if mumbling. After exchanging a few words, he hung up the phone. Ryozo supported his chin with his palm and blurted out a word to him.

“What’s going on? The administrative office wants me to take down a poster? Well, it’s strange that such garbage is hanging on the bulletin board, tsk.”

“…no.”

“Then what’s with that expression on your face? Don’t hesitate and tell me quickly.”

“…I heard you’re coming for a club interview later?”

“what?!”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 70

Episode 70 New Member (2)

Because of the aftereffects of the shock, I skipped my afternoon classes.

‘How can you contact me after seeing a poster like that?’

It didn’t make sense. If you applied because you were influenced by such an absurd sense, you must not be a normal person.

‘Even Weapon, that guy had an expression of disbelief.’

Weapon stared blankly at the black liquid crystal display for a long time. Then he straightened his neck and pounded his chest.

It was ridiculous and funny how he acted so confident but then he himself was surprised.

“…by the way.”

I sometimes have this thought that maybe I’m a spy sent by some hidden force targeting me.

Aren’t you still unaware of what the female instructor and Rain Sean were trying to say? Otherwise, there’s no way you’d contact me after seeing that poster.

‘There’s nothing wrong with being suspicious.’

After organizing my thoughts like that, I checked the time. There were 10 minutes left before the last class ended. In a little while, it

would be time to meet a new person.

By the way, this time Speed Weapon didn't know who his opponent was. He said that he was wary because the call came from an unknown number, which is why he tilted his head earlier.

Since Weapon is acquainted with most of the major characters, he is someone they don't know, so he probably isn't a key character. Well, you can just meet him and check for yourself, so there's no need to worry too much about it.

I looked out the window at the sunset. The sun was slowly hiding itself at the edge of the horizon.

An orange glow was bathing the land.

"Okay, that's all for today's class."

While I was dazed for a moment, I heard the sound of the professor's chalk marking the end of class.

At the same time, Ryozo and Chloe stood up on either side like wings. The two nodded to each other and quickly finished preparing.

These two seemed to have similar thoughts to me. I quickly packed my bags and headed to the meeting place.

* * *

After leaving the professor's office, we gathered at the main building's Starbucks.

The price of coffee is a bit high, but since it's an interview, I can't call you out to the backyard.

I ordered an espresso and sat down at a convenient seat. Chloe sat down on either side of me, holding an avocado smoothie and a Ryozoh Yokan Dolce Latte, as usual.

At some point, these two began to take charge of my left and right sides, sharing the burden nicely.

At that sight, all eyes in the cafe turned to me. The eyes of the female cadets were filled with contempt, while the eyes of the male cadets were filled with jealousy and envy.

“Oh, what’s up? You all came early?”

Weapon, who arrived late, leaned back on the remaining chair. He took out the club-related documents and tapped them on the table to neatly organize them.

A strange atmosphere permeated the café. Everyone sipped their drinks in silence, contributing to the silence. A variety of complex emotions spread across the room. Expectations, anxiety, and doubts were all mixed together.

“excuse me.”

We all turned at once when we heard a voice from behind.

He had shoulder-length green hair and thick glasses. The shiny lenses seemed to be covered in a thick fog, making it difficult to see beyond them.

Apart from a somewhat vague impression, his height and appearance were very ordinary.

The only unique thing about her was her skin, which was almost transparent. She was pale and pale, like someone who had never been exposed to sunlight.

“Are you by any chance a member of the travel club?”

“Oh, yes, yes. Please sit down.”

Weapon, who had been looking dazed for a moment, gestured toward the empty chair.

She bowed deeply and sat down quietly. Ryozo covered his mouth with his hand and whispered in my ear.

“What, it’s more ordinary than I thought?”

I nodded slightly in agreement.

Then he turned his gaze to the road applicant.

The various thoughts were embarrassing, but the applicant was extremely ordinary. Surrounded by people with unique personalities, it felt rather bland.

'… But strangely, the atmosphere seems similar to someone else's.'

As I tilted my head to look at her, she put her middle finger on the bridge of her nose and adjusted her glasses. The glasses, which were very large, looked like a mask covering her face.

"Thank you for applying to our travel club"

"Can you introduce yourself?"

Ryozo cut off Weapon's words in one breath. He tried to raise his voice, but saw Saki's sidelong glance and grumbled quietly.

Then Ryozo rested his chin on his clasped hands and spoke.

A face with a faint smile, but an eerie absence of emotion.

In order to gauge someone you don't know, it's essential to hide your true feelings.

"Oh, yes. My name is 'Sanhana' and I'm in the second year class. Oh, my hometown is Busan."

"Are you Korean?

"Oh, yes yes."

When I asked, Sanha nodded while holding her glasses with her index finger.

'… But is there a surname called San in our country?'

Just a moment of thought, this is not Earth, it is another world.

Even if there are one or two unique surnames, it is not at all strange.

‘Anyway, I am also a member of the Seori Kang clan, which does not exist on Earth.’

I thought he was a foreigner because of his fair skin and green hair, but he’s actually a Korean.

Besides, I had also been to Busan before. I was secretly happy and blurted out whatever I wanted.

“When I lived in Busan before, I ate a lot of pork soup.”

“Oh, really? The pork bone soup is delicious. It’s great when you mix rice with dadegi and jeongguji in the white broth and eat it.”

Contrary to his calm impression, his taste buds seem to be very old-fashioned.

It seems unusual for them to spout out local terms. Even the old men’s characteristic throat-scraping sound is natural.

‘He’s a true Busan person.’

Ryozo frowned and poked his side with his elbow. Then he moved his lips and muttered a word.

‘Hey, are you out of your mind?’

At those words, I inadvertently hardened the broken boundaries. Since it was the first time I had seen a Korean since entering Joaquin Academy, I relaxed a little.

Ryozo points to the members with a chin gesture. Weapon is still in a frozen state with his arms crossed. Chloe lets down her guard at Sanhana’s ordinary first impression and just sips her smoothie.

‘… The only one who is serious is Ryozo.’

Only Ryozo is suspicious and cautious of the newcomer.

‘As expected, it’s a sweet potato prevention character.’

Ryozo, who was looking at me, immediately put a heartless ring on

his eyes and mouth and continued asking questions to Sanhana. His voice was eerily gentle.

“Is there a reason or motivation for applying to our travel club?”

As soon as he finished speaking, Ryozo opened his eyes slightly and scanned Sanhana. His eyes moved tenaciously as if he was trying not to miss a single movement. On the other hand, Sanhana responded calmly.

“I saw on the poster that the club’s main activity was traveling and clearing dungeons. My practical test scores were pretty mediocre this year, so I wanted to clear a few, and I happened to see the announcement and applied.”

“We are strictly a travel club, and clearing dungeons is a side activity. There must be quite a few clubs in the upper grades that focus on conquering dungeons, right?”

Ryozo’s eyelashes only half-covered his pupils. Sanhana let out a small sigh and shook her head.

“When I got to my senior year, there was no place that wanted to take in a normal student like me. Everyone was in a hurry because there wasn’t much time left in the academy. I think it was only natural that I, an incompetent person, would be eliminated.”

“… Well, I didn’t say that. Anyway, I understand.”

Ryozo seemed not to like the answer, but nodded as if he understood.

And the two talked for a long time.

It was a story, but in reality it was an interrogation or a verbal battle. Despite Ryojo’s tone that could have been somewhat harsh, Sanhana responded with sincerity.

“… Well then, I understand your circumstances, senior.”

“Yes, yes, I really want to join this club. Not only to clear dungeons, but since I’m in my second year, I want to make some memories at the academy before I graduate.”

“Hmm.”

After a while, Ryozo nodded to me with just an eyebrow. I guess it meant that it seemed okay.

‘I think this is enough.’

Having worked in the service industry for a long time, I can vaguely guess what kind of person they are based on the atmosphere they exude.

He added the sensitivity of the swordsman’s protection to it and kept watching over Sanhana.

But there is no sign of anything special. Although Sanhana is maintaining a poker face with half of her expression hidden by her glasses.

There is also cross-checking by Saki Ryozo, who has excellent insight. So you can rest assured.

Additionally, we can expect that the ordinariness of Sanhana will neutralize the unique members.

And above all, she is Korean. That alone is a huge plus for me. I made up my mind and spoke to Sanhana.

“Welcome to the travel club, senior.”

“Oh, am I signed up?”

Sanhana asked, tilting her head slightly. I nodded in agreement.

She bowed her head and expressed her gratitude without any change in expression.

“Senior, we are one year younger than you, so please speak comfortably.”

“… Oh, is that so?”

Before she could finish speaking, Sanha responded as if she had been

waiting for it. Ryozo, who had been talking to her, also opened his eyes wide. I also felt embarrassed for a moment, but it was nothing to worry about.

‘First of all, since you’re my senior, it’s easier for both of us to talk quickly.’

We’ve been seeing each other for at least a year, so there’s no need to be unnecessary formal. Besides, Chloe was enough to be polite.

“You guys, please speak comfortably. We’re only one year apart anyway, so I don’t want to be treated as the oldest.”

I thought about it for a moment, then nodded in agreement.

“Then I’ll just call you senior.”

As the conversation was coming to a close, one by one, people got up from their seats. There was the sound of the soles of their chairs being dragged across the floor.

At that moment, Weapon made a face as if he had just remembered something and handed Sanha an application form.

“Hey, Senior Hana. Write this up this week, submit it to the administrative office, and then let me know.”

The letters in Sanhana’s glasses were reflected like a mirror. As her gaze went down, it suddenly stopped at a certain part of the documents.

“…The club advisor is the principal?”

“That’s right, the manager accepted the request right away.”

Weapon shrugged and said. Sanhana looked up from her documents and stared at me intently. Her lenses weren’t flashing, but I could feel her gaze.

The corners of her mouth seemed to curl into a round shape, then a soft curve was drawn. It was an expression I had never seen before in an hour since I had met Sanhana. She muttered in a voice that was

barely audible.

“Thanks to you, I think my life at the academy will be more enjoyable.”

After waving hands like that, Sanhana left the cafe first.

Afterwards, the members each packed their bags, and I pondered Sanhana’s smile and words.

‘I think it’ll be fun.’

I don’t know where he said that, but his speech and smile vaguely resembled someone else’s.

‘Who was it, ma’am?’

As I pondered over the voice and impression that gave me a sense of foreboding, the lump of my thoughts began to crumble like a sand castle. After standing silently for a while, Ryozo blurted out.

“What, why are you like that?”

“Well, it’s nothing special. Does he look like one of your seniors? Or is it just me who feels that way?”

When I asked, Ryozo gently rubbed his temples with his index finger and then tilted his head.

“Well, no one in particular? I can’t think of anyone. As I said before, I don’t forget a face once I’ve seen it. Actually, his glasses are so big and thick that I can’t see his face properly… … . Isn’t it just that his expression is blurry?”

“I see.”

I scratched my neck. Then I shook my head gently to shake off the floating thoughts.

I didn’t want to start thinking about something when one thing had just been resolved.

“Phew.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 71

Episode 71: The Protection of the Sword God

“#@$$!#%!@#@#□□&*(”

I have severe tinnitus. It’s a dull pain that feels like my eardrums are being pounded.

-…what?

The voice lingered in my throat and echoed inside me. Feeling familiar, I slowly opened my eyes and looked around.

Goooooooo.

The scenery is pure white. Everywhere you look, it’s covered in white, as if you’re being sucked in.

A world of blank paper with no trace of contamination was before my eyes. But the confusion ended in an instant. Because I knew where this place was.

-dream.

Yes, I had this dream before. Although it was a dream that disappeared in an instant like a mirage as soon as I woke up, it remains vivid in my mind because it is the same dream. A similar feeling of floating and weakness engulfs my whole body.

However, the location was different.

-I think it used to be space.

Unlike before, where nebulae, clusters, and suns were dotted like dots, this is a world without a single speck of impurity.

There was no distinction between up, down, left, and right. Moreover, it seemed as if all functions except for dull hearing had stopped, as if any stimulation that should have been felt had been blocked.

Honestly, I can't tell if my eyes are open or closed right now.

Even during this time, I continued to hear tinnitus that felt like it was scratching my eardrums.

-This is a really bad dream.

Perhaps this dream will be erased from my brain when I wake up. Still, I tried to remain as calm as possible.

This dream must be a clue from someone trying to convey a message to me. I feel the will of an indescribable being, not an idea.

The target is probably.

-'GM'

As I said that to myself, the tinnitus that had been bothering my ears suddenly stopped.

Then, as if ink had been poured on a piece of paper, black dots and lines began to appear, creating a new landscape in the world of nothingness.

A black outline appears on a blank sheet of paper, and the once mad world of nothingness begins to gradually take shape.

As I was staring blankly, not knowing whether I was standing or sitting, a sound of silence reached my ears. What is this sound that I can hear even though there is no sound?

But my gaze was already following the source of the sound. Soon, when I turned my head back, a human figure appeared on my retina.

-… What is that?

There was a thing standing there, like a white shadow, without facial features. A being with a plain face and outlined only by black lines. At first glance, it looked like a painting, but it felt like a solid lump. It was a truly strange appearance.

Even if I narrow my eyes and focus on its shape, I can only see it vaguely. After staring at it for a while, it opens its mouth.

“Long time no see.”

Even though there was no mouth, I could see the lips moving.

A mysterious voice that sounds like a delicate woman, but also like a strong man.

As I was dumbfounded by the supernatural phenomenon, it smiled and showed its teeth.

“Oh, is this your first time here? I’m confused.”

— … You, no way—.

Before the words could be finished, it shrugged and turned away.

“Sorry, I’m not a GM.”

— … … .

It felt like my entire mind had been read. It smiled, the corners of its lips slightly raised, and then opened its mouth.

“But if you look at it another way, it might not be that different. Isn’t it? Strictly speaking, it’s the opposite. Well, anyway, I could be that guy, and that guy could be me. Kanggeomma, think as you see fit.”

What did he say? I didn’t quite understand what he meant, so I looked back at what the guy in front of me had said.

He speaks as if he were some kind of philosopher, so I can’t understand his words at all.

But each word had an overwhelming feeling that was incomparable to anything else. The incomprehensible sensation made me feel sick. I tried to swallow my swear words and asked it.

— … What are you?

As he said that, he started to burst out laughing. He shook his shoulders and tears welled up in his eyes, wondering what was so funny.

‘What’s so funny?’

Then, I forcibly perceived in my head that ‘he looks like he has no facial features.’ My brow furrowed as if my image was being manipulated.

— … How long are you going to keep laughing?

“Sorry, sorry, I just remembered the old days. I apologize if I offended you. Well, it’s only natural that you would be curious about me, Geomma. But—.”

It suddenly raised its chin. Wherever its gaze was directed, a large clock drawn in lines was floating.

Tick, tick.

A clock with only the minute and second hands moving, without an hour hand. I looked at it for a moment, then turned its head towards me.

“It would take too long to explain who I am. Since we don’t have much time left, I’ll give you a brief explanation.”

It straightened its expression. It added its words as if mumbling as its face, which was as plain as a boiled egg, trembled.

“I am called by many names by people. To some, I am a disaster, or to others, nature, the universe, and God.”

— … God?

It nodded.

“Yeah, but not just any god, to be exact.”

Its two eyes opened slowly, physically rather than cognitively.

A convulsion comes from the extremities as the pupils spin around and around.

My body froze, a mixture of instinctive rejection and fear.

“God of Swords.”

-… … ?!

“It may not be the God you think it is, but just call me God for convenience. If you want, call me whatever you want. After all, it’s just ‘me’ in the end.”

When I was very surprised, God smiled brightly. It was a huge difference from the image of God I had thought of until then.

“Well, I’ll stop here for now. I’d like to explain more, but it looks like we don’t have much time.”

-Why did you only show up now?

“I was released from custody a while ago. Don’t you remember?”

Let’s think about it for a moment. A phrase that suddenly comes to mind.

「The protection of the Sword God is lifted.」

It was the voice that lingered in my ears when Agor tried to disrupt my mental image with mental magic. The god laughed briefly at my reaction.

“You’re right. But it’s not completely released, so it appears in front of you in an imperfect state. It’s a miracle that I can convey the message like this. Anyway.”

Dang, dang, dang.

The elegant clock chime rang three times.

Jejejeok—

A small crack starts from under your feet and spreads like a spider web across the landscape. This dream, no, the world, begins to collapse.

I took a big step towards it in a hurry. My footwork was light and quick. But as if I was standing still, the distance between us did not narrow at all.

At my sight, it smiled softly and stepped back. Then, without even looking at me, it waved its hand and spoke.

“Oh, and cutting and slicing is fine, but don’t do it too blindly.”

The distance widened further and the figure of the god disappeared from sight. I stretched out my hand as best I could. My breathing was rapid. My outstretched fingers trembled slightly.

Jejejeok—

Meanwhile, cracks were rapidly destroying the white background. I let out a sigh of desperation.

— Damn, I have so many questions!

“By the way, the power you wield is… … . Even if I tell you now, you probably wouldn’t understand.”

The god spoke without looking back. His voice echoed in his skull. There was a smirk, a hint of laughter.

“Anyway, don’t make any mistakes this time.”

At the same time, the world of blank paper splits apart.

Kwakwang!

Pitch darkness, devoid of any light, engulfed my entire body.

“I believe you, Kanggeomma.”

* * *

A status window that opens automatically when you wake up.

Paat—

= = = =

[NEW! The fairy tale rate has been readjusted from (17.9% ▶ 21.3%).]

= = = =

I blinked and watched, and suddenly my eyeballs started to sting.

“eww…….”

Rubbing my sore, stinging eyes as if they had been exposed to incandescent light, I calm down a little.

I jumped out of bed and wrote down what I had just dreamed in my notebook.

Square, square.

The sound of a pencil moving busily and then stopping.

I wanted to recall it in detail, but it slipped away like sand that I was clutching at.

The more I try to hold on to the fragments of my vague memories, the more they scatter and fly away.

「God of Swords」

「GM」

In the end, there were only two words written in the notebook. As I stared blankly down at them, tapping the notebook with the tip of my pencil, any remaining fragments of memory completely flew away.

“Hmm.”

I frowned once and looked to the side. I could see the hazy sky beyond the window frame. The sky was filled with murky gray clouds.

“Is it already the rainy season?”

A breeze blew through the open window. The damp smell that came in with it lingered in my nostrils.

Bam.

After shaking my head, I closed my notebook.

‘It’s important to collect clues like this, one by one.’

The sudden surge in the fairy tale rate is annoying.

‘At least so far, I haven’t seen any disadvantages from the increase in the fairy tale rate.’

I pushed the window halfway open and sat on the railing. A gust of wind that smelled of rain cooled my sweat. I have always liked cloudy weather more than clear and refreshing weather.

People here often compare life to heaven. Although it may seem earthy at first glance, this world is in fact a place overflowing with gods, blessings, and magic.

That is why they use the sky as a mirror to reflect themselves. When they raise their heads, it is only on clear days. They do not even look at it when there are dark clouds. However, the value of clarity is highlighted because there are days when it is not clear.

“…what you hope for and what’s real are different.”

I hummed bitterly and took off my clothes, hanging them on the back of the chair. My sweat-soaked top hung limply. It’s one thing to like cloudy days, and another to like the heat.

“I feel like my body has gotten better.”

I felt his abs with my fingers. The abdominal muscles were

beautifully divided into eight sections.

I didn't do any exercise during my hospital stay, but my body feels better now.

I looked at him with a strangely pleased smile on my face, then suppressed my laughter.

My room is on the second floor. I might be seen by someone with my upper body exposed and groping around. I'm already a frequent target of the cadets' gossip, so I might be labeled a pervert.

"… Let's not lose our cool."

Rollin~

The phone vibrated with the ringtone that rang indifferently. I wondered who it was in the morning, then quickly lifted my butt off the windowsill. Since I had to wash up and get ready anyway, the timing was perfect.

"It must be a Ryozo or weapon."

Yesterday, the club members offered to treat me to a meal. It was to celebrate my discharge and the creation of a travel club. Ryozo, Weapon, and Chloe all agreed to do it. They said that the new sushi restaurant in the academy is famous or something.

At first, I strongly refused. There was no particular reason, it was just that I was not used to getting things from others.

But since they had sparkling eyes and even shoved their cell phones in my hand, I reluctantly agreed. Besides, they were obviously from upper class society, so buying them a meal wouldn't be a big deal.

"But I'm a bit picky about sushi."

I let out a short laugh and checked my phone. Contrary to my expectations, the caller was not one of my club members.

[Media: Hey, Geommaya, did you sleep well? I just found out about something you asked me to do before. That's why I'm contacting

you.]

“What did you ask…?”

I tilted my head once, then clapped my hands.

“Oh, you asked me to find out about my family relationships and personal information.”

Since I was always concerned about what Ray Sean said before he died, I asked him personally when I stopped by the principal’s office.

I swiped the screen with my index finger. A few more messages flew in.

[Media: I was originally going to tell you verbally… … . But I’m a bit cautious. I’ve attached the file below. Check it out and contact me when you’re ready. Oh, and you said a new member joined?! Oh my, you’re amazing, our Geomma! Later, this older sister will secretly give you a separate reward—.]

I scrolled a little further.

[Media: Cadet Ganggeomma Information.xlsx]

A message in the form of an attachment. It was a secure message that could only be viewed. Feeling unnecessarily nervous, I wiped the sweat off my hands on the hem of my clothes and pressed down on it.

“… What the hell, dog.”

At the same time, swear words came out on their own.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 72

Episode 72: The Best Swordsman in the Country (1)

It was absurd. I was silent for a long time while looking at the attached file.

"… What the fuck is this."

Kanggeomma, that is, the information about me was excessively clean. Everything that should have been there, such as my place of origin, family relationships, and my parents' names, was cleanly erased.

All of the information listed is from after he entered the academy. Before that, it was as if he had never existed.

Actually, I am not originally from this world. It is an undeniable fact, but I entered this world after spending more than a year there.

One day, when I was swallowed up by this world, my parents in this world warmly embraced me. After visiting Avalon Island, I tried to trace their appearances, but I couldn't even remember their afterimages.

'under.'

A hollow laugh escaped my teeth. Even as I was overcome with confusion and shock, I felt as if my intelligent reason had poured cold water on me.

There is no trembling in the fingertips, no cold sweat running down

the spine. I just organize my thoughts one by one. I suppress my passion by eliminating unnecessary elements from my mind.

Has it disappeared from my memory? There is too clear evidence to believe that, as it is recorded on the screen of my cell phone.

My own delusion? Certainly, it could be, but as always, perception refutes the hypothesis.

I lifted my chin and looked up at the dark cloudy sky. The heavy clouds floated as if trying to hide the sky.

“You two are here to help me adjust.”

I didn’t bother to continue. Even if I tried to think about it differently, my thoughts eventually came down to one thing. I stood there in silence, and suddenly, I cleared my mind.

Until a moment ago, I had been praising my well-muscled body, but inside it felt empty and hollow. It felt like there was a hole in the pit of my stomach.

“This sucks.”

I threw my phone down on the desk. Even if I thought about it for a long time, it didn’t seem like it would lead to anything more. Furthermore, since there was almost nothing written on it, there was no need to look at it any further.

But as if I had been fooled by someone’s trick, something hot rose up from the bottom. Instead of embarrassment, I was filled with anger.

A blood vessel appeared on the back of his fist. He had clenched his fist so hard that blood flowed between his knuckles.

“Phew.”

I exhaled deeply. The blood that had been bubbling in my veins gradually cooled down. Then I opened the notebook I had folded.

「God of Swords」

「GM」

Two words written down immediately after waking up from a dream.

“…either one, or both.”

The two eyes that were glaring at them burned fiercely. Ugh, my teeth ground.

“Someday… … .”

At the end of the sentence.

Kugu Palace!

The gray-white clouds collided with each other, producing a thunderous sound. Lightning immediately struck the ground.

coup

Yeah, yeah

—That

—Kwaang!

The explosion was more violent than usual. However, I watched the scene without changing my expression. In one hand, I was holding Murasame. I stretched my hand forward and aimed at the tip of the sword.

The lightning seemed to stop for a moment, then struck with such force that it shook the air. As the deafening roar continued, a few cadets stuck their faces out of the windows to watch.

“… … .”

After imprinting the scene on my retina for a while, I headed to the bathroom to wash up. While I was showering, one corner of my mouth suddenly went up. The lightning didn’t seem to move very quickly.

* * *

Before morning classes, sex class.

“under…….”

Rachel, her face drooping, took a deep breath. She buried her face in her arms with a sullen expression. Abel was taken aback by this unusual sight.

Rachel, who was always extremely tense, was completely exhausted. Her half-closed heart-shaped pupils were ordinary circles today. Abel glanced at her and thought.

‘Why is he like this today? Is the weather bad?’

It was a particularly cloudy day with a lot of lightning. Some students in the Saint class even skipped class for religious reasons, claiming that the heavens were angry. Of course, most of them were joking.

Abel wasn’t very close with Rachel. However, she was the only person in the class who spoke to him in a friendly manner, so he couldn’t just ignore her.

While Abel hesitated, Rachel, who had buried her forehead in her arms, lifted her forehead slightly.

“Miss Abel, can you give me some advice?”

The voice was wet. Abel had a feeling that something was wrong.

After thinking for a moment, she adjusted her posture and nodded. Rachel added with half-closed eyes.

“I mean, my self-esteem is really low these days. To be honest, I don’t think I’m that bad. I’m confident in my strength, and my face is annoying enough for guys to chase after me. And most of all, my body.”

“… … ?.”

Rachel glanced at Abel without saying a word. Her heart-shaped eyes lingered on Abel’s chest for a moment before leaving. A little light returned to Rachel’s dull eyes.

Abel blinked for a moment, then burst into tears. Rachel's curves were more than just seductive; they were as sharp as mountain peaks.

"Rachel, you, gee, now!"

Rachel continued mumbling, not giving her a chance to finish her sentence.

"Abel, did you know that Geomma created the club?"

Abel shrugged his shoulders at the sudden mention of the name of Ganggeomma. Rachel, who had spoken, seemed to think, "Oh no," and just moved her lips.

"Ah, at that time, Abel, because of the matter of the sword master… … ."

"Uh, what."

In fact, after returning from Avalon Island, Abel soaked her blanket with tears, because her grandfather, the sword master, had been badly injured. Only a very small number of people, even within the Academy, would know the details.

Abel didn't bother to ask the inspector what had happened. Even if he did, she knew that he wouldn't answer, as she was his family. However, it was his grandfather who spoke first.

'Abel, I'm sorry I couldn't tell you exactly. You'll find out soon enough. And why I volunteer to take care of the sick student Kanggeomma.'

Saying that, Geomje walked towards the ward where Ganggeomma was hospitalized.

'Ganggeomma.'

A mixture of emotions. However, there was no longer even a hint of negative feelings toward Kanggeomma. He was also completely accepting of the sword master's extreme sincerity.

'I don't know for sure, but I think that guy Geomma ended up like

that while helping his grandfather.'

Suddenly, the events that happened on Avalon Island flashed through my mind.

Since returning from the island, it's her unspoken secret that a rabbit blanket has been replacing Abel's comforter.

Abel nodded her head obliquely. A deep blush appeared on her cheeks.

"Abel, did something happen between you and the black horse?!"

Rachel suddenly straightened her waist and thrust her face toward Abel. Her heart-shaped eyes were radiant. Her growling expression was like that of a wild beast about to compete for food.

"Oh, no! What are you talking about!"

"Huh."

Abel waved his hand. His golden eyes shook left and right as if they were vibrating. Rachel frowned briefly at the sight and let out a short sigh.

"Yeah. Well, Abel isn't the type to lie. I guess I was a little sensitive, sorry. Well, I told Kanggeomma before that I didn't care even this much, not even as much as fingernails and toenails. I also."

"…I never said that?"

"Huh? Then is Abel also interested in Geomma?"

"No, why is the story like that?!"

Rachel let out a short laugh and brushed her hair back, a healthy sheen running through her blonde hair.

"Well, people's hearts can change at any time. There's no such thing as absolute in human relationships, right? Anyway, what did you say…?"

“Kang Geum-ma, you even told me that he created a club.”

An exclamation mark appeared above Rachel’s head at Abel’s response. Even though they hadn’t exchanged a single word, fatigue had already spread across Abel’s face.

“Oh, right, right. Well, when I heard the news, I immediately told Weapon that I wanted to join, but they flatly said no.”

“Yeah, why?”

Rachel shrugged her shoulders in response to the question. Abel also tried to shake off the slight regret that was creeping up his face.

“I don’t know exactly, but I heard that Geomma said that he would not accept the club membership because it was burdensome. But then, while saying that, what do you mean the club advisor is the academy director?”

“But what does that have to do with your low self-esteem, Rachel?”

“Oh, that.”

Rachel leaned back in her chair and spoke again.

“I happened to pass by Starbucks a while ago and saw the travel club interview through the window. I still can’t forget the look on Geomma’s face as he looked at the new member… … .”

Abel listened quietly to Rachel’s grumbling.

“That guy, Geumma, the corners of his mouth were really up to his ears. What’s so good about someone wearing glasses and looking pale? Or maybe that’s just Geumma’s style.”

“… … .”

“Well, so I tried to vent a little… huh? Abel, why are you looking like that?”

Rachel finished speaking and blinked at Abel.

Her eyebrows were gently curved and her forehead was narrow. Her golden eyes were burning fiercely.

* * *

The stiff weather began to thaw as the last class ended. Perhaps because it had just rained heavily, the pungent smell of water permeated my nose.

‘Seafood is definitely appealing in this weather.’

My friends and I just walked briskly towards the sushi restaurant.

Chloe, who especially loved seafood, was light and quick on her feet. She walked far ahead and waved her hand as if urging them when the distance became too far.

‘It looks like it’s a delicious restaurant.’

I don’t know how popular this place is, but as dinner time approaches, the waiting time is said to be over an hour.

“I don’t think there has ever been a restaurant where you have to wait for food that was delicious.”

I clicked my tongue briefly. I don’t know about anything else, but since I’m serious about cooking, I was going to sharpen my sense of taste and judge each and every one of them. Then, suddenly, I blurted out a word to Weapon out of curiosity.

“Senior Hana?”

“Oh, my senior can’t eat raw fish. That’s why he said he can’t attend today.”

“Then there’s nothing we can do.”

I’m from Busan and I can’t eat raw fish.

Even among adults, there are many who dislike it because it has a mushy texture.

But why do I keep perceiving Senior Hana as an adult?

Maybe it's because he's only one year older than me but he doesn't seem like a child at all.

While we were chatting about this and that, we soon arrived in front of a sushi restaurant.

What caught my eye the most was the sign that preserved the original wood feel.

oh…….

There is a saying among businessmen:

'A store sign is like a first impression on a blind date.'

In that sense, the first impression of the sushi restaurant that the members brought me to was pretty good. It may not be big, but just looking at the clean exterior and the well-cleaned storefront, you can tell that the owner is not a slacker.

'however.'

「Korean Sushi」

Four letters written proudly. Sushi is originally a food of a neighboring country, but how come it says 'Korea' so proudly?

Could it be that this is a bit different from what I already knew? This is definitely not Earth, so who knows. Sushi could really be Korean food.

It's a domestic game made by a domestic game company, so there's nothing it can't do.

For a moment, I was curious and thought about asking Weapon, but I stopped myself. There is nothing more uncomfortable than asking something obvious.

Knock knock.

Chloe, who took the lead, pushed the wooden door open.

“Hi, Irasshai-!”

The sound of Japanese was ringing in my ears.

‘As expected, sushi is a Japanese dish in this world too.’

I nodded to myself. But then I thought about it, and the voice sounded familiar.

“uh?”

Chloe took a big step into the store and shivered. She backed away without looking back.

I glanced at her, wondering what was going on, and stepped into the store. And then, for a moment, I also stopped.

The person I was facing was so surprised that he trembled.

“What are you doing here?”

“… … !”

Chloe’s older brother, Knox Auditore.

He was receiving guests with a hood tied around his forehead.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 73

Episode 73: The Best Swordsman in the Country (2)

If someone were to ask me how I feel right now, there would be no more accurate word to describe it than absurd. For a moment, I moved my slightly parted lips.

“Nox, what are you doing here?” “… … .”

He had a hood tied around his head and was wearing a T-shirt with a large logo of ‘Korean Sushi’ on the chest. He looked exactly like a sushi restaurant part-timer.

‘Chloe is no surprise.’

Knox opened his mouth with difficulty, his face turning pale.

“Oh, I’m working part-time… … .”

Who doesn’t know that someone is working part-time?

What I’m curious about is not ‘what’ he does, but ‘why’ he works at a sushi restaurant. Knox is a member of the upper class, and is also one of the wealthiest members of the Auditore family in the world.

But it’s so absurd that it’s almost laughable that a guy like that would work part-time at a sushi restaurant. Since he’s an assassin, it’s possible that he went undercover to get a job while hiding his identity…

I can still vividly remember the voice of the guy who came into the

store with all his might. In my 20 years of knife-cutting, I have never heard such a sincere and powerful shout.

Whether or not he knew what was going on, Knox hung his head and stuttered. His face was so red that it was soon indistinguishable from the guy's red complexion.

“”… … .””

An awkward silence fell over the store for a moment.

Knox was silently fiddling with his sleeves. At this point, I was starting to feel embarrassed for asking.

“Hey, rookie! What are you doing standing around blankly instead of serving the customers? Aren't you doing your job properly?!”

A loud voice was heard from the counter. The owner, with his bronze skin and the stubbornness of a chef, shouted at Knox fiercely.

“I'm sorry, sir!”

“When they come to me day and night, begging me to do something for them, I tell them to guide the customers quickly and take their orders!”

“Ah, yes… … .”

Knox's face turned a little redder at the president's words. His pupils dilated as if his corruption had been exposed.

‘…Three days and three nights?’

After a while, Ryozo, who was standing behind me, touched my shoulder. Then he shook his head and told me to just sit down with his eyes. I nodded slightly.

So we passed Knox and the rest of the crew took up positions in the corner.

Chloe sitting in front of me. Her anticipation had disappeared, and a complex expression appeared on her face. I don't know, but I'm sure

she was expressing shock inside.

But at that rate, she'll come here to eat sushi and just end up chewing on rocks. The situation was embarrassing for both of us, but since it was the first club dinner, I started talking to Chloe in hopes of easing her embarrassment.

"Nox must have his own circumstances. Since we've come all this way, let's just think about eating delicious food. Chloe, you were the one who was looking forward to it the most."

As he said that, Chloe nodded slightly, her head bowed low.

"…yes."

Personally, I wish Chloe and Knox's relationship was smooth sailing, but it seems like things are more strained than I thought.

Well, until recently, Knox was just a noble steeped in chosen people ideology.

Although his attitude has completely changed now, it will be difficult for Chloe to adapt easily.

I let out a short sigh and flipped through the menu. The crazy prices flashed past my retina like a train passing by. One piece of sushi costs a whopping 20,000 won.

'You bastards who are thieves.'

As I was looking at the menu with blank eyes, Ryozo, sitting next to me, pushed his buttocks toward me, pressing our bodies against each other.

Her sky-blue hair brushed her shoulder once. A sweet scent gently wafted into her nose. Ryozo stretched out his index finger and explained the contents of the menu one by one.

"They say the assorted sushi here is delicious. There are as many as twenty different kinds of sashimi. The price range is also reasonable, isn't it?"

"…Is four hundred thousand won a reasonable price for one set?"

When I frowned and asked, Ryozo tilted his head slightly.

"Well, it's a rare company dinner, but did you come here only for the cost-effectiveness? Or do you want to go somewhere else?"

"… Okay, let's stop talking. Order whatever you want. You guys are going to buy it anyway."

"Okay!"

Although Ryozoh pretends to be the smartest person in the world, she is ultimately a different type of person than me.

This gap in status is something I cannot get used to even if I experience it every day.

'I think I'll open a sushi restaurant here later.'

Ryozo waved the menu several times and then called the waiter.

Then Knox approached her, timidly. Chloe's shoulders shook slightly.

At that sight, Knox swallowed his sigh and wrote down Ryozo's order. His hand movements were diligent.

"Four assorted sushi, cola, cider, right…?"

Finally, Knox reviews the order. His speech is still stiff, perhaps due to the adjustment period, but he is faithful to the basics when it comes to serving customers.

'He is a true employee.'

After the order was placed, the sushi was quickly served on the table a few minutes later. The sushi with a variety of colors was neatly arranged.

"Wow, that looks delicious."

"That's right. Even in Japan, houses like this are rare, but this house is well-made."

“That’s right, the ingredients look so fresh that I can see why there’s a long wait!”

As Weapon spit out his fortune, Ryozo and Chloe chimed in.

In particular, Ryozo took pictures from various angles, perhaps missing the taste of his hometown.

On the other hand, I just watched, frowning.

“… … .”

“What’s wrong, what’s wrong with your expression? Are you feeling unwell?”

Ryozo, who was taking pictures, tried to guess what I was thinking. I scratched the tip of my nose and replied.

“It’s a bit weird to say something like that from the perspective of someone who is receiving the benefit… … .”

In the middle of talking, I glanced at the counter out of the corner of my eye. At the same time, my eyes met with the owner who was preparing the sashimi. He twisted his lips at my indifferent expression.

A venomous glare. As if he doesn’t like my reaction, he suddenly starts grinding sashimi on the whetstone.

‘It’s good to be stubborn as a chef, but… … .’

There’s only a thin line between stubbornness and stubbornness.

It is the attitude of a true chef to humbly accept and take note of even the negative reactions of guests. The owner of this restaurant seems to have great confidence in his skills.

“The ingredients are good, but—.”

I shrugged my shoulders to show the boss, then continued speaking, deliberately straining my vocal cords.

“My knife skills are ruined. The fish is crying.”

As soon as he said that, the president’s face crumpled without a trace. Then, he stopped sharpening his knife and stomped his feet as he approached. The faces of the members who were eating were filled with confusion and shock.

“… Sir, what did you just say?”

There was a firmness in the president’s eyes. I answered coldly with my arms crossed.

“It’s exactly as you heard. Well, the craftsmanship isn’t bad, but I don’t think it’s good either. Honestly, I don’t think it’s worth selling at this price.”

As he said that, the boss’s bronzed arms became bloodshot. The eyes of the shop customers also turned to us. After observing the sinking atmosphere, the boss opened his mouth with a short snort.

“If you are so skilled in swordsmanship, show me how. I can learn a trick from you as well.”

The boss points to the counter with his raised thumb. The corners of his mouth are twisted into a mocking smile. The tone is clearly sarcastic.

Common sense tells you that it would be unreasonable to say something like that to an academy cadet.

He just wants to embarrass himself in front of people and hurt his pride.

Even as an adult, this is truly childish behavior.

‘…but.’

I let out a cold smile. The veins on the boss’s temples were visible. He spoke with a raised voice.

“You may be confident in your sword skills since you are a student of Joaquin Academy, but I, Mansour, have been a swordsman for 12

years. If your skills are better than mine, I will acknowledge it and give you free meals."

President Mansour furrowed his eyebrows fiercely as he spoke. I stood up from my seat without a moment's hesitation.

"A man can't say two things with his mouth."

"…uh?"

As if unexpected, a drop of cold sweat ran down Mansour's cheek. A commotion broke out among the guests watching.

Mansour was delighted by the growing commotion. He scratched the back of his head and took a deep breath.

"… Ha. This guy's temper has made things worse. Um, I'm sorry, sir. I'll pretend I didn't hear that, so just eat and go."

Mansour waved his hand mercilessly. I ignored him and walked toward the kitchen. Everyone's eyes followed my steps.

"Okay, wait a minute!"

Mansour tries to stop him belatedly. Knox shakes her head and tries to stop him.

"Boss, please watch for now."

"Mom! Are you crazy? How can you let an outsider into the kitchen?!"

Knox stared at Mansur quietly for a while before opening his mouth softly.

"It's a bit odd for me to say this as a clerk, but you can probably believe it."

"Hey, Knox. Why are you acting like this all of a sudden? You're usually a quiet, workaholic. And do you know how much that sea bream costs!?"

Mansour scolded Knox, as if he was incredulous. But Knox stared at me with determined eyes.

As if trying to engrave my every move and gesture into his eyes, I entered the kitchen with a faint smile on my face. The pleasant smell of fish and blood mixed with iron.

On the cutting board lies a sea bream that has not yet been touched.

And the bluish sashimi, finely ground on a whetstone and soaked in moisture.

“It’s been a while.”

A line was hanging from the corner of my mouth, which was reflected in the transparent iron plate. I grabbed the sashimi knife.

Kiririn——!

[The Sword God’s protection food is manifested.]

The blade swung. The sashimi slashed toward the sea bream in a spectacular orbit.

* * *

“Whew, it’s been so long, my skills have gotten a little rusty.”

Kang Geum-ma, who had just finished cleaning the sea bream, wiped away the sweat. He was the only one in the store who moved his mouth.

The vast eyes alternately scan the swordfish and the sea bream that has been cut. Of course, among those eyes is Mansour’s.

“… … .”

The white flesh covered with fog shines like white jade when illuminated.

The cut surface was sharp and clean of any excess, and there was not a single bit of meat left on the bone.

‘That’s ridiculous.’

Even after a long time, the vivid image of the swordplay lingered in Mansour’s mind.

He’s made quite a name for himself in this area, but this is the first time I’ve seen such amazing skill. My mouth is wide open in shock.

Amazingly fast dexterity. If it were just speed, Mansour wouldn’t be so surprised. Mansour turned his gaze to the sea bream.

The cells on the cross-section shone brightly like glass beads.

‘Is the quick movement of the hands to prevent the cells from being crushed?’

Kang Geum-ma smiled faintly and spoke to the people watching him.

“Is there anyone who would like to try it?”

When he asked, an old gentleman sitting at the counter raised his hand and volunteered. He was a raccoon-like old man with a snowball covering his pupils.

“Can this old man try it?”

“Of course.”

The old man smiled quietly, picked up a piece of paper, and moved his chin. His Adam’s apple quivered loudly.

“… … .”

There was a moment of silence. Even the sound of swallowing died down.

“!”

The old gentleman’s closed eyes suddenly opened.

A stream of sparkling water immediately flowed through the old gentleman’s wrinkled eyes.

“This, this taste!”

The old man grabbed Kang Geum-ma’s hand tightly. He could feel the rough texture of the wrinkles.

“Hey, do you think you’d like to go into business with me? I’ve never had sashimi like this before I die. All the sashimi I’ve had so far was child’s play!”

As the old gentleman nodded urgently, a man dressed neatly in a suit thrust his business card at Kang Geum-ma. Then, one of the guests whispered to the group.

“Wait a minute, isn’t that old man Chairman Baek Jong-hwan? He’s the top owner in the restaurant industry in our country.”

“Wow, that’s true. I’ve seen it on TV. That guy is a big shot who can change the price of groceries based on a single word. His assets are also one of the top ten in our country.”

“That guy is known to be picky. That cadet was personally scouted by Chairman Baek Jong-hwan. Awesome.”

“That’s right. And you even shed tears.”

Groan, groan.

“Young man, come and join hands with me. What good are you going to do by wasting your skills?”

“I’m still a minor?”

“What does age matter in this world? Otherwise, this old man will live until you graduate no matter what happens. You must come under me.”

“…haha.”

As the commotion grew, Mansur grew more confused. He approached the swordsman tentatively and asked him.

“Can I try it too?”

“Boss, it’s fish. Please eat it.”

Mansour nodded and took a bite. He even closed his eyes as he savored the taste.

A ray of current passed through my right temple and exited on my left.

“ah.”

Mansour let out a sigh of admiration. It was such an amazing taste that his legs lost their strength. Finally, he knelt on one knee toward the strong swordsman.

“Teacher, please accept me as your disciple.”

Mansour says so and quickly bows.

“…Wake up, sir.”

“No, Master. I was stupid. Please take me as your disciple.”

Kang Geum-ma scratched his cheek.

“I’m a disciple, but I’d like to give you some personal advice.”

Mansour nodded quickly and took out a pen and paper. Kang Geum-ma added with a short smile.

“Boss, your skills aren’t that bad, but your understanding of how to use a knife is still lacking. Instead of the knife you’re using now, try using a left-handed sashimi knife.”

“Are you talking about left-handed?”

“Yes, looking at the cross-section, you can see that a lot of strength has been put into your right arm, and the flesh has been crushed. If you just change the knife, it will improve a lot. As for the rest, you will figure it out on your own after eating knife food for a few more years, so I will refrain from saying anything.”

“…Can I call you master?”

Kang Geum-ma shook his head in disgust. Mansour grabbed his trouser leg and spoke earnestly.

The guests' eyes were filled with confusion and shock. One or two of the people who had been sitting began to stand up.

"Excuse me, can I have a bite?"

"I'll ask you too! I'll give you as much money as you want."

"Hey, you. Can't you see I got in line first?"

"I'm sorry to say this, but he is talking to our Chairman Baek Jong-Hwan."

A minor scuffle broke out.

Kang Geum-ma made an embarrassed expression and then whispered something to Mansour.

"A bet is a bet, so I won't pay. Instead, I'll take this as payment for the meal."

Kanggeomma flicked the blade with his finger. Mansour nodded immediately.

Mate!

Kang Geum-ma clapped his hands loudly with a satisfied smile to silence the commotion. When it quieted down a bit, he spoke.

"I asked the boss, and he said I can serve the guests in his stead today."

"Oh, yes!"

The crowd answered loudly, and Kang Geum-ma smiled with satisfaction. Then he grabbed the sword again and moved his arm. His smile was bright.

Chloe muttered as she looked at the sight.

"… Even the Sword Demon Army makes that kind of expression."

Saki Ryozo glanced at Chloe's profile before turning his gaze back to the counter. She smiled faintly and nodded.

"I know."

At that moment, Weapon came forward, his arms raised.

"Should we get involved?"

"Hey, where's the weapon!?"

"If the manager is so excited, how can we, the members, just sit still?"

"Oh my."

At those words, Ryozo frowned and then rolled up his sleeves.

"Chloe, let's go too."

Chloe looked at her brother standing next to her. Knox licked his lips and reluctantly nodded.

"Let me tell you."

"… Yeah, thanks."

The siblings also walked in unison toward the chaos.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 74

Episode 74: The Best Swordsman in the Country (3)

I think I've been really tired for a long time.

"after."

I went out of the store to cool down my heated body. I let out the breath I had been holding and controlled my breathing.

My finger joints were numb from the extreme fatigue that was coming. I leaned back deeply on the bench in front of the store and muttered.

"… Me too, really."

Is it because I finally have a chance to do some proper knife work after a long time?

In less than a minute, I sashimied three fish.

In simple terms, you can remove the intestines, cut the stone, and cut the sashimi in 20 seconds.

Speed is important, but ultimately, the most important thing about food is taste. Use nimble knife movements to bring out the freshness of the fish.

As a result, he came out, exhausted from receiving countless compliments and handshake requests from guests.

One of them said that I brought a dead fish back to life and called me

the Messiah.

“I know it’s meant as praise, but… … .”

I smiled faintly and spread out my palm. It felt good.

If I could feel this way right now, I could even cut a grain of rice with my eyes closed.

After always slicing up unpleasant things like demons and people, catching a fish couldn’t be better.

At first, I thought it would take some time to re-adapt, but once I actually started using it, I got the hang of it quickly. In fact, I think I’ve renewed my prime.

“After I graduate, I think I’ll open a real sushi restaurant.”

While I was thinking like that, I felt a presence next to me.

I turned my head to see who it was. It was an unexpected person, Knox.

“Oh, what? Weren’t you busy?”

“The food is all gone thanks to you, Mr. Geumma. The boss said he’d finish it. Your friend is serving. I just came out because Chloe told me to go.”

Knox said this and sat down next to me. He took off the scarf tied around his head and shook his head to shake off the sweat. I stared at him in silence.

Knox had a pleasant smile on his face, despite being drenched in sweat.

The once cloudy pupils now had a strange color.

‘I feel proud for some reason.’

As I stared at him intently, Knox stopped wiping the sweat off his face with his hood and flinched.

“Well, do you have anything to say?”

The tone of speech was still stiff, like a historical drama. However, the hostility was clearly gone from his voice.

“By the way, what kind of part-time job are you doing all of a sudden?”

“… Kanggeomma, didn’t you say that? If you work hard and sweat, you’ll gain something.”

I tilted my head. But then the words I had said flashed through my mind.

“Oh, right. I did say that.”

“You don’t remember, do you?”

Knox asked incredulously. I shrugged.

“Of course I remember. Child, you really are a master of action.”

Knox scratched the back of his neck in embarrassment. The corners of his mouth were visibly twitching. As if he sensed my gaze, his expression became hazy. He quickly changed the subject.

“Hmm, hmm. I don’t necessarily agree with what you said, Kanggeomma. But you definitely gained something. I learned the value of hard work.”

“Oh, that’s fortunate.”

Knox was more talkative than before. He asked me many questions about my work. I answered him with sincerity because he was quite active.

Most of them were trivial stories of work-related experiences. But Knox listened intently.

“I still can’t believe you’re the same age as me. You’re not lying about your age, are you?”

“…Is it okay if I just say I have a lot of social experience?”

As he said that, Knox withdrew his suspicious gaze. The moment he was about to stand up, thinking that the story was almost over.

“Wait a minute, I have something to tell you.”

I sat back down with a very serious expression on my face.

He moved his lips once and continued speaking.

“Normally, revealing family matters to the outside world would be considered a grave crime. So I tried to relay it through Chloe, but she wouldn’t answer the phone. Anyway, that’s not the important part.”

Knox took a deep breath. His pupils, filled with determination, remained calm and unwavering.

“Your investigation in Auditore is over. Fortunately, there are no suspicious circumstances. Therefore, we have canceled the request instigated by the Academy’s Senior Council. Instead, the Lord has started the Senior Council’s investigation. The fabrication of the request is a deception for us. Auditore is not their hunting dog, but a group that strictly maintains order.”

I listened quietly. It was a deliberately serious topic.

Knox furrowed his brow and opened his mouth again.

“I think an investigation team of unprecedented scale will be formed. It will be conducted thoroughly, given the target. Of course, I have decided to help out with the investigation team. This story has become long. Anyway, I wanted to convey this message.”

“… … .”

With that conclusion, I gathered my thoughts. The conclusion was that Auditore would never come after me. It meant that I didn’t have to think about the possibility of Auditore submitting to the power of the Elders.

It seems like one of the annoying things that had been occupying a

corner of my mind has been solved.

Well, there's going to be a bigger incident where Auditore investigates the Elders.

It's none of my business anymore. After finishing my thoughts, I reached out to Knox.

"Thank you. That must not have been easy to say."

He stared at my hand for a moment, then grabbed it.

"I didn't really do anything. Rather, it was on my part… … ."

Knox trailed off.

The sight brought to mind Chloe and Knox in the store just a moment ago.

Perhaps because they were siblings, they got along well and quickly took orders and served food.

'It seems like things have improved a little with Chloe.'

I laughed silently and patted her shoulder lightly.

He lowered his head with an embarrassed look. Then I stood up, shaking my butt.

"I'll go in first. Come back after resting more. Oh, that's right."

As I was about to open the door halfway to enter the store, a question suddenly occurred to me.

Although we never used honorifics from the beginning, Knox is a senior in the year above me.

Moreover, as a member of the Auditore family, I belong to the pan class. I opened my mouth to relieve the questions that were floating around in my mind.

"Nox, aren't you a senior?"

“Are you talking about a mountain?”

Knox asked dimly. I nodded in agreement and continued.

“Oh, the one who joined our club this time is a senior. I thought you might know her since you’re in the same class as Knox.”

“What a surprise you are interested in others.”

“… Is that the image I have of you?”

“From what I’ve seen so far, you don’t seem to be the type to care much about others. It’s far from being ‘selfish’… What can I say, it feels like you came from somewhere else.”

It stung for a moment. It felt like a small part of my life had been exposed. It was quite awkward for me to have been caught by Knox, who had only seen it a few times.

‘You’re quick-witted, perhaps because you’re a former assassin.’

Or maybe it was when you investigated me that you felt uncomfortable.

Kang Geum-ma, that means my past has been completely erased.

With Auditore’s information power, there was no way he would have missed that part.

That must be why he’s been staring at me with a question mark on his face for a while now. Since I’m trying hard to hide my expression, Knox can’t ask.

Still, the guy glances at me, his mouth still twitching.

A brief silence. The first to break the delicate air current was Knox’s voice.

“Anyway, I know Sanha because she’s in the same class. She’s a pretty unremarkable girl who just quietly reads books in class.”

“Even if there are no special features, each person has something

unique, right? Isn't there something like that?"

When asked, Knox stroked his chin and thought deeply. He opened his eyes half-heartedly.

"Hmm, but since you asked, I just remembered something. I wonder if it's a singularity… … . Sanha is always the cadet in the middle of the class."

"Midpoint? What does that mean?"

"It means exactly what it says. In all areas, such as written, practical, internship, and training, you are always in the middle ranks. Even if you do it on purpose, it would be difficult to do so."

"I see."

Knox, who had been speaking, shrugged his shoulders, a gesture that indicated he had nothing more to say.

I turned my head slightly and met Knox's eyes.

The questioning eyes were staring at me. It was a face that had a lot to ask. Then, Knox's lips moved.

"… Kanggeomma, you—."

But I turned my body in a jerky direction. A small night breeze blew in my direction.

"Anyway, thanks for telling me. I'll go in first."

"… … ."

Aside from the gratitude, there is no reason for me to reveal more about myself than necessary.

It was a very practical decision, not a cold one. I didn't want to create a sense of discomfort by talking lightly.

I opened the store door, ignoring the gaze. The pungent scent of alcohol enveloped my nose.

* * *

It was not until close to midnight that the lights at the Korean sushi restaurant turned off.

The customers who had been telling me to drink and pour left the restaurant one by one, feeling sorry and licking their lips. Among them, the old gentleman who was the first to try the raw fish kept grabbing my hand and saying,

“Young man, please be sure to contact me. I won’t be upset.”

“Oh, yes. I’ll contact you when I have time.”

I lowered my upper body and head. Only then did the old gentleman smile with satisfaction and get into the car. The shiny black sedan gave me a rough idea of his wealth.

When the commotion died down, President Mansour approached first.

“Master, I learned a lot today. I know it’s a bit odd to call this a thank you, but please accept this.”

He held out a well-trimmed piece of sashimi. But I frowned and spoke quietly.

“A sword is a lifeline to a swordsman. Can you hand it over to someone else so easily, sir?”

Mansour opened his mouth, waving his hand, as if he was taken aback.

“Ah, ah, I’m sorry if I offended you, Master. I didn’t mean it differently, but this sword just doesn’t suit me. I’ve always just sharpened my sword, but I realized it after meeting you, Master. A master should develop his own skills rather than his equipment… …!”

Mansour clenched his fists and chewed on his pledge. He humbly thrust the knife in with both hands. I let out a short sigh and nodded.

“Well, if that’s what you mean, then I won’t refuse.”

As he said that, Mansour bent and straightened his waist several times. His eyes sparkled like a child’s.

“Oh, I am truly honored that you accepted my sword, Master!”

“… How about not calling me ‘Master’?”

“Oh my, I started my life as a knife-fed person again by meeting you, Master. I don’t think it’s enough to treat you like a parent.”

“Just call me by my original name.”

The style of excessive spiciness is always tiring. I listened to his words with one ear and let it go, then turned my gaze to the sashimi.

The light flowing from the blade makes it obvious to anyone that it is an expensive item. In fact, if you look at the craftsmanship alone, it is closer to a weapon.

Even though he said that, a swordsman longs for a good sword. I cleared my throat and grabbed the handle.

“Hmm, hmmm.”

Until just a moment ago, it was a knife that I had been using with great care. But now that I think of it as mine, it feels strange.

As I gripped the hilt of the sword tightly, my first teacher came to mind. He was a man with a strong obsession with swords.

‘To me, a master doesn’t blame his equipment, after all the hard work he’s put into it.’

Whenever the master brought me a shiny sledgehammer, he would always give it a name. At that time, when I asked him, he responded like this.

— A good knife is like a chef’s alter ego. When you name it, the chef’s determination is put into it.

He spoke so fancyly and named the sashimi knife something like ‘Sovereign Sashimi Machine’.

At that time, I looked at it with pitiful eyes… … .

“Excuse me, Master. What’s the matter? Do you not like the sword?”

“No, I was just thinking of a name to give it.”

“I never thought about it like that, but Master is different.”

Mansour said with spit on his lips. I laughed bitterly, but thought about it for a while. Many words floated in my mind.

“…frost.”

Suddenly, I muttered. Was it because I wanted to leave a trace of my parents here? Suddenly, the word that came to mind was Ganggeomma’s main building. As I made up my mind, strength entered my clenched arms.

“… … Eternal frost.”

I smiled broadly. Not that I was satisfied with the name I had given.

As the saying goes, “the same vegetable tastes the same,” I reflected on myself criticizing my teacher’s naming sense.

I also felt secretly grateful to my parents here who gave me the name Ganggeomma.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 75

Episode 75: The plot (1)

As I look up at the ceiling with my head supported by my hand, I feel once again that time flies at the Academy.

When I first moved in, it was white, but now it has become yellow with traces of life.

Sweat beads dripping down my forehead. The chilly nights of early summer are gone, and the sweltering heat of the tropical nights keeps me awake.

“Ha, what kind of dorm doesn’t even have air conditioning?”

I sat up, exhaling hot breath. The bedsheets were damp along the lines of my body.

I took off my top and threw it in the laundry basket. There was an unpleasant thud sound from the cloth that had landed in the basket.

“It’s hot, it’s hot.”

The night sky was filled with wailing sounds. There were two sounds. It seemed like they were mating in the middle of the night.

I clicked my tongue briefly and sat down at my desk, the pencil spinning like a pinwheel above my index finger and thumb.

The desk was so familiar that it looked like a typical student’s desk. But it wasn’t like he was studying.

“…The future is important.”

Words written on an open notebook. Fragments of thoughts written here and there.

『The Academy’s Senior Group. □』

『Unidentified female instructor. □』

———————-

『God of Swords. □』

『GM □』

I don’t play with pencils that often, so there weren’t many of them. Still, they were easy to read because they were concise and contained only the main points.

I slowly moved my eyes as if savoring the texture of the letters. The dotted line in the middle is a boundary that separates thoughts.

Above is reality, below is a dream.

I put it aside coolly. At a time when I had given up on sleep in the tropical night, I decided to put off abstract words for later. I raised my gaze to the road and muttered.

“The elders decided to investigate in Auditore.”

Even among the same nobles, the concentration of the chosen people ideology was different. The elders were the pinnacle of that ideology. In their eyes, even the Auditore family of order would be considered mere idiots.

How could he be angry at having to kill a cadet without any justification? It was understandable that Auditore would be angry at having been treated like a hunting dog.

Thanks to that, I unintentionally got the help of Auditore.

“There is no ally as reliable as them.”

As a user, I know very well what happens when you clash with Auditore.

There is an episode towards the latter half of the story where we can see Auditore's true nature.

I don't remember the exact circumstances, but if I recall correctly, it was similar to what's happening now.

Did the elders get caught by Auditore while they were plotting against the protagonist Leon? Anyway, that was the one time they came out of the shadows and came to the front lines.

At first the elders laughed.

They probably never thought that a dirty family with blood on their hands would dare to poke at them.

However, there was no hierarchy in the hands of the group that wished for order. In the end, the heads of the nobles below them, as well as the elders, were cut off one by one.

Thanks to that, there was no one to stop Leon in the second half. What kind of idiot would dare to open fire when the elders, the leaders of power, had been purged?

The elders being purged by Auditore was a cider that the game company had in mind.

Leon, who represents the users, sees human blood, but Auditore takes his place. Such kind consideration from the game company.

When I think about it like that, my judgement suddenly becomes distorted.

'Hey, shit. I'm having a hard time.'

My brows furrowed. My head felt hot in the sweltering heat.

I shook my head to clear my mind and scribbled with my pencil.

『The Academy's Senior Group. ☑』

Let's be satisfied that one annoying worry has been relieved. Now that Auditore has stepped forward, the truth will be revealed soon. We will know who is behind it when it happens.

"The one left is… … ."

『Unidentified female instructor. □』

Unlike the Elders, there is no known background on this character. We only have a vague idea of his appearance, but this is not certain.

I had a hunch that the female instructor was a villain. The outlines became clear after the survival training on the uninhabited island.

— Anyway, I whined and signed the contract, but this is what he does.

The words of the 5th Corps Commander Agor are proof of this.

If the female instructor is indeed a villain, she may be able to change her appearance with magic. However, even that luck has its limits.

"Gender and eye color cannot be changed."

Even if it is magic, the change in appearance cannot be completely changed.

It is a self-evident fact that we know from experience through play.

Fortunately, I remember the time when I quit Miracle Protection M because it coincided with the appearance of the first villain, Ray Shen.

Ray Shen disguised himself as Leon's female acquaintance and attempted to strike him in the back of the head. However, his identity was revealed when his iris color was different.

"With purple eyes, it's definitely a girl."

The problem is that there are too many of them. I want to use the sensitivity of the guardian to gauge my opponent, but I still lack knowledge of magic.

However, I don’t have the time or the desire to lock myself away in the library and read through introductory books on magic.

General Yi Sun-sin, the great hero, said that if you know your enemy, you will be victorious in every battle.

The breadth of knowledge that must be acquired in order to know the enemy is too vast. If Admiral Yi Sun-sin had known the concept of magic, wouldn’t he have retracted his words?

“I’m not saying this to study… … .”

My head is in disarray.

‘Should we just wait until the enemy comes?’

Maybe waiting for the other person to come first is also a method. In short, just leave it at that.

If you wait, there is a high chance that your feet will go numb.

It’s a tough opponent to gauge. You could get stung if you try to stir up a hornet’s nest for no reason.

Rather than hitting the player, it is the ‘adult-style’ way of doing things that is based on experience and objectivity to bide one’s time.

“What should I do?”

The night was deepening. My head was heavy with distracting thoughts. The moon shone faintly through the cracks in the window.

Knock, knock.

I organized my notebook by poking it with a pencil.

The extension of the accident was long.

When something crosses my mind, my subconscious draws a dot. And so the blank page is filled with white and black dots.

『◎●○●○●●○○●●○○○●』

Traces of an accident being sorted out. It's a pattern that I think I've seen somewhere.

Zzzz …

The pleasure of the birds chirping in excitement rang in my ears. Summer is the prelude to youth business.

Those new chicks cried out in lust and excitement as if they were helping him.

I burst out laughing. At first I was annoyed, but thanks to that, I was able to put an end to my thoughts.

『Unidentified female instructor. ☑』

I drew a line with my pencil and threw it onto my notebook.

The pencil that couldn't settle rolled to the floor.

"Since when did I roll a pencil?"

Although adults say that waiting for the right time is the wise way, young blood flows through every corner of my veins right now.

There's a fine line between courage and determination. Now is the time to be courageous.

I recalled memories from my past life. I had to bow to customers and bow to them with a folder, and I had to calmly ignore unpleasant comments.

It's become a habit, and even in this world, I show a passive attitude towards everything. But this time, I plan to knock first.

A surprise attack. A chance to turn the tables.

"I should go see Professor Damien soon."

Professor Damien of the Department of Animal Science. You told me before that if you had any questions, come to my lab.

For some reason, the professor is very friendly towards me.

It will help you with your lack of knowledge. Don't suffer with a head that doesn't work, and rely on the experts.

Jjirrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

The sound of passionate cries. It has been hitting my ears nonstop since a while ago.

"These new kids should just do one verse."

A few days ago, I caught the perennial frost that I received from Mansour. Perhaps because of the name I gave it, the heat disappeared all at once and the birdsong suddenly stopped.

* * *

Dawn at the Joaquin Academy, where the sound has stopped.

About ten men, wearing black hoods pulled down over their heads, gathered in an abandoned building.

A suspicious secret meeting scene in a musty, gloomy place. People stood in a circle, their faces hidden by the shadows of their hoods. In the stillness and silence, only their eyes moved.

From gardeners covered in dirt, to those in instructor uniforms, to those in white gowns worn by professors, they silently guessed each person's disguised identity based on their clothing.

Thud thud.

A man wearing a professor's uniform walked into the middle. He took a quick look at the number of people and then opened his mouth.

"I know you all are very busy, but thank you for taking the time to meet with me. You can call me 'Professor'."

There was a certain dignity in the man's voice. At first glance, it sounded like he was trying to persuade her.

"Okay. Professor, why are you calling me out of the blue? If we're all gathered here and someone catches us, you'll take responsibility,

right?”

The man with the beard sticking out from under his hood spoke sharply. The others agreed with his words in silence. The eyes that glared at the professor were cold and piercing.

“Poohahahahahahahahahahaha!”

The professor burst into laughter. The sound was so loud that it echoed muddyly in the room.

“Hey, you little punk! Are you crazy?! You’re laughing all of a sudden and talking nonsense!”

The bearded man shouted involuntarily. A murderous intent flashed across his shadowed face.

Villains are beings who have sold their humanity. They have long since forgotten how to control their emotions.

He immediately rolled up his sleeves and breathed magic into them. At the same time, sharp stone thorns sprouted from his arm muscles.

“You’re suddenly calling me and giggling? Oh, my hands are already dry. It’s been a while since I’ve gotten my hands dirty, damn it!”

The momentum is fierce. One strong blow would open several holes all over the body. However, the professor observed while rubbing his chin.

“Hoo- You are the confidant of the 4th Corps Commander, Permish. Earth attribute magic is not common. But you are stupid. This is the time to prove your worth by becoming my example.”

The professor laughed sarcastically. The rest of them watched the situation unfold.

“What are you talking about, you professor cosplay kid!”

Boom!

The floor burst open as the bearded man stomped his foot. The flying

debris clung to his body like a magnet.

‘I don’t know what that kid’s magic is.’

He narrowed his eyes between the stone helmets. The professor’s attitude was too relaxed. But the man was confident.

‘The best defense is a good offense.’

Even a single stone, if combined with a persistent magic, would have a hardness comparable to that of a diamond.

I’ve done some rough calculations in my head.

‘Just take it in.’

There will be a lot of noise, but if someone barges in, you can just kill them on the spot.

Let’s think simply, simply. Surrendering to impulse and stimulation is the villain’s way.

The man’s feet dug into the ground again.

Kwakwakwakwang—!

The man charged like a rhinoceros, sweeping the debris with a bang. Some hoods flapped in the dusty wind. They kept a distance.

“I’ll make a hole in the table top!”

With a truly villainous line, he rams the professor. His fist, covered in spikes, comes in at close range.

Soon, the professor’s expression came into view. His pupils were glowing red and his smile was faint. That was the last thing the man remembered in this world.

——Pang!

A brief crack. Then the bearded man’s body slid limply.

The eyes that had been watching grew wide. In an instant, the chaos

disappeared.

With a thud, a fountain of blood spurted from the shoulder where the head should have been.

“after.”

The professor took a deep breath. Then he turned his gaze to the witnesses of the tragedy.

He immediately put one hand on his chest and bowed his head slightly. It was a formality that did not fit the situation.

“I’ll stop introducing myself and get to the main point. Does everyone agree?”

Everyone was silent at those words. Displeasure was evident on their lips, but no one spoke.

They came up with a common name through the magic the professor showed them.

‘2nd Corps Commander, Kuarn.’

A chill of fear ran down my spine. The professor’s lips curled into a bitter smile.

“I am glad that you have good understanding. The reason I called you all here is, as you all know, because of the passing of Commander Agor of the 5th Corps.”

He gestured to the woman in the instructor’s uniform, his expression hardening.

“Come out, cadet, no, instructor. I’ve been teaching for so long that I’ve gotten used to the word cadet. Anyway, he’ll explain the details.”

As he said that, the professor gave up his seat to the female instructor. She walked to the center and her mouth opened immediately.

“…I’ll just get to the point.”

There was a sharp edge to her gaze. She moved her lips with a half-resigned expression.

“Contrary to popular belief, my lord was not killed by the swordsman.”

“… … .”

Her gaze remained on the professor. The professor, who was leaning against the wall, nodded slightly.

“Agor was killed by a cadet. His name is—.”

The female instructor paused. The space between her words was heavy.

“—Leon van Reinhardt, the next warrior.”

The professor smiled brightly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 76

Episode 76: The plot (2)

Even though the final exams are just around the corner, the students' expressions are bright.

It wasn't that I liked taking tests, of course, but I was excited about the upcoming event.

bang!

Weapon slammed his palm against the desk. The impact caused Ryozo's hand, which was resting its chin on the table, to slip.

"Oh my god, why are you suddenly hitting the table and making a fuss?"

Ryozo glared at him fiercely. The members' gazes also turned to the weapon.

A face that was equally filled with solemnity, dignity, and seriousness. Weapon lowered his voice heavily.

"…What does our travel club do during the festival?"

"Oh, man, don't weigh yourself down with something so trivial!"

"Hey, Saki. It's not just any day, it's the Joaquin Academy Festival. If not on a day like this, when else would you weigh yourself?"

"You really need to stop your habit of making rash decisions at pointless things."

Yes, that's right.

The cadets were inspired by the festival at Joaquin Academy.

You might think it was just a market day, but it was a nationally recognized holiday.

Because that was the day that Balor Joaquin sealed the Lycans. They were saved and liberated from the invasion of the Demons, so in this world, it had a meaning similar to Liberation Day.

The scale and significance of the festival are amazing. People who are rarely seen on a regular basis come to congratulate the cadets and look forward to their future. It is a tradition that has lasted 700 years since its founding.

The head of the Chloe family. The strongest assassin, Al'Tair Auditore, known as the 'Old Man of the Mountain'. The next head of the Iron King family in the neighboring country, 'Mao Lang' of the Iron Legs. 'All Mute', the pride of the United States and a strong candidate to be the next Seven Stars.

There are already reporters who are typing with their eyes sparkling. The front pages of various newspapers will be full of good news for the time being.

Unfortunately, Jeolgung and Changseong will not be attending. They are both big names who are very busy with big things, so they do not show their faces easily.

But tradition is tradition, so we send congratulatory messages through agents.

A public offering that even the prime minister of a country and the big shot who controls the Hero Association cannot ignore.

A day when light shines on humanity. A celebration to sing of the brilliant future of hero candidates!

It is a holiday that is worthy of all kinds of descriptions, but its meaning has faded a lot these days.

‘Wherever you go, the laughing kids are the problem.’

A day when nobles gather in groups of three or five to make friends and create new connections. It would be a golden opportunity for foolish children to rub their palms against those in high places.

If the hero of the poem and the seven disciples had seen this, they would have broken down the coffin door and appeared, calling it a national disgrace and being furious.

But what can I say? Even if corruption and secret activities are rampant, they are out of the public eye.

For young people, it’s just a big event.

“Don’t you know that each and every one of these things counts as club performance? And if you step up in a big way at times like this, you’ll save the face of the principal who readily took on the role of advisor.”

“You have nothing to say, so you’re making excuses about the principal? Weapon, you just want to enjoy the festival!”

There was a lively exchange between Ryozo and Weapon. Ryozo’s speech when dealing with Weapon was far from elegant.

“It’s just the way students play when they have to. I’ll do all the annoying things. For example… like making posters?”

“That poster is fucking crap.”

Ryozo let out a mixture of exclamation and cursing. Weapon clicked his tongue without paying attention. Next to them, Senior Hana was sipping tea. I watched quietly.

‘This is a mess.’

Then Chloe, who had been quiet, spoke up.

“Does the Sword Demon Army have any plans for the festival day… …?”

“Well, I don’t really have any plans.”

Chloe wiggled her fingers, a small blush spreading across her cheeks.

“Um, so, would it be possible for me and… … to be together that day?”

bang!

The desk shook again. The aftershock sent a pile of writing utensils and papers flying high.

“Decided! Let’s make a tasting corner booth. The manager is amazing with his knives. We can also promote the club while we’re at it. If we go on a trip together, the manager will make this kind of dish for us too, so—.”

“… … .”

Chloe glared at Weapon coldly. She puffed out her cheeks and turned her head away. Her snort was sharp.

Weapon scratched his chin absentmindedly. He looked like he had no idea what he had done wrong.

Maybe he is a guy who doesn’t know women’s feelings better than me, having never been in a relationship before.

Weapon watched Chloe’s expression.

The sharp lips. Weapon sighed softly at the unknown situation, not knowing what to do.

It felt like cold water had been poured on the burning enthusiasm.

‘Still, that Weapon guy, he’s a guy who always thinks of the club first.’

The club is full of energy thanks to Weapon, who calls himself the mood maker. Maybe that’s why his speech has become lighter lately…

If it weren't for the weapon, I wouldn't have the confidence to lead these people with distinct personalities. I uncrossed my arms. As a fellow man, it was time to lend my strength.

"I think Weapon's idea of setting up a booth isn't a bad one."

A small surprise appeared on Ryojo's face. Starting with her, the members' eyes gathered on me. Weapon made a face that said, "The tip of his nose is tingling." It was really burdensome to rub the bridge of his nose.

"What, you too, Geomma, are you interested in such a prestigious event? Why, are you trying to promote it to the higher-ups?"

Ryozo's eyebrows furrowed in displeasure.

An authoritative event? It's ironic that the person most closely associated with authority is speaking out.

"Rather than having a specific goal, I think I'll probably be running around a lot during vacation to clear dungeons, but there aren't any club activities until then."

Ryozo's pupils still had a glimmer of distrust. He squinted his eyes as if trying to gauge my intentions. I continued speaking after coughing a couple of times.

"And now, there are not many days left when we can enjoy this festival."

I felt like I was going to choke back my words. Ryozo raised his eyebrows in puzzlement.

"How much is left? What do you mean?"

"… … ."

The unconscious steps reached three years later, during the Second World War.

I don't normally make mistakes like this, but it seems like the members have become quite comfortable.

“… … .”

“Why? Why are there only a few days left to enjoy the festival? Do you, Geomma, know something about it yourself?”

As the silence grew longer, Ryozo’s eyebrows rose. She is the type of person who doesn’t miss even a single small idea. That may be the basis of her sharp insight, but as a colleague, it’s really tiring.

“Well, there’s not much time left until the final exams. That’s what I meant.”

“Hmm-.”

Ryozo stared intently with his eyes slightly open. Then, with a look of cooling off, he took out a piece of yokan and began to chew on it.

“So, do you have a booth in mind?”

“I don’t have anything in particular in mind.”

“Or are you trying to start a food business like Weapon Mal? You’re the only one among you who knows how to cook, aren’t you?”

When I think about it, that’s true. I can only handle sashimi for about 50 seconds, so it’s not something I can handle alone.

Weapon is known to be incapable of controlling the amount of water in ramen. Ryozo replaces most of his meals with yokan… … . I suddenly asked Chloe and Hana-senpai.

“Chloe, can you cook?”

“Uh, I like fried rice or fried eggs… … .”

“I don’t eat rice very much. Just putting balsamic sauce on my salad? Do you think that counts as cooking?”

“… … .”

Ryozo made a face as if telling me to look at it. Mumble, mumble. He chewed the yokan in a spiteful manner.

I pondered, drooling. As a manager, I had drawn my sword, but it was a shame to let it slide.

To be honest, I've never really enjoyed a festival in my entire life. I've been on the front lines of society since I was seventeen, so I've never had time to enjoy romance.

The reason I enjoyed playing the mass-produced mobile game 'Miracle of Protection M' is also in line with the above reasons. I never showed it, but I guess I was longing for this kind of life.

'and.'

I looked around at the faces of the members. Except for Saki, everyone was smiling with anticipation and excitement on their lips. However, since I knew the future, it was hard for me to just smile like them.

'This is the last festival I can attend at the Academy.'

By the time we enter the second year, the demons feel threatened by Leon, the next warrior.

They try to cause harm by unleashing their power without being overtly on the front lines.

The story's atmosphere also becomes increasingly serious. Events such as festivals and holidays are reflexively abolished.

This festival is the last event that my club members and I will be attending. Thinking about it, I felt a lump in my chest.

"What are you thinking about with such a sad expression?"

Senior Hana asked, putting down her teacup. Her long eyelashes were slightly visible behind her glasses. At first glance, her eyes looked lonely.

"You look like you think this festival is your last?"

This human. Did you read my mind? She slightly raised her glasses and mouth.

“Do you remember what I said when I joined the travel club?”

“Uh, what did you say?”

She smiled faintly and picked up her teacup again.

“If you don’t remember, then don’t say anything.”

* * *

“So what you’re doing is cooking?”

Ryozo frowned and sighed deeply.

Even after a long meeting, we ended up going back to square one.

In fact, it is difficult for a small club like ours to do anything big. There was a lot of talk, but the easiest and most common option was one.

“No, I’ve never even gotten my hands wet before! Even Weapon, this thing can’t even mix cup ramen water. You want to cook? And if you’re going to do it as a club, you should work together, this is just you, Geomma, doing it all by yourself!”

I have been in the restaurant industry for nearly 20 years.

So, it’s not completely impossible to cast all the spells on your own. And there are knives that can be used, even if you can’t use a sharp cleaver.

A machete that I bought in preparation for survival training on a deserted island.

Of course, the shape is a bit off, but I have a gonzo spirit that has been running through me.

‘A master is not picky about his equipment.’

However, as Ryozo said, if it becomes a one-man show by myself, the meaning of being together will fade.

“Hey, don’t you trust the manager? He has his own thoughts, that’s

why he says things like that.”

Weapon said with a hehehe laugh. Senior Hana and Chloe nodded in agreement.

As the atmosphere turned like this, Ryozo also bent his stubborn attitude.

“Ha- Okay, okay, I get it. So what are you going to do?”

I shrugged my shoulders at Ryozo’s words.

“kimchi soup.”

The festival is equivalent to Liberation Day on Earth.

I plan to take this opportunity to promote Korean food and show my patriotism.

* * *

Time continued to pass.

There were only two days left until the festival. The club members were busy preparing.

Chloe supports me with tasks like frying eggs, Speed Weapon handles procedures, and Hana, a meticulous senior, reviews logistics and food ingredients.

Ryozo, who had been ticking, also silently joined in. Her role was to create posters and promote them.

After subduing the weapon that he had insisted on using force(?), he took charge of it.

I have to be strong on the day, so I don’t have any specific work to do before then.

“… You’re doing much better than I thought.”

They all work so quickly, I wonder if all teenagers in this world are like this.

Or maybe it was helpful to have tried matching at ‘Korean Sushi’ before.

Thanks to that, I got some unexpected free time.

Thud, thud.

I crossed the halls of the faculty building. The attention of the Academy and its cadets was now focused on the festival.

With great difficulty, I found the time to go to see a person. Soon, I stopped in front of a door with a nameplate hanging on it and knocked lightly.

Knock knock knock.

“I am Kang Geum-ma.”

The door opened.

“Ah! Come in, Cadet Kanggeomma.”

Professor Damien, dressed in a white gown, welcomed me. I nodded and entered the professor’s office.

The professor gestured for us to pull out a chair and sit down. In his other hand he was holding a coffee pot.

“I was just about to have a cup of tea, so the timing was perfect.”

Dalgrak—.

“This is black tea imported directly from Russia. It has an exquisite aroma.”

The professor offered me some Russian black tea with a bright smile.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 77

Episode 77: The plot (3)

The view of the professor's office in the Department of Home Economics was similar to that of the principal's office. The bookshelves were filled with textbooks and introductory books.

The only peculiar thing was that there was a stone lying on the table.

It seemed like a longevity stone, but the finish was very rough.

I stared at the stone with an inexplicable sense of discomfort. Then the professor sitting across from me stroked the stone and opened his mouth.

"This is a research specimen that I obtained by chance a while ago. Although it looks like a stone, it contains a small amount of magical power. If you, Kanggeomma Cadet, are interested, I can give you a little bit."

"Oh, it's okay."

I refused because it was an object that seemed too awkward to keep in the room.

The room is small, so there isn't much space to decorate it. Above all, hobbies like being a chief are too old-fashioned.

'The frame is a bit like that.'

Then Professor Damien pushed the teacup back with a friendly smile.

“Now, take it while it’s warm. It’ll smell really good.”

Just as I was about to pick up my teacup and drink, a thought suddenly flashed through my mind.

‘…There is a saying that you can trust Russian black tea and filter it.’

It’s hard to open my mouth because of the common sense that is accepted on Earth.

I brought it to my lips. The professor tilted his head.

“Is there any problem… …?”

It would be a great disrespect to reject someone’s kindness. But that doesn’t mean I want to just pick up anything and eat it.

There are still threats lurking everywhere in the academy. Even the position of professor, which is a symbol of trust, must be guarded against.

More than anything, I am very concerned about the place where the tea leaves come from. There are many other places, but why Russia?

I felt like I was being exposed to harmful substances.

“Come to think of it, I’m allergic to black tea. I’m sorry you worked so hard to prepare it for me.”

It was a false and lame excuse, but I said it as politely as I could.

He tries to make his expression as serious as possible to lessen the professor’s embarrassment.

This is how you treat adults who have been exposed to many years of social life.

I vividly remember the first time I saw the inspector. It was similar to this situation. Whenever I see an adult, my posture automatically bends.

‘I’ve been serving alcohol to older customers for 20 years.’

It's hard to kick out the service spirit that's ingrained in your bones. But compared to your previous life when you treated your regular customers like little kids, well…

"Oh, is that so? Then I guess there's nothing I can do."

The professor pretended to laugh heartily as if he had no choice. He pushed my teacup away and clasped his hands together.

"The tea is fine, but anyway, I'm glad that you, Kanggeomma, came to see me. Since we've met for the first time, if you have any questions, feel free to ask! Although I don't have much knowledge, I'll do my best to answer to the best of my knowledge."

A speech that was both confident and humble. The professor's face was relaxed.

Even the slightest gestures showed his erudition. I nodded and continued speaking.

"It is an extension of the question I asked before, 'May God bless you.'"

"Oh, that's right. I was already concerned about that, so I did some research."

The professor suddenly took out an introductory book from the bookshelf. Then he put his glasses on the tip of his nose.

He was a true scholar, turning the pages with passion, even with his mouth covered in saliva.

"Ah-! I found it. It's here."

He handed the book to me with a pleased smile. Countless letters appeared on my retina.

The professor tapped a phrase with his finger.

"This is the part. In fact, I went all the way to Russia to find this book."

“Could it be because of me?”

“The starting point was given by the Ganggeomma cadet, but I was personally curious. Scholars are originally like this, so don’t worry about it. I am grateful because I learned something I didn’t know before.”

He shrugged.

“Anyway, that’s not what’s important.”

The professor sat next to me and poured out his words. His eyes sparkled with enthusiasm for learning.

“I mentioned this once in a lecture, but in academia, protection is classified into four categories: Commander-level, Guardian-level, Elemental-level, and Heroic-level. Each category is named after the subject that receives the protection. Spirits are clearly transcendent, but they are also absolutely necessary beings. But here’s a question.”

The professor paused for a moment. He soothed his throat, which had become dry from the black tea, and continued his explanation.

“Do you remember the last thing I said to the cadet I saw before?”

“There are no more gods left in this world… … .”

As I muttered to myself, the professor smiled faintly.

“Student Kang Geum-ma has an extraordinary memory. How about it? Would you like to try being my assistant?”

When I heard that, I remembered the grumbling of a graduate student who was a regular at my store in a previous life.

—Damn it! Sir, do you know what I regret the most in my life? I fell for that bastard professor’s sweet talk and accepted that damn teaching assistant position! Aaah!

A young man who was banging down a shot glass of soju and lamenting his life. I remember him because it was rare to see him in such a miserable state. It was heartbreaking.

‘I did something that a human should not do.’

I shook my head to clear my mind of distracting thoughts.

“I appreciate the offer, but I have no interest in academics.”

“Oh, really? That’s too bad.”

The professor swallowed his regret with a sullen voice.

“The story has gone astray for a moment. Anyway, the blind spot is in that sentence. Now, let’s go back to the mythical era together.”

He suddenly closed his eyes and began to recite his words like poetry.

“They say that there were many gods in ancient times whose origins are unknown. We call that era the ‘age of myth.’”

The professor’s voice was dreamy and hazy. I stared at him without saying a word. They say that being too smart can be a turn-off, and I think I know what that means.

“Here, the gods are not transcendent beings like ‘spirits.’ They are a kind of concept-like beings from which all emotions, reason, personality, and flesh are excluded.”

“concept……?”

“To put it simply, it means that they are of different classes. Even the spirits that are compared to stars are nothing more than fireflies before the sun in front of the gods.”

He raised his voice to add immersion to his speech.

“Absolute beings who shed their mortal skin. However, even they could not escape death.”

The professor’s eyelids slowly rose. His once hazy eyes regained their intensity.

“Even though we were of the same race, one god announced the end of that era.”

Professor Damien's expression hardened.

"God of Swords."

"… … !"

"It is said that the phrase 'may the blessings of God be with you' was used by mankind in the mythical era to admire 'him' and ask for strength."

He looked back at me. There was not a single flicker in his pupils.

"Does this answer your question?"

* * *

After finishing my private study, I left the professor's office.

"I know you're smart, but you talk too much."

I couldn't even ask a question related to magic and left in a hurry. If I had kept listening, the conversation wouldn't have ended today. I walked down the hallway for a while and scratched my head.

"It seems like there will be a harvest, and it seems like there won't be a harvest."

This is a story from the time when humans were primitive. It is bound to be vague and ambiguous.

But I am grateful for the sincerity that went all the way to Russia to respond to the words I blurted out.

Suddenly, I remembered the professor who was pouring out a cup of black tea while talking. He was trying so hard to please me, but I wondered if I had rejected him too harshly…

"… But Russian black tea is a bit like that."

As I was about to laugh briefly and walk away again, I felt a sense of awkwardness.

It felt strange, like I hadn't brought any clothes. But the thought was

fleeting.

“Oh, I forgot to bring sashimi today.”

Somehow, I felt like my sensory range was narrower than usual. I don’t usually make mistakes like this, but I feel quite excited. It’s been a long time since I’ve felt so inspired.

There has been a series of ominous events recently.

Killed people and slaughtered demons.

It was a far cry from the ordinariness I had enjoyed just before entering the academy.

As a result, his personality also changed significantly.

Most things have become insufferable and his temper has become dull and bland.

But when I’m with my friends, I feel energized and the tension and fatigue go away.

A small smile escaped my lips. I was leaning on them just as much as the other members.

“I wonder if they’re ready by now.”

I had some free time, but now I have to get involved. I moved my legs diligently.

* * *

The heat is at its peak.

The scorching sun beats down mercilessly, and sweat drips down my back.

Even in this weather, the Joaquin Academy was crowded with people.

“Hey, that guy is Mahatma Sindbad, the national hero of India!”

“Wow, this is crazy. If I upload it to Bbangtok, the views will explode. Let’s ask them to take a picture.”

There are so many footsteps that dust rises.

“Wow, Mao Lang is here too. Her curves are crazy. Is it true that cheongsam is the future of mankind… ?”

“But American stuff can’t beat that. Look at that mute over there. That body-hugging costume. Ugh- American heroes are a whole other class.”

The cadets’ eyes were spinning in amazement at the continued strangeness.

Click, click.

The sound of the shutter being pressed. It wasn’t just the cadets who were swarming around.

“Mr. Olmute, you are a strong candidate to be the next Chilseong hero. Please tell us your thoughts!”

“You have always taken a friendly stance towards Korea, a bipolar nation. Is that still the case?!”

“Do you know PTS, Chi Sung Park, and Hong Min Thorn?”

Journalists wearing Academy passes around their necks. Their lenses illuminate famous heroes.

The heroes were accustomed to being bathed in the camera lights.

“… so fucking cool.”

Weapon muttered as he looked at her, his eyes filled with admiration.

Ryozo, who had been watching the scene in disbelief, pinched Weapon’s side.

Cluck- the sound of flesh folding, the pinching of the archer’s hand was spicy.

“AAAAAHHHH!”

The weapon rolled on the floor, screaming in a high tone. Ryozo coldly glanced at the weapon.

“I’m so busy, do you want to keep pretending not to know anything!? There are already so many people around that it’s hard to concentrate, and what are you going to do if you just stand there like an idiot?”

“Oh, let’s talk about it, talk about it! And the world-class heroes are here, so how can you not turn your eyes?”

“Ha, you started this because you were whining about doing a booth! Instead of rolling your eyes, move your hands quickly!”

For reference, the order of precedence between the two was already sorted out due to the poster gun.

The method was sparring, and the winner was naturally Saki Ryozo. Perhaps because of this, mild violence became a daily occurrence between the two.

The content of the sparring was quite tough. She beat the weapon with a club like a dog with a weapon, the Red Bow and White Shi.

Even Chloe, a former assassin, frowned at the sight… I will skip over the detailed explanation.

‘I didn’t know an archer could use a bow like that… … .’

So Weapon came back as a blood clot. I thought I survived by just gasping for breath. It was fortunate that Weapon was a healer who could heal himself.

Anyway, it was a good thing that Weapon’s obsession with the poster was broken after that day.

I looked around the booth. Chloe was busy preparing ingredients. Senior Hana was writing in the ledger with her glasses flashing.

I checked the time on my phone and called the members together. I

scanned their faces and opened my mouth quietly.

“It’s 10 minutes before opening.”

I deliberately made eye contact with each of them.

“Serving food to guests for money is by no means a light task.”

The first event since the founding of the travel club.

“Don’t be too nervous. Just do as you practiced.”

Maybe our last festival.

“If we’re going to do it, let’s have fun.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 78

Episode 78 Festival: A Bad Fate (1)

During the 20 years or so I worked in the food business, I saved many of the stores I worked at.

From a sushi restaurant run by an old owner who could no longer handle sashimi due to old age, to a restaurant owner who was branded as a person who played around with ingredients because of malicious bloggers.

Even the owner of a female diver who competed against franchise sushi restaurants with a single street food stall in the waters off Jeju Island.

I refused material offers from large corporations and only visited stores that seemed likely to fail at any moment.

My colleagues around me used to tease me about my hair. Despite that, I stubbornly followed my path and achieved a lot.

It wasn't purely philanthropic, it was just self-satisfaction.

'A single sashimi signaling revival.'

How romantic is this!

I admit it honestly. I got sick of middle school syndrome late. I think it was probably due to the influence of my first teacher who taught me how to use a knife.

‘Me too, but that guy was a bit too much.’

You empty the shop every day, saying you’re going to find a master in the field. As I said before, when you bring me a sashimi knife, you give it a strange name and sleep with it in your arms.

anyway.

Setting up a booth and selling food with a street food stall feel is something I am familiar with and used to.

Maybe the reason I was so excited before the festival was because memories from my past life came to mind.

‘That’s how it was back then.’

The old shops that would have collapsed if I had touched them have become local restaurants, and customers are waiting in line.

… That’s what happened to me.

“How come there aren’t any guests?”

I looked at the fly floating in the air, then turned my gaze inside the booth.

Chloe chopping green onions on an empty cutting board. Senior Hana is quietly reading in the corner, and Ryozo is typing on his laptop with a dull expression.

A view of the store where only the members are visible. By the way, Weapon went out to distribute leaflets.

“This can’t be happening… … .”

Although I wasn’t fully prepared, I did my best. Despite the 20 years of know-how and the hard work of the members, the booth was completely empty. At least to me, it was an unfamiliar sight.

Was the menu selection a mistake? I chose it after much thought because it is a dish that does not require much use of knives and is not a food that is picky about taste. Besides, there is no one who

dislikes kimchi stew.

Even though the booth was placed on the outskirts of the small club, Weapon went deep into the festival to distribute flyers. Even so, it was hard to see even a single person.

“Hey, hey, Mr. Geumma.”

Chloe, who was chopping green onions, approached me timidly. She hesitated to speak at my dark expression. I answered a little awkwardly.

“Hey, what’s going on?”

“I’m done preparing the ingredients. Is there anything else I can do?”

That one word hit the nail on the head. My heart ached.

On the other hand, Chloe’s pupils were burning with passion. I smiled faintly and said.

“… Um, then could you please bring some more dishes from your room? We might have guests coming in later.”

Chloe nodded slightly and headed towards her destination. She briefly looked at his back before shaking her head.

‘It’s the first time my hands have been idle because I have no work to do.’

It’s been a mess from the start. I even said, “If I’m going to do it, I’ll enjoy it,” but the day keeps disappearing without any results. I have to find a way.

‘But Weapon, he said he went to distribute leaflets, so why isn’t he back?’

He volunteered to suffer in the scorching sun.

If someone has to do something, it has to be done by you.

But the weather was so hot that I couldn’t stay outside for long, and

two hours had passed and he hadn't come back.

Ryozo stood up abruptly, frowning in confusion. She spoke in a cold voice.

"… I'll go catch that bastard Weapon."

After saying that, Ryozo left the booth, creating a gust of cold wind.

Her profile showed an expression of rising irritation.

"what?"

When I tilted my head, a senior student who was reading burst into laughter.

"Maybe that's why?"

The senior gestured at Ryozo's laptop screen. He turned his gaze toward it. The square screen was filled with low-quality images.

'CCTV?'

I guess Ryozo hacked into the Joaquin Academy network, which boasts the highest level of security…

'But what does this have to do with him leaving?'

Even if you ask your senior with a nod, he just smiles faintly and continues reading.

I turned my gaze away from the road and stared at my laptop. Then my gaze turned to the corner of the screen.

Weapon is seen cheering enthusiastically in the gap in the crowd. There are leaflets tucked crumpled under his armpit. By the way, those were made by Ryozo.

"… … ."

At that moment, I had a gut feeling.

If we're not careful, Speed Weapon could die at Ryozo's hands today.

* * *

Some time has passed.

Ryozo, who had gone on a campaign, finally returned. Her weapon was dragged in one hand like a corpse. Blood was flowing from the bridge of her nose.

Ryozo threw him away like a piece of gum with a blank expression on his face. The weapon fell to the floor like kimchi.

"… … ."

"Eww, eww… … ."

Weapon let out a muffled groan as if his mouth had burst. Ryozo shook his hands with a clacking sound.

'How much of a fan are you?'

It may look pathetic, but it was Weapon's own doing. I didn't think it was too bad.

I crouched down in front of Weapon, barely holding on to my breath. He spoke, barely able to extend his hand.

"Ah, sir, give me some Charlotte."

Weapon's mournful howl. I let out a sigh and looked around at his body.

My nose looks a little crooked, but other than that, there doesn't seem to be any major problems. I smiled with satisfaction.

"But since there are no broken bones in your arms or legs, there shouldn't be any problems working."

"… Vice-Minister… Chief… … ?"

Weapon's eyes trembled slightly. I straightened my crouched knees and said.

"There's some gauze over there. Go wipe the blood off and go."

I put it on the table so that Chloe wouldn't cut her hand while cooking. I looked back at Senior Hana and continued speaking.

"Distributing leaflets… Can Senior Hana do it for me?"

"Yeah, that's good because I was bored. I'll go and do it."

Senior Hana stretched and gave an okay sign.

"Oh, and Ryozo, can you print out some more flyers for me? I don't think this one will work because there's too much blood on it. Just print it out and give it to your senior."

"And after that?"

"If you're going to promote it, don't just use flyers; put it out on social media as well. Add tags as well. I'll leave the rest to you."

Ryojo also nodded. I smiled lowly and lowered my eyes slightly. Weapon looked at me with a blank look.

"You serve."

Weapon seemed speechless, only stammering with his lips.

match.

I clapped my hands once. The members dispersed to their respective seats. I put my hood on my forehead and tightened the apron strings.

"We have some guests coming now."

When you find a problem, you eliminate it and improve it.

That's the basics of business.

* * *

From the afternoon, people began to gather.

When Weapon handed out flyers, the empty booth was filled with quite a few people.

This is the moment when Senior Hana's footwork and Ryozo's typing shine.

'It's fun to work.'

Bang— bang— bang— bang— bang—

Chloe does some serious swordsmanship on my behalf.

My idea of using a machete was rejected by the members with disgusted looks.

'it's a shame.'

I had no choice but to boil a pot of broth next to her and season it.

The rhythm was so perfect that I could feel the rhythm.

'… Good job.'

Chloe considers herself a culinary idiot, but her sword skills are outstanding, perhaps because she is armed with a katana. A look of joy spread across her face.

"Wow, what is this? Why is it so delicious?"

"So what was the name of this dish? I want to try it when I go back to France."

"It's kimchi stew. There's nothing special in it, but the seasoning is just right."

Customers of various nationalities gave favorable reviews. The biggest promotion is word of mouth.

When you satisfy their tongues, their mouths will spread the flavor. After all, delicious food is something you want to share.

"Weapon, this is table number 9."

"Oh, yeah."

Weapon made a nasal sound because of the gauze that blocked his

nostrils. It was a bit unpleasant to see the dark boy making such a cute sound. Still, he must have come to his senses and moved diligently.

To be honest, I felt a little sorry for being so rude to you earlier, but Weapon came to me first and apologized. I've been a fan of the American hero 'Ol Mute' for a long time, so I lost my mind.

I responded with a smile at his humble expression. Only then did the guy's dark expression disappear. Men are more action-oriented than words.

'But the weapon was originally a description bug.'

Well, the important thing is that sincerity was conveyed.

'…by the way.'

All Mute, the hero Weapon is a huge fan of. Her real name is Khan Elizabeth.

Just like on Earth, the United States is the number one superpower here. Perhaps because of that prestige, they have their own unique system.

For example, a 'hero' is called a hero. The costume is a colorful tights costume. That's what some people think. That's exactly what it looks like. Really.

It's a bit embarrassing for me, who was born outside of this country, but it's accepted as a given here.

Today was my first time seeing it in person, and my thoughts were…

I was thankful that Kang Geum-ma wasn't American.

'How can you walk around wearing clothes like that?'

Regardless of her appearance, Khan Elizabeth is the one closest to Chilseong now that the Sword Emperor has retired. That means that there is a high possibility that my path will overlap with that of the Sword Emperor's unofficial successor.

‘Let’s try not to meet each other.’

Anyway, I have no intention of leaving the booth during the three days of the festival. Also, she is currently the most popular person, so there is no way she would come to eat kimchi stew.

“Whew, it’s a lot busier than I thought.”

As dinner time approaches, customers are pouring in like a tidal wave. It seems that Senior Hana has extraordinary sales skills. I quickened my pace.

In the middle of summer, the heat rises from the earthenware pot. The strong spicy smell tickled my nostrils, but I didn’t feel even the slightest bit irritated. Rather, I felt refreshed after shaking off the sweat that had accumulated.

But the relief was fleeting.

Flutter—

The booth tent flapped. Soon, men in uniforms rushed in.

“Welcome—.”

The weapon that was responding stopped. Everyone in the room was focused on the same spot.

Crack, crack.

The sound of footsteps rang out. Then, the men in taoist robes all at once made way for him. Soon, the person in question walked out to the center. The cheongsam shook, revealing the lines of her legs.

“Uh, uh, uh, that guy… … !”

One of the guests spilled his kimchi stew in surprise. The other people’s reactions were not much different. As if they had promised, they started taking pictures.

“Wow! I never thought I’d see this guy here!”

“Look at me! I’m a fan!

Everyone looked at the woman with longing eyes. The male guests whistled. Only I stiffened my expression and clicked my tongue.

‘Because I’m out of luck.’

A moment later, a woman standing in the middle of the crowd continued walking and stopped abruptly in front of me. So many eyes were looking in that direction.

A brief silence fell. The air was dreary.

“Is that you?”

She thrust her expressionless face in. It looked somewhat like a familiar face.

‘The twins of evil.’

She glared at him fiercely.

“My brothers made me like that.”

Mao Lang of the Iron Horn.

A worthless evil relationship is right before our eyes.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 79

Episode 79 Festival: A Bad Fate (2)

To be honest, I forgot.

“Hmm- They said it looked like some kind of beast, but it’s even prettier than what Shun and Jin said.”

Mao Lang tilted her head and looked at me. She then let out a deep sigh and muttered.

“Well, I’ve never seen them speak well of others.”

Mao Lang of the Iron Horn.

The next head of the Iron King family, the most powerful family of heroes in the neighboring country.

A woman who is revered as a star on the continent at a young age. Despite all the evil deeds of the Mao twins, the Iron King family is still the best on the continent thanks to her.

He is the owner of overwhelming power that makes the flaws of his family into minor insignificances. True to his nickname of Iron Gauntlet, his main skill is his nimble kicks.

In ‘Miracle Protection M’, she is a character who does not appear in the work due to the low status of the neighboring country, but her position and popularity are formidable within this world.

There’s a reason why these men are jumping up and taking pictures.

But maybe that violent outfit is also part of their popularity. The side profile that reveals the pelvis is impressive.

‘You’re lucky.’

But she and I have a bad relationship. Chloe, to be exact.

“I came to see you in person. I made my younger siblings half-crippled, so you should at least know their faces, right?”

Yes, I threw away Mao Lang’s twin brother in the class placement test.

Of course, it was a blood feud within a subspace, but perhaps because of the aftereffects, the two ran away on the day of the entrance ceremony.

So many things have happened in the meantime that I have long since forgotten… … .

Who would have thought that the crazy twin’s older sister would appear in person?

This kind of repertoire is so predictable that it’s almost boring. Well, I guess he came to get revenge.

They say that family resembles each other, so Mao Lang’s personality is bound to be ambiguous.

From the beginning, bringing pickled radish to someone else’s business establishment had impure intentions.

“What, that student knows Mao Lang?”

“Ah- I heard that my relative is an instructor at this academy, but there are twins who are evil. They got beaten by a black-haired cadet during the class placement test. Let’s go see them!”

A couple who appeared to be a couple were chatting away. The scandalous story began to spread by word of mouth.

“Oh, I’ve heard that too. They say that when they’re in shock, they

piss and shit nonstop like they're incontinent."

"Oh my, those guys were already known as crazy people, and now they're trying to seduce me."

"Hey, shhh! Read the mood, you idiot! Mao Lang is right in front of you."

The commotion was fleeting. The men who had come in with Mao Lang glared at each other coldly.

The mouths that were talking became silent.

If you turn your teeth freely, it seems like you intuitively feel that your even teeth will become strong.

The first thing that catches the eye is Mao Lang's firm thighs through her cheongsam.

Next, your eyes are drawn to the shoes made of iron.

'S-class weapon, Ramgak.'

Her leg skills, which utilize her transcendent leg strength and agility, are said to create a whirlwind.

"… … ."

A chilly air seeped into the booth. Meanwhile, Chloe straightened her knife with a twinkle in her eye. Mao Lang's gaze lingered on her for a moment.

"haha-."

Mao Lang's short laugh broke the silence. She shrugged and opened her mouth.

"I'm sorry, but it's not what you think. It's been months since that happened, so why are you bringing it up now? I'm not a kid."

As Mao Lang waved his hand, one of the radish pickles strode forward.

Towering.

The place where he stopped was at the feet of the male customer who had been talking loudly a moment ago.

He clenched his teeth so hard that his jawbone rattled.

“I’ll borrow it for a moment.”

As soon as he spoke, Kakdugi pulled out a chair. He wiped the chair with a wet tissue and handed it over to Mao Lang.

The male guest sat down weakly, as if the tension had been relieved. His knees were shaking so much that his companions had to support him to keep his balance.

I clicked my tongue briefly. Their attitude was one thing, but an unpleasant memory came to mind.

In my previous life, the underworld used all sorts of tricks to recruit me. As I said before, I kicked out the thugs as soon as I heard that.

It’s funny to think about it now. They tell a Japanese chef to become a gangster just because he uses a knife.

The intelligence of the idiots penetrated far beyond the depths of common sense.

‘Well, it was a misunderstanding that arose because of the title of the best swordsman in the country.’

At first they offered money, then they tried to persuade us with nice words, and finally they came in droves and made a scene like they do now.

It seems like the current situation overlaps exactly with that.

‘It’s annoying.’

Mao Lang crossed her legs and placed both hands on them. Her face was filled with loose emotions: leisure, interest, and a little contempt.

“What are you here for!”

Chloe growled fiercely. Her angry eyebrows narrowed. This was an unexpected turn of events.

“Chloe.”

I called her name once. It was a shortened version of telling her to calm down. Chloe licked her lips and nodded.

‘I see.’

Chloe’s line between wildness and reason is blurred. A single word will have a deeper impact on her than a long speech. And if you quickly subdue her with words, you won’t see any bloodshed.

I spoke to all the members with just a glance. They gave me a subtle affirmation with their expressions.

‘I’m glad everyone understood quickly.’

Of course, I was also curious as to why Buaga Chimina and Mao Lang had come to visit.

“Why did you come here?”

“There’s no particular reason. I was just curious about who you were. It’s weird for me to say this as a family member, but Shun and Jin have completely different personalities, but they’re both really talented. Oh, and by the way, they get all worked up over your last name? You should’ve seen them. It was so funny, haha.”

Mao Lang laughed out loud. I stared at her blankly.

‘… Are you crazy?’

No matter how much trash he is, he is doing that in front of the person who made his own family into cripples.

It’s a laugh that turns a small expectation that it might be a concept into groundless fear.

The onlookers also looked at Mao Lang with a bewildered look. Then she rested her chin on her clasped hands.

A cold, settled atmosphere.

She wasn't smiling anymore.

Mao Lang, who had been looking at me with a strange look, opened his mouth again.

"Honestly, I'm a little grateful to you."

"what?"

"Shun and Jin, because of them, the family's prestige was in jeopardy. I tried my best, but they're crazy. No matter how much I beat them, they wouldn't come to their senses. I had half given up. But thanks to you, they won't do anything bad anymore. As a family member, I feel really relieved. Thank you for making sure they don't hurt me or anyone else anymore."

Mao Lang tapped his knee with his index finger. A gentle smile appeared on his lips, as if he was satisfied.

"… … ."

Instead of seeking revenge or threatening me, she praises me.

At first glance, it seems like a lenient way of living.

In fact, I began to hear voices praising Mao Lang, one by one, from people around me, expressing their gratitude. They said that the size of the continent's vessels was truly extraordinary.

'…but.'

Ryozo and Weapon's stiff expressions. They are two people with good brains. They must have seen through Mao Lang's intentions.

'Thank you for removing the kids who are getting in my way.'

Mao Lang smiled sadly, but her eyes were infinitely cold.

‘You’re aiming for the position of Chilseong.’

Mao Lang’s position and popularity are comparable to those of Khan Elizabeth. However, she is considered to be the next Chilseong. This is because of her reputation as the older sister of the Trash Twins.

She should be grateful that I, a complete stranger, helped clear her of that stigma.

However, Mao Lang’s intentions are not limited to that alone.

There is a high possibility that he brought the pickled radish and came wearing the armed Ramgak as a warning.

To put it simply, I’m grateful that you’ve cleared away the obstacles.

I guess the reputation of the Iron King has been tarnished because of me.

Anyway, I made a family of guys who always wet their pants… … .

The most important kernel is hidden and pressure is applied to show it.

This is the type of person I often see while eating knife-shaped rice.

‘Politician.’

These types are much more difficult than just the bad guys.

I frowned for a moment and then stopped talking.

“If you’re done talking, you can go now.”

He mixed a moderate amount of humility into his tone. There would be no benefit to creating unnecessary friction with Mao Lang. Furthermore, such a mean temperament should be avoided.

“I wonder?”

Despite the somewhat sharp remark, Mao Lang didn’t seem to mind. She stood up, shaking off her cheongsam. The rest of the Kakdugi troupe stood up, their necks stiffening.

‘Go quickly.’

Don’t interfere with other people’s business.

“Oh, that’s right. There’s one more thing I’m grateful to you for, Geomma.”

The moment I was sighing in relief, Mao Lang blurted out something as he passed by.

“I’m so happy that you opened a booth featuring pao cai, my home country’s food.”

“… … .”

Mao Lang spoke calmly and quickly turned around. The kimchi makers also all turned and headed out of the booth.

“hey.”

Immediately, all eyes turned towards me.

I untied the hood I had tied. A thick vein appeared on my temple. Mao Lang turned his head halfway and looked at me.

“Don’t call kimchi that.”

Even if I have to put up with everything else.

“Follow me, Mao Lang.”

There are some things that just can’t be overlooked.

“Bear it.”

* * *

An afternoon with a ripe festive atmosphere.

A surprise event took place at the Joaquin Academy’s martial arts studio.

On a hot summer day, the air flowing is also hot.

A crowd of people fills the arena like a coliseum. They stand firm, sweating profusely.

“Hey hey, what’s going on?”

“Haven’t you heard? Mao Lang of the Iron Horn and some cadet are sparring in subspace!”

“Wow, Mao Lang accepted it!? With a mere cadet? What’s the reason!?”

“What was it… … . I heard it was for a very political reason, but whatever the reason, isn’t it good for us?”

“Well, I wonder how Mao Lang will mess with the cadets!”

A crucible of madness. Excitement was running high as if they were trying to decide whether to give a thumbs up or thumbs down depending on the content of the game.

In the place where their eyes meet, there are two people standing: Kang Geum-ma and Mao Lang.

It was a subspace duel that would not normally be permitted, but the two people’s determination was firm.

Furthermore, since Mao Lang, the star of the continent, had expressed it, the Academy had no choice but to accept the request. There were many things entangled in the political situation of the Academy.

“Hmm- It’s been a while since I’ve felt this way. It feels like I’ve gone back to my days at the Academy. Well, even back then, subspace sparring was rare.”

Mao Lang tapped the ground with her toes. Her words and actions were leisurely, as if she had gone out for a walk. She blurted out a word.

“But, Geomma, are you okay? It’s good that you’re being so arrogant, but you could end up like my younger siblings. You may have a pretty face, but if you go crazy, you won’t be able to get married later. Well, since you have a big family, you can marry me later. I

always welcome a concubine.”

“… … .”

Mao Lang had a sneer on his lips. Without saying anything, Kang Geum Ma untied Murasame’s rope and then opened his mouth.

“This is what you were aiming for.”

“yes?”

Kanggeomma snorted.

“The reason you came to see me. You must be trying to provoke me, the remaining flaw in the Iron King family, and then subdue me to gain all the justification.”

Then Mao Lang’s pupils opened wide and he burst into laughter. It was the first time he had shown emotion since they met.

“Phew, you’re a lot smarter than I thought. But the person who knew that fell for this shallow provocation?”

As Kanggeomma untied the rope halfway, light flowed down the blade. He stared at the blade intently.

The sharpened blade is the mirror of the inspector. The blurry new shape gradually took on a specific shape.

Sling!

Kanggeomma drew out his sword, drawing it out with a long draw. It made a refreshing sound that suited the midsummer.

“Maorang, you can’t become a Seven Star Hero.”

The left corner of Mao Lang’s mouth twitched once. She forcefully raised the corner of her mouth and spoke.

“Um, you know, Geommaya, do you often get told that you’re clueless?”

There was cold anger in his soft voice. Kang Geum-ma laughed

briefly.

“with short.”

“haha.”

Mao Lang let out a half-hearted laugh. Immediately, she glared.

“I was going to do it moderately with one foot, but I’m a little angry so I can’t do it. I’ll make you just like my ugly brothers.”

“… … .”

“Oh, and don’t worry too much about going to a mental hospital. I’ll pay for the hospital bill. Seriously.”

[The subspace curtain will now be deployed.]

A mechanical echo fills the smoke chamber.

[May the protection of the hero be with you.]

——Boom!!

As Mao Lang rolled his foot, a ripple appeared in the ground. The aftershock of the impact spread beyond the subspace, as if a small earthquake had occurred.

A gust of wind was drawn to Mao Lang’s shins, which were loaded with inertia. The moment space was bent by the strike using the guardian and armed Ramgak.

A light flashed on Mao Lang’s retina.

‘uh?’

The doubt was fleeting.

Crunch—

The process and the result occurred simultaneously.

Bam.

Mao Lang's head fell to the floor.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 80

Episode 80 Festival: A Bad Fate (3)

Mao Lang took a deep breath and exhaled.

“—Ugh, —Ugh.”

Her ears recalled the sound of breathing. As the lost sense began to return, she felt around her neck.

“Oh, it’s still attached.”

His legs, which had lost their strength, hit the dirt floor. Mao Lang stretched his neck and raised his head to look straight ahead. The sunlight was hitting his eyes, making it hard to open them.

“… … .”

The opponent was looking down at her with his back to the sun. His expression was not visible due to the shadow of the midday sun. Mao Lang just opened her lips.

‘Isn’t that what I just said… ?’

The realm of imagination.

A realm of nothingness where only the most skilled practitioners can enter.

It is said that only seven-star heroes, the head of the Auditore family, and Al’Tair can freely handle it.

However, there are exceptions to everything in life. If you have talent that far surpasses your accumulated experience, you may be able to knock on the door at a young age.

‘All mute… … .’

An unpleasant face comes to mind. An insurmountable wall.

Mao Lang barely managed to stand up. Her legs were still shaking, and her joints were bouncing in strange directions. She held her breath and looked at the black-haired cadet.

‘Ganggeomma.’

She recalled the events of a moment ago. Kanggeomma’s neck was cut off before he could swing his arm.

It was a knife fight where the outcome and process were reversed. I guess the availability of the area was at its peak.

Mao Lang was completely speechless.

‘This monster… an Academy cadet?’

A monster in human skin. I think I know why Shun and Jin would have fits and vomit just from hearing the letter ‘ㄱ’.

Even Mao Lang, who was called the Iron Horn, was still trembling. Then, a question suddenly arose.

‘But why did you expand the territory?’

Even though he could have easily overwhelmed them, he didn’t bother to do anything in reality.

Anyway, this is a subspace duel. There will be no physical intervention in reality… … .

‘Could it be that you were just trying to save face for me?’

To avoid causing unnecessary conflict between countries while also highlighting the gap in talent between regions.

It may seem like sophistry at first glance, but it may not be all nonsense.

She is called the star of the continent. If she were to be defeated without warning, the status of her country would plummet.

This could even lead to friction between countries. In order to prevent this, a warning was issued in the realm of imagination.

'It wasn't just about being strong.'

How far did that guy see? Was the kimchi just an excuse?

I thought I was well-versed in politics, but I was completely fooled by a seventeen-year-old boy. I couldn't fathom the depth of his thoughts.

"under-."

A short laugh escaped Mao Lang's lips. She seemed to tense her eyelids, then looked straight at Jiang Jianma.

"… Black horse."

Rumors occasionally circulated among the upper echelons.

"It's you."

And the genius top student who came down from the sky dancing.

"The next Chilseong."

The official successor that the sword master had reserved for him.

—Suddenly.

Mao Lang gritted his teeth fiercely. Emotions that had blossomed from within his subconscious were trapped in his pupils.

Envy, jealousy, fear, awe.

The next head of the Iron Throne.

Mao Lang's talent was excellent, but not the best. Even she had to

admit that.

The strongest swordsman in the world, Siegfried, the archer Saki Kojima who ascended to the Seven Stars at the age of twenty, and the hero Ol Mute who, despite being of the same age, could outdo the United States, the strongest country in the world. The ceiling of their skills was too high for Mao Lang.

Mao Lang chose politics to hide the limits of his talents. He eliminates his opponents through intrigue and secret maneuvers.

First, in the face of overwhelming force, politics becomes a mere technicality.

'but.'

Mao Lang infused strength into his legs. All the blessings he had inherited from his ancestors were manifested at once.

Kwakwakwakwang!

My calves were taut and the dirt began to crack. The wind gusted around my feet, causing a surge of air. There was a snapping sound as muscle fibers snapped.

"I wasn't just playing around all this time."

Mao Lang opened her mouth with a smirk and blood gushed out. Nevertheless, she kept her composure.

A dull pain runs down my knee, but I feel relieved.

It felt like the heavy chains that had been entangled around my legs had been released.

"Phew-."

Mao Lang let out a long breath. With all worldly things removed, her legs felt as light as feathers. She looked straight at Jiang Jian Ma and muttered softly.

"Thank you, Geommaya."

“… … .”

Jiang Jianma nodded silently. Mao Lang answered with a bright smile.

“Thanks to you, I came to my senses.”

Soon, Mao Lang’s upper body seemed to lean forward for a moment.

——Kwaang!

There was a loud noise as if the ground was going to burst. It was a physical phenomenon, not an imaginary one. The air rippled like a swarm, drawn to her legs.

The distance between him and Kang Geum Ma was shortened in an instant. Then Mao Lang planted his left foot on the ground.

The source of the impact of a kick is balance. The more stable the posture, the more destructive the impact becomes.

Mao Lang swung his right leg, using his left leg buried in the ground as an axis. The strength he drew from his waist was transmitted through his muscles to his toes.

The raging wind tangled around Ramgak aimed for Ganggeomma’s temple at incredible speed. It seemed as if it would shatter not only his skull but his entire body.

Phew!

Mao Lang’s attack drew a line of fire in the air. The aftermath of the impact caused a fierce dust storm to rise.

There was not even a shadow left where the swordsman had been. Her eyes immediately searched for the swordsman.

‘Above? Below? Next to?’

Her pupils quickly scanned the surroundings. At that moment, a sharp air stabbed her spine like a needle. A blade flew out of the gap in her vision with a sharp sound.

‘Behind.’

Mao Lang rotated his leg that was suspended in the air horizontally. The tip of his foot drew a smooth circle and struck Kanggeomma’s face.

Kkakagak-!

There was a noise of iron clashing against iron. The blade, which should have sunk into the face, was so thin that it made the iron foot look like a sledgehammer.

Mao Lang’s eyes are getting bigger and bigger. How can he accept it? The answer is frighteningly simple.

A deft twist of the blade that deflects a blow. A movement more precise than a mechanical device.

From the neat posture of the swordsman, it could be seen that he had only moved his wrists. At least, that was what the audience thought.

But Mao Lang saw clearly.

Tzuzujeok

At the same time as the sound of the blade scraping against the metal, the metal began to stick to the flesh, tangling together like a knife cutting through it.

Kanggeomma sent [Protection of Regeneration] to Murasame through [Protection of Transfer]. It was not a planned operation, but a manifestation brought about by intuition.

The blades, forged from the material of the devil, are woven with their cells. The protection runs through every nook and cranny of the blood vessels on the blade, regenerating them.

‘What, what a monster!’

In the moment when shock and bewilderment spread across Mao Lang’s face, Kanggeomma shook the sashimi. A cold silver ray passed by Mao Lang’s left arm.

Crunch. Thud.

The arm showed a scarlet cut, and the flesh slid off. Mao Lang's gaze lingered on the cut. A cold wind blew past his side.

"… … !"

The laughter in the arena had stopped a little while ago due to the sword fight. The crowd's eyes were beyond surprised and hazy. It was a series of unrealistic scenes that seemed like a dream.

"Eww!"

Mao Lang screamed a beat later. Blood gushed out belatedly from where her left arm had been. She blocked the cut with her good hand and gained some distance.

"Haa- haa-."

The sound of breathing gradually became fainter. Mao Lang barely opened his eyes and looked straight ahead. Kanggeomma swung the sashimi and shook off the blood that had clung to the blade. Red drops fell like dew along the tip of the blade.

Kanggeomma turned his eyes towards Mao Lang. Pure white light flowed out from the corners of his eyes.

"Ear, ghost… … !"

A chill ran down his spine. Mao Lang had a gut feeling that death was imminent.

She rolled her feet without realizing it. People struggle to survive right before they die. That is their instinct as a living creature.

Reason sounds the alarm to get out of the crisis, but the brain cells, paralyzed by fear, creaked and failed to function properly.

My legs and hands moved on their own. My feet stepped on things I didn't want to step on, and my one remaining arm was raised.

'I don't want to die.'

Only the desire to live can lead to a series of actions. Mao Lang then feels his vision slowly turning white.

Kuung—!

The foot cloud dug into the dirt again. There was a crunching sound of joints breaking.

Mao Lang squeezed all the strength out of his loose ligaments and muscles and lifted my leg. At the same time, a circle of wind gathered at the tips of his toes.

The pain was so intense that it made her dizzy. However, Mao Lang's feet were aimed at the strong sword.

It was like the barrel of a gun before pulling the trigger. Soon, her subconscious moved her mouth.

"Wind and shaking legs."

Kuu …

A sharp, cold wind rushed in, whipping up dust. Those watching just gaped at it like goldfish.

"… I thought you were a little smarter than your younger siblings."

Kang Geum-ma, who had been silent for a moment, shook his head.

"Still, the momentum isn't bad."

Kanggeomma bent his upper body and repositioned the hilt of his sword in his grip.

It looked just like a wild beast baring its claws.

Those who didn't know had a question mark on their unstable posture. However, those who knew Kang Geum-ma swallowed hard and thought the same thing.

'Coming.'

Time passes slowly.

The eyes of the Ganggeomma capture the point where the present and the future intersect with a red line.

The long, stretched out light from both eyes is distinct.

The attack, which contained a whirlwind, shattered the limbs of the strong swordsman. That was clearly the result… … .

—Shh

The three-strike blade gently cut through the wind.

————————Suck it

Then the iron digs into the flesh.

The sound is concise.

Thud thud.

There was a sound of bones snapping and flesh being cut.

Then the strong wind stopped.

The next moment, a dry mechanical sound echoed through the smoke chamber.

[The subspace duel has ended.]

The audience's wide-eyed eyes begin to open one by one.

[The winner is… … .]

They each let out a faint sigh.

[Joaquin Academy's cadet, Kang Geum-ma.]

The star of the continent has set.

* * *

"after."

I wiped away the flowing sweat. The traces of blood clots were removed along with the subspace curtain.

I looked around the audience. Most people were staring at me with blank expressions and not even blinking. There were even some celebrities squeezing in between the seats.

Vladimir Yesov, Mahatma Sinbad, Ol Mute and their entourage. They looked at me with open wariness.

It's burdensome.

'That's why I was trying to end it properly… … .'

I turned my gaze back to Mao Lang. His pupils were wide open, indicating that he was still not in his right mind. Mao Lang was shaking helplessly like a light in the wind.

"… … ."

The first thing I did was hit on the head. There was no grand reason.

I didn't want to cause any unnecessary commotion since I had to sell kimchi stew for the next two and a half days.

Think about it. Who would want to eat at a restaurant where people are being cut with knives?

Of course, my weapon is a sword.

Honestly, I thought you would have a rough idea at that point.

Mao Lang suddenly showed his fighting spirit. He was one of the top three strongest players among the younger generation, so his strength was extraordinary.

Mao Lang showed no hesitation in putting any strain on his body and unleashed all his blessings.

It was a tactic that made full use of the characteristics of a subspace without physical intervention.

‘It wasn’t a name that was built up in vain.’

I scratched my chin and thought.

Anyway, the fact that they provoked me by saying that kimchi is their food was intentional. Anyway, that part provoked me.

I turned my gaze to Mao Lang. His gray-white pupils began to glow with life.

After checking the condition, I took a step towards her.

Thud, thud.

“… … !”

As my footsteps got closer, the pupils that had been filling with life began to vibrate.

There is a lesson to be learned from Mao Lang’s twin brothers.

‘Let’s make sure we wrap things up now so no one holds a grudge.’

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 81

Episode 81 Festival: Sashimi ■■ Became (1)

A shiver ran down the audience's backs.

Subspace has decided the winner.

The winner is Kang Geum-ma, a cadet from Joaquin Academy.

The loser is Mao Lang of the Iron Horn.

It was an unbelievable situation.

Mao Lang of the Iron King family was killed in one fell swoop.

In fact, no one knew exactly how many stabs were taken.

However, in their eyes, it was just one sword strike. They barely managed to capture that.

It is the decision of the sacred subspace.

Even civilians knew how foolish it was to raise objections to that part.

But numerical reality and perception are different matters.

In the eyes of the audience, it looked like Kanggeomma had swung his sword and Mao Lang had died with a "Ugh!"

What's more, I couldn't even take that sum into account.

A blow where the process and result seem to have been reversed, as if confusion had set in.

No matter how fast your hands are, is that the speed a human can achieve?

As the shock spread through the stands, Kanggeomma slowly walked forward.

Thud, thud.

Towards Mao Lang.

A shiver ran through the audience's skin at that.

'I, that kid, I'm thinking of completely ending him… …!'

It is a subspace duel outside of reality.

Mao Lang's heart was broken, but he didn't have even the slightest physical scar.

A broken heart can be mended if the limbs are intact.

One, once a limb is cut off, it will not grow back no matter how hard you try.

Yes. Black hair, that bastard is trying to cut down Mao Lang, in reality.

The employees who were watching the duel were startled and ran out.

It's unbelievable that they are the same, their bodies are frozen. But if things continue like this, a terrible sword fight will occur.

Kang Geum-ma's eyebrows furrowed at that sight.

'What are those kids thinking?'

Do you really think I'm going to touch it myself?

It was unpleasant. He wasn't a scoundrel, so how could he swing a

knife in front of everyone?

He knew how he appeared to them.

“ha.”

Kang Geum-ma sighed and put the sword into his pocket.

He motioned for them to step back. Only when he showed that he had no intention of attacking did the staff slow down.

A look of relief appeared on the faces of some of the staff.

Honestly, they didn’t want to go near that cadet either.

Because my shoulders were weighed down by the atmosphere that he gave off even though he was only seventeen.

The swordsman stopped at Mao Lang’s feet.

Her arm joints bounced wildly from side to side as she touched the dirt floor.

“… … .”

Mao Lang’s eyes were downcast. A monster out of the blue was right before his eyes.

It felt like every bit of strength I had left in my body was sucked out, into the ground.

Kanggeomma stared down at her. His eyes were filled with a sharpness like a knife. He opened his mouth lowly.

“Did a coin fall on the floor?”

Mao Lang raised his head at the words that immediately struck him.

Are you kidding? Isn’t your gaze too cold for that to be the case?

He is a cadet with extraordinary brute force as well as intelligence.

It was highly unlikely that he would suddenly throw out such a joke

that was out of place.

But no matter how much I rack my brain, I can't figure out what it means.

No, to be exact, I couldn't even fathom it.

How could a mere mortal understand such a monster?

Mao Lang eventually bowed his head.

The very bottom of her chest was cracking.

Kang Jianma stared blankly at Mao Lang. His eyes were dry and emotionless.

Mao Lang was afraid of those eyes. But she tried hard to squeeze her neck.

"You—"

The moment her lips parted, Kanggeomma suddenly turned around.

As if he didn't want to wait for the next words, he moved forward without saying a word.

"… … ."

Mao Lang looked at the back of Jiang Jianma's head.

She had no idea what this neglect meant.

A magpie cannot fathom the mind of a phoenix.

chin.

The strong sword suddenly stopped.

I turned around slowly, very slowly, only halfway.

An indescribable sense of oppression weighed down Mao Lang's reason.

Kang Geum-ma glanced down at her and opened his mouth.

“Don’t ever call kimchi ‘pao-o-shigi’ again. If you do that again.”

The swordsman snapped. A span of Sashimi’s scabbard was ripped off.

There was a cold sound from the blade.

Mao Lang swallowed hard and nodded.

“… Ah, I see.”

Kang Geum-ma didn’t continue speaking. By now, he would have roughly figured it out.

To be honest, I was embarrassed later on that kimchi was the trigger.

In that case, give your words some space. The other person will use their imagination to their advantage.

Falling into this world, it’s a lesson learned through a few scares.

The ‘spiritual power’ of [Protection of the Sword God] is embedded there.

Even though it was a thoughtless remark, it had a strong ripple effect.

Ironically, the person involved, Kang Geum-ma, had no awareness.

Just a moment ago, Mao Lang was frightened by the demonstration of power. That’s what I thought.

In response, Mao Lang mistook the action for something entirely different.

‘The fact that I showed you the sashimi day as the last one… … .’

It’s not just intimidation. It’s a political gesture.

A Korean who uses a Japanese sashimi knife. In fact, it must be because he wants to embrace both Korea and Japan. Isn’t that the reason he insists on sashimi?

So, she was given a choice to represent China.

‘Either we do it together, or… … .’

“under.”

Mao Lang laughed in vain. Then he looked at her back as she walked away.

A lonely and desolate-looking climb.

Mao Lang instinctively reached out his hand. Black hair caught his eye between his fingers.

I’ve seen people called geniuses. They were all mute during their cadet days, and when they entered society, they were like Chilseong Heroes.

But the boy is walking in a realm that cannot be reached through effort.

“… … .”

closely.

She grabbed the outstretched hand, and at the same time shook off her admiration for the genius.

A being that cannot be understood is infinitely lonely.

Mao Lang clearly saw the meaning of those words in his eyes.

* * *

The passage leading to the training ground waiting room.

Mao Lang stumbled toward the waiting room, supported by his entourage.

An overwhelming sense of weakness washed over her body. She could barely move a finger.

The aide asked worriedly.

"…Mao Lang, are you okay?"

"It's a subspace, so I'm fine. More than that… I feel a little sorry towards the people. But still. I was representing the continent. But I lost to a seventeen-year-old, so I'm going to lose face internationally."

"… … ."

A shadow fell over the expressions of his entourage. Mao Lang smiled.

"I want to say —, but don't worry. Kanggeomma, he'll go up even higher soon. By then, my evaluation will naturally go up as well."

The aides were secretly amazed. Despite the defeat, he was able to come up with such calculations.

'Indeed, Mao Lang is a man of great wisdom.'

She doesn't get caught up in personal feelings. That's why she, as a close associate, respects Mao Lang.

Mao Lang shrugged. She added, running her hand through my hair.

"It's better to get hit by him now. It would have been worse if it had been later. Just wait and see. Whether it's Ol' Mute or Mahatma Sinbad, he'll kneel before me soon. I should just think that I was unlucky to get my number early."

"That student… was it to that extent? Even though he is a genius, I don't understand why Lord Mao Lang would rate him so highly… … ."

Mao Lang answered with a hollow laugh.

"He's a monster."

* * *

A lounge area exclusively for outsiders of the Joaquin Academy.

Tata-tata-tak.

The young men with cameras hanging from their necks were busy tapping away at their laptops. Most of them had the same expression on their faces. For them, this festival was an unexpected windfall.

“hmm.”

Among them, one man’s finger stopped. Only the cursor blinked on his retina.

『The Star of the Continent, ‘Mao Lang’, Falls!… … 』

He tapped his temples and straightened the floating letters.

“Hey, Reporter Yoon! Why are you looking like that!?”

“Oh, reporter Han.”

A reporter approached him, sipping instant coffee. His shaggy hair gave off the confidence of a reporter. The reporter spoke, revealing his yellow teeth.

“Why are you standing around alone on such a celebratory day, Pro Yoon? Look around you, everyone looks so happy. There’s already so much to see at this festival, and now you’ve got a great story falling from the sky!”

“… That’s right.”

An hour ago, Mao Lang of the Iron Horn was defeated by a first-year cadet. Most people assumed that it was just her one-sided violence.

The result hit everyone on the back of the head. Reporter Yoon was still in shock and his body was numb.

“What do you think, reporter Han?”

“what?”

Reporter Yoon spoke vaguely.

“No, it doesn’t make sense to me. How could an academy cadet beat Mao Lang? Even though I was there, I couldn’t see the match. There’s

not enough information about that cadet to write an article about…
."

One reporter answered, rubbing his rough chin.

"Well. What, would ordinary people like us know about the world of heroes? We're just satisfied with the fact that it's newsworthy. Pro Yoon, reporters shouldn't think too much. Our job is to sprinkle in the seasoning that people like."

"That's true, though."

A reporter added while gently massaging the back of Reporter Yoon's neck.

"Why are you like this today? He's usually known for his good sense of humor. He's putting strength into his shoulders and hands. In the past, he would have run around and reported the inside story, but now it's all useless. Just put it up appropriately. The public will imagine it. You already have a good character. A genius academy student who broke the iron horn. Just add keywords that the public will cling to."

"…All right."

One reporter let out a muffled laugh.

"Yeah, yeah, after this festival is over, let's go out and have a few shots of soju. Okay, I'm going now!"

With that, the reporter left his seat. Reporter Yoon muttered as if he was chewing on the steps that were getting further and further away.

"I wonder what's going on with me."

It's an unanswered question. It's something that can be done as usual.

Spreading gossip is what a reporter does. However, an indescribable sense of discomfort lingered in my chest.

Reporter Yoon shook his head to shake off his thoughts. He moved his stopped fingers again to correct the slogan.

People always cheer for a new face, and add some familiar material to it.

As the direction of the article was established, a smile appeared on Reporter Yoon's lips.

Knock, knock, knock.

A brisk rhythm arose, as if the keys of a piano were being struck.

『The monster god who subdued the stars of the continent… … .』

The noise stopped for a moment. The fingers carefully chose the words. Depending on the keyword, many things would change. At that moment, the words that passed through my mind.

"… provocative, but definitive."

Reporter Yoon muttered for a moment.

"This would be perfect."

Knock!

Finally, his index finger put a period on the title.

『Sashimi Sword.』

Reporter Yoon finished typing and stared at the screen.

Then a color came over his face and he closed his laptop.

"I should treat that reporter later."

He smiled brightly and picked up the camera.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 82

Episode 82 Festival: Sashimi ■■ Became (2)

After all, the main focus of this festival was the club booths.

It wasn't for any grand reasons like spreading Korean food worldwide, it was just to create memories to share with the club members. But as always, unexpected bad relationships and farces occurred.

That happened yesterday afternoon. But were the big worries unfounded?

I thought reporters would flock in and show off their cameras right after that, but yesterday was quieter than I expected.

After feeling relieved inside, I wanted to enjoy the festival on the second day of the festival, my own festival… … .

"Guest number 238! You may now enter!"

Weapon quickly scans the receipt. In front of him, the guests are lined up like a train.

It was a hot and humid day with sweat pouring down my face, but the end of the line was nowhere to be seen.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang!

Chloe worked with her nimble hands to prepare the ingredients.

The hand movements were so fast that the afterimage disappeared

and it looked like there were multiple arms.

Despite the busy movement, the prepared ingredients quickly disappeared from the cutting board.

“This is disruptive to business. I’m sorry, but please go back.”

At the entrance to the booth, Ryozo stood with his arms crossed, restraining the crowd of reporters.

Next to them, a senior member of the group flashed her glasses and intervened. They firmly rejected the reporters even though they begged for them.

“This is reporter Han Sang-hoon from CBS! Mr. Kang Geum-ma, can you please let me see you for just 30 seconds, no, 15 seconds?!”

“Don’t you know that interviews without prior arrangement are prohibited?”

“Oh, well, I said I just wanted to take a picture of your face?”

“The person involved doesn’t like it, so are you going to keep doing this!? If you don’t want the broadcasting station to be hacked, then go back! I’m already so busy!”

“What, what the-! Are you threatening a reporter right now!?”

“Ha, where can you find such a gentle threat? You guys are ridiculous. Because of you guys, I’m going to die in a small space. Go wherever you want!”

After arguing for a while, the young men started to walk with stuttering steps. They licked their lips and made expressions as if they were waiting for the next time.

Waggle, waggle.

Heads crowded into a booth without air conditioning. They inhale the thick soup without caring if beads of sweat form on their chins. The female customers stop eating and stick their smartphones into their food.

“Hey hey, how did you do the feed tag?”

“Hashtag sashimi black, kimchi stew, Korean food like this!”

“Wow, I should do that too.”

“That’s right, sashimi kimchi stew with black ink is getting a ton of views!”

I stood there blankly, staring at the guests.

‘Sashimi blacksmith.’

The reason for this is that last night, as if they had been waiting, articles were posted on the portal.

Perhaps it was natural. The star of the continent, Mao Lang, was defeated by a mere cadet.

That was expected, and I had already warned the members about it in advance.

But among the many, many articles, one seems to have caught everyone’s attention.

『The Monster God Who Subdued the Stars of the Continent, ‘Sashimi Sword Saint’』

Perhaps because of the sharp title, the article attracted countless comments and attention.

I literally became famous overnight.

‘…Black.’

A title that was blocked by the system in ‘Miracle Protection M’.

If things go according to plan, the next prosecutor will be punished.

In fact, it would have been a title he would have lost, as he had recently announced his retirement.

‘But why of all things?’

The hat was suddenly put on me. Of course, the meaning itself was playful.

‘This is so annoying.’

This is how I felt when I showed the article to Ryozo, who was cleaning up yesterday, and he burst out laughing.

The title of ‘Geomseong’, which should be honorable, was only given the title of ‘Sashimi’, but its weight was infinitely lightened.

Anyway, our small booth was called ‘Sashimi and Kimchi Stew’ and people from all over came to visit.

“Boss! Is the stew still here? We have to serve customer number 250.”

Weapon said, sticking his head out of the booth. I pulled myself together from my momentary trance and tried to move my hands when I suddenly asked.

“Weapon, how many waiting numbers are there?”

“Um- I’ve printed out up to number 674. There are more, but I’m running out of voucher paper, so I’ll have to buy them later. Including the ones I couldn’t print out, there’s probably going to be over 1000, right?”

“… … .”

Even in my previous life when I was a swordsman across the country, my business never went this well. Of course, there is no greater honor than having people enjoy your food… … .

‘This is too much.’

The ingredients that were abundant were quickly sucked into the pot. I looked at Chloe’s side profile.

I felt sorry for her as she was cutting while sweating profusely. I could already see her fingers shaking from extreme fatigue.

‘I don’t have enough hands.’

However, it would be dishonorable for a chef to kick out people who came to visit him. At that time, he was just moving his hands mechanically and trying to find a solution.

“Oh, Master. I’ve never seen a store do this well in my life. Isn’t that right, Knox?”

“…yes.”

The faces of Mansour, the owner of the Korean sushi restaurant, and Knox were revealed. Chloe, who was busy cutting in a daze, did not notice Knox.

The sudden visit was welcome, yet nerve-wracking. I took a deep breath and said.

“Excuse me, boss. I’ll come see you in person next time, so today… … .”

Mansour tilts his head as he trails off. Then he bursts into laughter.

“Hahaha! We are not here as guests, Master.”

“then?”

“I happened to see an article yesterday, and I thought today would be a great day. I came here to help out with Knox!”

As he spoke, Mansour patted Knox on the back. Knox stood there, his head down.

I looked back and forth between the two people.

It was only a brief meeting, but I was just grateful that you came.

But the impression is fleeting. The guests’ mouths don’t wait.

“Then, without further ado.”

I nodded. Mansour rolled up his sleeves, showing his fierceness.

“Isn’t that the natural course of action for a disciple? Rather, I should be the one expressing my gratitude, Master. No, should I call you

Sashimi Sword Master from now on?”

“…If you’re going to joke around, just go.”

“Hahaha, just kidding, just kidding! Okay, Knox, you get ready too. Oh, right. By the way, Master, this guy from the article yesterday told me. Knox was more worried than I was.”

“Hey, boss!”

Knox’s face turned bright red. I stared at him intently and smiled lowly.

‘That kid’s younger sister is really worried… … .’

Knox, who had been standing there for a moment, picked up his apron. Then he helped Weapon serve the customers. His sales smile, which had become more skilled than before, stood out.

Mansour also stood next to Chloe and held the hilt of the knife. The sashimi that sliced green onions was a breeze.

“… … .”

Two hands are all that’s needed. One, and the strength is doubled.

I closed my eyes and opened them. Sweat kept pouring down, the stinging sensation stung my eyes, and a loud noise rang in my ears.

And yet.

“haha-.”

For some reason, I can’t stop laughing.

* * *

“Phew-.”

A long sigh escaped me. I trembled with my numb knuckles outside the booth. In the meantime, blisters had formed.

“… I can’t do this twice.”

It was an afternoon when the heat was sinking beyond the horizon. The booths that had been bustling with customers were all gone. As I stared blankly, the leisurely atmosphere felt awkward.

“But it was still fun.”

I muttered as I munched on my ice cream. The seemingly endless orders were made easy thanks to Knox and Mansour.

Moreover, although it was not set up with the aim of making sales, the profits were enormous. Even after paying the bills, each person still had a lot of money to spend.

‘I don’t think there’s anyone who needs money except me.’

Anyway, a proud smile remained on my lips.

Thud, thud.

I turned my head at the sound of quiet footsteps.

“Oh, Knox. How about cleaning up?”

“… Well, it’s almost finished. It seems like we’re a little short on food for tomorrow, but the boss said he’d get it from the store.”

“Oh, thank you so much.”

“Thank the boss, not me.”

“You little shit. You’re so shy.”

When I chuckled, Knox made a strange expression.

“Anyway, thanks to you, I can breathe a sigh of relief.”

Just as I was about to stand up, stretching.

“Kanggeomma, do you have time later?”

“I have time, but why?”

I tilted my head and asked. His expression was quite serious.

“It’s nothing else… … .”

Knox opened his mouth, his lips quivering and his eyes lowering.

“The Lord wishes to see you, Kanggeomma.”

“… … .”

Knox’s voice echoed softly. The speaker himself seemed to have complicated feelings.

Well, it’s a completely unexpected variable.

‘The head of the Auditore family.’

The Old Man of the Mountain, Al’Tair Auditore.

The head of the Shadow Family, and a man known as the greatest assassin of all time.

He is a character who operates in the shadows and maintains the order of the hero society.

There were rumors that his existence was unclear because he never showed up on the front lines.

‘That guy wants to see me… … .’

I could vaguely guess what was going on.

It must have something to do with the senior members of the Academy who ordered my assassination.

‘Of course, that’s not all.’

He must have watched Mao Lang and me sparring. And I deal with the realm of the mind. Those who deal with the realm can be recognized from afar. I was almost a target until recently, so he must have had many questions.

“hmm.”

As I was lost in thought, Knox stared at me.

“At least as far as I know, this is the first time that the Lord has shown interest in an outsider. Furthermore, he rarely shows his face. Even if the Seven-Star Heroes were to see him, he probably wouldn’t show up.”

Knox shrugged and added:

“Actually, asking you was just a formality. Of course, you want to meet me face to face. I have a lot to ask you.”

I stared at Knox as he spoke. His red eyes were quite calm.

I owe him a favor today. It was an easy day thanks to Mansour and Knox, so I planned to repay him later.

But then he asks me a favor, which isn’t really a favor.

It wasn’t even that hard to listen to. It was probably just a few words exchanged.

Thinking like that, I made up my mind to some extent.

I shoved the melting ice cream down my throat. Then I shook my butt and got up. Knox kept talking without taking his eyes off me.

“The cleanup is probably almost done. Change into your clothes and follow me. I will guide you to where the master is.”

There was silence after those words. When I didn’t respond, Knox opened his mouth again.

“…Why aren’t you saying anything?”

I replied with a faint smile.

“I don’t want to go.”

“…uh?”

Knox’s eyes widened. He had not expected that look at all. He asked, stammering.

“Why, why on earth?”

If I follow Knox, I'll be able to hear about the investigation I'm involved in. It'll be a meeting that will bring more benefits than harm.

That's true, though.

Knox looks at me, speechless.

I scratched the back of my neck and briefly explained the reason.

"bothered."

"… … ."

"I'm also tired."

The orange glow of the sunset gradually begins to fade across the landscape.

"Thank you for helping me today."

I turned around and waved my hand in greeting. A long shadow formed behind Knox, who was standing there blankly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 83

Episode 83 Festival: Encounter (1)

On the second day of the festival, just past midnight.

Knock, knock.

A woman knocked on the door of the principal's office.

"Uh, come in."

As soon as Media finished speaking, the door opened wide. The woman bowed to her. Her short orange hair swept over her shoulders.

"It's been a while, Principal."

The woman who entered was All Mute, Khan Elizabeth.

Although she was wearing a costume with the American flag on it, it suited her slim body perfectly.

"That's right- Ellie, it's been five years since you graduated!"

Media pointed to the side with a bright smile. Olmute bowed politely again and sat down.

"Anyway, welcome back. Are you enjoying the festival?"

"Yes, I am enjoying it."

"Hey, why are your answers so stiff now as when you were a

student?”

“I will take that as a compliment.”

“Are you following the trend these days? Was it the Soulless Seat, that one?”

All Mute had a puzzled expression on his face.

‘Soul? Less?’

She pondered Mediah’s words for a moment and then replied.

“I have a religion.”

“Oh my, how can you take a word for it? It’s so damn hard, really.”

All Mute tilted his head. Media sighed, shook her head, and suddenly stopped talking.

“Ellie, are you curious about our sword?”

“… … .”

Olmute frowned and thought of a face. A black-haired cadet, whose name, according to Media, was Geumma.

‘…however.’

The modifier ‘we’ before the name is strangely annoying.

Media had never called a mere cadet so affectionately before. Her mint-colored eyes were filled with more than just affection.

Knock, knock.

Media lightly tapped her temple. All Mute, who had turned his thoughts away, sighed softly.

“What is the identity of that cadet named Geomma?”

“Well, well. What do you mean by that?”

“Doesn’t it deal with the realm of imagination?”

A faint hint of hostility appeared in All Mute’s pupils. Media tilted her head slightly.

“Ellie, you know how to handle it physically, right? What’s wrong with our swordsman handling it?”

“Principal! I didn’t come here to play with words!”

All Mute slammed the table down as if he couldn’t stand it any longer. Suddenly, the atmosphere in the principal’s office became fierce.

“Ellie.”

“… … !”

Media called out softly to Olmute. At the same time, the windows she had turned away from began to crack like chains.

“You, you’ve become a lot less polite since I last saw you.”

The half-open pupils beneath the eyelashes were cold. Olmute’s entire body trembled slightly as he looked at the sight.

The heavy weight of the words pressed down on my shoulders. I just stared at him with my chin resting on my hand, but my heart pounded.

In fact, Media had another nickname besides ‘The Wise Man’.

‘Tyrant Media.’

Although her languid appearance was hidden, those who knew of Media’s power did not dare to treat her comfortably.

When the media reveals their true intentions, even the other seven constellations, Changseong and Jeolgung, break out in a cold sweat.

The fact that the elders couldn’t easily treat her despite her short stature was proof of her power. Olmute could feel a hint of it on her

skin.

‘It’s a tremendous amount of pressure.’

All Mute swallowed dryly. Media stared at her intently, then smiled brightly.

“How long are you going to stand there?”

“Ah, ah, I’m sorry.”

All Mute sat down on the road seat, feeling uneasy. Only then did Media lean back against the back of the chair.

“Sorry, I got a little excited. I’ve been really stressed out lately because of that damn Zeke. I guess I was a little sensitive.”

Media continued speaking with a bitter smile.

“Anyway, I don’t know what rumors you heard and why you’re curious about the swordsman. But anyway, because of my job, I can’t tell you any information related to the students. As the headmaster, you’re supposed to treat all students equally, right?”

“…yes.”

“And Ellie, I told you this over and over again when you were at the Academy.”

“yes?”

“If you have any questions, just run. Remember?”

All Mute was deep in thought. She nodded in agreement and stood up.

“Thank you for your time, Principal.”

“Hey, what’s going on between us? Well, you didn’t even say anything. How long are you going to be at the Academy?”

“It was originally scheduled to depart at noon tomorrow, but… … .”

“What, is there such a rush? It’s a festival. Just take your time and enjoy it-,”

Media waved her hand as she saw him off. As Olmute bowed and was about to head toward the door, a question suddenly occurred to him.

“Director.”

“Huh? Do you have any more questions?”

All Mute hesitated for a while and then asked cautiously.

“You said you treat all cadets equally. Does that apply to that cadet as well?”

“Well, well. To be honest, our swordsman is more like a cadet to me.”

A strange line was engraved on the corner of Media’s mouth.

“A man… I guess?”

widely.

All Mute closed the door and left without saying anything.

I felt even more goosebumps than before.

“Sword Demon, who the hell is that guy… … .”

She muttered, running her hands over the goosebumps on her arms.

* * *

The festival is almost over.

Last night, I was in the dormitory, organizing my thoughts. The previous two days were so hectic that I couldn’t even rest. The sight of my club members sweating profusely in the blazing sun caught my eye.

‘It feels like we’re just spending too much time working and missing out on the festival.’

I thought back to the purpose of the festival. It started out as something to enjoy, but suddenly the crowds gathered, and my club members and I were working hard.

The decision was made quickly. Before I opened the booth tent, I called the members together.

“Let’s just do this until the morning and then we can each have free time in the afternoon. How about that?”

As he said that, the faces that had been tired from hard work began to come back to life.

The members kept nodding with sunken faces. Among them, Weapon in particular let out a loud cheer.

‘The guy who suggested it was me.’

As soon as the last booth opened, customers flocked in.

Maybe because it was the last day, there were more people than yesterday.

However, the members who had finished adjusting for two days were experienced. With the hope that they could rest in the afternoon, everyone was tense.

“I, Geomma-kun.”

Chloe, who was chopping green onions, said. She now took her eyes off the cutting board and looked at the edges of the ingredients. I was inwardly amazed at the level that a culinary idiot had reached in just two days.

“Yeah, why?”

“Do you have any plans for this afternoon?”

I didn’t have any specific plans. I was just thinking about wandering around or going back to the dorm, but judging from Chloe, it seemed like she wanted to do some more schedules together.

‘If I think about it, this one had the hardest time.’

Chloe took care of most of the kitchen work, since I could only use a knife for 50 seconds a day. I just stood by and swept the ingredients and seasoned them.

And Chloe had said something similar before the festival even began. I paused for a moment to choose my words, then opened my mouth.

“I don’t have any specific plans. If you have time, would you like to go around the festival with me?”

“Oh, oh really, really!?”

Chloe’s round eyes widened as if she couldn’t believe what I said. Maybe double it if I exaggerate a bit? I nodded slightly in agreement.

“Are you okay?”

“of course!”

A deep blush appeared on Chloe’s cheeks. Her lips quivered.

Then she turned her gaze back to the chopping board.

Bang— bang— bang— bang— bang—

The blades crashed down on the chopping board like a shower. It was a circus-like feat.

It’s hard to believe that this was accomplished in just two and a half days. Some of the guests captured the scene with their cameras.

‘Chloe has great potential with a knife.’

As I stared at Chloe’s profile for a moment, I felt a sharp gaze on the back of my neck. I turned my head.

Ryozoh glared at me with his hazel eyes wide open. My eyes met with hers.

There was a clear look of anger in his eyes. Ryozo bit his lip once and then turned around.

‘Why did Pinto leave?’

I thought about the reason for a moment, then shrugged. There was something odd about the expression on my face, but… Well, I guess I was frowning because of the weapon again.

I sighed inwardly and spurred myself on, trying to calm my mind from becoming lax as the end approached.

‘A chef must serve his guests with all his heart until the very end.’

The words my first teacher emphasized to me.

‘You may be one of many guests to me, but you are his first meal.’

The vivid voice seemed to linger in my ears. I laughed briefly.

“That gentleman said something really good.”

I tightened my shoulder muscles, which had become sagging from fatigue.

* * *

The sale is finally over.

I told the members that we should postpone the cleanup until tomorrow, since there was only half a day left in the festival. Their answer was a unanimous ‘yes’.

The members stretched and groaned, then dispersed to enjoy their own festivals. Among them, only Ryozo returned to the dormitory, saying he was tired.

I guess he must have been exhausted from the argument with reporters yesterday and today.

‘After all, mental labor tires the body more than physical labor.’

I returned to the dormitory. Then I washed my body of sweat with cold water friction and left right away.

Because there was no air conditioning in the room, it was hotter

inside than outside. It was sad.

I checked the time on my phone. There were about 30 minutes left until my appointment with Chloe.

‘I guess I’ll have to wait somewhere.’

I set out to find a place to rest my body. As I was moving my legs busily, a bench in the shade of a tree caught my eye.

It was not far from the meeting place, and there were no people passing by, so it was quiet. Soon after, I leaned my back against the bench.

A cool breeze brushed my cheek for summer. The humidity was low, so my body felt less sticky and more comfortable.

“… Good.”

I lean my head back against the backrest and close my eyes. The fresh scent of the green leaves fills my nose.

Sleepiness began to creep in.

I was just going to let out a sigh, but then I came to my senses and chased away the sleep.

‘Because the appointment time is approaching soon.’

As I was yawning so loudly that my mouth was about to burst, someone stopped in front of me.

An old man with a cane. He pointed to the seat next to me with his cane.

“Can I sit down?”

I stared at the old man for a moment, then pushed my buttocks to make room. The old man smiled kindly, expressed his gratitude, and sat down.

There was a moment of silence. It was already quiet, but the

awkward air made it even quieter.

Then, the old man who had been wiping sweat with a handkerchief for a long time spoke first.

“As I get older, the heat becomes harder for me.”

“… … .”

I glanced at the old man with blank eyes, then looked forward again and answered.

“What do you want to say?”

When asked like that, the old man tilted his head and asked back.

“What are you talking about?”

“You have come from far away.”

I added, keeping my gaze straight ahead.

An old man staring blankly at me.

“Lord Altaïr, the lord of Auditore.”

He raised the corners of his mouth.

“He is a young man with good sense.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 84

Episode 84 Festival: Encounter (2)

“How did you notice?”

Al’Tair asked with a hearty laugh. I muttered to myself, hiding my expression.

‘I can’t say I saw it in my past life.’

To be exact, I remember that cane, not the old man’s face. At first glance, it looks like an ordinary cane, but it’s one of the best weapons among S-class weapons, the Cain Sword Syndicate.

The wooden staff hides a sharp blade that has been sharpened to a crisp. It is a truly assassin-like weapon and has an impressive appearance, making it popular among users. Thanks to that, I was able to identify who this old man is.

I slowly looked him up and down. In ‘Miracle Protection M’, he always had his hood up and was full of charisma.

His eyes are half-closed and he’s wearing a Hawaiian shirt with the phrase “Love & Peace” written on his chest. He looks like a martial artist from Dragon Ball. The only difference is that he’s not wearing sunglasses.

‘The one called the strongest assassin was such a perverted old man… … .’

As I was drooling, Al’Tair nodded as if he understood.

“You’ve taken advantage of my presence detection, young man.”

“… … ?”

I blinked once. Al’Tair raised the corners of his mouth a little more.

“I completely blocked out any sounds with the crow’s protection. After all, I’ve been an assassin my whole life, so I guess I have a murderous streak in me. But you probably noticed because you couldn’t sense any sounds from me. And since I tried to summon you through Nox, the timing was perfect.”

What are you talking about? I just figured it out by the cane this old man was holding?

Since he had been lying down to the very end, Gaho’s sensitivity was not heightened. If he had planned a surprise attack, his reaction would have been delayed.

I just opened my eyes blankly. Al’Tair seemed to understand, shook his head excitedly and muttered.

“What a frightening insight at such a young age.”

I was about to ask a question, but I stopped. Since you are asking and answering questions on your own, there is no need to add an explanation. I realized anew how important it is to leave space in your words.

‘The saying that ‘if you keep your mouth shut, you’re halfway there’ is used in situations like this.’

I remained silent, thinking so. Al’Tair smiled slyly.

“You probably know why I’m looking for you, young man.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

To be honest, I don’t know.

“Then the story will be quick. There is a saying that old people have no tomorrow. Thank you for saving me useless time.”

He folded his handkerchief and placed both hands on the top of his cane. The air had become quite heavy. The shadows of the trees swayed in the wind.

“I didn’t come here because the Elders recently instigated your assassination.”

“yes?”

When I looked slightly flustered, he shook his head excitedly.

“The family takes care of its own affairs. Why bother bringing up a matter that has already been settled? If it were just for that, I wouldn’t have come all the way from Sicily to Korea. I came to you for more important matters.”

“… … .”

Auditore dismissed the elders’ hasty order. There was no way he would easily accept the order to bury a cadet without any evidence.

However, Auditore must have been keeping an eye on me because of that horoscope. And since I had dealt with the realm of the mind and defeated Mao Lang the day before yesterday, I thought his intentions would have become even stronger, and that was why he summoned me.

‘Is there anything more important than this?’

Al’Tair opened his eyes slightly. A light beyond his bloodshot pupils gleamed. He looked straight at me with half-closed eyes.

“young people…….”

A low voice. I instinctively reached for the sashimi in my pocket.

Al’Tair also held the handle of his staff tightly so that he could pull it out immediately if necessary.

He is an old man in a rustic outfit, but his opponent is the strongest assassin. A moment of carelessness can mean the end of your life.

Phew.

The wind swept away the heat. Tension spread through my body. Al'Tair tapped the top of his staff with his index finger and spoke.

"What is your relationship with my granddaughter?"

"… … ."

My fingers, which had been groping in his pocket, stopped. Then he coughed and uttered his last words.

"Are you two dating?"

* * *

I explained my relationship with Chloe for about ten minutes. Al'Tair stroked his beard and pricked up his ears. He was a pervert old man with rosy ears.

"Just friends, nothing more."

"Hmm, I see."

Altair nodded repeatedly. He smiled brightly, revealing his teeth, as if his doubts had finally been resolved. I was secretly disappointed by his appearance.

'… The head of the assassin family was this kind of person.'

In the game, he was a cool character whose lines were always '… … ', but in reality, he was just an old man you could find anywhere. I scratched the back of my neck and hid my feelings.

'Still, he was quite intimidating when he picked up the weight a little while ago, so he's not an ordinary person.'

Al'Tair took out his handkerchief again, wiped his face, and stood up.

"Anyway, since my questions have been resolved, I will now take my leave. Then, please take good care of my granddaughter as a 'friend'. As you know, she has a soft personality. If she spends time with you,

Chloe may change too."

Al'Tair had a smile on his lips. I stared at him for a moment and then opened my mouth.

"…Do you really think that Chloe must become an assassin, Your Majesty?"

I didn't want to meddle in other people's family affairs.

'but.'

Chloe's face came to mind for some reason over the past two days. The way she was preparing the ingredients with a look of pride and joy on her face. Her personality was such that she felt satisfaction in such small things.

At my question, Al'Tair just stood there blankly, smiling faintly. Then, instead, he blurted out a word.

"You've seen another side of Chloe, right?"

Chloe in yandere mode. I swallowed dry saliva and nodded slowly. Al'Tair smiled faintly.

"That's my granddaughter's true nature. A wildness that is infinitely close to that of a beast. If you were me, would you be able to let such a thing out into the open?"

"Isn't that a product of Auditoré-style education?"

Al'Tair shook his head as he spoke in a sharp voice.

"We're not as shabby as the world thinks. Of course, since assassination is our main occupation, I admit that our educational methods are different, but before that, we're family."

He continued speaking with a long sigh.

"And Chloe is the opposite. The family has worked hard to hide Chloe's inner self. They've instilled reason in her through the years, but when her emotions get too intense, she shows her teeth."

“… … .”

“I know you care about Chloe as a close friend. But, I hate to say this to my granddaughter, but if you want to save your life, don’t get too close to Chloe. You never know when your head might snap.”

At first glance, these words make sense, but they also seem like the words of an old woman.

‘but.’

I listened silently and then opened my mouth softly.

“Please stop there and do your acting.”

“Acting? What do you mean?”

Al’Tair made a face that said he didn’t understand English. I uncrossed my arms and rebuked him.

“It’s fine to pretend to care. But if you’re going to lie, you should hide it better.”

As soon as I finished speaking, I pulled Murasame out of my pocket.

Sling!

Passus, passus, passus.

Passus, passus, passus.

Soon, a bunch of new figures appeared from the gaps in the trembling leaves of the Parani. Each of them, wearing their hoods pulled down deeply, pulled out a sharp weapon.

‘The Assassins of Auditore.’

Beneath their hoods, their eyes glowed red. They seemed ready to attack at any moment. Al’Tair wiped the expression off his face and spoke in a mechanical voice.

“… Since when did you notice?”

The icy ranks begin to gather around me.

There was a murderous intent in their eyes. I looked around with calm eyes and said.

“Didn’t you tell me earlier that you had a good feeling? It’s along similar lines.”

“… … .”

Al’Tair, who had been staring at me motionless for a moment, raised one hand. With a single gesture, his men disappeared as if they were sucked into the shadows.

There was no sign of life at all, and an ominous silence settled in. Then Al’Tair chuckled and began to hum.

“You, you exceeded my expectations.”

I answered, putting Murasame back in my pocket.

“It was below my expectations.”

* * *

Thud, thud.

Al’Tair walked leisurely across the tree-lined street.

As an assassin, he had long since dried up his emotions, but for some reason, an emotion close to joy remained on his face.

He has been the head of the Auditore clan and the most powerful assassin of all time for over sixty years. Al’Tair suddenly touches his chest with his wrinkled hands.

It must have been worn down by countless killings a long time ago. Emotions welled up in his dry mind, and his heart began to beat.

‘Ganggeommara… … .’

An attitude of not being at all impressed even when placed in front of oneself.

A talent for dealing with the realm of the imagination at a young age, even a young age. An insight that offsets the lack of experience.

Isn't he someone who can't be described by the common word 'genius?' Al'Tair muttered the boy's name a moment ago as if reminiscing.

Stop.

Al'Tair, who had been walking for a while, suddenly stopped. He turned his gaze slightly. A shadow of a person rose from the shade of a tree like a mist.

"Knox."

"Yes, my lord."

Knox fixed his gaze on the floor. However, he flinched at the slightest touch of the lord's emotions. The lord, an iron-blooded assassin, was smiling with sincerity.

"It was worth coming from far away."

"… I'm glad you're satisfied."

Al'Tair nodded slightly and continued speaking.

"It was the first time."

"Huh? Which part… …?"

Nox trailed off in embarrassment. Al'Tair laughed quietly.

"It's about feeling fear towards someone."

Knox was speechless, unable to say anything. He simply shook his shoulders slightly, trying to ease the confusion that was coming his way.

"I hope to see that friend again soon."

"… … ."

Al'Tair moved his legs again. Instead of pressing his staff against the ground like before, he held it firmly. The grip was soaked with sweat.

* * *

A few minutes later.

"Hey, Mr. Geumma! You've been waiting for a long time!?"

Chloe approaches, waving. Her hair is a little wet, as if she came out in a hurry.

"No, I just got here."

"Hehe-."

Chloe's eyes sparkled brightly. Her lips were filled with pleasant emotions. I looked at her like that and became lost in thought.

'I guess it's better not to tell anyone that you met Lady Chloe?'

She was just beginning to show signs of improving her relationship with Knox. I guess Knox and Chloe weren't on bad terms to begin with, but rather drifted apart due to family traditions.

Such doubts were transformed into certainty after meeting Al'Tair. He tried to confuse me by mixing in many lies in his words.

The expression of emotions was more varied than I expected, and the clothing was loose, so I almost fell for it for a moment. But immediately after meeting him, I regained my senses, and sharp auras pierced my skin.

They used the 'Protection of the Crow', a protection that blocks presence. In fact, if I hadn't brought Murasame, I wouldn't have noticed it at all. However, even if it was a weak murderous intent, it was clearly detected because it was piled up layer by layer.

'He was a truly disgusting old man.'

I finished my thoughts and made up my mind. Let's not say anything.

I didn't mean to hide it, but she seemed really happy, so I didn't want to bring it up and upset her.

"What should we do?"

Chloe asked with a bright smile. I answered, scratching my cheek.

"Well, I looked at the schedule earlier and there's a parade in the evening. There's fireworks when the sun goes down. How about watching them in order?"

"Yes, I like it!"

Chloe nodded her head in agreement. I smiled faintly at her.

"Boss! Chloe!"

A familiar voice calling us from afar. Speed Weapon, who had a collection of souvenirs on his chest. Next to him, Ryozo with a dry face and Hana-senpai quietly accompanying him.

Chloe was taken aback by the sudden assembly of the members. She immediately turned her head away with her cheeks puffed out. She looked displeased, but it was not something she could push away.

"But didn't you say you were all going your separate ways? Why are you all together?"

When I asked, Weapon tilted his head and asked back.

"Huh? The manager sent me a text. He said to meet me here at 4 o'clock."

Weapon showed me his phone while saying that. There was indeed a text message on the screen with my number. Of course, I had never sent it.

'… A kid who would do something like this.'

I narrowed my eyes and glanced at Ryozo. She stuck out her tongue sheepishly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 85

Episode 85 Festival: Encounter (3)

The crowds that filled the grounds were breathtaking.

The academy has a larger area than most small cities. However, today, there was no space even in that vast area. The parade line and the crowd spread out to the corners of the eye.

‘There are so many… … .’

Numerous events were packed into a short three-day period. Each festival had a huge scale and capital invested. The grand finale was the parade.

But as is often the case with parades, there was nothing special about the Joaquin Academy, it was just like any other amusement park.

Of course, the scale and quality are several times greater here, but at least to my eyes, it looks the same. I originally had no interest in such a complicated event, and it had been a long time since I had lost my childlike innocence to cheer for a puppet show.

‘I didn’t like it even when I was little.’

I watched the march from a little distance away from the crowd.

The members, led by Weapon, kept nagging me to squeeze into that gap, but I didn’t want to sweat in the hot weather. And I, Ganggeomma, was tall and had good eyesight, so I didn’t have much trouble even from a distance.

As I held on like a stone, the members eventually jumped into the water, leaving me out. The sight of Weapon running away like a monkey was particularly impressive.

‘It’s quite fancy.’

The women dancing the samba while wearing gold ornaments. The magnificent structures carrying them are truly majestic. They say they were made of both gold and pure gold, and I thought that even if they sold that alone, they would be able to secure enough funds for retirement.

While I was watching my sisters’ passionate dance moves without any reason.

Jerk- Jerk-

I turned my gaze to the sound of footsteps. Ryozo was approaching with a nauseated expression. She grumbled with a pale face.

“Sigh- I really hate crowds.”

Ryozoh was standing next to me, munching on yokan. I just turned my eyes slightly and looked at her.

‘Why did you send text messages to your teammates using my number?’

He said he was going to rest in the dorm because he was tired, and he was already a sleepy kid. I thought he would be the most exhausted from mental labor during this festival…

‘I really have no idea what this guy is thinking.’

I’ve already shared two months with the members except for Senior Hana. Chloe, a yandere with a baby bird-like impression, and Speed Weapon, a punk-like character. These two people had no role in the game, but now they’re the ones I’m most deeply connected to.

But even though she has the air quality, I feel like I don’t know Ryozo, one of the main heroines, very well. It’s like she’s intentionally hiding her true feelings.

In addition to that, the frequent arguments with weapons also feel like Ryozo is appropriately suited to it… … .

If we just look at the title of Daughter of the Palace, I don't know much about Ryozo. Her personality can change depending on the situation.

'This time too, I don't know what you mean.'

What is the intention behind gathering the members by pretending to have my number? I am suspicious, though… … .

'There must be a reason.'

Despite the rough method, I trust Ryozo's brain. He plays the role of a sweet potato prevention character very well in any situation. I decided not to pass it on.

I stared intently at Ryozo's side profile. He had already finished eating the yokan and was rinsing his mouth with water.

'Come to think of it, this is the first time I've ever been alone with her.'

Then, Ryozoh seemed to sense my gaze and made a strange expression. She glanced up at me and wiggled her fingers. Then she moved her lips in a sarcastic manner.

"…Why are you looking at me like that?"

Ryozo pouted and tried to avoid my gaze. Her face turned red and she stuck out her lips. It seemed like she herself was not up to the task.

'This is my first time seeing something like this.'

It was the most age-appropriate behavior she had ever shown. I snickered and shook my head. Ryozo looked at me with eyes filled with subtle emotion and then quickly turned his head away.

"You're so fucking clueless."

Ryozo muttered softly amidst the noisy background noise. Normally I wouldn't have heard it, but my heightened senses didn't miss it.

'sense?'

When I think back on his actions so far, Ryozo doesn't speak carelessly. There must be an ulterior motive behind his words. Especially when he borrowed my number to gather his crew. I pretended to harden my expression and asked back.

"Why? What's going on?"

When I asked that, Ryozoh shrugged his shoulders. It seemed like he didn't know I had heard it.

"… Did you hear that?"

She looked up at me with a bewildered face. I grabbed her shoulder tightly and asked again. A handprint appeared on the shoulder of her top.

"What's going on? Did you notice anything strange?"

"Uh, uh, uh?"

Ryozo stuttered with a look of embarrassment. Her pupils were spinning like a whirlwind. It was such an unnatural attitude.

I put a little more strength into the hand that was holding my shoulder. Then Ryozo spoke in a barely audible voice.

"it hurts."

"Oh, what? I didn't hear you this time."

Ryozo pushed me hard with both hands. The force was so strong that I almost lost my balance for a moment. She grumbled once and then glared at me.

"Then, if you were me, wouldn't it hurt when you grabbed my shoulder so tightly?! And if you're so clueless, why are your ears so perceptive?"

I looked at Ryojo on the unfamiliar flagship. Her eyes were fierce, dispelling my worries. I frowned and stopped talking.

“Even if you worry about it, it’ll be a mess.”

“… … .”

Ryozo blinked. The next moment, her face turned red. Then she lowered her head.

‘What do you want to do?’

I clicked my tongue. Ryozo’s lips trembled at my reaction.

“…Are you angry?”

A cautious voice. It felt very unfamiliar to me since I usually only heard his sharp, broken speech.

‘Am I being too serious?’

I scratched my cheek and shook my head in denial. Only then did Ryozo’s troubled expression begin to relax.

As I looked at her like that, a question suddenly arose. Since we don’t often have time alone together, it would be a good time to resolve my curiosity.

“But, Ryozo.”

“huh?”

“It’s a bit sudden though.”

Ryozo’s pupils fluttered at my firm tone.

She swallowed hard and waited for the next words. I cleared my throat and continued.

“Are you dating a weapon?”

“…what?”

Ryozo's kick aimed straight at my shin.

I just slightly twisted my torso. It was a movement within the expected range.

hook.

Then, Ryozo's foot pierced the air. Ryozo lost his balance due to the recoil of the kick and fell to the ground with a thud. He must have fallen hard on his buttocks, so he put his hand on his waist.

'That's right.'

There is a saying that a strong negation is a strong affirmation. Originally, young men and women fought and fought on the outside, but that was also a form of expression of affection.

Of course, I've never been in a relationship in my past or present life… but I know a little bit about it.

'Damn, I wasted my time.'

In the midst of all this, Ryozo glared and spat out words.

"You, you, you-! Are you even talking about that?! You want me to date that little monkey?!"

My voice was trembling with mixed emotions. I shrugged my shoulders and turned my back on Ryozo.

"Hey, Ganggeomma! Where are you going!"

Angkaljin's shouts pierced through the club, but he tried to ignore them. As the club president, it would also be his duty to tolerate the dating within the club.

"Hey!"

* * *

At the same time, on the outskirts of Joaquin Academy.

Two men and women walking along a noisy street. Olmute, wearing

baseball caps pulled down low and casual clothes, and her manager, Kane. Only the sound of their footsteps permeated the dirt floor.

“Ellie, how long are you going to be here… … .”

Sweat started to flow down Kane’s nose from his forehead. He was hot, but more than that, he was anxious. He tapped his wristwatch to show Olmute.

“Sorry, Kane. But I just wanted to make sure before I leave.”

“Oh my.”

Kane just shook his head, thinking about the object of her interest.

‘That first-year cadet.’

A boy with black hair that you’ve rarely seen before and a sharp jawline. At first glance, he gives off an unusual vibe.

Of course, his appearance was still good compared to the performance he showed in front of the public the day before yesterday.

Kane laughed bitterly. Mao Lang, who was comparable to the All Mute he supported, was defeated by a mere cadet. And that too in just one move.

It was clearly a win-win for the US, as they were competing for the Seven Star Heroes. But paradoxically, it gave birth to a sudden and more threatening character.

‘Ganggeomma.’

The focus of attention of all hero guilds and agencies for two days.

In modern times, guilds and agencies are more interested in those with star quality than heroes with overwhelming force.

The reason is simple: the logic of capital.

These days, heroes also serve as entertainers, and the country that

makes the most of this is the United States.

That's also part of the reason why I created the unique name 'Hero'. The same goes for the costumes and nicknames that can highlight the character.

'It's sashimi swordsmanship.'

A nickname mixed with jokes that started with just one article, but his identity is incomparable. He is armed with a chopstick-sized kitchen knife, rare black hair, and natural talent.

A talent with both originality and ability. At that moment, an idea suddenly flashed through Kane's mind.

'…no way.'

"Ellie, are you planning to do some background work on that Ganggeommaran cadet in advance?"

"No, that's not it. I just need to check something."

All Mute answered, lowering his head slightly. Kane just shut his mouth tightly and drooled.

'Yes, it's not legal, but I can't miss out on such talent.'

Kane nodded silently. Although it would require American citizenship, one touch from this agency would suffice.

'Keep your allies close, keep your enemies closer.'

The corners of Kane's mouth slightly rose.

'Still, there isn't much time left until the flight time.'

It was his job as a manager to coordinate and manage the schedule. Even though it was a coveted resource, the most important thing right now was All Mute's schedule.

The two eventually arrived at the booth where Kang Geum-ma was selling kimchi stew. Ol Mute lowered the brim of his hat a little

further.

“Oh, what? There’s no one here?”

As Kane spoke, Olmute also opened his eyes and looked around the booth. There was no sign of human presence, only the lingering scent of kimchi stew tickling his nostrils.

“I think he went to see the parade.”

“… … .”

After making sure no one was there, Olmute took off his hat with an annoyed look on his face. His crimson hair swayed around his shoulders.

“Oh, right. Time.”

Kane checked his watch again. At the same time, he opened his mouth with an urgent look.

“Ellie, let’s go for today and come back for that guy named Ganggeomma next time. It’s really close, I told you.”

In contrast to his haste, Olmute responded nonchalantly.

“But there’s a subspace portal in the academy anyway. Can’t we use that to get to our next destination?”

“Hey! Do you know how much it costs to fly an airplane? If we use the subspace portal, we’ll just leave our private plane here in Korea?! That’s all taxpayers’ money, taxpayers’ money!”

As Kane scolded him, Olmute put his hand to his temple and thought about Kane’s words.

“… There’s nothing we can do about it since it’s the people’s taxes.”

“Okay, I thought about it. Let’s come back next time.”

Olmute, with her baseball cap pulled down low again. She took the first step.

“Let’s go, Kane.”

Kane sighed in relief and muttered to himself.

‘It’s an agency plane, how can it be operated on tax money, idiot.’

It was a lie that was possible because she was a person who was faithful to her main job and had no interest in worldly things.

But in the end, Kane felt a little less guilty because he had convinced her.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 86

Episode 86 Festival: Contract (1)

“Whew, now I feel like I can live a little better.”

As the sun set over the ridge, the heat subsided. Still, the ridge between the mountains was still warm, so I looked for a place with few people.

The location was the bench where I liked to sit. It was the place where I first met Abel.

It was a place I hadn’t visited since that day. I thought it was a good place to watch the fireworks because there weren’t many people coming and going and it was on a winding road.

I was a little worried about leaving my friends behind in such a sweet spot and coming alone… … But at first glance, it seemed like they were having fun even without me.

I don’t want to break up with her, and I’m more suited to traveling alone. If someone asks me where I’ve been, I can just say I went to the bathroom. And Chloe, who was initially sullen, seemed to be influenced by the atmosphere, and her expression brightened, making me feel relieved.

I leaned back on the bench. It felt like all the tension and fatigue from the past three days had melted away.

I rubbed my sore neck and opened the status window to do a mid-check.

Paat—

＝＝　＝＝

[Protection of the Sword God]

If you cut it, it will be cut.

◎ Flesh (肉身) level: (12 ▶ 14) ▷ The sword standard is relaxed.

◎Spiritual level: (8 ▶ 10) ▷ There is a sense of oppression in words and actions.

◎Armourning level: (5 ▶ 6) ▷ When protection is activated, pain is reduced by 2.5 levels.

☆Education rate: (21.3 ▶ 24.7)%

▷ Two lines of 【???】 are readable.

▷ Faintly detects the voice of 【???】.

→[When the assimilation rate reaches 25%, the following unlock conditions are met.]

★【???】

[※ The protection is only activated when the sword is less than 39cm in length and less than 10(＋1)cm in width.]

＝＝

“Why do the days seem to get longer as they go by?”

The simple phrase “If you cut, you will be cut” from the first day is fleshed out here and there, and a game-like interface comes to mind.

Since I can intuitively see the growth potential, the sense of inspiration is doubled. I think I know how game companies stimulate users’ desire to grow. Even I feel proud and the corners of my mouth go up.

“The fairy tale rate has risen a lot again in the meantime.”

The fairy tale rate always shows an upward curve. It seems that the duel with Mao Lang had an effect.

Just being involved in one small incident will be enough to fulfill the unlocking conditions.

It is not yet known whether the fairy tale rate is a rope or a poisoned chalice, but what is certain is that it is closely related to the protection of the swordsman.

'I had climbed it before when I had a dream.'

I stared at the status window for a long time. My physical and mental levels had both increased, and most importantly, my weapon's level had also increased thanks to the 'Eternal Frost' I received from Mansour. Is there a difference in level between Daiso and luxury goods?

"Is it okay to just do it like this?"

The indicator seems to say that we can continue to do what we have been doing, but somehow I have an uneasy feeling that 'someone' is guiding us in that direction. It's as if they are urging us to keep growing.

"… … ."

I closed the status window and looked around at the scenery.

The scarlet glow had completely disappeared behind the horizon, and the commotion of the parade had died down a bit. But excitement still filled countless eyes.

"Is it fireworks time soon?"

Unlike the elaborate parade, I was secretly looking forward to the fireworks. If I hadn't been interested in that, I would have just gone back to my dorm and slept. The sight of fireworks exploding in the night sky is exciting even for adults.

'I'm starting to get confused about my real age these days.'

I tilted my head back and looked up at the sky. The stars that had been hidden by the sun were starting to shine, and the hazy moon was starting to take on a clear shape.

In this world where monsters, superpowered people, and magic reign supreme, this is a landscape that is somewhat similar to Earth. Now, I don't particularly miss Earth. It was a decent life, but I can't say I was satisfied with it… Well.

Rather, it was a life full of ups and downs. He was called the best swordsman in the country, but in the end, he was just a commoner who knew how to handle a sword, or worse.

From the people who would call me a fishmonger if I messed up the judgement, to the family members who would nag me for money at the drop of a hat.

In fact, those were a big influence on me quickly becoming attached to this place.

Reality is shit, so there's no way I could get attached to someone. Plus, the only human relationship I had was with my first teacher.

"Come to think of it, it's been over twenty years since I last saw that old man."

My first teacher kicked me out as soon as I could handle a sword. He said that there were clear limits to the teachings I received. He said that there was no more valuable learning than actual combat, and kicked me out without even a single letter of recommendation.

At the time, I was furious because I didn't know English, but as I wandered around the country, I came to understand its meaning.

More important than mastering skills is the ability to respond to variables. There is no better training than a realistic real-life situation. Thanks to this, I was able to develop independence and composure and fit in well in this world.

'Whether it's this academy or that pot-bellied gentleman, they're all the same when it comes to practical training.'

… Still, it's a bit much to throw him away after leaving him with only one bag. He's a disciple, so at least give him some pocket money. He's a gentleman who's smart and sly and has a lot of money. His hair is getting thinner because he's so petty.

When I sit on the bench like that and grumble alone.

"… … ."

A sudden eerie feeling. It's still the festival season and there are a lot of outsiders, so it's not strange.

It's a very alien and unnatural feeling, like being human but not being human at the same time.

'It's similar to when I encountered a mermaid.'

However, when magic power is detected, the unique stimulation of the back of the neck becoming stiff was minimal. As if the energy had waned. If it weren't for the lack of people, it would have been unnoticeable.

I manifested the 'Protection of Transfer' and scattered my senses using the dirt floor as a medium. The sensitivity forged by the protection of the swordsman was recognized as protection and was able to be transferred. I remember using it similarly when I was a user, so I tried to apply it.

As if ultrasound was coming out of my ears, the entire area within a 30m radius was engraved in my mind as a clear image. To use a metaphor, it was as if a three-dimensional drawing was being drawn in real time in my head.

'This is crazy.'

The effect was greater than I expected. It was a sensation that seemed to transcend the five senses. If you could open up your sixth sense, wouldn't this be the feeling?

I was surprised at myself for a moment.

I sensed a figure approaching me.

I immediately grabbed the hilt of the knife.

In his right hand is Murasama, and in his left hand is Eternal Frost.

I adjusted my grip so that I could just flick my wrist and the iron would be exposed.

‘Getting closer.’

It’s Avalon Island, so it was easy to destroy evidence due to the irregularities in its terrain, but this is Joaquin Academy.

You can’t act rashly on campus. Bloodshed without solid evidence can work against you later. If you’re lucky, you’ll be expelled, and if you’re bad, you’ll be referred to the Heroes’ Court. It’s best to move as cautiously as possible.

‘… That’s what I would have originally thought.’

Caution is the next best option when you are not sure. Thanks to the simultaneous manifestation of two protections, you can accurately pinpoint the target’s characteristics.

‘Purple eyes.’

I slowly closed my eyes. Focusing my nerves on one spot. Then slowly raised my eyelids. A shadow appeared at the corner of my retina.

I stepped lightly.

Ppaang-!

There was a crashing sound, and only Inyoung was left where he had been standing.

Kiriririk!

The sound of air being torn by iron. As the distance narrowed in an instant, I saw her pupils contracted roundly. A woman with cloudy purple eyes and a blank face.

“Okay, let’s go to sleep!”

The woman opened her mouth a beat late. She raised both her hands to show that she had no hostility. She was defenseless.

Phew!

The blade, loaded with inertia, slashed through the flesh.

A woman looking back and forth between my eyes and her own stomach. Her pupils began to dilate.

“Remember!”

A monosyllabic scream. She rolled over, clutching her stomach.

“Oh my god, I’m dying!”

“… … .”

I panicked. I expected a counterattack, but her sudden stop resulted in me being stabbed in the stomach.

I thought she was an ordinary person, but judging by the purple blood she was sprinkling, she was definitely a villain.

The villains are treated as subspecies by both the demons and humans, so their blood color is different. In addition, the wounds from the incident a little while ago have healed. I let out a sigh of relief.

‘Absolutely not human.’

However, the playback speed was much slower than I had expected. The woman who had just finished playing in the dirt was grumbling.

“Really-! No matter what, where would someone put down a knife first!”

What the heck? The author, who is clearly a villain, is acting in a bad way.

“I came here because I thought we could have a conversation. Has

Agor been affected by this too… … .”

The woman muttered, groaning in pain. I just looked down at her.

She shook her shoulders slightly. Her eyes were fixed on my sashimi. Even a quick glance seemed to frighten her.

“Hey, can you put that down first… please? Mr. Geomma?”

The woman called my name in a friendly manner. I felt a sense of discomfort and glared at her fiercely.

“He who came here on his own two feet has a long tongue.”

A woman who pulled back when the tip of the sword was aimed at her. Then, as if she had given up, she knelt down somewhat obediently.

“I came to make a deal.”

“transaction?”

The woman nodded. When I gave her permission to speak with a nod, she hesitated and said,

“If you spare my life, I will give you information on the men who are after you, Sword Master.”

* * *

Kang Geum-ma sits on the bench with her arms crossed. The villain Choi Seol-ah is kneeling right in front of her. She lowered her head and glanced at Kang Geum-ma’s toes as she thought.

‘He’s crazier than you can imagine.’

Choi Seol-ah lived off of strength. That was also the reason she became a villain.

Rather than being eaten by the strong as a weak person, I would rather become strong at the cost of my humanity.

If she could wield magic, humanity was a cheap price to pay. That’s

why the elders, the high-ranking officials, bowed their heads to her power and offered her money.

The power of the little one. That was exactly what Choi Seol-ah wanted. She had no malicious thoughts, nor any great resentment toward humanity.

But not long ago, the power that supported her disappeared along with the lord she served. The villain, who was born human, borrows magical power from the commander through a contract. Therefore, when the main source of magical power dies, it is natural for those below him to lose their power as well.

I had built my position by relying on magic power, but it all came crashing down overnight. And it was all because of a student right in front of me.

'Did you know that I would end up like this?'

Her approach was a gamble in its own way. Having lost her position on the villain side, she had nowhere else to retreat.

'I don't think that professor would just kill me.'

If that's the case, I thought I might as well beg for my life from Kanggeomma! But… … As soon as I saw him, my stomach almost felt like it was going to burst.

Choi Seol-ah glanced around. Kang Geom-ma was silently organizing his thoughts.

'I vomited out everything I knew except for the stuff related to that professor's son.'

Kang Geum-ma pressed his temples and opened his mouth.

"What you're saying is that there are villains hiding all over the Academy."

"Yes, that's right!"

"For you to beg for my life with that much information, I've almost

killed you more than once or twice.”

Kang Geum-ma looked at Choi Seol-ah with fierce eyes. She rubbed her hands together and her lips trembled.

“I didn’t want to do that either. I guess I fell for the trick of that devil who is now dead, or rather, who has disappeared. I truly deserved to die.”

Let’s push forward as humbly and cowardly as possible. Coming this far was a gamble anyway.

Let’s say that, Kanggeomma narrowed his eyes. He gently held the bottom of the sword handle and shook the blade. The sashimi moved left and right in front of his eyes. The pain in his abdominal cavity that had been hot just a moment ago came back.

‘But since they’re on the Academy grounds, they won’t kill them indiscriminately.’

Soon, Kang Geum-ma’s mouth opened again.

“Except for the last sentence, there doesn’t seem to be any real lies. I don’t mind if you cut me off here, but considering what you’ve done, that’s just too weak.”

“… … .”

“Do you want to live?”

“Huh? Oh, yes, yes.”

Choi Seol-ah nodded fiercely. She had to appeal to her emotions.

Then, Kanggeomma suddenly pointed the tip of his sword at her left ear. An earring with a small, pink crystal the size of a water drop dangled.

“Pass that to me.”

Choi Seol-ah’s heart sank. She tried to hide her expression and made a stupid expression.

“Huh? These earrings? These are the ones that only women wear—”

“Hand it over.”

Kang Geum-ma cut off the words with a single stroke of his sword.

“I’ll spare your life, but you have to leave that behind.”

“… … .”

Choi Seol-ah trembled under the bright light. Kang Geom-ma aimed the tip of his sword straight at her ear and said.

“The mark of a stallion.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 87

Episode 87 Festival: Contract (2)

“Well, it’s not as bad as I thought.”

A pink water droplet crystal. I was rolling it around in my hand.

I don’t know much about cosmetics, but at first glance, it looks cheaply made. Even at a high price, it’s mid-quality.

“excuse me…….”

A woman kneeling with her hair down. Just a moment ago, she revealed that her name was Choi Seol-ah.

“Can you please give it back… … ?”

Choi Seol-ah opened her mouth in a crawling voice. Her tone was full of humility. The corners of her lips, forcibly raised, were filled with meanness.

‘This kid.’

When I frowned, she curled her lips and hissed. The fists on her knees were shaking, either in anger or in fear.

I sighed and looked back at the jewels.

I turned it around with my index finger and thumb and examined its color under the streetlight. It looked almost exactly like a translucent amber stone.

‘I thought it would be different because it was a stallion’s mark.’

A mark of the stallion, a crystal created when a villain makes a contract with a legion commander-level demon. They used this to prove which legion commander they were a villain under. It is said to be used similarly to an employee ID card in the villain society.

‘But that’s the information that has spread to the people.’

Its primary purpose was as a means for the commander to control his villains. This pebble-like gem contains the life force of the contracting party.

When a contract is made, two crystals are created, one for the commander and one for the contractee. The token of the commander, the employer, is for transmitting magic power, and the token of the villain, the slave, is for receiving magic power.

In this way, the commander kept the hearts of his slaves in his bosom, so that he could use them at any time. It was an intuitive and most effective leash.

Then some may wonder why I took away this decision that was only for the receiving end.

Agor is already dead and gone, so the token doesn’t function, and since I have no magic power, it seems useless to me.

Besides, even if it contains life force, it seems worthless because it belongs to the villain in front of you.

but.

‘… At least I, as a user, can use it for other purposes.’

I smiled faintly and put the certificate away. Choi Seol-ah rolled her eyes dynamically. Her reaction told me that my choice was right.

“hey.”

“yes?”

When I blurted out the words, Choi Seol-ah lifted her head. She intentionally mixed in a cute tone of voice.

I stared at Choi Seol-ah. Her pupils were cloudy and gleaming, proof that she had no humanity left. Her eyes might look kind, but they were probably empty inside.

'… But thanks to him, I heard things I never knew before.'

A story I heard from Choi Seol-ah a little while ago.

Leon is said to have written the story of subduing Agor among the villains instead of me. At first, I was secretly surprised.

The reason is the villains' information power. The inspector must have been strict about keeping his mouth shut, but it seems like the news has already leaked to them.

It seems like the villains have already taken root deep throughout the Academy.

According to Choi Seol-ah, the villains periodically change their appearance, but their disguised identities remain consistent.

Even if there are hundreds of Academy staff members, they wouldn't be able to recognize each other just because their appearance has changed a little. But there is always a way.

'I should ask Ryojo to print out a list of the Academy members.'

The method of identifying the villains you have in mind is simple: take a look at all the hundreds of faces and confront them with real people.

I'll have to sell my feet, but I have my teammates. If I explain it well, they'll definitely lend a helping hand.

They also had no reason to refuse, as it would be unpleasant for them to have villains within the Academy. But if they didn't like it, then so be it.

'You either take charge yourself or-.'

After finishing my thoughts, I opened my mouth low.

“So why are you targeting Leon instead of me?”

“… I don’t know about that part either.”

Choi Seol-ah answers in a hazy voice. When I shoved the sashimi into her throat, she was startled even though the blade was still in the scabbard.

“I, really! Among the villains, there’s this guy named Professor Wen, and almost all the work comes from that brat’s head. A lowly person like me wouldn’t know, wouldn’t know!”

“What kind of guy is that professor?”

“…that is.”

Choi Seol-ah let out a sigh, as if she was hesitant to speak. She pushed the blade a little further into the nape of her neck. Only then did she confess in a voice full of tears.

“Kwarn-nim, no, I really don’t know anything other than the fact that I’m a subordinate of that devil-!”

… … 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn.

Now that Lycan has been sealed, Mine is called the leader of the Demon King’s army.

That devil’s stallion was sure to be a troublesome opponent.

‘There’s a guy like that in the academy.’

Choi Seol-ah slowly backed away using only her knees, and when she was caught by me, she returned to her original position. She added with a hehe.

“Unlike other villains who know each other secretly even though they hide their identities, no villain knows the identity of that kid. That’s why he has a really bad reputation among the villains. He pretends to be a professor and acts all classy.”

Choi Seol-ah was gossiping about me a lot. She was using all kinds of gestures and footwork, and she seemed to really want to live.

… It's quite disgusting that such a pretty girl with a clean appearance is so mean to a teenager.

'He's the type that I can't trust at all.'

I suddenly opened my eyes slightly and sharpened my senses. I focused all my nerves on one point, Choi Seol-ah.

It's sharper than ever, having just developed my sixth sense. It's a bit strange to say, but it feels like I can see things through my eyes. It's an ability that I feel like I'd feel inferior if I tried to use it. Anyway.

'I feel… … .'

A faint trace of magic power, as if only the dregs of magic power remained. Magic power must have been gradually leaking out since Agor died. Since he has been relying on magic up until now, his physical abilities are nothing special.

No matter how you look at it, he's not really a threat. But if we leave him alone, I think my judgment will be distorted.

I rubbed my forehead and thought hard. How should I handle this so that people will say I handled it well? After thinking about it for a while, I finally raised my head.

Choi Seol-ah flinches when our eyes meet. She swallows dry saliva and smiles disgustingly. I stare at her with a dry gaze and then speak softly.

"Choi Seol-ah."

"yes yes!"

"You, from now on, be a villain."

Choi Seol-ah opens her eyes wide, as if she doesn't understand what he's saying.

"…Huh? What is that?"

"Don't you know what I'm talking about?"

"Uh, uh. That… I think I know, but it's a bit ambiguous. I was originally a villain… No, now that my lord is dead, I'm not a villain. Anyway, what are you saying… … ."

Choi Seol-ah chose her words while sweating profusely.

'It's natural not to know.'

It can't be helped. Because it's a line from a movie I liked in my past life.

The fox that escaped from the tiger's den is put back in the den. This was the basics of fighting that I learned from movies.

* * *

Choi Seol-ah, who had survived, fled the scene as if running away.

Before leaving, she bowed and repeatedly bowed. I knew she didn't mean it, but I did it anyway.

Honestly, if I looked any further, I would think of all the things Choi Seol-ah had done and I felt like I was going to pull out my knife. I could barely hold back the way my hand tried to grab the handle of the knife like a magnet.

I emphasize this again and again, but I think verbal communication is the best way.

Next is hand gestures. I think it's right to try talking to someone and if that doesn't work out, then try a different way of talking.

'I couldn't help but get stabbed today.'

Choi Seol-ah's personality is exactly like a bat. She's not qualified to be an ally or helper, but she's not bad in terms of information. After thinking about it, my decision was to use her.

‘You have to use it appropriately.’

I was confident that I could handle the laundry if I used the carrot and stick well. I also received the stallion’s badge, so if there was a problem, it wouldn’t be too late to deal with it then.

I sorted out my thoughts. Final exams are coming up soon, followed by vacation.

I’m not a planned person, but I think it’s important to have at least a rough blueprint. Preparation is important for anything, otherwise it’ll be too late.

Although we do not know the true intentions of the author, who is a professor, we are starting to see the outline of what is behind it.

Auditore, who will oust the elders, is also moving, and Choi Seol-ah has been planted on the villain side. I am just waiting for the gears to mesh. In the meantime, I plan to gradually build up my internal strength.

Mining magic stones, training with the sword master, and gathering information.

In addition to that, there were many events. There was a mountain of things to do. It may not be everything, but I should do as much as possible.

At that moment, my phone vibrated in my pocket and the screen lit up.

♬

[Ryojo: Where is it?]

“Oh, that’s right.”

I had been away from my desk for too long due to an unexpected incident. I tapped the keys of the Cheonjiin keyboard with my index finger.

[Me: Bathroom for a moment]

Rollin' sounds scary～♬.

[Ryojo: Are you making it and selling it? Why are you so late? -_-]

A pause in the index finger. It doesn't seem like a word choice that someone like Kyushu from a noble family would use.

'Well, that's just how he is.'

… But isn't it supposed to be made and sold? I replied with a hollow laugh.

[Me: Right now]

[Ryojo: When you come, Marona]

[Me: I'm going to buy Vivienne Westwood]

[Ryojo: Wow, old man]

I sent a text and shook my butt.

At the same time.

The sound of celebratory gunfire reached my ears.

Naturally, my gaze followed the sound.

Hugs, paang!

Once again, a beam of light flashes across the retina and then scatters.

Soon after, sparks flew brilliantly across the black sky. I was lost in the sight of fragments of light scattering like a fountain.

"It was a good thing I didn't go back to the dorm."

I tilted my head back a lot. The flames continued to embroider on the black background.

Animals such as birds and elephants, as well as phrases in various languages, are engraved on it. It is overwhelming in its sheer size and

splendor.

‘One scale is the end.’

The significance of the fireworks in the Academy’s festival is great. It is a way to honor the cadets’ blessings and the ancestors who became stars. It is a long-standing tradition that has not been broken since the Academy was founded.

“I should have asked you to come with your club members.”

I scratched my head. Being alone had yielded unexpected results, but I felt like I had missed something more important.

I took a quick step. If I hurried, I could join them before the fireworks ended.

Knock!

The footsteps heading down were light.

Pa—ang—!

Bright colors burst out again behind her back.

The afterglow illuminated the night scenery, signaling the end of the festival.

* * *

Time passed quickly, as if it had been waiting.

As if the festival of the past was a dream.

So, what greets us after the youth event ends.

“Ah- Again, another test.”

Weapon scratching his temple with a pencil eraser. His brows are furrowed in annoyance.

Next to him, Ryozo is lying limp like seaweed.

Wheeeeeeing-

Chloe follows the fly with her eyes. Her pupils move quickly.

“Damn, what the hell is this test scope? Isn’t this a complete disregard for students’ human rights? What do you think, Principal?”

Weapon slammed three encyclopedia-sized textbooks into his palm. The mountain of books shook. By the way, those are the scope of the final written exam this semester. I nodded in agreement.

“No, do you only look at the written test for the final exam? You also have a practical test. Oh, I’m going crazy.”

“Oh, come on!”

It was Ryozo’s voice that cut off the seemingly endless grumbling. She glared at the weapon with fierce eyes.

“How long do I have to listen to you whine? Just shut your mouth and do it. Are you whining so much that you can’t even sleep? Hey!”

“Hey! Am I the only one taking the test? Ryozo, you’re taking it too. How are you going to memorize all this crazy material! I won’t have time to just read it.”

“I already memorized it all?”

“…what?”

Weapon flinched at Ryozo’s blunt response. Ryozo twisted his head as if to say, ‘What, is there a problem?’ At that moment, Weapon’s face turned red like a carrot, and his lips were about to part.

Wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

The sharp sound of flesh touching flesh. Chloe’s sharp grip slapped Weapon’s cheek.

“… … ?”

“Uh, uh.”

Weapon, whose head was turned a lot. He covered his left cheek with a dazed expression. Judging from the roundness of his eyes, it seems that his hand was quite hot.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. A fly got stuck on Weapon-san’s cheek and… …! I’m so sorry!”

Chloe quickly apologized with a look of regret. Weapon just opened his lips as if he was still half-conscious, and Ryozo smiled bitterly at that scene.

That moment.

Buzz! A text has arrived.

Mayru Death! Rollin～♬

Cell phone notification sounds ringing simultaneously.

We checked our phones, except for the dumb weapon.

＝＝

[2034 1st semester final exam practical notice]

We would like to inform you that due to certain reasons, the content of the existing final exam has been changed as follows.

＝＝

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 88

Episode 88: Catching a Thief (1)

＝＝ ＝＝

[2034 1st semester final exam practical notice]

We would like to inform you that due to certain reasons, the content of the existing final exam has been changed as follows.

◉ Changes: External dungeon raid ▶ Team battle.

Implementation Period: 2034. 06. 02. (Tue) ~ 06. 06. (Wed)

Test location: Joaquin Academy Special Hall

Team composition: One second-year cadet and two first-year cadets. (Randomly selected.)

… … …

… …

…

[※ The group composition will be sent via text message the day before the exam.]

[※ The exact test content will be notified verbally just before the test.]

＝＝ ＝＝

“No, shit. You’re saying you can change the potato chips after leaving it in the fridge for three days before the exam?”

Weapon spoke while caressing her swollen cheek. Just like last time, her pronunciation was slurred and there was a teardrop forming around her left eye, which made her feel strangely pitiful.

‘Why is this kid getting beaten up like this these days?’

Chloe seemed to have exerted quite a bit of force. But, even though there was a fly on her cheek, it was still clean without any foreign matter. What the…?

‘That’s not what’s important now.’

I shook off my thoughts and looked at the text. To be honest, I didn’t show it, but I was also flustered.

‘The test content is different from the official one.’

Most of the variables so far have originated from human relationships.

The incidents involving Leon, the Sword Master, Abel, Rachel, and other major characters in the story. At the time, I grumbled because it felt like I was getting involved in political affairs.

To be honest, I, that is, Ganggeomma, am a heterogeneous being, so I understand it now.

Aside from Agor’s death, it didn’t deviate much from the game’s story.

But this time the situation is different.

If things had gone as planned, this final exam would have been to clear the ‘Goblin Dungeon’ located in Gapyeong. It was a dungeon with a decent amount of material, even though there were no beasts holding magic stones, so I was looking forward to it.

‘… The story is starting to change.’

Well, if you think about what I've done so far, it's a set procedure. Rather, it's strange that there are no changes in the gaps between major events.

'… … .'

The fingers holding the phone trembled slightly. I was prepared, but when I actually faced it, my mind was in turmoil.

I am overcome with a sense of anxiety that I might have kicked away the greatest privilege of playing 'Miracle of Protection M'.

The anxiety that the cracks that have started to appear in the relationship might lead to a big crack. A number of unimaginable possibilities pass by in a single notice.

I stared at my phone with a stern expression. Ryozo looked at me with a strange look in his eyes and spoke.

"What's wrong, why are you so nervous, which is unusual for you?"

A clear voice that seemed to relieve the stuffiness. I pretended to be surprised and turned my gaze to her. Ryozo smiled and continued.

"I'm also confused by the change in the exam content, but if you think about it differently, it's not like it's something that's completely unacceptable. Think about it. During the last midterm, a mine appeared, and during the uninhabited island survival training, the inspector was injured. Incidents happen every time we do training outside, so it's the right procedure for the academy to change the location. There's no place like the academy where the cadets can be safe."

"… … ."

Ryozo explained it to me while scribbling on a pencil. It seemed to wake up my mind that had been dazed from embarrassment. My reasoning was suppressed for a moment, and I couldn't think properly. If I had been alone, I would have thought of all sorts of things.

As Ryozo wisely revisits the situation, the situation begins to make

sense.

Yes, that's right.

The political situation was changed by people. It was a natural flow, not an artificial adjustment.

It's just a change of perspective, but it makes me feel like my head is clearer. Anyway, she's doing a great job as a sweet potato prevention character.

'But why is this kid with a weapon?'

Weapon is definitely a good friend, but his recent behavior is a bit… I should say, very frivolous.

Well, it might have a different charm when seen by the opposite sex. Women like humorous and kind men. Suddenly, I turned my gaze towards Weapon.

Weapon caressing her swollen cheek. Chloe quickly went to the infirmary to get a cold compress.

'… … .'

After shaking off my distracting thoughts, I nodded toward Ryozo.

"Now that I hear it, it seems like it's true."

"yes?"

Ryozo put the pencil back down. When I stared at her, she stepped back with a look of mock embarrassment.

"What, why are you looking at me like that?! It's embarrassing."

"Thank you, the situation has been resolved. Thank you."

Ryozo stuttered so much that his lips trembled. His light blue eyes rolled around. I smiled in admiration.

"No, I didn't say that because I was worried about you!"

Ryozo suddenly raises her voice. She blurts out lines that sound familiar. Then she points her long, thin index finger at me.

“Ganggeomma, if you are confused, I will be confused too!”

“You? Why?”

When I asked again, Ryozo’s face turned even redder. Even though it was summer, it seemed like steam was rising from the top of her head.

“No, including me! I mean the members of the travel club! You’re the president. If the president acts like a fool, everyone’s discipline will be disrupted!”

“ah-.”

That’s what it meant.

A word that reminds me of my responsibilities as a manager. Today, she is someone I can rely on in many ways.

I let out a sigh of admiration. Ryozo looked at me with a strange look in his eyes and then let out a deep sigh.

‘Oh, right.’

While talking to Ryozo, a favor came to mind.

“Ryozo, I have a favor to ask.”

“Huh? What favor?”

“There’s a list of Academy staff that were hacked before. Do you have a copy of that?”

“Oh, I deleted the saved copy because of data tracking, but I have a paper copy.”

Ryozo answered in a bewildered voice. I opened my mouth again.

“If you have that, things will be easier.”

“Huh… …?”

Ryozo tilted his head as if he didn’t understand what I meant. When I smiled faintly, she let out a faint sigh.

“What’s with that expression?”

There is a strange fun in teasing the way your shoulders are hunched.

“Ryozo.”

“Huh?”

“Hack the Academy Network one more time.”

* * *

I intermittently explained to Choi Seol-ah what I had heard.

The gist was that villains were working undercover in the academy. However, they omitted the fact that Leon was their target.

We decided that providing too much information at once would not be a good idea.

I don’t intend to hide it, but it’s still too early. The final exam is just around the corner, and it could cause unnecessary misunderstandings about Leon, the person involved. It won’t be too late to clarify the facts and reveal them.

After hearing the whole story, Ryozo closed her eyes and nodded her head as if trying to gather information. Soon after, she finished thinking and asked me.

“Um, so you want to compare the previous list with the current list, is that right?”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

The original plan was to run on foot with the members. However, after thinking about it, I concluded that it was physically impossible.

‘There’s not enough time left until vacation.’

As soon as the final exams are over, vacation begins. During that period, not only students but also most staff members, except for essential personnel, go on vacation.

‘Realistically, it doesn’t make sense to check everything in it.’

There are hundreds of employees and only about a week left.

I have to finish the show before the vacation, otherwise my plans will inevitably be postponed to the second semester.

There couldn’t be a better time than now, when I’ve just recruited Choi Seol-ah, so I’ve revised my plan to take action.

“… If what you said is true, then comparing the lists is the most efficient way. The information on employees is updated every month. If you look at the people who weren’t on the previous list, the range will naturally narrow down.”

“Yeah, it’s definitely easier if you reduce hundreds to tens. And during exam periods, classes end before 4th period. And—”

“—Since all the staff members gather in the faculty office to grade the exams, you’re saying we can save on unnecessary labor?”

As expected, Ryozo accurately grasped my intentions. I nodded.

Joaquin Academy automatically updates the information of its staff every month. According to Ryozo, they back up the subspace and the cloud hub.

In simple terms, the employee information update is like an automatic save that happens every month. It’s a somewhat artificial setting in Earth terms.

However, the basic basis of ‘Miracle Protection M’ is a mobile game.

It was a short piece with short branches to minimize capacity.

You will need to periodically refresh your save to reduce dummy data. This is what users often call ‘optimization’.

Of course, I may be the only one who sees these phenomena from a different perspective.

‘Even if the situation has changed, the experience in playing the game is definitely useful.’

Instead of dwelling on a story that has already gone astray, take advantage of the system’s weak points. This is another way to utilize your memories as a user.

Rather, after shaking off my obsession with narrative, I felt my thinking became more flexible. I added with a satisfied smile.

“Anyway, I think that’s the best we can do.”

“Yeah, I agree with that.”

“Then, back to the main topic. How long is this possible?”

As she said that, Ryozo narrowed her eyes. Her eyelashes were half-drooped. She spoke vaguely.

“It’s not hard to do a favor. But aren’t you just taking advantage of me too much?”

“… … .”

My mouth was shut by those words that were so true.

I had forgotten about it because I was used to it, but I have greatly benefited from Ryozo’s abilities. The hacking mentioned above, the promotion of the club booth during the festival, and the capturing of weapons through CCTV.

Ryozo’s role and abilities are valuable. It would be a waste to use him harshly just because we’re in the same club.

Of course, I was always secretly grateful for her hard work. I just didn’t say it out loud.

‘Because it’s unfamiliar.’

However, there are clear limits to free treatment. People are more efficient when they have achievements or rewards. In the same community, they need to be treated appropriately.

'… But the problem is.'

I have nothing to give you, Ryozo. Think about it.

Ryozo is the daughter of Japan's lifetime prime minister.

How can I, a commoner, talk about giving to a princess who grew up without any needs? I have no money, no status, no honor? I only know how to swing sashimi, but I have nothing to show for it? Even a dog passing by would laugh.

'What should I do?'

I opened my mouth slowly, drooling.

"Hey, is there anything you want?"

"…what do you want?"

Ryozo opened her eyes wide at the polite question. She frowned and thought hard. Then she slowly raised her head and spoke.

"Then please grant me one favor later."

"… … ."

I feel unnecessarily nervous. I wonder what I should ask of my lover, whose feelings I cannot read.

Maybe a box of Yanggaeng? But considering the crazy prices at the Academy, it's quite a burden for me.

"Don't worry. It's not a material request."

"…What do you want?"

Ryozo had an incomprehensible smile on his lips.

"I'll tell you when I get there."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 89

Episode 89: Catching a Thief (2)

The day before the final exam.

After school, Ryozo called the members, including me, to Lang Class. Once everyone was there, Ryozo took out a wad of paper from his backpack.

"… Did you finish all this in the meantime?"

I looked back and forth between the notes and the documents with dazed eyes.

"Yeah, but I don't know the details because I couldn't review it because I only printed it out. I have to check it now."

She shrugged. I sighed and looked back down at the pile of papers on the road.

'I didn't just pick a list.'

Documents that are meticulously organized, including detailed personal information of employees, a list of names, and even the movements of suspicious people. It's hard to believe that they were written in less than two days.

'I knew you were going to do it when you did it.'

Ryojo, who stood before the scheduled reward, seemed like a completely different person. What on earth was he trying so hard to

ask for? A feeling of desolation flashed through him, but he said it wasn't something material.

"… But, Manager, is this okay?"

Weapon, who had been examining the wad of paper, hesitated and continued speaking.

"Even if the goal is to find villains, this is purely a crime… … And Ryozo, don't you think this is a bit much? What, you even wrote down how many times a day I went to the bathroom? What are you going to do about these people's human rights?"

"It was a crime from the moment you hacked it, so what are you talking about now?"

"… Oh my! There's a limit! This is just too much of a crime!"

"Hey, hey, the gentlemanly man, Weapon-nim, has been taken away-."

Weapon's expression crumpled without mercy at Ryozo's sarcasm. I placed a hand on his shoulder and shook my head.

"The more information, even if it's small, the better."

"Ugh, Manager, if you say that, then what… … ."

I also understand Weapon's reaction. From a moral standpoint, it is clearly wrong. But there is not much time left to consider the pros and cons of the means.

'But since there are members like Weapon, we can at least maintain a minimum level of line.'

To be honest, except for me and Weapon, the moral boundaries of all the club members are vague.

Even though Chloe is a former assassin, Ryozo also has a cold side that adapts the means to the ends.

Senior Hana enjoys reading or eating tea quietly by herself, but I

don’t know what she’s thinking.

Even when she sees immoral acts, she doesn’t really put the brakes on them or encourage them. She just raises her glasses and watches with a strange smile.

Objectively speaking, the female members, excluding Weapon and me, had personalities that were beyond common sense. I patted Weapon on the back and spoke to him as if to soothe him.

“Once this is over, I’ll shred everything. So don’t worry too much. Right, Ryozo?”

I asked Ryozoh’s opinion with a nod. She also nodded coolly. Only then did Weapon let out a sigh of approval. I smiled with satisfaction.

“Anyway, as you may have heard from Ryozo, our travel club has to move to identify the villain during the final exams. Anyone have any questions?”

“me.”

One senior suddenly raised her hand. Her glasses flashed once and she asked quietly.

“Can you tell me where the information came from?”

“… … .”

As soon as I finished asking the question, I was met with curious looks.

‘You pointed out something I was trying to gloss over.’

However, that doesn’t mean I can reveal Choi Seol-ah’s existence. If I reveal that I had an affair with her, who was a villain but lost her magic power, there will be more things to explain.

If that happened, it would be annoying, and more than anything, Chloe, who had been quiet recently, would probably go into yandere mode.

Even though the kernel was rotten, if Chloe found out that I was using a beauty like Choi Seol-ah as a puppet… … . I could become a guest who would never return to the pink cutter. I glanced at Chloe and opened my mouth again.

“I can’t tell you right now, senior. But I can tell you this one thing: that you are a trustworthy source of information.”

“Hehe-.”

Although the word ‘trustworthy’ is a bit misleading, there’s no way she’d lie to me after she’d lost her stallion badge. Choi Seol-ah herself would know what would happen if she harbored other intentions.

“I’ll reveal who my source is later when I get the chance. But not now.”

“Okay, okay, I got it.”

I looked at Senior Hana, who nodded her head loosely. With her glasses covering her eyes, it was hard to gauge her intentions. At first glance, she seemed like a quiet model student, but occasionally she acted mischievously.

‘The person I know the least among the same members.’

Although Ryojo didn’t show it, he was wary of Hana Sempai.

When I stared at her intently, Senior Hana just smiled. She rested her chin on her hand with a tired smile on her lips. For a moment, a sense of foreboding came over me.

‘Oh my, he looks like someone, but I don’t know who it is.’

I tried to suppress my thoughts. Everyone seemed to be waiting for me to open my mouth. Their eyes were filled with trust. I looked at them for a moment and then opened my mouth.

“Then, let’s start the first travel club meeting.”

* * *

“Phew… … .”

I took a deep breath and wiped the beads of sweat that had formed on my forehead.

This was my first time at a meeting like this, so I was a little nervous. Still, I felt like the intention was well communicated, and the members were discussing the agenda among themselves.

“Hey, Ryozo. What about this guy? He wasn’t there last month, and his movements are a bit suspicious.”

“Mark all people with suspicious circumstances.”

“Okay.”

Weapon, who had been hesitant at first, actively offered his opinion. Then he moved his pencil busily. Unlike a few days ago when he was preparing for the written test, his eyes were filled with passion.

‘There is no time more enjoyable to do something else than during exam period.’

I watched the members discuss from a distance. They will do the brain work. I finished my role by explaining the agenda. That must be my privilege as a manager.

At that moment, Chloe approached him tentatively. Then she handed him a bottle of water.

“Hey, Mr. Geumma, thank you for your hard work. This.”

“Oh, thank you. My throat was already parched.”

“… Oh, no.”

I took a sip of water and glanced at Chloe. The gloom on her face seemed to have dampened her spirits. I looked back and forth between Chloe and the rest of the group.

‘Oh, I see.’

I blurted out to Chloe.

“Don’t worry too much, Chloe.”

“yes?”

After I swallowed the last drop of water down my throat, I continued speaking.

“Ryozo and Weapon usually like that kind of thing, right? They’re the kind of guys who like to wrap their heads around things.”

“still…….”

“Chloe, you can do things they can’t. If it weren’t for you, during the Buffalo Dungeon and this festival, the club wouldn’t have been able to run.”

She is also a valuable resource to us. If it weren’t for Chloe, the assassin, in Buffalo Dungeon, we would have left a bad aftertaste.

‘Chloe took care of the consulate staff so we could finish things off neatly.’

Her exceptional presence detection skills and sleight of hand will certainly come in handy in the future.

“Me, really?”

“of course.”

Chloe’s complexion brightened in an instant. Soon, she turned her bright gaze toward me.

“If Mr. Geumma says so… I! I’ll try harder from now on!”

Chloe clenched her fists and made a pledge to herself. I nodded. Then, Chloe suddenly blushed and muttered something softly.

“… In this test too… If I had been in the same group as Gunma-kun… … .”

At that moment.

Rollin~♬

As soon as the notification sound rang, I took out my phone. The members all checked to see if I was the only one who had received a text message.

= = =

[The members of the final exam group for the first semester of 2034 for Cadet 'Kang Geom Ma' are as follows.]

◉ We would like to inform you that third-year students are excluded from this exam, which is held jointly by all grades, due to the entrance exam.

——「Jo Won」——

Sanhana – 2nd year, Ordinary Class.

Kanggeomma – Wolf Class 1st year.

———————

——「Promoter」——

… …

… …

= = =

When I lowered my eyes slightly, my eyebrows trembled.

"Oh, that's fucked up."

I swore with a vain face.

= = =

——「Promoter」——

Rachel de Murat – 1st year, Star Class.

[※ Once assigned, a group cannot be changed.]

= = =

I ended up in the same group as the guy I wanted to avoid the most.

* * *

Before the club meeting was over, Kang Geum-ma left first, saying he was tired. Chloe stared at the spot where Kang Geum-ma had been for a while before speaking.

“Your Majesty, your complexion doesn’t look so good… I guess you’re worried about this exam.”

The weapon next to him nodded.

“That makes sense. The team leader is Rachel. Manager, you’re probably tired again this time.”

“… That bitch, no, that blonde vixen… … .”

The venom in Chloe’s eyes rose.

He thought of Rachel’s table while gnashing his teeth fiercely. A cheeky woman who drooled while looking at the black horse. And the owner of a voluptuous body like a wild horse.

Suddenly Chloe brushed her hands across her chest. She frowned and shook her head.

“The swordsman said he likes small breasts.”

There was a moment of silence. A complex and subtle current swept through the classroom.

Weapon broke the silence with an awkward laugh.

“Well, since we were in the same group for the midterms, I guess I’ll do well. But my senior is also in the same group. What could go wrong? And there’s nothing more useless than worrying about the

head of the department."

"… That's true."

Chloe looked at Sanha. Her gaze was filled with many emotions.

Sanhana looked like she was building a soft smile.

"Don't worry, Chloe. I'll keep a close eye on you so you don't lose sight of me."

Only then did Chloe let out a small sigh of relief. Meanwhile, Ryozo was busy shuffling through documents on one side. She furrowed her brow slightly and suddenly spoke in a low voice.

"The manager is also here, so let's end the meeting here for today. The test starts tomorrow. I also have to go to the dorm to prepare. Let's disband now."

"What, Ryozo, are you also preparing for the exam?"

Weapon's eyes widened. Ryozo didn't even respond with a dumbfounded expression.

In response, Weapon scratched the back of his neck awkwardly and packed his bags. Starting with him, Chloe and Sanha also each cleaned up their places.

"Everyone, look at the notes carefully tomorrow!"

"Come on, fighting!"

Weapon waved his hand and escaped. Chloe followed suit and bowed to the remaining members before walking away. In this way, only Ryozo and Sanha were left in the Lang class.

"… … ."

Ryozo looked straight at Sanhana's glasses. Ryozo crossed his arms and glared at her. Sanhana's glasses sparkled in the sunset. At that time, an uncomfortable silence flowed between the two women.

“I’m going to go now too.”

Sanhana, who had been receiving cold stares, tried to avoid the spot.

“Senior Hana.”

“huh?”

But Ryozo’s voice called her. Sanha answered with a natural smile.

“Is there anything else to see?”

“… … .”

Ryozo clicked his tongue slightly and then opened his eyes.

“…What is your identity?”

Sanha tilted her head. A question mark appeared above her head.
Ryozo tapped the papers on the desk with his index finger and asked.

“Why is your name on the faculty and staff list?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 90

Episode 90: Catching a Thief (3)

A cold atmosphere swept through the class, which only had two people, Saki Ryozo and Sanhana.

“Tell me, senior. Why is your name on the faculty list?”

“… … .”

Sanhana only tilted her head slightly in response to Saki’s questioning, which was very sharp. She responded calmly, as if she had no idea what he was saying. Saki twisted her lips.

‘It was weird from the start.’

Saki Ryozo recalled his first impression of Sanhana. She was a second-year student with an ordinary appearance and atmosphere, without any special features. She seemed like she would be forgotten as soon as she turned around, like a textbook.

His personality was not bad, and his words were not frivolous. Furthermore, no matter what was said, Sanhana never added her own opinion.

Saki felt uncomfortable with the mediocrity that crossed the line. Saki’s intuition does not easily miss even the smallest things.

Once a mark is engraved in the heart, it must be observed and analyzed endlessly to be calmed down. It was an unconscious expression and remnant of surviving in the cold and harsh world of

the palace.

Saki opened her eyes wide and stared at the mountain. It had a hazy appearance, as if it were buried in fog. Now that I look at it, I think it was really disgusting.

Sanhana just stared at Saki with her glasses gleaming, still keeping her mouth shut. Saki let out a dry laugh at her shameless attitude and asked.

“Why aren’t you saying anything?”

As she spoke, Saki tapped a piece of paper with her fingernail. Sanha moved her gaze to Saki’s fingertips. The three letters written exactly on the faculty list.

「Mountain One」

The dark, sooty glow of the setting sun spread across the classroom walls.

“No, do you just not want to talk?”

“… … .”

“San. Ha. Na. Senior. No, should I call you by your title on paper?”

Saki, who pronounces Sanhana’s name in single syllables, opened her mouth again.

“Professor Sanhana.”

“Phew.”

A dry laugh flowed out between Sanhana’s lips. Saki took a few steps back at the taunt that sent a chill down her spine. Blue hostility ignited in Saki’s eyes.

“…What are you?”

The atmosphere was tense and tense. Sanhana, who had been smiling for a while, finally opened her mouth.

“Um, Saki. I know you were tired from the meeting earlier, but aren’t you just too nervous?”

“…what?”

“Still, that’s true. I think it’s not like you to mistake people with the same name.”

As she spoke, Sanhana looked at the documents that Saki had pointed to. There was a faint smile on her lips. Saki quickly looked through the documents with a look of confusion on her face.

Saki’s pupils shook violently. The name written on the documents was definitely Sanhana. However.

‘…different.’

The person’s whereabouts and movements, written in small letters in the corner of the document, are clearly different from Sanhana’s.

Moreover, it was clearly written that Professor Dongmyeong was away on a business trip during the festival period.

‘…I missed this?’

However, the words were too small to justify self-reproach, like the terms and conditions for membership. Rather, it was enough to make Sanhana realize it after glancing at it once.

‘Could it be information manipulation?’

Since the faculty and staff’s activities and information are automatically entered into the network through the academy’s subspace system, it is nearly impossible for outside interference to occur.

Even Saki herself can only view information and cannot directly influence the system. Access to the subspace system is the exclusive right of the academy director.

Then, could Media, the current principal of the academy, be involved? I calculated the possibility, but it was extremely unlikely.

Saki sweated and gathered her thoughts.

'That's ridiculous… … '

I prided myself on being meticulous to the point of being meticulous, but I missed such a small detail. It was a misjudgment that I can't believe no matter how many times I look back on it.

Saki couldn't hide her confusion. Then, Sanhana, who had been staring at her, spoke softly.

"It's okay. Even you make mistakes sometimes. You're not a machine, are you?"

Sanhana's tone was gentle, as if she was comforting a child. Saki looked straight ahead, biting her trembling lips in embarrassment.

Sanhana's lips held an endlessly kind smile. They were only a year apart, but her smile gave off a sense of age. I felt the wariness that had been heightened until just before dissipate.

"Saki, I don't know about your home country of Japan, but at least in Korea, there are a lot of people with the same name. It's three letters long, right?"

"… Ah, yes. No, yeah."

"It's probably because I'm so busy right after the villain countermeasure meeting. When you're doing serious work, there are countless mistakes like this. There are enemies lurking within the Academy. I think it's better to be on high alert like you are."

"… … ."

"Anyway, I think the misunderstanding has been resolved, so I'll go now."

Unresolved thoughts and feelings of guilt lingered in her chest. Nevertheless, Saki nodded her head guiltily. The positions had been reversed.

For Saki, the feeling of being bowed down to someone was an

unfamiliar one. It felt like a bitter taste on my tongue and a pungent smoke filled my chest.

Saki fought back the urge to continue the interrogation. Doing so would only add to the shame.

‘shit…….’

Sanhana smiled strangely and turned her toes toward the door. There was a brief moment of awkwardness.

Sanhana, who had reached the door, suddenly turned his head halfway and opened his mouth.

“Saki.”

“…huh?”

“As a senior in life, let me give you one piece of advice.”

Sanha had a meaningful smile on her lips. Her thick glasses sparkled for a moment before she opened her mouth softly.

“A boy who is as clueless as a swordsman won’t know unless you express your feelings directly.”

“… What, what!?”

Saki’s face turned bright red in an instant. Her words stuttered due to her trembling lips.

“I personally support you the most, Saki! Anyway, I’ll really go! Good luck on your exam-!”

“Okay, let’s go to sleep… …!”

Sanhana waves her hand in greeting and leaves the classroom. And Saki stares blankly in that direction. The dim evening casts shadows on her face.

* * *

The dawn slowly began to rise on the horizon. I sat on the railing and

watched the spectacle. My eyes opened by themselves at a time when I would normally be sleeping soundly.

My eyes are dim and my body and mind are exhausted. But today, it's really hard to keep my composure. And that's understandable…

"Ha, final exams don't matter, but why the group leader?"

This is Rachel.

Out of all the cadets, I was assigned to the same group as the person I least wanted to get involved with. I already had a mountain of work to do, but this unexpected stress was added on top of that.

The reason I avoid her is really simple. We don't get along. I felt it clearly when we took the midterm exam together last time.

A personality I never want to encounter again. To be more specific, the blatant flirting he threw at me was burdensome. Seriously.

I don't know where he got my number, but whenever he had time, he would send me tempting texts like asking me to come to his room to watch Let's Go or to get some ramen. It looks like my number has been leaked to the public.

Of course, my reply was blocked. But still, I got texts from a different number. And each time, they even boldly revealed their real names.

When I asked Weapon, Rachel said that every time I block her, she opens a new account. And her phone too.

Rachel says, there is no man who doesn't fall for you after ten tries.

Weapon patted my shoulder and offered me comfort. His face was filled with compassion. He added that there was nothing he could do and gave me a thumbs up to wish me peace.

As a player, I could roughly guess the intention behind Rachel's flirting.

She doesn't need an emotional bond with me, she just needs a strong bloodline. Loosening the collar and flirting are all for securing

stronger seeds.

And somehow I ended up being targeted by Rachel. Rachel, of all people, was one of the few cadets who witnessed the duel with Knox, the mermaid subjugation, and the victory over Mao Lang.

As a member of a breeding family that longs for superior seeds, I may seem like a tasty prey.

‘Originally, the target was Leon.’

As the heart-shaped pupil flashed through my mind, my whole body trembled. If I was not careful, I would be dragged to Changseongga and come out as an empty shell. I once again steeled my resolve to brace myself.

For your information, Rachel, despite her outward appearance of having a lot of dating experience, is a virgin.

I guess the game company tried to put a twist on the character’s personality…

“Mosul… … .”

I scratched my head and laid back on the bed.

The work was so late that the weather came back to me. It was natural since I woke up three hours earlier than usual.

As I was about to close my eyes, without refusing to accept the gradually growing heavy eyelids.

Rollin’, rollin’, rollin’~ Hey!

Rolling in the deep every day~!

The sudden wake-up call from the brave idol sisters. My eyes widened at the sudden ringing of the phone. My irritated gaze immediately turned to the wall clock.

The current time is five o’clock.

Even though it's summer, the sun rises early at dawn.

It's too early for even a rooster to crow.

"…Who is it at this hour?"

I nervously fumbled around the nightstand and picked up my phone. The artificial light from the phone hit my eyes hard.

[Saki Ryozo]

[One-hit]

[019-XXXX-XXXX]

I opened my eyes slightly and checked to see that it was Ryozo. She often sent me pointless texts, but this was the first time she called me.

'But he's awake at this hour?'

That question was fleeting. Since I sleep all day long, I probably don't have any sleep at night. I used to overhear Weapon and him talking to each other.

I looked down at my phone with empty eyes. I hesitated for a while about whether or not to answer, but then I answered the phone.

This is a call from a villain hunting meeting. It's likely that they made the call in a hurry because they found something strange.

I'm really tired, but Ryozo must have had a hard time sleeping anyway, so it's not something I can joke about as a manager.

"Hey, what are you doing at this hour?"

—What, you weren't sleeping?

The person who called while I was sleeping said something like this…

… .

I almost burst out laughing because it was so absurd. I tried to control my surging emotions and listened to him calmly.

“I woke up earlier than I thought. What about you?”

—I, I’m the type of person who doesn’t sleep at night.

“By the way, why are you suddenly calling at this hour? Did you find anything strange while researching the data?”

—… … .

When I asked that, there was a brief silence.

—… Do you think I only contact you when I have something to do?

A refreshing answer comes from the other end of the phone.

Come to think of it, that’s true. Given Ryozo’s cautious nature, he would explain important things verbally. When texting, he would usually joke around.

‘Then why did you call at this hour?’

When I didn’t respond, Ryozo hesitated and then blurted out.

—…I just called to wish you good luck on your test.

“…ah.”

I was once again surprised by the significantly changed attitude.

How could that rational and cool-headed Ryozo say such a refreshing thing?

Given her usual behavior, I think that’s a bit off. There may be other intentions, but it’s hard for me to fathom Ryozo’s true feelings.

Still, since they are words of encouragement, I should take them positively.

—Ah, anyway… I’ll hang up.

“for a moment.”

—Uh, uh, why?

“You take a good look too.”

—… … .

Once again, the silence of the early morning. I thought the call was disconnected, but when I looked at my phone screen, the call was still going on. I waited for an answer, feeling uneasy, and then I heard the end of the conversation.

—Yeah, thank you.

The phone call suddenly hangs up as soon as you finish speaking.

I scratched my chin and threw my phone on the desk.

I was thinking of sleeping a little longer, but the gentle sun showed signs of rising higher. The morning of the final exam dawned.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 91

Episode 91 Final Exam (1)

Before the final exam.

“… It tastes worse than I thought.”

I’m chewing on a very dry piece of bread.

When you take a bite, your mouth gets dry, so you moisten your lips with water. This series of actions is repeated.

The texture was so chewy that my jawbone felt numb. I frowned but continued to move my jaw.

“You have to eat to live.”

I mutter like that, but this bread is really hard to eat.

I bought it with the intention of filling my stomach before the exam, but it was a lot of food and tasted terrible.

They say cheap things are expensive, but I never thought that would apply to bread. While shopping yesterday, I was blinded by the low price and bought it without thinking. It tastes so good that I regret myself.

To be honest, my finances aren’t that tight right now.

Because the kimchi stew booth was so successful, we were able to earn enough money to not have to worry about food right away.

After deducting the cost of the goods and settling the accounts with the members, the amount that was left for me was a whopping.

‘5 million won.’

The satisfaction was indescribable when the number 5 had six zeros in a row. Of course, there was still money left from the blacksmith’s shucking, but as the saying goes, a rich granary and a rich stock are the only things that make you feel safe.

The reason I eat such a poor breakfast is also to reduce the leak in my bank account. There is no harm in saving money, after all.

With my parents absent here, there are fewer excuses for money to come in than a pigsty. I save what I can, and scrape together what I can.

If you live like that, you’ll be able to somehow make it until you’re a sophomore. Then, you’ll be able to work part-time, so you’ll have a steady income.

‘shit.’

As I was doing this, I suddenly remembered the past. I think I was exactly this age in my previous life too… … . My molars, which were chewing on bread with a heavy heart, felt stronger for no reason.

I stared at my phone, my chin constantly wiggling, as if I was savoring the words that appeared on the screen.

= = = =

[2034 1st semester final exam practical notice]

We would like to inform you that due to certain reasons, the content of the existing final exam has been changed as follows.

◉ Changes: External dungeon raid ▶ Team battle.

Implementation Period: 2034. 06. 02. (Tue) ~ 06. 06. (Wed)

Test Location: Joaquin Academy Special Hall.

Team composition: One second-year student and two first-year students. (Randomly selected.)

[※ The group composition will be sent via text message the day before the exam.]

[※ The exact test content will be notified verbally just before the test.]

＝＝ ＝＝

The composition is as simple as my breakfast.

It wasn't even written down how the test would be administered. Weapon grumbled that it would be better to just hand out a blank sheet of paper.

'sincerity.'

However, thanks to my experience as a user, there are things I can infer from even these fragmentary contents.

A word that stands out in these short sentences: the special room at Joaquin Academy, where the exams are held.

The three-letter name Rachel almost made me blink, but the location of the test was just as shocking.

Unless there was a change in the settings, it was originally only used by third-year students.

A large concourse located at the northern end of the vast academy grounds. It was a building that symbolized the practical orientation that is the academic style of Joaquin Academy.

It was called a building, but it was a dungeon, and even more so, an extremely sinister place.

'… What kind of special exhibition is this?'

The silence flowed naturally. That was understandable, because the Joaquin Academy Special Exhibition Hall is a compressed version of

Gehenna, the home of the demons.

It is said that the founder, Balor Joaquin, recreated it based on his 20 years of experience living in the Demon Realm, and that he put so much effort into it that he collected and planted everything from rocks and pebbles to grass rolling around in the Demon Realm, creating a unique ecosystem inside the special exhibition hall.

Even the loss of sense of direction, which is a special characteristic of the Demon Realm Gehenna, was said to have been copied exactly. You could tell how much the founder had cared about him.

A labyrinth modeled after Gehenna, built under the pretext of being an educational facility. This description seems most accurate.

Creating a place that is more dungeon-like than a dungeon within the academy grounds… … I agree with the slapdash style of education, but I think this is going too far.

To use an analogy to my main job, I opened an aquarium in a raw fish restaurant with the intention of handling various types of fish. I even brought in seawater and sand directly from the sea.

‘Balor Joaquin, that human is not normal either.’

The good news is that he didn’t bring the devil and throw him in. It’s a sad story, not knowing whether to be relieved or not.

anyway.

Team competitions are held in such special halls. This is truly meaningful to me.

‘As far as I know, the special room’s subspace barrier doesn’t unfold… … .’

Although it is a widely operated subspace curtain, the special room is the only place outside the sphere of influence.

Subspace and the realm of the devil are polar opposites that cannot mix, like light and darkness, water and oil.

If we were to guess based on the circumstances, there is a high possibility that bloodshed between cadets will be prohibited. Since subspace does not interfere with reality, there will be no trauma, but it is not a special space outside the jurisdiction.

So what are the criteria for deciding who wins or loses in a tournament? That's the only question, but we'll find out soon enough.

'… I'm not used to not knowing the test method and rewards.'

Until now, there was a foundation of memories from the user days. But now, there is none.

That's why the unfamiliar future feels strange to me.

But if you think about it, isn't this a normal life? I'm not a shaman, so how could I possibly be able to see the future?

In genre novels or webtoons, if you were to fall into another world, it would be like a lie, but at least it doesn't seem to be the case for me.

Well, since I was not a core gamer and fell into the game, the ending was a bit different. Since I don't know the second half of the story anyway, I can only accept it as a rehearsal.

…by the way.

I spat the residue in my mouth into a bag. Then I immediately poured some water down my throat to rinse my mouth. My gums were tingling.

"I absolutely can't eat it."

I packed my bags and wallet. Rather than eating this kind of dry bread, I'll just grab a cup of ramen from the convenience store. I muttered as I left the room.

* * *

After having a quick bite at the convenience store, I arrived in front of the special exhibition hall.

The first thing that came into view was, of course, the special exhibition hall.

Its plain, unadorned exterior was noticeably different from the other old-fashioned academy buildings. The stone sculptures in the shape of people were stuck all over the exterior walls, seemingly advertising that it was a strange place.

However, it is certain that it exudes an intimidating force that makes the viewer feel intimidated.

"… It feels a lot different than when I saw it in the game."

At the time, I thought it had a certain charm. I liked the fantasy-like charm of the academy, which was full of modern buildings… … But now that I see it in person, just looking at it makes me feel a little creepy.

'This place is modeled after the Demonic Realm… … .'

I looked around. It was bustling with cadets, each joining their respective crews.

What was a little strange was that the number of instructors was proportional to the number of cadets. I think there were at least a hundred of them.

"Sword!"

A loud voice from the side pierced my ears. It was so loud that even I, who was deaf, could hear it clearly. When I turned my head, two women were coming toward me.

Rachel and Hana were in the same group for the final exam. It seems like they joined easily because their group members' photos were also sent.

"Sure thing! I missed you!"

Rachel met my eyes and kicked the floor and ran at me.

With the spear of the Bangcheonhwageuk slung over his shoulder, he

looks like a rhinoceros charging forward with its horns raised.

I felt in my pockets.

“… … !”

Then, Rachel suddenly stopped right in front of my nose. The aftermath caused the stone floor to ripple in the shape of her feet. I was inwardly amazed at her legs that defied the physical law of inertia.

“Hey, wait a minute! It’s against the rules to draw your sword first!”

“… … .”

Rachel was quicker than I thought.

“But that kind of bad boyishness is attractive.”

I felt in my pocket again.

“Just kidding, just kidding! Anyway, you’re still as serious now as you were during the midterms!?”

“…ha.”

Even though I sighed, Rachel just laughed. I ignored her and turned my gaze towards Senior Hana.

Despite the commotion just a moment ago, her face had a relaxed look on it.

‘… than that.’

I noticed the red crowbar on the senior’s waist. What was it called on Earth? Was it a crowbar? Anyway, why was he wearing such a tool that looks like it would only be used on construction sites?

“Is that the senior’s weapon?”

“Yeah! How is it?”

Senior Hana smiled brightly and nodded.

“… That’s cool.”

“Right!? Even so, this is a B-class weapon.”

It’s a B-class. The weapon’s recorder is like that, and in this world, the weapon’s appearance and performance seem to be separate.

In the meantime, when Rachel was trying to sneak up on him, he was stopping her with his eyes.

“Okay, now that everyone is here, I’ll explain how the test will be conducted.”

A middle-aged instructor who seemed to be the most senior came out and spoke.

“This first-year final exam will be held in a special building, which is unusual. As you were informed by text, the event will be a team competition. However, it is a bit different from the concept of a competition you have in mind.”

As he nodded, the instructors standing in front of him all at once took their steps. The middle-aged instructor turned his gaze back to the cadets and spoke in a low voice.

“The use of weapons is prohibited during this first-year final exam. Each person must return their weapons to the instructors in front of them.”

At that threat, the faces of the cadets went from absurd to shock. I felt the same way, but at first glance, I understood.

Come to think of it, there was no notice telling you to ‘bring’ weapons. They didn’t specifically add that you shouldn’t bring them, probably to confuse you so that you wouldn’t be able to infer the test method.

‘It’s much more fair than the class placement test.’

As the atmosphere became chaotic, the instructor continued his explanation calmly, as if he had expected this.

“The inside of the special hall is a space with an ecology similar to that of a demonic realm. In other words, it means that it is outside the area of the curtain of subspace. If you are a third-year student with a lot of practical experience, it might be okay, but if you are a bunch of first-year students who are not good at fighting, there will be more than one or two casualties.”

The uproar died down a little at those words. That makes sense.

If these still fleshy creatures start fighting each other, things will get dire. After checking the reactions, the instructor continued his explanation.

“The test method is simple. You enter the special hall and reach the checkpoints designated for each stage within the time limit of one hour. The group that reaches the stage within the time limit advances to the next stage, and those that don’t are disqualified.”

‘… Well, it’s roughly similar to a group race.’

You have to reach the checkpoint within the 1-hour time limit and proceed to the next stage. It may sound easy at first, but the problem is the location.

The special hall, modeled after a magic realm, is a truly labyrinth-like environment. It is highly likely that humans will get lost in the scattered magic power, even if they are not aware of the demons or the devil.

‘The method itself is fine.’

I can understand to some extent that it is a team competition. It is a test that requires endurance and coordination.

To put it simply, it was roughly similar to a team marathon in a labyrinth.

This way, there will be less bloodshed and it won’t be particularly dangerous except for the places you have to go.

But one question arises. How are you going to grade without subspace? Then, the middle-aged instructor happened to explain this

part further.

“We’ll bring an instructor to each group to evaluate you and prevent any unfortunate incidents. If you want to give up in the middle, just tell your assigned instructor. That’s it. Good luck.”

As if they had been waiting for the instructor’s harsh curse to end, about a hundred instructors came rushing in.

They collected their weapons in subspace pouches that looked like shoulder bags. I’m not sure, but they looked like standard ones, unlike Media’s ones that looked like snap-on wallets.

“Ah- what the heck, this final exam is so boring… … . When you’re a teenager, you have to fight and fight each other~”

Rachel licked her lips. Senior Hana just smiled silently. Unlike Rachel, he didn’t seem to complain. He wasn’t the type of person to express his opinions easily in the first place.

The instructors who had been coming from far away, from the front, soon came close to us.

“Cadets, return your weapons!”

A familiar female voice was heard. A cute, deliberately mixed nasal sound.

When I turned my head, my eyes met with the female instructor in charge of our group.

“… Huh, huh! Hey, Sword Master, sir… …!?”

Villain Choi Seol-ah. Her complexion turned pale.

…is that you?

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 92

Episode 92 Final Exam (2)

Choi Seol-ah's pupils dilated in shock. It was not a metaphor, but her heart sank. She opened her mouth with a pale face.

"… Ha, ha. Hello, guys! I'm Instructor Kim, who will be in charge of your group for this final exam! It'll only be for one day, but please take good care of me."

At Joaquin Academy, Choi Seol-ah is known as Instructor Kim. However, Choi Seol-ah is not her real name.

When you make a contract with the Legion Commander, you sell your humanity. This includes your name from your human days.

"… … ."

A stinging frown licked the side of Choi Seol-ah's face. Kang Geum-ma quietly looked at her.

Rachel's eyes began to sparkle with hostility as she noticed the blatant gaze. She perceived Kang Geum-ma's gaze differently.

'A fantasy about an older woman.'

She was as tall as a jangseung, but her appearance did not show any curves. But Kanggeomma could not take his eyes off her. There was even a strange emotion in his pupils.

As time passed, the atmosphere became as cold as ice due to the

misunderstanding caused by the situation. It was as if a scene from a love drama was being broadcast live.

Choi Seol-ah tried hard to ignore the stares, but her body and speech became stiff.

“Why, of all people, was I assigned to that crazy guy, or rather, that crazy person’s group!?”

Choi Seol-ah thought to herself. She didn’t use any curse words.

Because I was afraid that my true feelings might be revealed.

Kanggeomma’s eyes were cold and calm, as if they could read one’s thoughts. Black pupils completely devoid of emotion. Even a brief glance at them filled me with fear.

‘Sigh, but I have to do what I have to do.’

Choi Seol-ah opened her mouth again, hiding her anxiety.

“Hey, even though I’m pretty, it’s embarrassing when you stare at me like that, guys!”

“Beauty is a piece of shit, it shouldn’t look like a purple pumpkin.”

Rachel snorted. The blood vessels on Choi Seol-ah’s temples clumped as she smiled.

The way she treats her instructor, calling her a precious daughter, is just plain wrong.

“Hmm- They say having a lot of fat on your chest doesn’t make you pretty, radish-haired student!”

“This fucking bitch!”

When Rachel turned her head in both eyes, Choi Seol-ah said with a sneer.

“What kind of habit is that to have in front of a teacher as heavenly as yours? Huh!?”

“Huh, what? The sky is fucking crazy. My chest is as flat as a stone floor!”

“Oh, no matter how stupid you are. Have you forgotten why I’m accompanying you? I’m the instructor in charge of your group, the instructor in charge. Not only do I do safety inspections, but I also ‘judge’ the grades. Let’s keep quiet and not lose our temper and ruin the entire group’s score, okay? You’re halfway there if you just keep your mouth shut.”

“… … .”

I’ve only eaten Academy food for five years. I’ve learned long ago how to suppress the spirit of such proud and arrogant cadets.

‘Responsibility of the solidarity.’

Rachel glared at Choi Seol-ah with her eyes wide open. Her molars were grinding as if she was chewing on something.

Regardless, Choi Seol-ah smiled brightly and collected the weapons. This was how she felt the taste of power that had disappeared with her master’s death.

Dang— Dang—

The sound of a bell rang out widely. It was coming from the iron bell hanging at the top of the special hall.

Then, the huge door that had been standing tall opened with an ominous noise. The dark background beyond the door.

The cadets groaned at the resonance of magical power flowing out through the crack in the door. Their eyes were filled with anxiety.

But a strong sense of nostalgia lingered on Choi Seol-ah’s face. It was a moment when she could feel the feeling of visiting her parents’ house while living in her in-laws’ house. The corners of her mouth naturally rose.

“Okay, shall we go!?”

Choi Seol-ah took the lead with excitement.

Kang Geum-ma followed, his hands in his pockets, and Rachel and Sanha-na followed him on either side like wings.

* * *

“Wow, is this your home?”

“Hey, slow down! Aren’t you here to watch from behind!? Which instructor is in the front!”

Choi Seol-ah, who was walking in front, let out a gasp. Rachel, who was getting angry at him, was trembling. Her footsteps seemed heavy.

“Phew, you were acting so crazy outside, but now that you’re inside, you can’t come to your senses? You’re not soft on the outside but strong on the inside, you’re strong on the outside and weak on the inside, really~”

“Haa- haa- you, if you go out, you’ll really get caught.”

Choi Seol-ah ignored Rachel’s nagging and her eyes sparkled like a child on a field trip.

As a villain, this sinister environment must feel like home to her.

Since he was half-human and half-horse, his magical affinity would be much higher than that of a normal human. But now, maybe only the dregs of magical power remain?

When Choi Seol-ah was assigned as the instructor in charge, I wondered if there was some kind of plot. It was just a joke, but a villain is a villain.

But her eyes were filled only with affection for life, and she seemed suspicious… Other than that, she didn’t seem to have any worries.

‘Does selling your humanity make you simple?’

Well, even if she harbors evil intentions, Choi Seol-ah alone isn’t

much of a threat. And if she gets the hint, she can just show you the stinging taste of the knife again. I took my eyes off Choi Seol-ah and looked around.

‘It’s definitely not ordinary.’

As soon as I broke through the blackout curtain, what I saw was Gwanglim.

A landscape with trees, rocks, and streams evenly distributed.

One of the recordings was a forest made entirely of grayish white. When you stepped on it, the pebbles that filled the floor crumbled and crumbled. If the Earth were to be destroyed, it would look just like this.

‘If this is the scale of the Demon Realm, then what is Gehenna like?’

The air is so spicy that it makes my chest feel heavy. Perhaps it is the aftertaste of magic.

The air current was fierce enough to make my hair stand on end, although not as fierce as when I met Agorna Mine.

In fact, Rachel has been speaking less since she entered the special room. Her face is pale, so it seems that the air is quite stuffy. You can train your body, but you can’t train your insides.

On the other hand, Senior Hana just moved her legs without saying a word. I asked her.

“How are you feeling?”

“It’s still bearable, but it’s definitely tough… …. You look fine, Geomma.”

“It’s not completely fine, my skin is a bit sore.”

“I feel like I’m going to throw up at any moment, but you’re just feeling a little stingy, haha… … .”

Senior Hana let out a faint smile. Judging from the slight trembling

of her knees, it seemed like she was starting to feel tired.

'… It seems like Senior Hana doesn't have any particular affinity for magic.'

She is one of the suspicious members of the same club. Although the possibility that she is a villain who infiltrated like Choi Seol-ah has not been ruled out, her reaction does not seem to be just acting.

'Let's wait and see.'

I glanced at my senior for a moment and then looked at the road ahead. There was only a gray forest spread out without any signposts. I couldn't even guess where the first checkpoint would be.

The magical power scattered there seemed to be disrupting my sense of direction, and I felt like I was just going around in circles. As evidence, there were footprints that seemed to be ours on the broken gravel road.

I didn't think it would be enough, but I was worried that if things continued like this, even an hour would be too short.

It is a situation where direction, location, and geography are all out of the question.

'If this continues, I'll be disqualified.'

Will a proper solution come out if the crew members put their heads together? Rachel, who is like a wild horse, is walking while sweating profusely, and Senior Hana is also doing a little better, but her expression doesn't look all that good.

Among the crew members, I'm the only one who's still sane. Did I develop a resistance to magic because of what happened? Either way, it's not the most important thing right now, so I decided not to worry about it.

Since the club president Rachel couldn't do her job properly, I ended up taking on the role of the acting club president. It's annoying enough being the club president, but now I'm taking her place during final exams too…

But if I were to just let this pass by, I was concerned about what the test rewards would be. The Academy's educational method is to give generous rewards in proportion to the difficulty.

"… Hmm."

I wanted to use the power of the Sword God's protection, but my sensory area was greatly reduced because I didn't have Sashimi in my arms. So I thought about threatening Choi Seol-ah and stealing the Sashimi.

However, that is a clear disqualification. If I were alone, I would not hesitate, but there are two eyes watching. I swallowed the regret that had risen to the root of my tongue.

However, spinning around in place doesn't suit my personality either. As someone who was born Korean, I am used to 'quickly, quickly.' I continued walking and became lost in thought.

Isn't there a clever way?

A convenient, fast and efficient way.

'If only I could detect magic power, I think I could do something… … .'

He kept mumbling the two words, magic and perception.

A feeling of being stuck in a rut.

… … !

Just then, a current passed through my left temple and exited out the other side.

I raised my head. My eyes met with Choi Seol-ah's, who was humming with a bright expression.

Choi Seol-ah flinched loudly, then scratched the back of her head and laughed.

'Found it.'

A scene I had seen on the news flashed through my mind.

Dogs detecting drugs at the airport.

I smiled at Choi Seol-ah. Choi Seol-ah's shoulders trembled. It was as if she had a premonition of her near future.

* * *

Same time.

Thud, thud.

The group led by Leon was crossing the wilderness. Behind them were two women walking with tired looks, Saki Ryozo and Erio Fine, a second-year Lang class member. A kind-looking male instructor was following them like a tail.

"I think we're around the first checkpoint?"

Leon, who was walking in the lead, turned around and waved his hand.

A bright smile hung on his lips, contrasting with the pale faces of his crew members. Ryozo barely managed to catch his breath and looked at Leon.

'…Isn't it hard for him?'

Even just breathing in the air made my lungs tingle and sting. But somehow Leon's face glowed.

I knew he was a candidate for the occupied warrior, but he was still neat and tidy even in the special room that was infinitely close to the devil's realm. It was like his own home.

"Excuse me, captain, can we rest for a bit?"

"I'm sorry," Erio Fine said, leaning on his knees. Her pink hair brushed past her shoulders. Her breathing was ragged and rapid.

Leon blinked and answered with a bright smile.

“I think we’re almost there, but just try a little harder, Erio-senpai.”

“…ah.”

Erio let out a weak sigh, then bowed his head and nodded. Ryozo frowned at that sight.

“Hey, Leon.”

“Huh? What’s going on?”

Leon tilted his head and asked back. His eyes were empty and showed no sense of problem. Saki’s eyebrows twitched once and she gave a fierce rebuke.

“What are you trying to do now? Senior Erio is having a hard time keeping up with your rhythm!”

“Yeah, why is that?”

“Hah, why!? Don’t you have any idea how self-righteous you are right now?”

Leon looked at Saki blankly and spoke in a dry, mechanical voice.

“I don’t want to ignore my senior’s opinion, but as a leader, I have a purpose to fulfill and a responsibility to shoulder.”

“Responsibility? To me, it just looks like you’re playing the captain’s game by wearing the captain’s armband!?”

“Ryozo, you are free to take my words however you want. But I have no intention of dragging along even the members who cannot trust and follow me.”

“…what?”

“I don’t know much about the atmosphere of the travel club you belong to, but I don’t think you should expect anything like a black horse from me.”

Soon, Saki’s face darkened and she let out an angry roar. It was only

for a moment, but the sharp eyes of the archer did not miss him.

The moment I mentioned Ganggeomma, Leon's eyes turned cold. I saw clear hostility towards Ganggeomma in his eyes.

"Why is the name of the swordsman mentioned here!"

"I didn't mean anything by it. I just said that I'm not as thoughtful as a swordsman."

"hey-!"

Leon took another step without any change in expression. Saki's sharp voice reached his back, but he continued walking without even looking back.

"What kind of guy is that!"

Saki glared at Leon's back with a fierce look in her eyes.

Erio, with a pale complexion, moved his feet with a faint smile as if everything was okay.

As the anger in Saki's pupils did not subside, the male instructor who was chasing Fumi spoke softly.

"Well, when you're young, you grow up fighting. As a leader, the burden will be immense, considering the place you're in. Just try a little harder."

"… … ."

Although she looked displeased, Saki soon let out a long sigh.

'It's already hard, so it's stupid to give up here.'

Saki nodded slightly. The male instructor responded with a bright smile.

She started walking again. Step by step. The sound of three people's footsteps echoed across the gray-white gravel. The male instructor stared at their backs for a long time.

“Hmm.”

An eerie light flashed across his eyes as he muttered in a muffled tone.

“… A warrior who can sense magic.”

The instructor opened his dark, ringed eyes.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 93

Episode 93 Final Exam (3)

As soon as we left the forest, where the colors had completely faded, a wilderness unfolded before us.

Just looking at it, it is a vast gray-white landscape, not much different from the forest just a little while ago.

Still, it feels like I can breathe a little easier. There is a refreshing feeling that comes from the open view.

“Haa, haa! I finally got out of that crazy forest!”

“… That’s right. I’m really glad.”

Rachel and Senior Hana’s faces brightened up, like someone who had just gotten off a boat after suffering from seasickness for a long time. I also let out a sigh of relief.

‘I feel a relief.’

I took a deep breath. The air mixed with magic filled my lungs. Unlike the stinging sensation I had felt at first, I didn’t feel anything special anymore.

You will be surprised at how quickly you build up your tolerance. Is it because the word “Ma” is in the name?

At the time, I thought it was a shameful name, but somehow I feel like I’m getting some benefit from it. If not, then maybe

Ganggeomma has a special constitution. However, the latter seems unlikely.

Suddenly, I thought of my parents here who gave me the name Ganggeomma. My father who congratulated me cheerfully, revealing his teeth.

-'Hahahaha. Sword Horse, you are the pride of our Seori Kang clan! As expected, you were born with good fortune because of your good name. You are great, our son!'

These are faces I no longer remember. But the vague and longing feelings still lie deep in my heart like smoke.

I wrinkled my nose. Those details will come out little by little. Let's focus on overcoming the current situation.

I turned my head. Choi Seol-ah sniffed around to detect magic. Although Hou-dae is human, his actions are clearly those of a dog.

Choi Seol-ah, who felt the gaze, scratched her cheek in embarrassment. She cowered and approached him timidly. She whispered in a low voice, afraid that someone might find out.

"… I sense a thick magical force from the northwest, Sword Master. If I walk in that direction for about 10 minutes, I think I'll reach the first checkpoint… …!"

Choi Seol-ah stretched out her index finger and pointed in the direction. She was doing her job better than I expected. I stared at Choi Seol-ah for a moment and then nodded.

"Good job."

"Hehehe, I appreciate it."

Despite the harsh words, Choi Seol-ah scratched her head as if embarrassed. Her reaction was exactly like that of a pet dog that picked up a frisbee that its owner had thrown far away.

Choi Seol-ah had lived as a subordinate of the 5th Corps Commander, so her passive attitude was understandable at first glance. However,

it did not dispel her suspicions.

A villain is someone who may bow down and humbly now, but you never know when they will stab you in the back of the head. They have no reason to kill, and they will not feel any hesitation.

Even now, he still harbors resentment towards me and is wagging his tail.

‘But thanks to him, I didn’t get lost in the forest.’

I raised my eyes and looked at the plain. Even though it was indoors, the horizon stretched far into the distance. I wondered if the magic power overflowing on the ground had interfered with the space and expanded it. Or not.

‘… Something seems a bit strange.’

As I stared at the horizon for a while, a feeling of uneasiness began to rise in me.

If I had sashimi in my arms, I would make full use of my sensory power, but for now, I have no choice but to rely on my innate sense.

“You know, Geommaya.”

As I was taking a moment to collect my thoughts, Senior Hana approached me quietly.

“Oh, senior.”

“… No matter how I look at it, Rachel doesn’t look too good, so why don’t we take a short break? It seems like we found our way faster than expected. There’s still 30 minutes left until the time limit. You go and ask.”

I glanced at Rachel.

She’s sweating profusely and breathing heavily. She looks like she’s having a particularly hard time among us.

A newspaper article I had read in passing in my previous life came to

mind.

It is a common misconception that the healthier a person is, the more vulnerable they are to germs.

I think it was said that because metabolism is active, germs multiply quickly.

‘Is magic like a virus to humans?’

If the hypothesis is correct, it would be easy to see why Rachel was breathing so sharply. As far as I know, there is no cadet in the Academy who is healthier than her.

I thanked Senior Hana and approached Rachel. As I approached, Rachel raised her lips while taking a deep breath and spoke.

“Haa, haa. Sorry, sorry. I finally became the leader, but I feel a bit embarrassed because I had to show myself so poorly in front of you, Geomma.”

Rachel tried to mix the podium with her hazy voice. She said that this was nothing unusual and instead hurried her steps.

“… … .”

I had forgotten, but Rachel was the leader. Perhaps that was why her staggering steps were laced with a sense of responsibility.

Although her usual words and actions are a bit strange, she is also a proper hero who continues the lineage of Changseong. In addition, she is one of the main heroines who fights against the demon tribe by following the warrior Leon.

Even in the future, the mission and responsibility of representing humanity rests on her shoulders, whether willingly or not.

‘In that sense, Rachel is also great.’

It is something that deserves respect to fight and risk one’s life for the sake of the general public. I am not aware of that at all now, and it is only acting as a trigger for my migraines…

Still, it's sad to see her panting like that. I feel like I might faint and have to carry her around for the rest of the exam. I don't think I can handle Rachel's solid weight.

"Wait a minute, Rachel."

"Uh, yeah?"

I grabbed her arm. Rachel was startled.

Her solid biceps twitched in his grip.

"Let's take a quick break here."

Rachel stuttered in embarrassment, unable to answer. Her heart-shaped eyes had become round. Even if she couldn't be so friendly, she could suggest a small break. After all, we're in the same group.

"I think we're almost there anyway. So I think it would be okay to just rest for 10 minutes or so."

"… How do you know that we're almost there?"

Rachel stared at me with her eyes wide open. The explanation was too insufficient.

However, it cannot be said that Choi Seol-ah was secretly used as a magic detection dog.

Let's just gloss over it. I scratched my eyebrows as I listened.

"I have a good sense. I was the first to notice the mines appearing during the midterm exam."

"Hmm, that's true."

"And what if it's a little late?"

"Uh, yeah?"

"Even if you fail, it doesn't mean you'll fail right away. And you can just do well on the next test. Don't feel too pressured because you're the leader."

“… … .”

Even if I fail the final exam, it’s not more important than Rachel’s safety.

In any case, she is destined to become a great hero, the right-hand man of the warrior Leon.

If you get hurt even in a distant place, you never know how far the butterfly effect will spread.

“Rachel, I said that because it looks like you and Hana-senpai are having a hard time. It’s up to you, the team leader, to decide, but I vote for rest. Hana-senpai, too?”

When I asked that, my senior silently gave me an okay sign. I looked away again. Rachel looked back and forth between me and my senior. After a while, she nodded slightly while keeping her gaze down at her feet.

“… Then just 3 minutes.”

“3-minute curry? When you have an upset stomach, you need to rest properly. How about 10 minutes?”

Rachel looked up. Her eyes were red.

Is it because I called the blonde curry? She was the one who reacted so strongly when Choi Seol-ah teased her by calling her a radish earlier.

Rachel’s lips twitched and then she burst into laughter. It was her usual bright and healthy laugh.

Then she wiped her eyes and spoke loudly.

“Okay! Let’s go in 10 minutes~!”

I smiled faintly to myself.

‘Now that’s more like Rachel.’

Only then did Senior Hana collapse to the ground. I also sat down with my buttocks against the gray tree stump.

As I was sitting there blankly, Choi Seol-ah squatted down next to me. I tried to wave my hand to shoo her away, but the girl was moving her butt faster.

Choi Seol-ah raised her knees high as if trying to block out the sound and spoke softly.

"… Sir Sword, I have something to tell you."

At some point, Choi Seol-ah's mouth was filled with extremely respectful expressions.

She was quiet, as if asking permission to speak. I asked with a dubious look.

"What is it?"

"…that is."

Choi Seol-ah hesitated for a moment before opening her mouth.

"I think that Mr. Sword Demon's skills at picking up women are extraordinary! I respect you!"

"… … ."

Choi Seol-ah's purple eyes sparkled as if she was hoping for praise.

I don't know what she meant by that, since she has lost her humanity, but it came across as sarcastic to me. My expression hardened coldly.

"If you're going to live in Korea, you need to learn how to speak again."

Choi Seol-ah buried her face in her knees, looking somewhat shocked. The hands wrapped around her shins were trembling.

"… I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Sa, please save me."

"… … ."

… Choi Seol-ah, how come you haven't been kicked out of the academy until now?

* * *

After a short break, we set off on our journey again.

A long, barren wilderness. Not a hint of life.

I looked around widely, but I couldn't see any other groups besides ours. There were a lot of them, including first and second year students, but it seemed like there were quite a few dropouts in the middle.

'We would have been eliminated long ago if it weren't for this guy.'

Choi Seol-ah secretly stayed close to me and told me the direction. Even in such a rough terrain, all you need is a human navigator.

… But come to think of it, what happens to the groups that drop out in the middle? We have Choi Seol-ah, but I guess the other groups don't. I suddenly became curious and asked as I walked.

"Hey, how do people who drop out in the middle of an exam get back on track?"

"Oh, that's right. Just a moment, let me see… It should be here."

Choi Seol-ah paid no attention to my complaints.

She reached into her subspace pocket, fumbled around for something, and soon pulled out a small box.

A black box the size of a palm. It was something I had never seen before, even during my time as a user.

"…What is this?"

"This is a magic caller! Open the lid like this, and voila!"

Choi Seol-ah proudly lifted the top lid of the ship and showed it to

me. An old-fashioned red button that looked like something you would see in an arcade from the 1980s was firmly stuck in the middle.

“Do you see this button? If you press it, the holder’s location will appear on the administrative office screen.”

“Is it possible in the special exhibition hall? How?”

“… Oh, I don’t really know the principle either. It’s made by the Hero Association’s research lab and distributed to the Academy for educational purposes… … From what I’ve heard, it’s made by deteriorating one of the artifacts. Oh, by the way, the Association also provided a large quantity of these subspace shoulder bags to the faculty and staff!”

Choi Seol-ah proudly held the shoulder bag with her index finger. She had a proud expression on her face, as if she had invented it herself.

I ignored it neatly and observed the pitch-black thing and the bag. Choi Seol-ah grumbled softly with her lips hanging open.

“… I explained it to you in detail, but it would have been nice if you could have just given me a word of praise… … .”

“… … .”

I was about to say something, but then I looked away.

‘The association is already making something like this?’

Artifact.

An artifact created in the mythical era when magic and protection were not distinguished. It is said that it is an item with an unknown power, and its value cannot be converted into money. It is said that less than ten of them remain to this day.

A world heritage that turns several S-class warriors who are treated as national treasures into ‘so-so’.

That is why it is considered a violation of international law for a country to possess it, and its handling and management are handled by the Heroes Association, an international organization.

The reason for this, to put it simply, was to maintain balance between countries.

“We will develop and distribute one of them as a deteriorated version… … .”

Somehow, more ominous questions arise than positive outlooks. Because I have no information on this part. I think this part will probably be revealed in the latter part of the story.

‘But is this expensive? Even though it’s a supply item, it’s actually an artifact. I think it’ll sell for quite a bit.’

When I tasted it again, Choi Seol-ah noticed and was startled. Then she quickly hid it behind her.

I frowned. Then she said with tearful eyes.

“Hey, this won’t do. If you put the industrial accident insurance policy in the name of the holder, I’ll have to pay for the compensation if I lose it.”

The voice was sorrowful. He sold his humanity to the devil, but he pretended to be pitiful.

It was ridiculous to hear them talking about industrial accident insurance, low wages, and eating the liver of a flea.

It’s so funny how a villain like you always carries around such things.

And am I a robber? Even though the main building is ‘Seori River’… I just took a look. That’s how Choi Seol-ah poured out her sorrows as a salaried worker.

“Car, found it! First checkpoint!”

Rachel, who was walking in the front, shouted.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 94

Episode 94 Final Exam (4)

At the tip of Rachel's index finger was a door.

A white wooden gate standing quietly in a desolate plain. Beyond it, the wilderness continued again.

'Is that a… checkpoint?'

It was a truly bizarre sight. The seemingly shabby exterior actually created a surreal atmosphere.

As I was standing there with a strange expression on my face, Choi Seol-ah came up to me and started talking.

"Your Majesty, even though it looks like that, the magical power it emits is no joke. It's just a single door, but it's enough to distort space."

"…That's it?"

"Yes, yes, this is my first time at the special exhibition hall so I don't know much, but it doesn't seem like an ordinary checkpoint."

Choi Seol-ah's eyes sparkled. It was an unfamiliar sight for her, as it was not usually the case that instructors would enter the special building.

"I'm the leader, so I'll go and check first!"

Meanwhile, Rachel ran out, kicking up a storm of dirt. Her footwork

was quick and powerful, as if the ten-minute break was having a positive effect.

Senior Hana also pointed in that direction with her eyes. I nodded and started walking again.

We gathered together in front of the door. Rachel stared blankly at the door, then turned her gaze toward me. Her eyes seemed to be asking for permission to open it.

“Let’s go in.”

“huh!”

As soon as she finished speaking, Rachel grabbed the doorknob. There was a loud noise of metal creaking from the strong grip. Immediately, she shouted, “Wow!” and slammed the door shut as if she was going to break it.

“uh?”

“be careful!”

One of the seniors grabbed Rachel’s sleeve, which was swaying due to the aftereffects of the kick.

Rachel nodded her head in thanks. Senior Hana smiled faintly without saying anything.

The next moment, everyone’s eyes turned to the scenery through the gap in the door.

‘…There’s something like this without even blinking?’

The first thing that came into view was a long wooden bridge, made of planks roughly tied together with worn-out rope.

Beneath the bridge, a lake filled with murky green water replaced the dry wilderness.

The lake seemed to breathe, with sticky blisters growing and shrinking repeatedly. The viscosity of the lake was so thick that it

looked like a swamp.

I don't know for sure, but if my skin touches that lake, it will be bad. That one thing seemed certain.

I raised my eyes again. At the end of the bridge, there was something vaguely resembling terrain. It was a long way, but if I just hurried my feet, I could get there in 20 minutes.

Even so, the bridge creaked every time it shook.

As if warning, 'Don't cross that river, my darling.'

"""""… … ."""""

A silence that lasts a long time.

No one is willing to take the lead.

Will this flimsy plank assembly hold me up? If I slip my foot in, I'll end up in that nasty lake.

'Should I abstain here?'

I seriously thought about it. I had a fear of heights since my previous life. My body may be different from before because I am a strong man, but my mind is still intact. To be honest, I felt that bridge was creepier than mine.

"ha."

In the end, I let out a long sigh and shake my head. I can't turn my back on the situation after having come this far.

I was bold when I met Legion Commander Agor, so I shouldn't be afraid of something as simple as a bridge like this. It would be a loss to my dignity as a man.

'But it's a bit much to just keep moving forward… … .'

The worries continue again.

But the thought didn't last long.

I turned my head and looked at Choi Seol-ah. She was muttering while staring intently at the lake, her hand resting on her eyebrow.

“Oh, the source of the magical power that was gushing out was that lake~ It felt somehow unusual.”

Choi Seol-ah nodded her head on her own. I called her by her title.

“Instructor.”

“Yes… …?! No, yeah?”

Choi Seol-ah stuttered, mixing up honorifics and semi-honorifics. When she spoke to me, she seemed confused, as if honorifics were on her lips.

“Wh, what’s going on, Cadet Kanggeomma?”

“I have a favor to ask.”

Rachel and Senior Hana took a look at me and then turned their gaze straight to Choi Seol-ah. I said with a meaningful smile.

“Instructor, you go first.”

“…to?”

“Before the test started, the middle-aged instructor explained, ‘The reason the instructors accompany the cadets is to prevent any accidents that may occur.’ Wouldn’t it be more in line with the purpose if you took the lead in this case?”

“But, but, but. This is also part of the test, right? What if I, as an instructor, intervene and cause any disadvantage to you?”

“Anyway, since it’s a special room, there’s no way there’ll be any surveillance cameras, and it’s outside the subspace intervention zone. If we just match our words, I don’t think there’ll be any leaks. But if we get caught, we’ll take responsibility for it, you know.”

He asked the crew members’ opinions with just a glance. The two men strongly appealed for agreement by repeatedly nodding their

heads.

“I agree with the black horse!”

“me too.”

“…ah.”

Choi Seol-ah’s pupils spun like pinwheels at those reactions. It might not have been different for someone else, but it was me who said those words. A situation where only one choice was forced.

Actually, I know this is far-fetched. It is clearly cheating.

However, since I used Choi Seol-ah’s magic detection at the first gate, there’s no reason I can’t do it the second time.

I know the intention of this second gate is to test the cadets’ courage, but aside from the educational purpose, it must be filled with the mad passion of Balor Joaquin.

This is a place personally designed by the founder of the Academy, who is a real-life sex addict. He decided that it was better to prepare for any unfortunate events than to become disabled by falling into the lake.

Choi Seol-ah is as tall as a model. If those delicate legs can support her weight, then Nana Hana Sunbae will have no problem.

‘… I don’t know about Rachel.’

There’s an old saying that goes, “Before you cross a stone bridge, knock on it.” The only difference is that Choi Seol-ah will knock on it for us.

Paat—

[Your spirit level has risen by demonstrating your wit.]

The opinions of the crew members were more or less in agreement.

On the other hand, Choi Seol-ah looked at me with round eyes. If I

had no eyes to see, it would be a desperate face that would make me grab my trouser leg.

“I, I, I don’t know, can’t… …! I have acrophobia!”

‘Shit.’

As I quietly watched Choi Seol-ah, all sorts of thoughts crossed my mind. She was the one who had sabotaged me and tried to kill me.

That is a clear fact. If you want to get revenge, you can stab him several times with a knife, but I did not punish him separately.

Instead, he treats Choi Seol-ah like a dog, and she does it quite faithfully. It’s as if she’s trying to prove her worth.

I walked slowly and leisurely towards Choi Seol-ah.

Then, she took a step back hesitantly and then quickly pounded her buttocks.

“Ah, that hurts.”

I looked down quietly and then crouched down. Choi Seol-ah kept rolling her eyes to avoid my gaze. Eventually, she lowered her head. I spoke softly.

“If you just give me this first, I’ll give you one thing you want.”

“… Really?”

“Except for the stallion’s mark.”

“… … .”

The expectations were cut off resolutely. Choi Seol-ah immediately pouted.

“… Hmm.”

She crossed her arms and thought for a while. Then, as if something had occurred to her, her face brightened. She shook her butt and stood up.

“I promised!”

To be honest, I didn’t really have any intention of keeping it.

Still, I nodded my head for now.

Choi Seol-ah walked forward with brisk strides. Her long legs gave her a refreshing stride, like a model’s walk.

Soon, Choi Seol-ah, who had come closer to the bridge, poked it with her toes. The single-log bridge was swaying like a snake.

She swallowed hard and looked at me. Anxiety flashed in her eyes. I absentmindedly nodded toward my legs.

“Everyone, just trust me and follow me! This instructor will be responsible for your safety!”

“Wow~ So cool~, clap clap!”

Choi Seol-ah spoke in a trembling tone.

Senior Hana responded with a voice that seemed to have lost all of its soul.

Choi Seol-ah pounded her chest as if to gain courage and took a big step forward.

After that, everyone, including me, was speechless.

“Guys, it seems safer than you think!”

Choi Seol-ah didn’t look back and just waved her hand. Then she walked away, staggering forward.

“““… … .””””

We watched her butt in silence.

Despite her brave demeanor, Choi Seol-ah crawled on all fours.

* * *

“Haa, haa.”

Saki Ryozo took a short breath.

There wasn’t a single part of her arms or legs that wasn’t numb because of that damn magic. She just raised her eyes slightly and glared straight ahead.

‘Leon, that crazy guy.’

The swear words rose to the tip of my throat and then went back out. I didn’t even have the strength to tighten my vocal cords, so I couldn’t speak. It was difficult just to straighten my stiff body.

Saki slightly turned her gaze. Senior Erio had a pale complexion that looked like she might faint at any moment. She, too, had reached the limit of her physical strength.

Saki twisted her eyes and looked back at the road in front of her.

‘Leon, if you keep following that kid’s rhythm, you’ll end up dead here.’

They walked without stopping for an hour or so. Thanks to that, they quickly crossed the second gate and approached the end of the test. At this speed, they would naturally take first place.

However, Saki and Erio’s condition was a mess. Their physical strength was at its lowest and their legs could no longer move.

Moreover, this third place. A spiral staircase attached to the wall led up to a ceiling of an unknown height. A towering building with a structure where you can get to a new floor by climbing about 1,000 steps.

The tower that serves as the home of the demons that exist in the demon realm of Gehenna. The so-called Demon Tower.

The founder, Balor Joaquin, had even recreated it on a roughly similar scale.

Meanwhile, Saki’s consciousness was counting the number of steps

she had climbed. So far, she had climbed a total of 4,897 steps without rest.

The tower itself felt like it was alive and throbbing. If you touched the wall with your hand, sticky mucus would seep out. Saki had accidentally touched it and felt goosebumps run down her spine.

In addition, because of the magical power that was stronger than the first and second ones, my stamina was melting away like snow. It seemed like the magic tower itself was eating away at the life force of humans and using it as nutrients.

Nevertheless, Leon went forward without hesitation, as if he had neither the time nor the need to look after his crew. At that sight, Saki's remaining patience disappeared.

"hey-!"

A roar escaped from between Saki's pale lips. Leon slowly turned his head back. Erio Fine also looked back and forth between Saki and Leon, breathing hard.

"What's going on now?"

An eerily cold voice. A cold glare flowed through Leon's eyes. A chilling dizziness coursed through his blood vessels and swept through his entire body.

Cold sweat ran down Saki's cheek. Then Leon suddenly narrowed his eyes and shook his head vigorously.

"Sorry, Saki. I guess I was too sensitive because I was tired."

Leon added with an awkward smile.

"Just go up a few stairs and you'll reach the 5th floor. Let's take a rest there."

"… … ."

Saki didn't say anything. She stared at Leon for a long time without saying a word. Saki's pupils sharpened as she looked straight into

Leon's eyes.

"Anyway, let's just hold on a little longer, everyone. I'll go ahead and check the 5th floor. Come up slowly."

Leon said that and quickly climbed the stairs. Saki looked behind him and soon turned her head.

Erio Pine was holding onto the mucus wall with a look of complete exhaustion. Instructor Nam worriedly consoled her as she kept vomiting, as if she was feeling nauseous.

"We're almost there. Just hold on a little longer."

"… Haa, haa. Instructor, I can't walk anymore, really."

Despite the instructor's encouragement, Erio shook his head, shedding tears and drooling. The instructor looked embarrassed and couldn't do anything.

Those scenes were captured in Saki's eyes.

Thud, thud.

Saki walked towards Erio, who was lagging behind. She stood at Erio's feet and crouched down, exposing her back.

"Get on board, senior."

"… Huh? But… … ."

"Someone who can hold on should carry you. Hurry up and pick you up before I change my mind. It's hard just bending my knees like this."

Erio hesitated for a while and then leaned forward.

"Ugh… ugh…!"

The magical power was suffocating my body, and if a person got caught in it, I would die right away. Senior Erio, who had a skinny body, was as heavy as a lump of iron.

“… Sorry. It’s too heavy.”

“Senior, after this exam, lose some weight… …. Why is someone with nothing but skin and bones so heavy?”

Saki bit her lower lip and stepped forward.

Sacrifice for someone. An act that would have been unimaginable in the past.

Suddenly a face came to mind. A person who would not spare himself in the face of any danger.

As Saki was about to laugh loudly and brace her wobbly knees, Erio suddenly whispered in a low voice.

“… Hey, Saki.”

“Senior, if I say one more word right now, I feel like I’m going to die. I’ll tell you the story later.”

—Pook.

The dagger was embedded in Saki’s collarbone. The blade went deep into the area near her lungs.

“Ugh.”

Saki’s pupils shook violently, and she let out a groan of pain. Then she fell forward.

My forehead was torn open by the stairs. My vision was dyed red by the blood flowing like spider webs.

Saki barely managed to turn her eyes and look back.

In the hazy vision, Erio Pine and the instructor were looking down with their lips slowly raised, their hands behind their backs. The two men’s eyes were gleaming menacingly.

Then Erio Pine opened his mouth.

“I was worried that Leon or you would find out on the way here.

Thanks to you, Saki, the plan went more smoothly than I thought. Thank you~.”

“… Haa, haa.”

“Oh, and since the dagger is poisoned, you’d better not even think about getting up. You’ll just die faster.”

Erio tapped Saki on the cheek. Then she hummed and spoke to the instructor.

“Oh, right. Bring her up too. I don’t want the babies following behind to run away when they see the dead bodies strewn on the stairs.”

“yes.”

The instructor grabbed Saki’s ankle and dragged her up the stairs.

As blood seeped into the walls and stairs, her eyes grew cloudy. Saki called out a name as her consciousness faded.

‘Sword Demon… … .’

Her eyelashes slowly closed.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 95

Episode 95 Final Exam (5)

“…what?”

I touched the back of my neck for no reason. The hairs stood stiffly for no reason.

An unknown, unidentified eerieness enveloped my entire body and then disappeared.

‘Is it magic?’

But it was a strangely alien feeling. It felt like someone was calling me from afar. It was like a ripple in the still water.

As I was wiping the goosebumps off my arms, Rachel asked me.

“What’s wrong? Why are you so stiff? Did you drop something while crossing the bridge?”

“… No, that’s not it. I think I heard a voice somewhere. Rachel, didn’t you hear it?”

Rachel nodded in agreement.

“Voices? I didn’t hear anything like that. Isn’t that just the sound of blisters bursting on that crazy lake? Just looking at it, it looks like there were more than one or two people who drowned… … . Why, on the internet and stuff, there are a lot of horror stories like ‘I heard a dead girl’s voice in the third bathroom stall… … .’! Hehe. You,

Geomma, are you a coward? Whenever you're scared, tell this older sister."

"… … ."

Rachel muttered, pointing down the bridge we had just crossed. I sighed.

'Did I mishear?'

I shook off my distracting thoughts and looked ahead. Rachel was just wiping away sweat, as if her condition had completely returned. Likewise, Senior Hana was wiping her glasses while wearing them. Only Instructor Choi Seol-ah was lying down, panting, with her long arms and legs stretched out like the letter '大'.

"Ughhhhhh. I can't go on any longer!"

Choi Seol-ah let out a long groan and then started throwing a tantrum. She flailed her arms and legs, as if she didn't even care about the cadets' gaze.

It closely resembles a cartoon where Rachel bursts into tears, shouting, "Danbi, turn it off! Woof woof!" Rachel looked at Choi Seol-ah with disgusted eyes.

"Is that an instructor? The way he speaks and acts is like a total brat."

I also agreed with Rachel's words, but I didn't show it on the outside. Regardless of my pathetic behavior, thanks to Choi Seol-ah's courage, I arrived within the time limit.

Well, that doesn't mean that Choi Seol-ah's actions will be liquidated.

Besides, there's no way this guy truly repented. He has no conscience or shame, so he shouldn't be reflecting on anything. I plan on using him like a dog from now on.

The reason why Choi Seol-ah was so obedient was simply her obsession with not wanting to be harmed by me. That must have been the reason why she crawled on all fours.

Still, I plan to say something. I just learned that the driving force that moves people is appropriate compensation. I approached Choi Seol-ah and quietly opened my mouth.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“…yes?”

Choi Seol-ah stared blankly for a long time without saying a word. Her purple pupils became perfect circles.

“Are you deaf? I said it was hard work.”

“… … .”

As she said that, Choi Seol-ah’s lips and eyes began to twitch. The tears in her eyes looked as if they would drip down if she were to touch them.

‘…Why is he like this?’

“Ugh!”

Choi Seol-ah closed her eyes tightly, then opened them, and stood up with a powerful shout! She shook her body once and shook off the dirt stuck to her body.

“Just trust me, Master Geomma!”

As she said that, she passed me and took the lead with brisk strides. Choi Seol-ah, who had advanced 20 meters in one stride, gestured loudly and urged me to hurry.

Rachel looked puzzled by my sudden change in behavior and asked me.

“You, what did you say to him that made you suddenly go crazy like that? I saw you flustered at your words earlier. Did you secretly give him a note?”

“… Do you think I have money to send him a note?”

“Hehe, that’s true.”

“… … .”

Rachel, who surprised me with an awkward smile. A knife with no malicious intent actually stings more.

When I glared at her sharply, Rachel ran away, her blonde hair fluttering in the wind as if she felt a sting. She waved her arms next to Choi Seol-ah.

Choi Seol-ah glared at Rachel. Rachel glared back.

Sparks flew between the two women. Soon, they both turned their heads simultaneously, snorting and groaning.

“These two people secretly have good chemistry.”

At that moment, a senior came over to me and said that. I nodded.

“Well, that’s all because you’re a sinful man, Geumma.”

“… … ?”

As if he was wondering what she was talking about, Senior Hana walked out lightly. There was a strange smile on the corner of her mouth.

I blinked and looked at his back. The words, ‘I am so sorry,’ were a bit on my mind, but I shook off the thought and moved my legs.

We’ve already passed two checkpoints. Now the last one is left.

“Oh, my, what is it? Why do I feel so uneasy?”

My heart was filled with excitement and anticipation, but somehow I felt uneasy.

* * *

That moment.

The area outside the special room was filled with cadets with pale

faces. Those sitting were noblemen, while most were slumped to the side, just catching their breath.

Among them, a male student with two-toned hair was breathing shallowly. A speed weapon with a strong physique but a weak stomach. His cheeks swelled up and then his lips, which had been closed, opened like a flood.

“Whoooooooooooooooooooooooooo.”

Starting with Speed Weapon, the cadets around him also quickly finished their breakfast with a “Wow!” expression.

The banquet of such vomit spread quickly along the torrent. This was a common sight for those who had no magical resistance.

“Haa, haa.”

Speed Weapon emptied his insides cleanly and collapsed on the ground. He nervously pulled at the tie that was strangling his neck.

“Oh, shit.”

I spat out a slice of pizza and felt empty inside. It was when Speed Weapon was sweeping away my chin and quietly looking around.

“Speed what time!”

“Oh, what? Chloe, your group is already out?”

“… Yes, I ran out of time before the first checkpoint.”

“Still, that’s amazing. Our group just wandered around in the forest and got eliminated. Oh my, thinking about that crazy forest makes me shiver again.”

Weapon pressed his nose and slapped his head. The cool air made his stomach feel even more uncomfortable. It was because of the motion sickness caused by the gap between the inside and outside of the special exhibition hall. In the meantime, Chloe turned her head around and looked around before opening her mouth.

“It looks like Kenma-kun and Saki-san are still inside?”

“Yeah, I came to my senses and looked for them too, but they weren’t there. I don’t know about Saki, but the manager has black hair so he stands out. Since I can’t see him, I guess he hasn’t come out yet.”

Speed Weapon shrugged, and Chloe’s expression changed into a series of emotions.

“… Sir Sword Horse, is everything okay?”

“Chloe, you’re the one who’s been with the manager the longest, and you’re saying something like that! You know that there’s nothing more useless than worrying about him. The manager will take care of himself. But… … .”

Speed Weapon stopped talking. For someone who loved explaining things, this was a difficult thing to do.

Even if that were the case, when I thought of Ryozo Saki’s face, incomprehensible thoughts began to swirl around in my head.

She was assigned to Leon’s group, a candidate for the warrior. Leon’s reliability was famous from the beginning, but for some reason, that part felt even more suspicious.

Speed Weapon thought deeply about Leon.

A giraffe of the era who suddenly appeared one day. Even to a man, he is handsome, and his personality and conduct are also neat and clean.

Speed Weapon summed up his character in one word.

Blank sheet of paper.

It is unstained and does not belong anywhere. It looks dangerously like it could lean towards light or dark depending on what paint is applied.

The weapon raised its eyes. Ding- ding- When the top of the tower let out a sound, the stone gate opened its mouth and pushed the cadets

out all at once as if spitting them out.

They, who had just returned to reality, were also struggling and vomiting like they had just done. Weapon wrinkled his nose at the sight. He was about to turn his head, but soon changed his mind and stood up, shaking his butt.

A month or two with Kang Geum-ma. I learned something from him.

Rather than worrying about useless things, I clear my head and move my body first. And Weapon had work to do.

“Chloe, let’s go.”

“Yes? Where?”

“We have to find the villain. It’s a shame that we got eliminated early, but thanks to that, we have some free time. Let’s do what we can.”

Chloe stared at the smiling weapon for a moment, then let out a small laugh.

“Speed, you’re starting to look more and more like the Sword Demon.”

Weapon scratched the back of his head, feeling somewhat embarrassed. Then Chloe spoke with a clear face.

“There are only 30 minutes left until the faculty office closes! I’ll go first, so you, Mr. Speedy, hurry up and come too!”

Chloe, who had not finished her sentence, jumped up and down the tree branch. Weapon stared blankly at her, who had become a dot in his vision in less than a minute. He muttered bitterly.

“… Chloe, when will she learn my name… … .”

* * *

It takes 30 minutes to climb the stairs to the third gate.

Now, the end was in sight, but looking at the stairs lined up so quickly to the top of the tower, I sighed.

‘Damn, why are we hiking at this late hour?’

I turned my head back.

“Ugh, ugh. It’s fucking crazy here.”

“Just try a little harder, Rachel.”

Rachel staggered around as if her soul had been taken out. Senior Hana grabbed her shoulder and tried to console her, but his condition was also not good. Both of them barely managed to move their feet with their faces drained of blood.

That’s understandable. Just when I thought I was getting used to this kind of environment, as soon as I entered this place, an enormous amount of magical power hit us like a tsunami. Even Choi Seol-ah let out a voice that was out of breath due to the excessive magical power.

Tsk-.

Balor Joaquin, that man is quite a character. To this extent, he not only restored the magic tower located in Gehenna, but also uprooted it and planted it. To this extent, it is not sincerity, but madness.

But in the meantime, I’m the only one who’s not having any problems. My lips are parched from the dry air, but I can just moisten them with my tongue. I don’t know what kind of body it is, but it’s not ordinary.

Thud, thud.

We climbed the tower at a leisurely pace. Whenever we saw a new floor, we took a five-minute break and then continued on.

Before entering the tower, I saw that there were only four people’s footprints leading up to the entrance. That meant that our group was in second place.

It's a bit disappointing that I didn't get first place, but I'm satisfied that I managed to get this far. Besides, everyone else's condition is not good. Rather than kicking my butt and pushing myself too hard, I'll just be satisfied with second place.

Premature impatience invites trouble. If you are alone, it may be okay, but there is no need to overwork the bodies of all your crew members.

As I was emptying my head and just rolling my feet, I remembered the thousand-mile march I took in the military. I remember shouting out military songs while carrying full military gear on my back.

'Compared to that time, this is just a walk.'

As I was moving only my leg muscles, with all the branches of my thoughts cut off, I heard a thud-thud noise and felt something sticky on the soles of my feet. It was a familiar, unpleasant texture.

I slowly lifted my feet off the floor. Then something caught my eye. A dark red thread was tangled stickily between the sole of my shoe and the step.

…blood?

The relaxed state of mind suddenly tightened with tension. I lifted my gaze involuntarily.

Kkwadduk!

As if in response, a roar came from above. It echoed ominously inside the tall and spacious tower. My intuition was faster than my perception. I reflexively ran forward.

"Hey, Mr. Sword!"

Choi Seol-ah called out in a panicked voice. She stomped her feet in place for a moment, then quickly followed me after telling Rachel and her senior to stay here.

I jumped up four steps at a time. If I had made even a slight misstep, I would have fallen to my death, but I didn't think twice. My heart

was pounding.

Knock!

I see the next set of stairs. I take a big step and jump up high.

He climbed about 100 stairs in less than 30 seconds.

Ugh- Ugh-

I raised my head, leaving behind the hot breath that was being exhaled.

At the same time, my pupils dilated widely. My heartbeat, which had been beating loudly, froze for a moment.

A pink-haired female cadet and a squinty-eyed male instructor stand alone in the midst of the chaos.

“Oh my, what is this? There are guests already?”

The one with the pink hair slowly turned her head towards me while grabbing Leon’s right arm. Her eyes met mine and a loose smile appeared on her lips as she spoke.

“Just a moment, finish what you were doing~.”

Woodduck!

When she pressed down on Leon’s forearm, the flesh burst open with a “P-“. Leon let out a scream and soon lowered his head. Blood clung to the pink-haired man’s cheek. She wiped it away with her index finger and licked it.

At that moment, my consciousness unconsciously turned to the corner of my vision. A girl with light blue hair was looking at me with her eyes blurry.

“…Sword…Maya.”

My pupils, which were shaking violently as if an earthquake had occurred, slightly lowered. A short knife was stuck in Ryozo’s

collarbone, up to the handle. There was a sense of desperation in his trembling voice.

“… Please… save… me.”

With those words, Ryozo lowered his head.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 96

Episode 96 Final Exam (6)

Kwakwang!

A ringing in the ears. Severe tinnitus.

“eww…….”

Saki barely opened her eyelids.

Blood flowing from his torn forehead stained his retina red. His vision was thin and red. He tried to wipe away the blood, but his arm wouldn’t listen.

Ryozo then slowly tries to get up.

One, a short moan escaped her lips. She had no choice but to lie back down, as the excruciating pain seemed to burn her entire body. If her throat hadn’t been locked, a scream would have come out instead of a moan.

What happened, what happened?

Humans can lose their memories when they are hit by a sudden shock. Saki changed her goal from waking up the body to awakening the mind.

Saki concentrated all her nerves on retrieving her lost memories with her natural intuition. However, the more she thought about it, the more her eyes and brain felt hot. Her breathing became turbulent.

I could tell instinctively.

There isn't much time left.

She went through them one by one, reflecting on the situation as her consciousness gradually faded away.

Saki slightly lowered her eyes. A short sword with a curved blade was stuck in her collarbone, shattering it.

The moment I saw it, the outline of my vague memory suddenly became concrete.

At that moment, the sound struck her eardrums again. Saki turned her gaze to the source of the sound.

'…Leon?'

Leon is seen resisting while covered in blood. He straightens his back and clenches his molars until they break.

The air shook every time Leon threw his fist. He had not yet fully mastered the miraculous protection, but the destructive power was strong. However, the desperate attacks were blocked by a barrier of magical power.

Saki broadened her field of vision as she took in the fierce battle.

The scars carved here and there, the sunken walls, and the floor gave a vague sense of what had happened. It was clear that they had put forth all their effort.

The opponent is a villain in full gear, while Leon is not even armed.

So the results were disastrous.

"Eee …

"Haha, even if you're a candidate for the hero, Leon, you're still human after all? This is so disappointing… … . I feel like something is lacking for Master Permish. And most of all… Agor died at the hands of a guy like this? Aren't you going to tell that professor to go

away? What do you think, Paul?”

Erio asked the male instructor, Paul, while grabbing Leon’s side flesh. Paul narrowed his eyes and looked at Leon, then answered.

“Hmm- but didn’t you endure Erio-sama’s attacks for over 20 minutes in this place that is roughly similar to the ecosystem of the Demon Realm? And you even returned your weapons. There is some doubt about Agor-sama’s death… … . It is highly likely that you were in a bad mood with your possessed body because you were possessed in a hurry. And since there was a sword master at the scene at the time, what the professor said may not be entirely false.”

“Maybe my expectations were too high. But judging from the fact that he held out well with his bare hands, he’s not completely an empty shell. Ha- If Master Permish can get possessed by this guy and adapt well, things will go well.”

“I am sure the new lord will be satisfied.”

“I wish it were so. The original owner, Agor, passed away, and we had nowhere to go, so he took us in and even made a contract with us. Thanks to him, we—”

As if sensing something, Erio cut off the conversation and glanced around. Then, the end of her gaze turned to Saki.

“Oh, what? Are you awake?”

Finally, an ominous ring appeared in Erio’s eyes. Saki felt a chill run down her spine at the sight of the strangely shining eyes.

“… … .”

“Paul, I’ll go talk to Saki for a minute. Keep an eye on Leon so he doesn’t lose his breath.”

“all right.”

Erio approached with light steps, as if he was so excited. As his steps got closer, the smell of death grew thicker. A chill ran through his entire body.

‘Is this how I die?’

Until recently, Saki’s life had been neither fun nor interesting. The repetitive, boring routine and the bleak home environment had only accumulated layers of emptiness inside her.

People die someday.

The heroes at the forefront of the battlefield are the ones who came first.

Saki Ryozo’s meek admission to Joaquin Academy was not out of devotion to humanity, but to find a justification for death.

But now Saki no longer wanted to die. Because she had found someone who made her feel affection and attachment to life.

Erio, who had come up to the foot of the stairs, stared blankly at Saki, then crouched down. Then he tilted his head and opened his lips.

“Does it hurt a lot?”

There was a deep dryness in Erio’s speech and eyes. She poked the end of the hilt of the sword embedded in her collarbone with her fingernail. Her lips parted reflexively at the pain that made her teeth tremble.

“Ugh… … .”

“Wow, that’s still amazing. You manifested your protection at that moment and slowed down the transmission of the poison. And you came to your senses shortly after. But since you were going to die anyway, was that lucky or not? Well, either way, I’ll admit that you were amazing.”

“… … .”

“I even acted to fool you. I was the target, wasn’t I?”

Erio giggled and whined. Saki chewed her lower lip and squeezed out her voice.

“…Why…doing something like this… … .”

“Poohahaha-!”

When Saki asked with a frown, Erio suddenly burst into rage.

A sinister and ominous laugh echoed through the tower. The next moment, Erio’s face quickly lost its expression, and a coldness returned to his pupils.

“I thought you were a little smart, but I guess you’re still a kid. Anyway, kids these days just harden their minds quickly, but their ideas are still the same.”

Erio brought his lips close to Saki’s ear and whispered.

“…I’m seriously crazy.”

Saki roared fiercely. Erio rested his chin on his knee with one arm and held the hilt of his sword with the other hand.

“How are you? Does it hurt a lot?”

Saki let out a silent scream. She couldn’t even open her eyes properly because of the convulsions that were coming. Erio observed her reaction with dry eyes and spoke softly.

“You may think I’m a crazy bitch, but I was just born different. Oh, and the reason I stabbed you is simple. I was disappointed in you, Saki. You may not know me, but I’ve known you for a long time. Until recently, I even thought you and I were the same.”

“… … .”

“You may not have noticed, but I’ve been watching you for a long time. I felt like your unique, bored eyes were similar to mine. But I almost got caught several times during that time~. We used to hang out together. His name was Ganggeomma, I think? He had such a keen eye.”

A drop of blood dripped down the hilt of the sword.

“Anyway, since you seem to have the same skepticism about humanity as I do, I thought I’d introduce you to Master Permish. Our lord cherishes a friend who lacks emotions like you. But what the heck? Suddenly, he turned his back on me and told me to carry him. That’s when I made up my mind. Ah, he’s just a human after all~.”

Erio shrugged. Then she sat up from her crouching position and stretched.

“Since we’ve chatted this much, I guess the road to the afterlife won’t be that lonely, right? Well then, thanks~.”

Erio suddenly turned around and waved his hands. Saki looked at his back, and the color drained from her face, and the life drained from her eyes.

‘I want to live.’

I prayed without realizing it, with a desperate and desperate heart.

I finally feel like life is fun, and I have someone I want to accomplish things with.

‘please.’

I know there is no god.

‘Anyone is fine.’

If you’re still listening.

‘Help me.’

I hope this voice reaches you.

Hit the button!

At that moment, someone’s footsteps were heard. Saki barely raised her head, which was gaining weight. At the same time, her eyebrows trembled. Was it a flash of light before death?

What caught her eye was the person she had been longing for. A boy

with thick black hair. He looked at her, panting.

A warm stream of water ran down her cheek. Saki moved her lips, trying to focus her hazy gaze.

"…Sword…Maya."

A pitch-black background began to surround her vision. Still, Saki clenched her teeth.

"… Please… help me."

Kanggeomma nodded. Only then did Saki surrender her mind to the sense of relief that was rushing in.

* * *

"Master Sword-! Let's go together!"

Choi Seol-ah suddenly stepped onto the fifth floor of the tower, chasing the tail of the swordsman who suddenly stomped his feet and ran up the stairs in one breath.

She took a deep breath and took a moment to catch her breath. She had only used convenient magic so far, and had neglected physical training, so her stamina was in shambles. Her vision was blurry and her Adam's apple was numb.

"Huh? Is it Seol-ani?"

A familiar voice pierced her ears. The tone was sweet yet ominous. Choi Seol-ah raised her head without even catching her breath. She called out the name briefly with a blank expression.

"…Eri…Oh, sir?"

Erio Fine. Since she was also a villain, that wasn't her real name. However, since she always introduced herself by that name, she was just called Erio.

A woman who is a senior among the villains who served the commander. Not only is she skilled, but her skills in handling fire

magic are unparalleled. After her master died, her whereabouts were unknown, so who would have thought she was disguised as a cadet?

The male instructor next to him also had a familiar face. Was his name Paul? He was a man with a characteristically gloomy atmosphere. He was also one of Agor's stallions.

'Why are those two together?'

Instead of feeling happy, Choi Seol-ah felt bewildered by the unexpected situation. On the other hand, Erio clapped his hands loudly to welcome Choi Seol-ah.

"Oh my, oh my, it's nice to see you here, kid! How have you been?"

"… Ah, yeah, well."

Seol-ah Choi nodded dryly. He wasn't the villain she was originally close with, and she didn't want to get close to him. Seol-ah Choi quickly collected her thoughts and looked around.

Leon was thrown to the ground like a toy, and in the distance, the blue-haired female cadet's breathing was becoming quieter.

But wait. That girl was also in the same club as Geomma-nim and was close with him… …? She gulped and looked away.

"!"

A swordsman stands with his back turned where your eyes meet.

A look that was completely expressionless and almost colorless. Seeing that, Choi Seol-ah felt goosebumps all over her body.

They say that anger that has surpassed the threshold is cold.

That was exactly the state of Ganggeomma.

Choi Seol-ah, then and now, wanted to live.

Didn't they say that even rolling in dog shit is better than this life? She had many things she wanted to eat and many things she wanted

to do.

I could tell because she was obsessed with that kind of life. The indescribable pressure weighing on her shoulders, the thick smell of death.

At least in Choi Seol-ah's eyes, it was taking on a physical form and emanating from the strong sword.

At that moment, Erio's voice was heard from the front.

"Ah, Seol-ah! Do you want to make a contract with Permish-nim while you're at it? A timid person like you needs a new master. I'll talk things through with Permish-nim!"

"… … ."

Choi Seol-ah hesitated and remained silent.

'As soon as the leader of the map, Agor, died, he waited and made a contract with another legion commander, and that's bullshit.'

Erio tilted her head with a puzzled expression. Then, she turned her gaze slightly towards Kanggeomma and spoke in a friendly manner.

"The black-haired guy in front of him. Was he Sashimi Kensei? A genius cadet who broke the Iron Horn. He was no joke. But what can I do, even you, can you fight three villains in this environment? You don't even have any weapons. Look, Leon, the so-called hero candidate, has become a total rag."

Erio points to Leon with a smile. The male instructor next to him also has a crooked smile on his lips.

"… … ."

Amidst the swearing and ridicule, Kang Geum-ma silently extended his hand behind him. Choi Seol-ah, who was behind him, flinched.

"Huh, huh?"

Choi Seol-ah looked at his palm and the back of his head alternately.

And immediately she realized what the gesture meant.

Choi Seol-ah rolled her head as she held her breath. Her brain felt like it was spinning like a top.

In a split second, she eliminated and judged countless cases. Which side should she take here?

If we consider the possibilities, the probability of survival would be overwhelmingly higher if you hit the back of the head of the strong swordsman here and stick to the other side.

Moreover, Kang Geum-ma was the boy who treated him like a dog. If he wanted revenge, now would be the perfect opportunity.

But what is this eerie sensation, this feeling rising from the tips of my toes? The air current becomes increasingly violent and soon begins to flow backwards.

Choi Seol-ah slowly closed and opened her eyes. It was a moment when determination was engraved in her eyes. She put her hand into her subspace pocket and stirred it.

Kiririn—

A smooth sword sound was pulled out from the subspace pocket. In Choi Seol-ah's hands were two sashimi sticks drawn.

Choi Seol-ah knelt down and bent her waist. She bowed her head and held the sashimi high.

"Your Majesty the Swordman."

Villain Choi Seol-ah asked while holding a knife.

"I accept you as my new master."

"… … ."

The words never came back.

-Instead.

Kwaaak.

Kang Geum-ma grabbed the sashimi.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 97

Episode 97 Final Exam (7)

Erio Fine twisted the corners of his lips.

“What the hell is that fucking bitch doing?”

“I don’t know for sure, but it’s clear that they won’t join us.”

“You ask me because I don’t know? So why, why did that bat-bitch Choi Seol-ah abandon us and stick with that bloody bastard!”

Erio let out a nervous huff. Paul shrugged his shoulders and accepted the words slyly.

“I guess it’s because I’ve been squatting among humans all this time. Now, hold on tight, Erio-sama. Do you really need to get excited before an uprising? I’ll take care of that black-haired cadet.”

“Is it possible? Even though this is our home ground, this guy broke the iron fence at the age of seventeen.”

Erio asked coldly. Paul nodded and answered, placing one hand on his chest.

“Even if I lose, I can at least make up for it with physical strength. And I’ve been keeping an eye on that cadet’s strength from early on. I won’t let my guard down.”

“Paul, if you say so, there must be a way, right?”

“Yes, please trust me and leave it to me, Erio.”

Paul paused for a moment and then swung his sword. The bloodshot arm holding the hilt of the sword was visible. Paul was silent for a moment and then spoke softly.

“You have such strong magic power, yet you’re still sane. As expected. If it were normal, I would have lost nine out of ten fights.”

As Paul opened his eyes, a thick current rose in the air.

“—The location was not good, Cadet Kanggeomma.”

Paul gathered the scattered magical power and piled it up in both hands. The energy was so strong that his hair floated in the air.

Wooooow!

Paul snapped his right finger. Six spheres made of clay floated behind him, each about the size of a cannonball.

Then he flicked his left hand and the piles of dirt were covered in embers.

‘I made the right decision to follow Erio and make a contract with the 4th Corps Commander.’

A villain who has lost his subject cannot use magic. Since he uses magic by parasitizing the commander of the legion and receiving magical power, it is impossible to increase magical power on his own without a lord.

Erio and Paul’s magic power also disappeared with Agor’s death. They sold their humanity and became villains, but they were stripped of their powers without even being able to enjoy the movie.

But one day, unexpected luck came.

After Agor’s death, the 4th Corps Commander Permish proposed a contract. The price of the contract was the body of Leon, a candidate for the warrior.

In order for a demon of the level of a legion commander to invade the human world, he must possess a possessed body. The stronger the

vessel, the greater the difference in power of the possessed body. That is why the demons were eyeing Leon's body, which was a vessel close to infinity.

Erio and Paul accepted the devil's whispers with open arms.

As a result, thanks to Permish's grace, the two villains gained control of both fire and earth magic.

'I said I wouldn't let my guard down, but I guess I can't lose this time.'

The magic power that was surging everywhere ran through every corner of the blood vessels. Paul smiled gloomily.

I try to keep my cool, but it's hard to keep the corners of my mouth from turning up at the pleasure of my whole body warming up.

Two magical operations? A small regret spread across Choi Seol-ah's expression at the unheard-of phenomenon.

'… Could it be that if I had re-signed with a different legion commander, I would have been able to control two attributes?'

However, it was already too late to blame herself. Even though she had the temperament of a bat, she wasn't the type to change her mind in a few seconds.

'I have no choice but to trust you, Sword Master.'

Choi Seol-ah, who had made up her mind, suddenly stepped back. She herself would not be of any help to Kang Geum-ma, but would only be a hindrance. She also had a slight thought of running away if the situation arose.

Thud, thud.

Paul walked forward with a confident gait.

The power of Kanggeomma was estimated to some extent through his sparring with Mao Lang. The swordsmanship was so fast that it seemed as if there was no process. Paul was also impressed by the

incredible speed that seemed to have surpassed the limit.

‘Normally, I would have been cut without even touching it.’

But there is a countermeasure: eliminate the space.

What good is all that nimble footwork if your movements are limited? Even if you dodge this blow, you can just keep on striking.

It is an environment where magical power, which can be used as a magical ingredient, is widespread.

Above all, that bastard Kang Geum-ma is excited. Although his eyes are colorless and transparent, his mind must be greatly shaken. That shock will make a difference and decide life and death.

“I will go with full force.”

Paul opened his eyes wide and stretched out his arms.

He fired cannonballs heated by the flames all at once.

Kwagagagagagagang!

An attack that rushed toward Kanggeomma like a meteor. Every time the boulders collided, there was a loud noise that made the ground shake.

The fierce bombardment continued. Fierce sparks mingled with the white dust, creating a dry, fuming atmosphere.

Choi Seol-ah rubbed her eyes. The moisture had dried and her eyes felt stinging.

So I decided to observe the workshop with all my senses except for sight. I could no longer control my magic, but I could still sense things.

Skin that is drying up and becoming dry.

The smell of something burning.

A loud noise that hits the eardrums.

The more I heightened my senses, the more I could feel the texture of the fierce battle. It was hot and rough.

But for some reason, there was no sharp sound of something being cut or scraped. Choi Seol-ah's long eyelashes, which had been closed, trembled with anxiety.

'… Surely, you're not saying that the swordsman is losing?'

Choi Seol-ah shook her head to dispel the momentary doubt. She had no choice but to trust her own choices, or more precisely, her own intuition.

As soon as my eyes adjusted to the dry, humid air, I opened them half-heartedly. It was a gamble with my life at stake. I was determined to take it even if it meant losing both my eyes.

Paul's casting bombardment continued without stopping. He concentrated his magical power into his hands without stopping. When he had gathered an appropriate amount, he immediately flicked both hands to combine the two magics.

Paul is definitely a tricky opponent, as he uses both magics. However, what bothers him more than that is his combat prowess.

Charge, cast, bomb.

These three processes were completed in a matter of seconds by Paul's hands. Choi Seol-ah's eyes were filled with astonishment.

'…Paul, that bastard, when did you grow up like that?'

Absorbing magical power, converting it into magic in one breath, and then firing it out. Choi Seol-ah knew very well how absurd that was.

When I saw it in passing before, it didn't seem to be this much… … In addition to the contract with the 4th Corps Commander Permish, there must have been personal growth for Paul as well. Choi Seol-ah concluded so.

If not, I feel like I'm going to get a bad feeling about it. I believe whatever I want to believe.

This was also one of the upright attitudes of a villain.

So Paul continued to fire a barrage of shots for several minutes. It was a rapid fire attack aimed at narrowing the range of movement rather than aiming accurately. Before he knew it, the terrain had changed significantly from a moment ago.

The floor and walls were lined with fire-spitting boulders. Paul's pupils moved nimbly between his thin eyelids.

'…Where did you go?'

All I could see was Choi Seol-ah standing blankly in the distance, and Kang Geum-ma was nowhere to be seen.

Paul immediately sharpened his senses and looked for signs of Kanggeomma. He would not have just let it happen. Paul had clearly seen Kanggeomma's speed, which was so fast that it was almost invisible.

Paul rolled his eyes quickly, drooling. A chill ran down his spine along with a chill.

The moment I was about to turn my head, a flash of sword light appeared in the gap in my vision.

The sharp tip of the sword cut through the dirt and struck Paul's side and collarbone.

Phew! Bam!

"Ugh!"

Paul's mouth opened on its own and a scream escaped him.

The vivid taste of swords that makes your eyes open in an instant.

A sharp, cold pain shot through my stomach.

"!"

Paul's pupils contracted and dilated once, then quickly filled with

black hair.

The appearance of Kanggeomma glaring with his eyes sparkling in his arms.

There was no room for reflexive actions.

As Kanggeomma spun his body around and swung his sword, a silver ray of light smoothly passed through his arm.

Crunch.

The right arm floated up to Paul's retina and sprayed blood. Paul's brain slowed down and he froze for a moment.

"Eww!"

Paul let out a scream a little late at the stinging pain that came belatedly.

"What the fuck!"

Paul quickly distanced himself, spitting out saliva. His eyes were dark with even greater fear than before.

Even though he could have beheaded him long ago, Kanggeomma only wounded him with a sword. And the wounds were not in vital areas, but in the arms and sides.

With a brief thought of 'Why?', his gaze shifted to Leon. His forearm was crushed, and blood was gushing from his side.

'S, really…?'

Paul's pupils shook. That bastard, Kanggeomma, is now paying back Leon and Saki for what they did to him.

'Hey, it wasn't a matter of winning or losing in the first place.'

Only then did Paul realize that, far from being a waste of time, he was being completely played around.

"… … ."

Even in the midst of all this, Kang Geum-ma looked at him with transparent eyes. Black eyes filled with something beyond murderous intent. Just by meeting them, his body flinched and his jawbone popped out.

“Ahhhh! Aahhhh!”

Paul screamed in agony, his brain turning blank. Finally, he started to violently swing his one remaining hand. It was a struggle mixed with pleading, as if he was squeezing out the last of his strength.

Then, behind Paul’s back, a thorny, ugly boulder loomed again.

He lost his right hand and can no longer control fire. Instead, he gathers all his scattered magical powers.

Paul raised the power limit to the maximum and fired his magic.

Kugugugugugugugugu!

Kanggeomma stared at the sight for a moment, then gripped the hilt of his sword tightly. A strong energy formed from his knuckles and quickly spread to the entire sword. A bluish light immediately flowed down the blade.

‘… That, that.’

Paul screamed in horror.

Isn’t that an aura that only the best masters can handle?

His face turned into one of bewilderment at the phenomenon beyond his cognitive range.

While Paul blinked, Kanggeomma raised his blade.

And then he opened his mouth softly.

“asleep.”

The blade shook.

Seriously!

The divided piles of dirt branched out and crashed into the wall. The sharp blue light went straight ahead and soon passed through the pole. Soon, a red straight line was drawn from the crown of the head to the groin.

“T, this is ridiculous—”

Paul felt for the spleen, and soon his body split in half.

thud!

Paul, who was a villain, became a villain/run.

* * *

It was an unbelievable sight.

Choi Seol-ah’s pupils, who had been watching, grew three times larger and then shrank. She rubbed her eyes with the cat’s wash and opened them again.

The flow of gaze turned towards the ‘thing’ that was Paul. The corpse, neatly split in half, was losing heat at a rapid rate. Choi Seol-ah felt a tingle in her throat.

‘This is crazy.’

For a moment, it seemed as if Kang Geum-ma’s arm was shaking, and then something flashed.

Next is this situation.

That was an attack? The action in Choi Seol-ah’s eyes was faster than lightning. It seemed like even Aura was involved, and at that age, she even wielded swordsmanship.

A shock so cold that it left me speechless. It was a sword strike that defied the laws of physics, almost devilish.

Choi Seol-ah’s gaze naturally moved to Erio.

A face of utter confusion and despair. It was a reaction no different

from theirs. However, their positions were clearly different.

To Kang Geum-ma, Choi Seol-ah was an ally, and Erio was an enemy. Erio's lips pursed in shock.

A deep smile appeared on the corner of Choi Seol-ah's lips as she looked at her. Even during her days as a villain, she had openly belittled and degraded herself, but now she was trembling like a drowning rat.

'Idiot.'

She looked at Kang Geum-ma's back. Smoke rose from his shoulders. The smell of carbon dioxide lingered in her nostrils as it swept through the air.

'… … .'

I looked at the sword and was convinced.

I am certain that the safest place in the world is by his side.

That was enough for Choi Seol-ah.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 98

Episode 98 Determination (1)

Erio's large pupils grew even bigger.

'What the… what the heck is that monster bastard!'

The rumor that Kanggeomma was strong had already spread. Not long ago, he was a peerless genius who defeated the continent's star in a subspace duel.

People called him this, Sashimi Sword.

Although there was a certain amount of joking mixed in, one of the standouts was a real Ganggeomma.

That's why I calculated various variables and studied countermeasures in case of an encounter. All my hard work burst like a bubble in an instant. My legs lost all their strength and my legs trembled.

Paul, who was involved, didn't notice, but Erio, who was watching the fierce battle, was shocked.

A strength beyond imagination. Moreover, the pressure that the strong swordsman exudes even destroys the will to fight.

How could he do that? And he's seventeen years old, with fluffy hair on his face. In the first place, is it even possible for someone like that to exist, regardless of age?

An entity whose power bottom cannot even be guessed.

Monster, no… … .

“devil.”

The words that had been mumbling in her head came out. Then, the black eyes stopped on her.

Just one step.

The tips of Kanggeomma’s feet turned towards Erio. His cold, empty eyes were fixed on her.

“Oh, don’t come!”

Erio shouted angrily. The hairs on his body stood on end.

But Kang Geum-ma’s feet continue to move.

“You devil, don’t come here!”

Choi Seol-ah snorted at those words. It was ridiculous for a villain like him to say something like that. Choi Seol-ah shrugged her shoulders and shook her head as if she was sorry.

Jeokbuk— One more step.

Erio’s face turned pale and dead.

A confusing mix of emotions raced through my head.

‘Die, die, die, die, die, die.’

Finally, Erio gritted his teeth and woke up from his frozen state.

No matter what, you have to avoid death.

First, he must survive, and then he must plan for revenge in the future. Erio regained his composure and barely managed to think straight.

Are we just going to continue like this?

I just saw Kang Geum-ma's absurd swordsmanship, so there's no way I can escape.

So, cast some magic, launch an attack, and then run away?

But for some reason, there was no magical power felt. Erio turned his gaze to the half-naked Paul.

'… Could it be that he has magic power… …?'

Come to think of it, that bastard Paul was preparing for casting before he could even activate it. He even boasted that he would drain his stamina, but then showed his incompetence by breaking his body in one go.

No matter how strong your magical power is, its total amount is not infinite. If you use it sparingly, it will eventually run out.

Still, it is heterogeneous. The magical power that Paul used before he died was not that great, so why? It was a momentary question. However, Erio quickly figured out the answer.

Erio turned her head quietly. Cold sweat ran down her forehead. She looked at the sashimi.

The blade was spurting out life force ferociously, pushing away the magical power of the area. It seemed impossible, but it was reality.

"… … ."

Meanwhile, that crazy monster is getting closer. There is no time to delay.

Soon she grabbed Saki's hair, who had lost consciousness, and lifted her up.

"If you come one more step, I'll slit your throat right now!"

Erio quickly shaped the clay into a sharp knife and thrust it into Saki's jawline. Then, the strong swordsman's footsteps stopped.

Yeah, there's no method as sure as a hostage. Erio used Saki as a

shield and slowly moved towards the stairs.

As Erio was almost reaching the stairs, he suddenly felt a sense of unease.

Suddenly, her gaze swept over Saki. The dagger that had clearly been embedded in her collarbone was gone. Only blood flowed from the wound on her chest.

“What, what is this?”

As Erio’s pupils dilated, Saki’s lips moved.

“It hurts. Stop it now.”

“… … !?

As soon as he finished speaking, Saki took out the sword hidden in her bosom. Then, she held the hilt in her hands and thrust with all her might towards the back.

Phew!

“Keueueueuk-!”

The sharp blade pierced his navel and tore through his intestines. The poison on the iron immediately flowed through his blood vessels.

“Kkaaaaaaaaaah!”

Erio screamed in pain for a long time before his knees finally hit the ground.

Sakido staggered as if her legs had lost their strength and she leaned against the wall. Erio, who had fallen forward, raised his head and asked.

“How on earth… did you?”

Saki squeezed out her strength and smiled faintly. Her sky-blue hair flowed down her cheek. She let out a murky breath and sighed.

“Haa, haa… You were acting like that earlier, so why can’t I? And

archers have always had a tolerance for poison… One of the archers' tricks is to put poison on the tip of an arrow and aim at the enemy."

Saki took a moment to calm her disorderly breathing. It wasn't quite as tidy, but she really felt like she would stop breathing if she didn't do something about it.

"…you crazy bitch."

Erio cursed in a distorted voice. The poison had spread to his neck, causing purple veins to appear. Only the muscles in his face were twitching, while most of his body organs were motionless.

Saki also looked as if she had completely exhausted herself. However, she tried to straighten her back and continued to speak.

"It wasn't that the poison was transmitted through the shield, haa, haa… it just slowed down the heartbeat. But if the timing had been off by even just one second, I almost crossed the Jordan River… … ."

Erio's eyes glared at her as she clutched her lower abdomen. But the life in her face was quickly fading away. The poison had spread to her brain and was slowly starting to shut down.

"…iced coffee."

My eyelids close. A pitch-black curtain quickly covers my vision.

A short groan was Erio's last words. Immediately afterwards, life responses completely ceased.

"Haa, haa."

Saki also lowered her head with a look of exhaustion as her body slowly leaned forward.

Hot.

A firm sensation touched Saki's cheek. She raised her eyes slightly.

At the border between life and death, the face he had been searching for was looking down at him.

“I’m the one dying, so why are you making that face? But thank you for saving me at the right time.”

“… … .”

“And this is a favor I promised to grant a few days ago.”

Saki smiled faintly and buried her face in his chest.

“Please let me stay like this a little longer.”

* * *

Ryozo leaned against my arms. His face was pale, almost bloodless, and his breathing was turbid. However, even his breathing was fading away like a candle in the wind.

“Ryozo!”

“… … .”

Even when his name was called loudly, Ryozo only opened his mouth a few times and then suddenly started coughing.

“Coolook, coolook.”

As the coughing continued, blood began to spurt from the wound and mouth. I urgently checked Ryozo’s condition.

A jagged sword wound ripped through his chest. It seemed to have narrowly missed his vital point, but it was clearly a fatal wound. Perhaps because of the damp air inside the tower, the bleeding was not stopping.

I shifted my gaze slightly. Ryozo was in bad shape, but Leon, who was lying about ten steps away, was in even worse condition.

It’s so alive that you’d think it was barely alive. Its side was cut open, and one arm was hanging out like a rag.

We must take action immediately. If we delay, both of our lives will be lost. I bit my lower lip and then let out a sigh.

‘In times like this, stay calm.’

There is no emotion more unhelpful in an emergency situation than despair. I glanced at the two men and made a quick judgment.

‘First, let’s stop the bleeding.’

I took off my school uniform outerwear. Then I cut the hem with sashimi and tore it with my bare hands.

“…What are you doing?”

Choi Seol-ah tilted her head with a puzzled look.

The way he watched with a curious look despite the urgency of the situation. It made me angry for a moment to see his face devoid of any feelings of compassion or pity even though everyone was dying.

But what can I do? Only traces of emotions will remain. It’s a waste of time to criticize.

‘He also tried to turn the situation around by handing over the sashimi.’

In fact, reaching out to Choi Seol-ah for a weapon was a gamble of sorts. If she hadn’t given me the sashimi, I would have been finished right then and there. But for some reason, Choi Seol-ah abandoned her comrade, the villain, and chose me. She added that she would serve me as her master.

I don’t know if it was because of the stallion’s mark or if I had some ill feelings towards him, but I can’t deny that I benefited from it.

At that moment, Rachel and Senior Hana also entered the 5th floor. Rachel, who had a haggard complexion, was greatly surprised when she saw the scene from earlier. Then she asked me right away.

“… W, what happened… … ?”

“I’ll explain later. Rachel, Senior Hana, please bring Leon over here.”

The two nodded as if they understood, their faces still blank. Choi

Seol-ah also rolled up her sleeves and stepped forward to help them.

‘He seems to have no clue.’

If he had just kept staring blankly, I would have been genuinely annoyed. Before I could even nod, he moved.

Rachel’s eyebrows furrowed as she approached Leon. She was completely covered in blood and was breathing lightly. It was only natural for her, who interacted with Leon frequently, to have such a dark expression.

Rachel asked Senior Hana and Choi Seol-ah for help. She would normally have carried him on her back, but if she had been too strong, Leon’s bones would have been twisted.

The three of them carefully dragged Leon in front of me and laid him down. When I saw Leon up close, he looked even worse than I had expected.

A broken bone was poking out of his elbow, and there was more than a little bleeding from his side. This was a situation that required surgery, not emergency treatment.

“Leon, aren’t you going to die like this?”

Rachel muttered with a gloomy face. I shook my head and accepted her words.

“No, I’m not dead.”

“…uh?”

“I will save you.”

When I spoke in a low tone, Rachel nodded immediately. She asked me.

“What should I do?”

“First, we need to fix Leon’s bones and then treat him. If he stays like this, he could be in real trouble in a few minutes.”

“Uh, yeah.”

Rachel swallowed hard. I turned my gaze to Senior Hana and continued speaking.

“Senior and Rachel, hold on tight to Leon so he doesn’t lose his posture. I’ll take care of the rest.”

“Yeah, okay.”

I expressed my gratitude with a faint smile to my senior who answered calmly in a potentially heated atmosphere. My senior seemed to notice my intention and smiled back.

“What should I do…?”

As I was giving instructions to each person, Choi Seol-ah came up to me and asked. I said to her, who had eyes as bright as a dog waiting for me to throw a disc, while throwing the cloth I had just torn.

“You… no, Instructor Kim, use this to stop the bleeding from Ryozo’s wound.”

Choi Seol-ah nodded as if she understood. She quickly moved her hands and wrapped a cloth around Ryojo’s upper arm, compressing it tightly.

Rachel and her senior also knelt down and held Leon’s arms tightly.

“after.”

I took a short breath. I had to calm my mind as much as possible.

I have to tear the flesh, put the bones that come out, and assemble them. I’ve only ever cut fish bones, but I never thought I’d be able to put human bones together…

I opened Leon’s eyelids with my index finger. His vision was loose and unfocused.

Is this what they call a comma state? If I made one wrong move, I felt like I would die from shock.

But if we just leave him like this, he'll die anyway. So we have no choice but to do something.

The plan is this.

After injecting [Painlessness Protection] with [Transfer Protection] to anesthetize Leon's body, he quickly reassembles his broken bones. Immediately afterwards, he injects [Regeneration Protection] to proliferate bone and flesh cells. The plan itself is flawless.

Some may ask, "Can I, a non-doctor, do all this?"

It would have been a reckless act that would have been impossible on Earth. But in this world, it's a different story.

'The protection of the swordsman.'

When the protection is activated, the head cools down as if it were a lie, and the senses become sharp. These two factors increase the precision of the movements.

However, if I do not use the protection of painlessness, I will be in excruciating pain. Saving others while suffering so much that I feel like vomiting blood…

I'm not a saint, and I wonder why I should do that, but if he dies, who will stop the Demon King? Except for Leon's unique protection, [Protection of Miracles], there is no way to defeat the Demon King. That's because it's blocked systematically.

'Oh my god, shit.'

Moreover, there was only about 7 seconds left before the painless procedure. If it exceeded 7 seconds, Leon's anesthesia would wear off. Everything had to be done within that time. Cold sweat ran down his cheeks.

'… I was a sushi restaurant owner in my previous life… but in this world, I'm a surgeon?'

I swallowed the sigh that came out naturally and bit the Murasame. I had to do this because I didn't have any hands to heal Leon. I shook

my chin and took out the scabbard.

[Your spirit level increases as you use your wit.]

[Use the restraints to start customizing to your liking.]

Jiiing—

[The Sword God's protection 'Young' is manifested.]

I immediately reached out to Leon.

* * *

A few seconds later, thanks to the quick treatment, Ryozo and Leon's complexions appeared to improve.

The bones were roughly attached and there was little blood flowing.

"Ugh!"

However, my nose was bleeding and it ran down my philtrum and all the way to my chin.

"Sword Demon!"

I fell helplessly into Rachel's arms. It was warm.

"… Haha, fuck."

It was a painful experience, as if my entire body was being chewed up. But I laughed. Because I had fully benefited from the 2.5 level of pain relief.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 99

Episode 99 Determination (2)

Late at night.

Moonlight streaming in through the window sank into Saki's forehead. Her eyelids slowly opened in the dazzling moonlight.

"Ugh… … ."

A short groan escaped Saki's lips. As her eyes opened, the numbness in her body disappeared and a sudden pain surged through her.

Saki slowly raised her upper body while biting her lower lip. Then, as if she had been waiting, a voice full of joy rang in her ears.

"Oh! You're awake, Saki!"

"…Weapon?"

Weapon suddenly stood up and greeted her. A look of confusion spread across Saki's face.

Before the question, 'Where am I and why is this guy here?' could even cross my mind, the mouth of the Speed Weapon, which was explaining, moved like a bird's.

"Hey-shi, do you know how many days you've been lying down? Almost three days!"

"… What, four, three days?"

“Oh, do you usually stay asleep like that?”

Saki’s pupils dilated for a moment. At the same time, the tragedy of the final exam came to mind.

I was ambushed by Erio and returned the same.

You give back as much as you receive. That was Saki’s true nature.

‘…however.’

Saki pressed her forehead and recalled the memory. What is this tickling feeling in her chest? It seems like she forgot something important.

As his thoughts continued for a long time, Weapon sat back down in his chair and blurted out.

“Saki, you owe the captain your life. I heard from Rachel that Kenma immediately administered first aid to you and Leon. I didn’t know the captain had healing protection, but from what the doctors say, it seems like his measures were extraordinary. He was completely astonishing.”

“… … ?”

Saki’s pupils shook violently and her face turned bright red. She immediately remembered what she had done and said that day.

While being held in the arms of the strong swordsman.

-‘Please let me stay like this a little longer.’

I was talking nonsense like that.

‘…ah.’

For a moment, Saki’s mind went blank like a blank sheet of paper.

“Ewwwwwwwww!”

She let out a scream that she had been holding back despite the dull pain. Her two feet kicked the blankets alternately. Her hands and feet

were shrunken to the point of shrunkenness.

"… Sa, Saki!? Why, all of a sudden!"

Weapon opened his eyes wide and asked urgently. Saki did not respond and lowered her head. Sweat ran down her back.

'crazy.'

The current situation is perfectly summarized in two words.

How could he look at that damn guy after saying such a ridiculous line? I got goosebumps on my arms at my own actions.

My head felt like it was going to burst. Not figuratively, but literally.

No, how much better it would be if it just broke like this. If I hit my head and lost my memory, I could pretend not to know.

But the clear-headed mind that was close to absolute memory said that the events of that time were so vividly real.

Saki roughly grabbed her head. Her pupils spun around like a whirlpool. Weapon, who had been quietly watching her, muttered with a worried expression.

"… Is this… Post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD)… … . If even that guy, who always acted so cool, is like that… I wonder what happened during the final exam… … ."

Weapon spoke to himself for a while, then shook his shoulders. Saki shot him a pointed look at his reaction.

"But why are you here in the middle of the night, you idiot! What, are you watching me, huh!?"

It was just a simple venting of anger. But if I didn't do this, I would vomit blood out of shame. Saki's tone was needlessly sharp.

Weapon was startled by the sudden flagship and took a step back. While Saki was lying down, the members took turns guarding her. It was a natural measure, since she was deeply involved with the

villain.

And as it so happened that tonight was Weapon's turn, I stood watch without saying a word. But Key was gnashing his teeth fiercely right before my eyes.

'Why is he doing this all of a sudden!?'

I don't know the English, but I can only guess that those actions are due to severe mental shock.

Weapon reached out with one hand and hurriedly felt around in his pocket. A piece of rice cake came out of his hand.

"Okay, okay, look! I bought you your favorite high-quality bean jelly! So, calm down!"

Weapon, who had placed the rice cake on the bed, raised both hands. It was a sign of surrender.

Saki stared blankly at the yokan placed on the quilt. Then she raised her eyes slightly and stared intently at the weapon.

"… … ."

Silence settled over the hospital room. The air, mixed with the smell of medicine, was extremely bitter. Soon, the blood vessels on Saki's temples began to bulge.

Bam!

A tightly rolled up pillow hit Weapon's face.

"Kaaaak!"

"Did you think I'd give in to you if you gave me rice cakes!?"

Until a little while ago, it was just venting her anger. But now, Saki was really pissed off at Weapon for treating her like a puppy.

As she grabbed another pillow, Weapon waved and ran towards the door.

“Two, let’s see!”

The weapon waved in the air and swung its blade, then slammed the door shut and left. Saki stared blankly at the door for a moment.

“…ha.”

She sighed, a small feeling of guilt creeping in a beat later.

“… I was just picking on him for nothing.”

I was annoyed that he was trying to coax me with rice cakes, like he was ordering me around like a dog.

I felt like I was being a bit harsh towards the person who stayed up so late at night.

‘I should apologize properly later.’

As the excitement that had been kindled gradually subsided, Saki glanced away. The rice cake that Weapon had thrown away while running away was lying neatly on the bedsheet.

“… … .”

Saki, who had been staring at the yanggaeng for a long time, quickly extended her hand. Then, she shook her head quickly to look around in case anyone saw her.

There was no sign of life, only the pale moon shining down on her. After checking, Saki swallowed and took a big bite.

A taste so intense it made my jaw tingle wrapped around my tongue.

“… It’s so delicious.”

Saki wrinkled her nose to hold back her tears and ate the yokan in one go.

The full moon at midnight was the only witness to the scene.

* * *

A hospital with a gloomy atmosphere.

Thud, thud.

I was crossing the darkness of the hallway. Weapon was on night watch today, but I couldn't sleep, so I thought I'd give him some company.

'He's already a talkative kid, so he must be really shaky when he's alone.'

I laughed softly and continued walking towards the hospital room.

Three days have passed since the final exam.

Ryozo and Leon were seriously injured by the villains who appeared without warning. Looking back on the situation at the time, it wouldn't have been strange for the two of them to die at any moment.

Fortunately, my gamble to cure them by manifesting the four blessings was successful and both of them survived.

As a result, I almost lost my mind… … but thanks to the pain relief, I avoided being hospitalized.

Saki and Leon were carried by Rachel and Choi Seol-ah one by one, and they left the special room in that condition. Senior Hana supported me, who had collapsed from the knees down.

'It was fortunate that at least three people were okay.'

After that horrible final exam, we went straight to the hospital.

Immediately after my hospitalization, Media came to me and asked for an explanation. I didn't answer the barrage of questions about what had happened right away, but put it on hold for the time being. The priority was to look after the two injured people.

I asked Media, and got a week's grace period. It was a phone call, but her voice was filled with mixed emotions of anxiety and anger.

Another unfortunate incident occurred during the exam. Even though the midterm exam was taught as a lesson and the exam location was changed to inside the academy, two students returned in critical condition.

Media seemed to have some idea of the situation, given Leon and Saki's injuries.

No matter how harsh the special room's environment is, there's no way your arm will break and your flesh will heal.

The image of Media muttering with a trembling voice in anger is still vivid.

Of course, I was more annoyed than her. I wanted to gather all the villains and fight them right away.

But I knew that heightened emotions would ruin things, so I bit my molars hard and crushed them.

Anyway, the time of revenge is slowly approaching. The members are moving busily and thoroughly searching for suspicious people.

I took a deep breath. As the cool night air blew into my nostrils, my mind cleared.

Suddenly, I turned my gaze toward the hallway window. I looked up at the dimly lit night sky. It was a landscape where the twinkling of stars was obscured by the moonlight.

"… … ."

As I continued to walk, lost in thought, my feet soon reached Saki's hospital room. Just then, a small commotion was heard from Saki's hospital room.

Bam!

The weapon came running out in a hurry. The guy who was catching his breath for a moment felt his gaze and turned his head in this direction.

“Huh? Manager. What, why at this hour?”

I scratched my chin and answered Weapon, who asked with a puzzled look.

“I just couldn’t sleep. I thought you might be bored, so I came to give you something to talk to.”

“Manager… … .”

Weapon had a very sad look in his eyes. He felt strangely uncomfortable seeing a grown man bastard crying. Weapon rubbed his moist eyes and opened his mouth softly.

“Chief, Saki is awake.”

“… … !”

“… I see, Manager, thanks to you, my body seems to be in relatively good shape. But the problem is… … .”

“problem?”

When asked again, Weapon, who had been drooling, answered.

“… It seems like he has PTSD. He suddenly starts yelling and throwing pillows. He was a total rascal to begin with, but his mouth has gotten even rougher. I even tried to appease him by offering him some rice cake, but he immediately rejected it. Things don’t look good, Chief.”

“… … .”

I looked at Weapon, who was sighing heavily as if in pain, and thought.

‘… What is this kid?’

The guy who got beaten up so badly by Ryozo grumbles, sticking his mouth out, that he got hit with a pillow.

If Weapon was right, Ryozo’s attitude toward him was no different

than before. In fact, it felt more harmful.

And it must have been because he was not happy with the weapon's response of trying to just brush off the bite of the rice cake.

But, Weapon Guy judges it as PTSD and clicks his tongue with a pitiful expression on his face.

If I were Ryozo, I would have just thrown the radish away.

'… Since I'm so dull, I don't know if Ryozo likes me.'

But I didn't dare to open the door because I was worried about her.

Just feeling sorry for the sweet potato that Ryozo, who is a sweet potato prevention character, must be feeling, I sent him deep comfort and support.

'by the way.'

At this moment, something came to mind. The days were so tense that there wasn't much time to talk. And Saki happened to wake up at that moment, so the timing was perfect.

I asked Weapon.

"What is that? How far has the villain hunting progressed?"

The final exam period is almost over. And with vacation coming up soon, if I delay any longer my plans will be ruined.

Weapon nodded as if he had guessed the intention.

"Not only the members, but Rachel also took off her shoes and came forward to pick out about five suspicious faculty members."

"Do you think those people are reliable?"

Weapon nodded in agreement to my question. Considering his quick wit and cautious nature, it was practically a definite answer.

'Five… … .'

In reality, there are definitely more than five, but even if you just pick them out, there's a good chance they'll all roll in like potato vines.

I was lost in thought and turned my gaze to the weapon. It was just waiting for my lips to part. I lightly patted the guy on the shoulder and said,

"Weapon, if you have time tomorrow after school, would you like to go somewhere with me? Okay?"

"Oh, the time is fine. Saki woke up, so don't you have to bring the kids here with you after school tomorrow?"

"… You, don't you know his personality when you stick around like that? Ryozo, do you think he'd like it if people would flock to him?"

"…ah."

Weapon nodded as if he finally understood. I sighed at his sharp eyes. He was the first person I had ever met who was more stupid than me, a Mosul.

As I looked at him with narrowed eyebrows, Weapon tilted his head and asked.

"But where are you going tomorrow?"

I answered with a bright smile.

"The principal's office."

It's time to put into practice the old adage, "Pluck out the bull's horns in one fell swoop."

In the few days left until the end of the semester, I'm going to beat up some villains.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 100

Episode 100 Determination (3)

About an hour before dawn.

I'm sitting blankly in front of my desk in a dark dormitory with my arms crossed.

I didn't bother to light the room because the dim light of the east helped me organize my thoughts better than artificial lighting.

I uncrossed my arms and picked up a piece of paper on the desk.

It was a document containing the personal information of those suspected of being villains, printed by Weapon.

= = = =

▣ Personal information

① Herbal Jang – 2nd year sex class assistant teacher.

② Kilgamesh – In charge of administrative office supplies.

③ Ebiya Shiro – Gardener of Ward 8 of Joaquin Academy.

④ Chae Seo-in – Assistant teacher for the 3rd grade class.

⑤ Ling Xiao – Housekeeper of Building D of the dormitory.

= = = =

I muttered as I slowly lowered my gaze from top to bottom.

"…There are five of them."

I expected them to be spread out in various places, but I didn't expect them to be in such diverse positions.

From instructors and staff to gardeners and housekeepers.

Although there are only five of them, they are all identities that can be easily integrated into the framework of the Joaquin Academy.

'Do you prefer a job that is not noticeable and has a wide range of activities?'

However, the person called 'professor' that Choi Seol-ah had mentioned did not exist.

Her official, the 2nd Corps Commander, the monster who is the stallion of Kuarn.

As I said before, now that the 1st Corps Commander has been sealed, the highest-ranking Mine in the Demon Tribe is Kuarn. Of course, this is a world where the final boss, the Demon King, is standing tall.

It is an unknown entity that has not been revealed to the extent that the world questions the existence of the Demon King. Therefore, it is the most threatening to mankind today.

It seemed that the Demon Clan also regarded the 2nd Corps Commander as their true leader.

That professor, the stallion of Kuarn, is the center and heart of the villains in the school. If we can catch him, the villains scattered throughout the academy will also be entangled in one after another.

I tapped the paper with my fingernails, my chin resting on my hand.

"I wish I was one of these pieces of trash… … ."

Of course, if you consider the variability of the stomach's identity, it can obviously change.

And the author said that he was a pervert who emphasized his professorship so much… …. There is a high chance that he is not among them.

'It's annoying.'

I covered the paper and sat up in my chair.

Then I turned my gaze towards the window. The east was rising over the mountain ridge.

As I blankly stared at the sight, my troubled thoughts gradually faded away.

I stared at the newborn sunlight for a long time and then checked the time on the wall clock.

It was 7 in the morning. There were two hours left until the appointed time to go to Weapon and the principal's office.

A few hours ago, when I came out of the hospital and asked him to come with me to the principal's office, Weapon's reaction was really…

When he asked me if I should wear a wedding dress, I told him to come comfortably.

Of course, I am visited by the media from time to time, but it is rare for a student to have a one-on-one meeting with the head of the academy. No, it is almost impossible to say that there is none.

… But even considering that, the weapon's reaction was too much. Excessive swearing is also a disease.

The original plan was for me to go to Media alone, but I made a slight change and decided to go with Weapon.

The reason was simple. Weapon, who was known for his good speaking skills, would explain it to me.

And while Ryozo was hospitalized, he was the brain behind the investigation to find the villain. He knows the inside story the best

among us, and he is an explanatory genius. Is there anyone else who is as qualified as Weapon?

'… Well, that's not the only reason I'm taking the weapon… … .'

There is a resolution that I made while looking up at the night sky in the hospital.

The stars twinkled softly, their light fading away because of the brilliantly shining moon.

The dim light is constantly swarming with flies. However, they dare not fly towards the sun.

It is the same for any living creature to not dare to show their fighting spirit in the face of an overwhelming presence, because that is their instinct for survival.

The more your position and power are in between, the more likely you are to get involved in an unexpected incident. You can't have just one. You need to have both, I felt that through one person.

'The Sword Master Siegfried.'

It's been a series of perils so far. Each time, I've relied on my experience and wit to overcome the situation.

But now it's different. People around me are starting to get involved.

The fact that Ryozo was injured and that Leon was targeted by villains were all caused by my actions.

I have no regrets. At that time, I was only acting to survive and prevent the distortion of the political situation.

If I blame myself for every single thing like that, then it was wrong for me to have fallen into this world.

"… … ."

I closed my eyes and opened them. The high sun was shining on my face. The pouring sunlight felt like someone's gaze.

I also looked at the sun. My eyes hurt from the direct sunlight, but I didn't close them. A strange sense of triumph burned in my pupils.

'Force alone is not enough.'

It needed a foundation to support it. Something so great that it could not be dared to approach it.

An absurd feeling welled up in me again.

I thought back to the past when I had done all sorts of crazy things in order to live in compliance with the law. A small laugh escaped my lips.

But I can't stop now, I've made up my mind. If I want to move forward, I can't avoid responsibility and risk.

I headed to the shower to wash up. The hand on the wall clock was already striking the number 8.

* * *

Inside the principal's office.

Three giants sit around a large table in the center.

Centered around the wise woman Medea, who sits with her back to the window.

On the right sat the swordsman Siegfried, and on the left sat the lord of the Auditore, Al'Tair.

Even though they were just sitting, the air felt physically heavy with the mere presence of the three people. The atmosphere was so heavy that it would have been suffocating for a normal person.

In the icy silence, Mediah opened her mouth, her cold, squinted eyes fixed on Al'Tair.

"… So, you're saying that it was that bastard Cladi among the elders who started it all?"

“Yes, that’s right. It seems he persuaded the elders. Furthermore, the appearance of the mine during the midterm exam was also his doing.”

“… So this final exam is also related?”

“It has not even been two days since we started and we are still investigating.”

Al’Tair answered with a grimace. He was called the Old Man of the Mountain, but he was two years younger than Mediah. Al’Tair added an explanation.

“I also looked at Elder Claude’s expense reports and it seems he even hired hitmen called The Undertakers.”

“Undertaker? Those garbage disposal human bastards?”

“Further investigation revealed that they were last seen in a harbor near Avalon Island.”

“… to Avalon Island… … .”

Mediah’s face darkened with anger. The teacups on the table began to vibrate, and a suffocating murderous aura rose from her.

Boom!

Finally, the teacup broke while still in the inspector’s hand. The inspector stared blankly into the empty space where the teacup had been before letting out a sigh.

“Mediah, calm down a little.”

“… Am I really serious right now? What, you want me to just sit back and drink tea? I’m an educator. I’m responsible for keeping all the students attending this academy safe. But the people inside the academy, and the ‘senior’ ones at that, are fucking assholes.”

A voice cleanly stripped of playfulness. Her eyes were boiling with anger before cooling down into a cold glow.

The air was taut like a rubber band stretched to its limit. The inspector put down the piece of handle from the teacup.

The expression on the inspector's face hardened as he made a loud noise. He spoke in a low voice.

"You're not the only one who's upset. Have you forgotten that my granddaughter is also a cadet at the Academy? And—"

The inspector paused for a moment and then nodded to Mediah.

Al'Tair also had a dark expression on his face as his gaze pointed to him. Mediah had no choice but to keep her mouth shut.

"… … ."

His granddaughter, Chloe, is also a student at Joaquin Academy. She was also a direct victim of an injury during the midterm exam.

Yes. Among these three, Media wasn't the only one who was getting angry. The two parents were also suppressing their boiling emotions.

But that was before I even heard the explanation. Even my superhuman self-control had now reached its limit.

The swordsman asked Al'Tair.

"Is the evidence sufficient?"

"With Auditore's help, we've collected it for two months and completed several inspections. We've finished it to the point where it's safe to immediately purge it."

"… I see."

For a moment there was silence, and then a murderous look came out of the sword master's eyes. The books in the closet shook violently and fell to the floor all at once.

"Tonight… … ."

Knock- knock-

The moment the swordsman opened his mouth, a knock rang out from the door.

“Director, I came to see you suddenly on urgent business.”

As the heated atmosphere was suddenly poured with cold water, the three people’s minds suddenly went blank.

As if to awaken their senses, a voice was heard again from beyond the door.

“It’s Ganggeomma.”

* * *

As soon as Kang Geum-ma revealed his identity, the door to the principal’s office opened.

A cold breeze rushed through the crack in the door and swept past Weapon’s face.

Even though my body was already stiff from tension, I felt like I couldn’t breathe. While Weapon was sweating profusely, Kanggeomma nodded nonchalantly and said.

“What are you doing? Let’s go in.”

“Uh, uh… … .”

Kanggeomma walked inward, not caring about the fierce air current. Weapon followed after licking his dry lips with his tongue.

Weapon’s eyes widened as he caught sight of the office. Books were scattered about the floor in a mess, and there were fresh-looking cracks on the walls and floor.

What shocked Weapon the most was the sight of the people sitting on the sofa.

Of course, Media was the headmaster of the academy, but Siegfried was also there.

The old man facing the swordsman was also giving off an atmosphere that was difficult to describe. Media asked with an expression of embarrassment and confusion.

“Our swordsman! What, what’s going on!?”

“I happened to have some free time, so I came to see you because I have something to tell you along with work for the final exam.”

“Ah, that’s right. Um, and the guy next to me is… Speed Weapon!? He’s a member of our travel club!”

“Excuse me, do you know my name? The principal?”

Weapon was startled and lost his words. Media laughed heartily.

“I have a hobby of memorizing the names of all the academy students. I don’t get to see their faces much, but I’m the academy director after all. We’ve been together for three years, so if I send them off without even knowing their names, I won’t be able to show my face as an educator! Of course, there are times when I forget.”

“… That’s proof that you’re getting older, Media.”

As if he had been waiting, the inspector stumbled over her words.

“Hey, Zeke! Is that the kind of thing you say in front of a kid!?”

“You embarrassed yourself in front of the cadets before.”

“Wow-! This kid, how come his long hair looks the same even though his hair is gray!?”

While the sword master and the academy director were arguing, Kanggeomma blurted out something to Al’taïr.

“Didn’t you go back to Sicily?”

“Ms. Media called me urgently, so I arrived in Korea yesterday on a private plane.”

“…Does Auditore have a private room?”

“That’s obvious. Surely you’re not there?”

“… … .”

Kanggeomma clicked his tongue without saying anything. Al’Tair laughed heartily and suddenly his eyes sparkled.

“By the way, your gaze has been getting better over the past few days. As expected, you’re becoming more and more of a member of our department as the days go by.”

“… That’s insulting.”

“Hahaha, that’s a compliment, a compliment!”

A lively conversation took place between Kanggeomma and Al’tayr, and Weapon’s mouth fell open.

That dirty old man is the head of the Auditore clan, Al’Tair? All I could say was that he was crazy.

A look of shock crossed Weapon’s face for a moment, but anxiety rose after a while. It was because of Kanggeomma’s request to explain on his behalf.

Since it was a rare opportunity to see the dazzling appearance of the academy director up close, I immediately agreed… … .

Briefing in front of people close to the All-Star team, you’d be lucky if your jaw wasn’t shaking and you weren’t chewing your tongue.

The weapon’s pupils shook wildly from side to side. What should I do? Should I just say I can’t do it? My thoughts continued endlessly.

Kang Geum-ma glanced at him and then lightly patted his shoulder.

“Just do what you normally do, Weapon.”

The shaking weapon’s pupils returned to their original positions. The pounding heartbeat gradually became weaker.

“Manager, if you say so.”

Kang Geum-ma smiled brightly at the resolute answer, then coughed loudly. All eyes turned to him.

“My friend here will explain it to you in detail for me.”

At those words, Weapon nodded and took a step forward. He swallowed once, cleared his throat, and loosened his tongue.

The weapon took a deep breath and then spit it out.

“Let me begin the explanation.”

He poured out his words.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 101

Episode 101 Determination (4)

About 30 minutes passed… … .

"… So, my explanation ends here."

Finally, Speed Weapon's mouth stopped. A deep fatigue spread across the faces of those who were listening.

Weapon, who initially stuttered due to nervousness, began to talk nonstop once he started speaking in dialect.

Weapon must be the only one who has tired these three people with just his tongue.

'I knew you'd talk a lot, but I didn't know it would be this much… … .'

But as the content itself was heavy, a cool and solemn breeze blew through the room.

There are two main points that Weapon explained.

The first was what happened during the final exam.

Weapon described the situation vividly, as if he had been there.

No matter how much I warned you, Weapon is a natural talent for speaking.

And the second was the inconvenient truth that there was a villain

lurking within the academy.

The evidence was the events of the final exam and the list of suspected individuals.

Media scanned the output handed over by Weapon while resting her chin on her hand. Her beautiful eyes soon became distorted.

She put her hand on her temple, unable to take her eyes off the paper.

"…There's a high chance that these guys are those half-human, half-horse trash guys?"

"Yes, despite going through multiple reviews, the circumstances surrounding their employment at the Academy, their subsequent actions, and their identities remain unknown. It's too early to tell, but they are the most suspicious people."

"… … ."

As Weapon finished answering her questions, Media pressed one hand to her forehead.

He tries his best to appear calm in front of the cadets, but he can't hide all of his complicated feelings.

Soon she opened her tightly shut mouth.

"I just checked with my own personal guard and these five are very likely not from the Academy."

As soon as the media spoke like that, they crumpled up the paper.

Immediately, any remaining doubt on Media's face was completely erased and anger was revealed.

If her unique protection has been manifested, there is no need to worry any longer.

'The protection of the poet.'

It is a blessing that allows one to vaguely observe and discern the cause and effect of any event, and it is an ability that gave Media the title of ‘wise man’.

If you just listen to it, it sounds like a fraudulent protection that can prevent all incidents in advance.

However, there is a limitation that there must be physical evidence.

In simple terms, instead of being able to search for anything in the brain, a solid keyword should be the basis.

After all, if there were no restrictions, the narrative of this world, which the game is based on, would have ended before it could even begin.

‘… Well, even so, it is true that it is a fraudulent ability.’

One of the reasons I brought that paper to Media was to cross-check it with her unique protection.

There is a saying that goes, “Be careful before you cross a stone bridge.” So, there is nothing wrong with being careful.

Media let out a sigh with mixed emotions, as if her thoughts had been somewhat sorted out.

“… But anyway… … .”

Media suddenly stares at us with gloomy eyes.

“How could you, the cadets, print out a list of faculty and staff? Could you explain?”

“… … .”

Weapon’s pupils shook violently at the unexpected question.

Weapon, who speaks so well but acts so poorly. I tried to ignore his gaze and began to weigh the issues in my head.

Should I make excuses or tell the truth?

The source of the information was vague, because Ryozo had managed to get it through the Academy network.

Even if you can't do it, you can't avoid severe punishment. But if you make false excuses in front of the media, they'll notice right away.

More than anything, I was worried about Ryozo, who was hospitalized. She was not feeling well mentally or physically at the moment.

If a severe punishment like a heavy penalty is added, it will cause great damage to Ryojo. It was not a legal process, but it is not something that can be done to a sick child.

I quickly thought about it. In my previous life, my bag strap was short, but my brain was good.

'… … .'

I quickly came to a conclusion and glanced at Weapon. When we met eyes, his eyes seemed to say, 'I believe you, Chief.'

I nodded in response and spoke to Media.

"Me and Weapon, we hacked the Academy network."

"… Mr., Mr. Manager?"

Weapon's mouth fell open as soon as he finished speaking. Media also asked with a look of great bewilderment.

"You two, you broke through the world's best security… …?"

"Yes, I, as the head of the department, gave the order, and Weapon hacked it. Hey, this guy is also second in his class. He's smart, and he's also amazing at using computers."

"Okay, wait a minute, boss!"

Weapon's urgent gaze landed on the side of my face. I tried my best to keep a straight face and continued speaking.

“I clearly recognized that it was wrong.”

“… … .”

“I wanted to tell you first, but I was pressed for time before the vacation. I also believed that the principal would understand.”

Report after taking preemptive action.

If you are only bound by standards and frameworks, it means you will miss the timing.

Although the usage of the word is a bit different, I thought it was right to dilute the point.

Hiding who attempted the hacking and changing the topic to ‘why’.

Weapon felt a slight sense of guilt. But what can he do? If I, as the manager, have to criticize, I will.

I received the media’s gaze full of absurdity, trying to keep my expression as blank as possible.

“…under.”

Soon she shook her head, touching her temples, letting out a sigh full of complicated emotions.

“The intention is good, so let’s let it slide this time… but don’t ever do that again, guys.”

“Thank you for your understanding, Principal.”

“I believe in you because of what you’ve done so far, Geomma. If it were another kid, you’d be punished or expelled without even a single word.”

I smiled and thanked her for her kindness.

“… I, I lived.”

Only then did the weapon finally give out, making the sound of a deflating balloon.

‘… But you still didn’t tell me Ryozo’s name until the end.’

In fact, if the weapon had protested right away, the situation would have ended.

He must have felt very wronged, since he was the one who reluctantly agreed to it because I asked him to.

However, the weapon did not bring out Ryozo’s name, even though it was frozen.

Weapon must have had similar thoughts to me.

I smiled faintly at Weapon, who was wiping the cold sweat off his sleeve.

He seemed to have noticed my intention and smiled awkwardly.

I feel this once again, but he is a very considerate guy.

Although she stood out among women with narrow moral standards, there was no doubt that she was born this way.

After the brief commotion, the inspector who had been listening quietly opened his mouth.

“… But this is giving me a bit of a headache. I wonder if I’ll hit the elder guys today.”

While we were talking, the inspector noticed our presence and hung up, as if he was saying “Oh no.”

As complex emotions appeared on the sword master’s face, Al’Tair spoke with a faint smile.

“Your Majesty, since these people are the parties involved, shouldn’t they know?”

“… Ha, you’re right. I’ve gotten old, too. I couldn’t trust them just because of my age.”

“Zeke, you’re such a stubborn old man. Why are you bringing this up

again?”

At Media’s joke, the inspector glared at him for a moment with his eyes slightly open.

Then he let out a small sigh and pretended to harden his expression. I don’t know for sure, but it seemed like he was about to bring up something serious.

The inspector turned his head and asked Mediah’s opinion with his eyes. She rolled her eyes for a moment, thought about it, and then nodded.

The doctor, who had confirmed the intention, paused for a moment and then opened his mouth.

“I was originally planning to go to Claude’s private villa tonight.”

“… Are you talking about Elder Claude?”

When I asked again, thinking that I might have misheard, the inspector nodded and continued speaking.

“Ganggeomma, the force that tried to harm you and your comrades was the Elders. The ringleader among them was an author named ‘Claudy.’”

“… … .”

“And I was just about to get some evidence from the Auditore family and interrogate them. Of course, I wish… … .”

The swordsman put his hand on the hilt of the sword at his waist and spoke instead of the afterword.

The fact that the scheming force was the Elders wasn’t particularly surprising, since I had heard it from Knox before.

However, unlike before when the instigator was unclear, the name was finally revealed.

After a brief moment of such strange elation, I realized the meaning

of the shadow cast over the sword master's face.

'… Even if you know who the instigator is, it would be difficult to strike them right away.'

Even if the evidence is sufficient, it would be a huge disaster if the deeply rooted elders of the Academy were summarily disposed of.

Even if legitimacy is secured, it is difficult.

The opposition from the nobles, led by the Elders, will also be fierce, and furthermore, the Sword Master has recently stepped down from his position as the Seven Star.

No matter how much you inspect, it cannot be denied that the authority has become weaker than before.

Even if Seven-Star Sage Media and Auditore House Al'Tair cooperate, there will inevitably be gossip.

'Well, I'm not the type of person to think about gossip.'

However, even in such a case, he would want to refrain from taking actions that could cause trouble to those around him.

Above all, it could indirectly influence his granddaughter, Abel.

The inspector cleared his complexion and opened his mouth again.

"That's right, if we were to strike down the elders, these villains would immediately disappear from the Academy. It would be as good as having their existence exposed."

"… Right, if that happens, there's a high chance that I'll never be able to find it again. But I can't just leave these old, old bastards alone. I don't know about the other bastards, but I'll have to take care of that bastard Claudy with my own hands to feel better."

Life flowed from the eyes of the media.

'… It must be frustrating.'

Unless you suddenly storm into a scene where the villains and elders are all gathered together, one of them is bound to be missed.

So, the most important thing is to collect all that trash, but there is no good way to do that.

[Please gather here by a certain time^^] I don't think anyone would be stupid enough to fall for something like this.

'You can also summon villains, and it would be perfect if you had a network with the elders.'

At that moment, a strand of electricity passed through my temple.

'Why didn't I think of him?'

Yes, the key to unraveling this tangled mess.

I quickly took out my cell phone and made a call to someone.

I know it's rude in front of adults, but I decided to ignore the little things since this is not the time to think about the consequences.

Click! Click!

The other person answered the phone.

-Yes, Master Geomma! What's going on?

A woman's voice that seemed to be trying to appeal to cuteness by twisting her pronunciation. Ignoring the aegyo, I spoke softly.

"Hey, Choi Seol-ah."

-…yes yes?

"Didn't you say that the villains don't even know each other's faces or names?"

-Yes, that's right.

I heard from Choi Seol-ah before that they only have a villain called the Professor as a contact and there is no personal meeting or

interaction at all.

Of course, even if they are undercover criminals, it would be awkward for them to reveal their faces to each other.

I gathered my thoughts and continued giving instructions.

“From now on, the names I’m calling are villains, so gather everyone together. There’s probably a meeting place where you villains all gather.”

-That, that’s true… but what did you say…?

I answered briefly.

“Lucky Letter.”

A barbarian attracts another barbarian.

This was also one of the time-honored proverbs.

* * *

After finishing the short call, I immediately gave the inspector a summary of the call.

To summarize, it is like this.

Al’Tair, who has the authority to dispose of nobles, raids Claude’s annex, while the Sword Master and Mediah raid the location where the villains are.

The inspector looked puzzled and bewildered. Of course, that was to be expected, because after a few minutes on the phone, he suddenly started listing the villains’ gathering place…

‘What would you think of me if I said I was treating the villain like a dog?’

Not only Silk Sword Master, but also Media and Al’Tair stared at me with dumbfounded expressions.

But I didn’t open my mouth.

There is so much to explain, from the villain Choi Seol-ah to the way she was treated as a puppet. On the other hand, there is not much time.

“Let’s go for now, everyone. I’ll explain later.”

Everyone’s faces became blank at my words. There was a brief silence to collect their thoughts, then they nodded and left.

The sword master stroked the hilt of the sword at his waist and then asked Al’Tair.

“How many people came from Sicily?”

“Just in case, I have drafted eight of our family’s best.”

“… Eight… … ”

The inspector muttered softly.

Even for Auditore’s assassins, raiding the elder’s annex carries great risk.

Because the knights entrusted with the protection of the Elders’ Corps are always guarding the annex.

But if you ask someone for help, the point of raiding disappears.

“… … .”

The complex emotions were evident in the black monk’s eyes, which sparkled golden in the moonlight.

I stared at the sight in silence, then soon opened my mouth.

“I will go to Cladi’s annex with Auditore.”

All eyes were drawn to my words.

Without anyone’s lips moving, I spoke with a nail in my mouth.

“I, as the victim, would like to go along. Everyone knows my abilities, so don’t worry. And—”

Before I said my last line, I suddenly looked up at the night sky beyond the window.

I looked at the moon in the hospital hallway last night and rethought the resolution I had made.

‘With great power comes corresponding position and responsibility.’

I took a deep breath and spoke quietly.

“—I am the next Chilseong to succeed you, Master.”

The eyes that had been fixed on me opened wide.

Only the swordsman looked me straight in the eye. Then he smiled with his wrinkled lips.

“It looks like you’ve finally made up your mind.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 102

Episode 102: The Night of Purge (1)

Once the situation was vaguely sorted out, it didn't take long to finish preparations.

After confirming my intention to join, the inspector agreed to accompany me without saying anything.

At first, Media was absolutely against it, but when she saw my determined gaze, she nodded her head as if pretending not to do anything.

His expression was filled with displeasure, but there was no time to delay any longer.

While everyone was busy doing their own thing, Weapon, who was standing alone and looking embarrassed, spoke to them.

"… Manager, are you really going?"

By the way, Weapon is obviously left out of this. He has an extraordinary brain and would be a great help as a healer, but he is a seventeen-year-old boy.

There was going to be a bloodbath, so I couldn't take Weapon, who was a minor.

… Well, I am still a young and vibrant person… … But I am an exception, as I am already approaching my 40s.

I looked straight into Weapon's eyes. His gaze was filled with a mixture of emotions.

I owe him a lot today. He explained the recent events to the three giants on my behalf.

Even though he must have felt wronged by my ridiculous excuses, he didn't utter a single word of complaint. Even in the dire situation where he was about to cut off several heads, he was a weapon who worried about me first. I felt more than grateful to him.

I put my hand on his shoulder with a calm, settled gaze.

"Wait here, I'll be back soon."

"… … ."

Weapon's expression was filled with concern. I silently patted his shoulder and passed him by. That's when the office door opened halfway.

"Strong Sword Horse!"

The weapon called out to me.

"… I know you won't, but don't come here hurt. Saki is already hospitalized, and if you end up in the hospital too, it'll be too hard on me!"

"… … ."

Parrani's trembling voice.

I walked forward without looking back.

* * *

Inside an old, abandoned building where the color on the walls is peeling off.

People with their hoods pulled down tightly began to gather one by one.

The eyes were shadowed, but the mouths were all distorted.

“What the hell, Professor, this kid thinks we’re easy to text like this!”

A man shouted fiercely. He stamped his feet roughly as if he were going to smash the floor. It was because of the text message that appeared on the other side of the cell phone screen.

＝＝ ＝＝

〈☆Lucky Letter★〉

This letter was first sent from Maple country, and has been going around once a year, bringing good luck to the recipient, and now this letter has fulfilled its mission and has reached the last person. To you who has received this letter, a great misfortune will befall you tomorrow at 16:30.

.

.

.

By. Pr0f3$$or

＝＝ ＝＝

Such a dog-like phrase that it’s a shame to even laugh at it.

However, since the sender written in secret was a professor, I couldn’t help but feel angry.

“I can’t do it anymore.

The woman, who was leaning against the wall, sneered at the man’s violent reaction.

“Ugh, you’re talking nonsense even though you came running here out of breath because you were so scared when you saw the text.”

“Who said he was scared!”

“I’m just as unlucky as the professor. But what can I do? Even if I’m unlucky, I have to criticize him.”

The woman shrugged and folded her arms again.

The man twisted his lips as he looked at her. Then he looked around while chewing on the curse words rolling around in his mouth.

There were five people gathered. Perhaps because there were so few people, the musty, musty smell lingered in my nostrils more unpleasantly than usual.

The man, feeling a sense of foreboding, spoke as if spitting something out.

“But why are we the only ones here? Usually, when you call, don’t they all gather?”

“… … .”

The men just made strange expressions at the man’s words.

That was a question for them too. There had been one or two vacancies, but never had they gathered in such small numbers.

Even if the professor had instigated a secret meeting, why did he summon them with such a trashy text message? That too is a first.

As time passed, the thoughts piled up layer by layer, and the feeling of discomfort gradually began to turn into a feeling of alienation.

‘Something is strange.’

Not only the man, but also the others intuitively sensed that something was wrong. There was a sense of wariness in the eyes that swept over each other.

The villains narrowed their eyes as if they had made a promise.

“… … .”

There was silence.

Although no words were exchanged, they were ready to point their fingers at each other.

Crunch, crunch, crunch

At that moment, the sound of footsteps echoed from the door.

The sharp gazes that had been directed at each other suddenly turned in that direction. Their eyes sparkled ominously in the dark.

‘There is no perceived magic.’

Even though my sensory sphere was heightened by the tense tension, no magical power was detected.

Outsider? But this place is used only by villains, and it’s at the end of the premises, too far for anyone to accidentally visit at this late hour.

‘Then who is it?’

The man squinted his eyes and looked beyond the door. Then, from where his gaze was directed, a mysterious voice was heard.

“Oh my, how did these guys find a place I don’t even know about? You knew about this place, Zeke?”

A woman’s voice that sounds familiar.

The moment I tilted my head wondering who it was, the owner appeared.

At the same time, all eyes widened in surprise.

The man blinked and his voice soon trembled.

“Ha, principal… …!?”

The man’s pupils shook greatly at the appearance of the media.

Finally, the man started spitting and swearing.

“What, what, why is Media here!?”

In the midst of all this, Media completely reveals herself. Then, she breaks the silence and opens her mouth.

“Hello? You scumbags.”

“Hey. What the fuck!”

The man spat out curses as if he was having a fit, then immediately raised his magical power. The rest of them who had been standing there blankly also came to their senses and followed suit.

Many questions floated in my mind, but the opponent was the opponent. I was in no position to be picky.

‘The Wise Media.’

He has a beautiful appearance of a man in his twenties, but he is a veteran who has been through a lot. And he is the only hero among the Seven Star Heroes who does not have a set position. The reason is—

Woohoo!

While gathering her magic power, Media turned around and shouted as if it was nothing.

“Hey! Zeke! Come quickly!”

As soon as the words were spoken, a new figure emerged from behind Media and spoke.

“The smell of garbage was so bad that I had to take a step back for a moment.”

“Hey, you’re going to be so clean in the middle of all this!?”

The old man finally revealed himself. The villains stared at him with their mouths wide open in bewilderment.

A man with white hair that sparkled like pure silver in the moonlight and golden eyes that blazed like the sun.

“Hey, the inspector?”

The man stuttered. Some rubbed their eyes as if doubting whether they were seeing correctly, stopping charging their magic.

The inspector stood next to Media. He pinched his nose, glanced around the room, and frowned.

“There is less trash than I thought.”

“That’s right. If I had known this would happen, I would have come alone. Or would you like to join the Geommane while you’re at it?”

“Okay. Let’s take care of this quickly and then join together.”

Even in the midst of the ominous resonance of magical power, only the two people’s affectionate chatter permeated the concrete wall. It was as if the villains themselves were not even in sight.

‘These dogs are completely ignoring us.’

But thanks to that, the man was able to gather enough magical power. The magical power that had accumulated heavily in his fingers made the corners of his mouth turn into arsenic.

The man quickly reassembled his magical power and sent it to his fingertips.

widely!

I popped my fingers.

Ss …

A wind mixed with the pungent smell of water blew.

Immediately, blisters began to form in the air, and soon the water spouts formed into a clump.

An ability personally taught by the 3rd Corps Commander, my lord. It appears to be a simple water attribute magic, but it is mixed with poison.

The man thought. His opponents were two of the Seven Heroes. Even the most hated target among the villains, the Sword Master, who was called the strongest in humanity, and the wise Mediah.

Even if the five villains were present, they wouldn't have been able to stand up to them originally.

But if the five of them work together, what else can't they kill? It's been 40 years since Media left the front lines, and Geomje has lost an arm.

'Kill by making them let their guard down.'

The man used the moisture in the air as a medium to communicate with the villains.

-I'll take the front. You four, attack from the left, right, top, and bottom. Even the Seven Stars won't be able to fight against a wide-ranging attack.

The rest of the men nodded silently at the man's message. Although they were reluctant to give orders, he was not wrong.

Then, suddenly, Media stopped talking, slowly turned her head, and stared at the man. She tilted her head sharply and then opened her mouth.

"You. Do you think I don't know?"

"… … !"

The man felt a tingle run down his spine. Just like the wise man's reputation, his eyes seemed to pierce through all his thoughts. The man felt sweat forming on his palms and shouted.

"Get behind!"

Just before firing dozens of water augers.

"Hey, where do you guys learn lines like that? Why are they so cliche?"

Media shook her head and then took a big step forward.

Phew!

Immediately, a green light slowly flickered across the man's retina.

It definitely seemed like it was 10M ahead, but how… …?

Before the question could even cross my mind, I felt a dull pressure on my left side.

Crap!

And then, in the middle of the enemy lines, Media was pinning a man to the ground with one hand. The man's head was planted directly on the ground.

He wasn't caught off guard or caught off guard. Without being able to put up any resistance, the man's shoulders were planted on the concrete floor.

She took a short breath and raised her fist high. As a huge energy gathered in her clenched hand, the power struck the back of the man's head.

Cracks – A floor that cracks like a spider web.

puck!

There was a noise like something hard breaking.

The villains stared blankly at the sight. One of them muttered, sweat dripping down his face.

"Po, Tyrant… …!"

—Another famous story of the media that spread through word of mouth.

The reason she doesn't have a position is because she's too strong to be characterized by strength. The inspector sighed and shook his head.

“Mediah, you really don’t know moderation.”

Media slowly rose from the fluttering dust and knelt down. Then she opened her mouth with cold eyes.

“next.”

Fear quickly rose across the villains’ faces.

The tyrant has returned.

* * *

As the entrance to Claude’s annex came into view, Al’Tair suddenly spoke to me.

“Ganggeomma, you are truly an unusual young man.”

I looked at Al’Tair with a bewildered expression at his sudden words. His mouth was smiling, but his eyes were expressionless.

He’s basically an assassin, so it’s hard to read his emotions. All you can tell is that he has no hostility or ill will.

Al’Tair turned his gaze forward again and opened his mouth.

“I’m not bragging, but since it’s my job, I’m good at reading people’s minds. As I approach seventy, my body ages, but my eyesight has become sharper. But the funny thing is, I just can’t read what kind of person you are or what you’re thinking, Ganggeomma.”

“… … .”

“Yes, those eyes. Those eyes that made this old man tremble in fear for the first time in his life. They are black eyes that have all emotions, thoughts, and humanity cut out, like a single knife.”

Al’Tair tilted his head back and looked up at the night sky. After staring at it with desolate eyes for a while, he lowered his head and turned it towards me.

Al’Tair asked with determined eyes.

“… Do you know the criteria for distinguishing between humans and monsters?”

“… … .”

After a few seconds of being dumbfounded, wondering what the question was, Al’Tair continued with a faint smile.

“Monsters think they are ordinary people.”

A sudden question and answer. I tilted my head.

“What does that have to do with the current situation?”

Al’Tair’s red eyes scanned me. Then he spoke with a hard expression, as if nailing me in.

“Don’t be a monster.”

As he spoke, Al’Tair stared straight ahead. The moon was hidden by clouds, and darkness fell over the world.

Al’Tair whistled. It seemed as if the air current had been artificially changed.

Sweep— Sweep— Sweep—

Sweep— Sweep— Sweep—

Human-shaped shadows appeared simultaneously in the darkness.

They were all dressed in murky black clothes and their eyes glowed red. They were the most elite assassins in Auditore.

‘… What, he’s there too?’

Among them, one person in particular caught my eye. Although his entire face was covered, leaving only his eyes visible, I could tell it was Knox.

Since he was called Auditore’s prodigy, it seemed like Knox had naturally joined. The guy avoided eye contact with me. I didn’t pretend to know him either.

thud

“Aditore.”

In that moment, Al’Tair struck the ground with his staff. As if they had been waiting, the lionesses took out their weapons. I was inwardly amazed by the sword-like movements.

A cold metallic clang came from the various types of blades. As the sound died down, Al’Tair gestured towards me and spoke calmly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 103

Episode 103: The Night of Purge (2)

It was a long night with a long time left until daybreak.

“—Haam, I’m tired.”

A man wearing heavy armor yawned with his mouth wide open. His eyes were filled with deep fatigue and exhaustion. Suddenly, he poked the man next to him with his elbow.

“Hey. New recruit.”

“New recruit, Kim Pil-su!”

A loud voice echoed through the bright hallway.

“You little brat, did you boil the pot and eat it? Why is your voice so loud?”

“I will correct it!”

“Oh, that’s enough. Why do these kinds of idiots always show up every time a new recruit comes in? It’s not fun.”

The senior frowned and shook his head. The rookie looked at a helpless expression on his face and didn’t know what to do.

“How did you end up in the Senior Guard?”

“… That, that… I, I came to assist the noble elders!”

“This kid is a total FM. Oh my, our new soldier came here to assist the noble elder?”

“Yes, that’s right!”

“Stop talking nonsense and be honest. This is why you came here.”

The senior curled his thumb and index finger into a circle.

The new recruit shook his head at first, but he reluctantly nodded as the questioning continued. Only then did a satisfied smile appear on the senior’s lips.

The recruit lowered his eyes. He felt embarrassed as his worldly thoughts were revealed.

The senior who was watching the reaction said with an ambiguous expression.

“You and I are both already dirty people who have been splattered with shit.”

“…dirty.”

That one unpleasant word lingered in my mouth. It had been two months since I enlisted.

The recruits have seen and experienced too much here.

The senior group was the envy of the world, and when new recruits first enlisted, they felt proud of assisting such a senior group.

But my admiration for the veterans was shattered within a week of enlistment.

The world will never know how ugly the Elders are.

Those who have no qualms about throwing things away if they judge that they are being bothered, and treat people like objects.

When I first saw the other side of it, the image of him holding onto the toilet bowl and vomiting came to mind.

The new recruit was in distress.

However, the pain was not only caused by the disgust of the elders.

Before I knew it, I was sick of seeing myself compromising and joining in with reality.

“… … .”

The senior glanced at the new recruit’s dark expression. He scratched his eyebrows and moved his mouth.

“Well, anyway, we’ll just keep sucking up money.”

Before the senior could finish speaking, an artificial shadow rippled behind his back. Immediately, the blade of the sword flashed in the moonlight.

Crunch! Thud!

A fountain of blood gushed out from his empty shoulder.

The smell of blood in the hallway brought back the sense of reality. A headless body fell backwards.

Crunch.

The sound of iron hitting the floor permeated the room.

The new recruit looked up at his senior.

“… … !”

Shadows of people crawling out through the darkness where the moon does not shine.

A completely undetectable blocking of sound, red eyes flashing ominously against a pitch-black background.

Just two clues. That allowed the recruit to figure out who they were.

The assailant who took the senior’s life wiped the blood from the blade.

He looked down at the headless corpse and hummed softly.

“Choi Man-soo, I condemn you for your involvement in the affairs of Elder Claude for nearly five years. Rest in peace.”

As the assassin spoke, he made the sign of the cross over the corpse. The recruit simply watched the scene in bewilderment.

‘Ah, Auditore… …!’

The new recruit gathered strength in his frozen hands and barely managed to grab the handle of his sword.

But isn’t it true that you can’t just stick your neck out and die?

Thud, thud.

Amidst the thick smell of blood, footsteps could be heard from across the hallway. Then, shadows all at once clung to the walls, making a path.

As the sound got closer, a chill ran down my spine. As the clouds moved to the side, a bright full moon illuminated the hallway. Soon, a new doll came into view.

A black-haired man with a leisurely expression, his hands deep in his pockets. It was Kang Geum-ma.

Soon, the strong sword horse stops right in front of the new recruit.

He looked down at the new recruit’s hand reaching for the hilt of the sword, moving only his eyes.

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma stared blankly for a while before passing the new soldier.

Then the lionesses slithered into the shadows like magpies.

Bam.

The new soldier’s hand, which was gripping the hilt of the sword,

slipped from the hilt.

The recruit's eyes never looked back. He kept his eyes fixed straight ahead until the sound of footsteps died down.

* * *

Thirty minutes had passed since I had been wandering around the annex.

Auditore cut down the sentries blocking the road without hesitation.

There was no screaming, only the smell of blood flying quietly.

Assassins who cut off your vocal cords before you can even scream.

Unless you're quite skilled, it won't be easy to kill someone with one blow.

Coming out of the shadows without warning.

It broke my life and disappeared like a blizzard.

I stuck out my tongue inwardly at a scene that seemed like it came straight out of a movie.

Their hands were cruel and merciless, but they were not indiscriminate slaughterers.

They only selected those who needed to be killed.

He kindly recited the reason why each of them died, and ended with the wonderful comment, 'Rest in peace.'

It may be a bit like a second-year middle schooler's syndrome, but watching it on site really touched my heart as a man.

The liver is universal.

'…by the way.'

Perhaps because it was the elder's annex, it was extremely spacious.

I felt like I had been wandering around for quite some time, but I had a hard time finding my bearings.

Auditore silences every enemy they encounter, but if they continue like this, they will be discovered in no time.

‘We need to find a room for Claude to stay in as soon as possible… … .’

Ss …

At that moment, a strange sound emerged from the back of my neck.

A shadow of a human figure that appeared out of nowhere.

It was Al’Tair who had been chasing after him, completely blocking out any signs of movement. He limped out of the darkness, leaning on his cane.

“Wow, it’s a lot bigger than I thought.”

Al’Tair stroked his beard and spoke.

“… Don’t you usually do some preliminary research before coming? With Auditore’s information power, I think he would know any place like this.”

“I appreciate your high evaluation of us, but we also have limitations in terms of information we can gather. Especially in the case of institutions or villas where the elders reside, it is a very confidential matter.”

“okay.”

“Even if it’s frustrating, just bear with it for a little longer. Our children will find it soon.”

Of course, it would be stranger if the location of the residence of the Elders, the highest nobles, were made public. Since they are sensitive about their personal safety, they would have taken measures to prevent anyone from digging into it.

After finishing my thoughts, I continued walking. Al'Tair followed me with a sly smile.

"100 million!"

"Ugh—"

"urg"

"evil!"

Short screams rang out from all directions.

Here and there the candles of life were going out.

As he continued to walk, the same situation occurred. The shiny heavy armor fell, and Auditore wiped off his blood and made the sign of the cross.

The guards also tried to counterattack, but were helplessly knocked back by the ambush.

If the neck is not cut off, the arms or legs are cut off.

I lightly crossed the blood-splattered corridor. Then, suddenly, I became curious and asked Al'Tair.

"It's a matter of striking the elders, aren't you worried, Your Majesty?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

Al'Tair asked me back with a face that said he didn't understand English.

"I think the aftermath will be severe. Even if the evidence is clear, punishing the elders would certainly be a risky burden for Auditore."

"Hahaha! I've been feeling this way for a while now, but you're really deep for a young person."

He burst out laughing and answered leisurely.

“If I had worried about that in the first place, I wouldn’t have come to Korea.”

“… … .”

“Furthermore, if we, the family of order, do not take action when solid evidence has been secured, wouldn’t that be a bigger problem? This is a family affair that has been passed down for a long time. We are not so light as to be shaken by dealing with just one elder.”

As he spoke, Al’Tair suddenly tapped me on the back.

“And what if it causes repercussions for us? You, the next Chilseong, are with us! I’m the only one who maintains neutrality, so why do I feel sorry for you, hahaha!”

“ah…….”

A sigh came out on its own.

Unlike before when I spoke with interest, I felt embarrassed later.

‘I am the next Chilseong to succeed the Emperor.’

At the time it was a declaration of determination, but when I think back on it, it’s a damn cringe-worthy line.

At my strange expression, Al’Tair pretended to know everything. He seemed to have misunderstood my intentions, but he did not bother to add anything.

‘It would be better to give this quick-witted old man some room to imagine.’

As we continued to move like that, an assassin suddenly appeared before our eyes.

I could tell who it was just by the sound. It was Knox.

He bowed to Al’Tair and then opened his mouth.

“Go 100 meters further and you’ll come to a three-way intersection.

The room on the right is where Cladi is staying. Everyone else except me is waiting in front of the door."

"I see, I understand."

"Your Majesty."

"Do you have anything else to report?"

"That's it, it's nothing else… … ."

Knox hesitated to speak. When the party leader asked, "Why?" Knox answered with a subtle expression.

"I don't know exactly because I don't have much experience, but I felt a strange sensation on the other side of the door."

"Heterogeneous? You mean it can't be identified even by presence detection?"

"Yes… It was vague, but that energy was like magic."

At those words, Al'Tair and I looked into each other's eyes. It seemed as if the same question had crossed our minds.

A silence briefly engulfed the hallway. It was a stillness that made me feel uneasy.

It was when Al'Tair became serious and was about to open his mouth.

"Euaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!"

A long, drawn-out scream was heard.

At the same time, as if we had made a promise, the three of us turned our gazes to the right.

Then, a strong scent of blood tickled my nose.

The eyelids blinked blankly for a moment. Then, soon, cracks appeared on Al'Tair and Nox's faces.

“My lord, this is definitely… … .”

“These are our kids.”

As soon as they finished speaking, the two ran away, leaving only Ajirang behind.

Likewise, I also quickly stepped forward.

With nimble footwork, we quickly reached our destination.

The sudden rush of running left me breathless. I took a moment to catch my breath and then raised my chin.

The first thing that was visible was the back of the heads of Al’Tair and Nox, who had been in the lead.

The two of them stood there, staring straight ahead. I raised my eyes a little more.

The large door was open as if it were a surprise. There was no sign of the assassins who were supposedly waiting.

“Ewww!”

Another scream echoed through the darkened door.

Pak- followed by the sound of blood spurting out of flesh.

One of the arms rolling towards Degururu soon hit Knox’s feet.

“… … !”

Knox picked it up with trembling hands. It was a dagger with the emblem of Auditore.

Knox’s face turned pale as he stared into the door.

A darkness darker than Auditore’s shadow.

It was appearing from beyond.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 104

Episode 104: The Night of Purge (3)

“Ugh… … .”

Knox’s upper teeth dug into his lower lip. Blood seeped between his teeth, giving him a metallic taste. He slowly let go of his brother.

Assassins are certainly those who are infinitely close to death.

The act of taking another’s life.

No matter how justified their reasons, they always had to be prepared for death.

Because that was the karma he had to bear as an assassin.

But determination and reality are two completely different things.

Knox slowly raised his eyes. His sunken pupils ignited with a bright red glow. Blood vessels rose in his wide-open eyes.

Knox strained his eyes to gauge the blackout curtain on the inside of the door.

He wanted to take a step right away, but he held back. He wasn’t foolish enough to jump in when he didn’t even know what was going on.

My skin tingled as my senses sharpened.

My feet instinctively stepped back at the fierce and ominous air

seeping out through the crack in the door.

'…horsepower.'

The magical power was incomparable to the one just now when the patrol car arrived. The air was so cold that it was almost pitch black.

As he was staring at the door, Al'Tair spoke to him.

"Knox, don't be emotional."

"…yes."

"Before the enemy is identified, hide your excitement."

A voice that seemed calm. However, Al'Tair's expression was distorted, unlike the voice.

Kanggeomma, looking at the sight, could feel the old man's emotions.

'anger.'

Even the most accomplished assassin had his mind cracked by the death of his family. Al'Tair held back his emotions.

Clap, clap, clap, clap!

From inside, applause echoed in all directions.

Soon after, multiple new types emerged from the darkness.

"Hey, as expected from the head of the family of order, his attitude is different. Even when his grandson dies, he speaks like that. Are you emotionless?"

Amidst the warm wind, a man with dark skin began to laugh and cry.

Kang Geum-ma narrowed his eyes. It was a face he was seeing for the first time.

However, there was no doubt that the author was the one who caused the disaster.

A man who emanates monstrous magical power from his entire body. He holds a torn arm in one hand and a magic weapon in the other.

Al'Tair's eyes turned towards the man's gaze, and then his expression crumpled without mercy.

"… … ."

"Oh, this?"

The man shrugged his shoulders as he felt the gaze. Then he threw away his severed arm as if he were throwing away trash. There was a sound of flesh and metal hitting the floor.

"Auditore, you guys are so damn annoying. It's a good thing we have so many of them. If we had fewer of them, we would have lost. And we even use magic. I was thinking of taking an arm as a souvenir, but I'll just give it to you. Bury it in a sunny place."

"Inoooom!"

Al'Tair let out a roar.

The extreme anger turned into an overwhelming murderous intent and aimed for the man. Then, the man suddenly waved his hand.

"Hey, what kind of old lady is that scary? Hey-! I can't do this alone. Everyone has to come out!"

The man shouted at her back.

Thud, thud.

The sound of several footsteps is heard late.

"… … !"

A moment later, about fifteen men stood in a row on either side of the man, their eyes shining with a sinister light.

They are all villains. Almost all the internal enemies hiding in the Academy have gathered together.

As the line formed, a look of pride spread across the man's face. He opened his eyes and crossed his arms. The man opened his mouth eagerly.

"Even if he is the lord of Adirote, how can he do business in front of Dagul? Anyway, that professor's son, he may be unlucky, but he's smart. How can he time the enemy's arrival so well, right?"

The man spilled arsenic. The rest of the villains frowned and ignored his words. The man scratched his head.

"Oh my, those uncooperative kids. Well, all villains are like this. Hmm… But do these guys become villains, or do they become like this because they become villains… … ."

The man thought, touching his pitch-black temple. A useless question and answer. It was an act that could only come from leisure.

"… Well, I can't come up with an answer by thinking about it alone, but what do you think, Elder? You must know since you've learned a lot."

The man shouted at the back.

Cladi, who had been hiding inside, peeked out. He took a moment to think about his words, then answered humbly.

"Well, aren't you all great people, half-human and half-horse? You even made a contract with the commander of the legion."

"Uh-huh, is that so? I don't think that answers the question, but-it feels good to hear such praise from the elders who know me."

"… Haha, I'm glad you liked it."

"Well, enough of the rambling. Elder Claude, you owe us something. You have to pay us back handsomely later. If you don't, I know you'll be upset."

Cladi nodded quickly at the man's small threat.

At that sight, bloodshot eyes welled up on Al'Tair's forehead. Soon,

he poured out all the emotions he had been holding back.

“Cladi! No matter how rotten you are, how can you join hands with such scum!”

“Shut up! You lowly bastard trying to teach the elders a lesson! And you dare to raid the elders’ annex. After tonight, I will personally exterminate the Adirote family!”

“Ha, you’ve heard all sorts of things from that piece of trash who clung to the demon tribe like a parasite. Your father, who died gloriously while subduing Basmon 40 years ago, will wail in hell. You should know shame!”

At those words, Claudia’s face turned pale, then quickly turned bright red.

His face, already flushed with alcohol, turned red with shame. He shouted, his neck blushing.

“This lowly guy’s baby, you have my father!”

“stop.”

The man in front cut off the conversation, as if he couldn’t listen any longer.

“Ha, but that guy!”

As Cladi continued to growl in frustration, the man’s eyes grew cold.

“Hey, Elder. You keep using the honorific ‘sir’ after me. Do you really think I’m superior to you?”

“… … .”

“I’m keeping you alive because it’ll be easier to clean up after those guys, not because you’re competent.”

Claudia bit her lips, then pursed them.

His eyebrows quivered with horror and contempt. The man glanced

at him briefly and then turned his gaze to the road ahead.

‘That kid.’

The black-haired genius top student, Kang Geom-ma.

It was my first time seeing it up close, but it was clear at first glance that it was something out of the ordinary.

While the two assassins are furious, only that bastard stands firm. With his low, calm black eyes, he measures our strength.

‘The bowl candidate is a bit different… … .’

Even before he defeated Mao Lang of the Iron Horn, he was already the second most watched target among the villains, next to Leon, the candidate for the hero.

In order for the legion commanders to descend into the realm of humanity, they needed a body of ice, the so-called ‘vessel’.

It was because Balor Joaquin blocked the border between the demon realm and the human world right after the end of the First World War.

As a result, humanity was able to maintain a truce with the Demons despite the imbalance in power.

But that tense atmosphere was gradually loosening over the long period of 700 years.

The legion commanders waited quietly for their time. They were near-immortal beings, free from the constraints of lifespan. Time was abundant.

And then, finally, the time came. A golden generation that had never been seen before or since entered Joaquin Academy. Including Leon, a candidate for the warrior class.

But something unexpected happened.

‘Ganggeomma.’

A cadet who pushed aside the brilliant golden generation and took first place. In addition, he is an unparalleled genius who defeated the Iron Horn's Mao Lang in one go.

The eyes of the legion commanders who heard the news through the villains hiding inside the academy were filled with greed.

They commanded the stallions: if they offered Leon or the strong sword to them, they would grant them infinite glory.

At those words, the villains swore in joy that they would offer the vessel to their lord.

The man was a little excited. The villains standing next to him also had shining eyes. Their eyes were greedy, like a lynx that had found a solid prey.

'Greedy little bastards.'

As he was scanning the faces of his competitors, the man suddenly felt goosebumps. He instinctively looked straight ahead.

"… … !"

The swordsman was glaring at him. He only took his gaze, but it felt like he had been cut by a blade. A shiver ran down his spine.

'… What the heck is that kid!'

Meanwhile, Kanggeomma spoke softly to Al'taïr.

"My lord and Nox, please distract the enemy's vision. If we push forward with speed, we will be able to overcome the numerical disadvantage to some extent."

A brief look of surprise crossed the old man's face at those words, but he soon nodded.

Al'Tair felt a deep sense of trust in the words of the boy who seemed young enough to be his grandson.

Kiiing—

Al'Tair pulled out a blade from his staff. S-class armed syndicate. The sound of it being pulled drew everyone's attention to the old man.

Kaaaaang—

The cow roared again. It was the sound of Knox pulling out the Hongryundo.

He grabbed the hilt of the sword and drew blood on it.

To the left of the swordsman is the Old Man of the Mountain, Al'Tair di Auditore.

On his right, the greatest genius in Auditore's history, Knox di Auditore, stood as his assistant.

"Those kids, they're coming!"

When the signs appeared, the man shouted loudly.

Their numbers are five times greater. But the murderous intent they exude is darker and more vicious than the darkness of magic.

"… … !"

The other villains also took their time and formed up. Their eyes twitched as the scent of iron lingered in their nostrils.

A standoff situation was created in an instant.

Magic and murderous intent meshed in the air. In the midst of it all, Kanggeomma took a big step forward and grabbed the hilt of his sword.

Then, Kanggeomma looked straight at Claudy. Claudy's pupils shook as he saw his black eyes shining with light.

The river sword has been debted so far.

The person who caused trouble not only for himself but also for those around him is there.

In addition, the villains who were lurking within the academy have

gathered together. Isn't this a perfect way to settle debt?

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a neck for a neck.

It is a natural tendency for a businessman to hate being in debt.

Of course, the situation was unfavorable, as they were outnumbered and each of them had incredible magical powers.

But for some reason, strength naturally filled the hand that was holding the sashimi. He was confident in the ability he had now demonstrated.

Maybe now I really enjoy fighting.

What do you think?

No matter how many enemies there are, no matter what they are.

"I'll do the magic, so leave their heads to me."

Kanggeomma opened his mouth softly to the two people on either side of him.

Kiriririring—

Sashimi let out a final squeak.

A cool light flowed from the two blades.

Kang Geum-ma laughed silently.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

Although the standoff was blazing hot, there was some laughter.

+ +

《May God bless you.》

+ +

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 105

Episode 105: The Night of Purge (4)

“Phew, it looks like this part is pretty much finished.”

This was what Media muttered when she defeated the three villains with her bare hands.

The enemy’s offensive was fierce. They poured out all sorts of extraordinary magic spells to force Media and the Sword Emperor into a defensive position.

But the result was a disaster. Chilseong’s strength was far beyond their imagination.

“Ugh… … .”

One of the villains was writhing on the floor, his leg bones completely shattered and he couldn’t walk.

Media’s gaze was fixed on the back of the man crawling on the concrete like an earthworm. He reflexively turned his back and begged for his life.

“Please, please! I’ll tell you everything. Save me!”

“really?”

“Of course! If you have any questions, feel free to ask!”

The villain was trying to prove his worth by talking passionately. He would make up anything that didn’t exist if it meant he could

survive.

Again, again, the sound of death stopped right in front of the man's nose. Media sighed softly and shook her head.

"hey."

"… … ?"

"If you were me, would you believe the villain's words?"

"Ah, no!"

Crunch!

The man's head was smashed by the tyrant's shoe. She lifted her foot and wiped the blood on her shoe.

"Hey, Zeke! How about you?"

"It's almost over."

The swordsman was stabbing the villain's subordinates with his sword blade.

Aftercare that comes from decades of experience. As he got older, he became more careful about everything.

The examination confirmed that life responses had completely ceased.

Only then did he wipe the blood off the iron.

The inspector looked around broadly.

'I guess five really was the end.'

But what is this ominous feeling that is slowly rising in my chest?

At that moment, the inspector was lost in thought.

Kwa—ang—!

A loud explosion echoed from somewhere far away.

The swordsman and the media followed suit and turned their gaze in that direction.

“… … !”

The pupils of both people shook once. They could easily guess that the source of the sound was Claudy’s annex.

The sword master and Media stared in that direction for a moment, lost in thought. A chilling aura. They felt a huge magical power that must have been at least ten in number.

They soon looked at each other and nodded silently.

I quickly left the empty lot.

The tips of their feet were pointed towards the direction where the strong swordsman was.

* * *

Kookookookookung!

The pure white wall collapsed. Debris flew everywhere and white asbestos dust settled.

“Hey, where are these kids?!”

“Fuck, I know!?”

The villains hurled insults at each other.

He kept waving his hands with a look of despair on his face, but his vision was obscured and his aim was uneven.

Someone swallowed a breath. The stones stuck to the inside of his lungs, causing him to cough.

Shit.

The blade cut through the cloud of dust and pierced the man’s

temple.

A short groan. Knox snapped, pulled out his sword, and buried himself in the hazy vision once more.

“The assassin bastards are over there! Fire all over there!”

Kwaaaaaaaah!

Various elemental magics struck here and there, making an explosive noise.

Fire, water, wind, and stones rose from the air and struck in all directions.

First, a disorganized joint attack without any cooperation will only end up hitting the empty air.

“이 개새끼야! 너랑 내 마법이 지금 충돌했잖아!

“Do you want to fall behind?”

“What the heck is this?”

At that moment, the man shouted loudly.

Tata da.

-Phew!

A blade stuck out like an awl from the villain’s forehead as he was receiving the words.

“Keep going!, F**k… … .”

Al’Tair put all his strength into the hilt of his sword and swung it down. A burning sensation as if he was being burned was felt, and blood gushed out from his wound.

The villain, who had finished his short will, fell to the ground with cloudy eyes. The Syndicate’s blade passed over his neck without hesitation.

“Go to hell, you piece of trash.”

Al’Tair’s line was very different from the original ‘Rest in peace.’ There is no reason to respect the villain.

“Hey, hey… that’s it! Grind, grind!”

The villain with the slicked-back hair had a fit. Al’Tair sneered and then immediately manifested the protection of the crow.

The Auditore are masters of sound suppression. Among them, the top-tier assassin is Al’Tair di Auditore.

The blocking of sounds, honed over time, even confuses the enemy’s senses.

Moreover, now that the field of vision has been blocked, it was precisely in this environment that they could exercise their power.

“Hey, hey! You crazy old man, where have you been!?”

Al’Tair’s traces disappeared without a trace. Fear filled his slicked-back hair.

Sasa Sak.

-Boom!

A sword strike from an angle I had never expected. No, to be exact, I couldn’t have predicted it.

Pook- tsk-

The slicked-back hair became the companion of the villain who passed away before, without even leaving a will.

The pupils of the living villains were cloudy. It was impossible to read the situation.

They just roughly estimated the location with the new models floating here and there and quickly cast their magic.

However, it was a speed that was far behind the speed of Al’Tair and

Nox.

Hong Ryun-do drew a line. The blood-soaked blade cut through the dust and then passed through the villain's arm.

Right arm rolling on the floor.

During casting, the clump of magical power that had been cut and clumped together burst like a bubble and oxidized.

"Ugh!"

The villain grabbed the cross-section. His vocal cords burst out in a scream, but it was immediately cut off, and the sound was swallowed by his Adam's apple.

"Oh, crazy."

Cladi muttered with a look of exasperation on her face.

Then he quickly collapses, falling on his butt.

My heart rate was pounding like a broken machine, and I felt my spine and blood vessels instantly freeze.

There were clearly less than three, and the villain was fifteen.

Why is this side losing? Even if the villains didn't cooperate until the end, it was such a one-sided massacre.

Even if Al'Tair had joined, the balance of attack and defense would not have been this lopsided.

Claude stared blankly ahead. A short blade flashed in her obscured vision.

The sharp sword strike dug into the fireball hanging in the air. The ominous heat dissipated in an instant.

The person who cast the spell spat out a curse.

Although the pronunciation was slurred due to confusion, the general meaning was 'Does this make sense?'

The question was short.

Soon after, he too was cut into sashimi and died as if by magic.

The villain formation was so shocked and shocked by the unexpected phenomenon.

We don't know where they will appear, what their technology is, or even how many allies they have.

The bespectacled villain shouted, his eyes bloodshot.

"First, get in line!"

But then, right away, a sound of "Shi-shik" reached my ears.

The sashimi passed smoothly through the crown.

Crunch-

The bridge of my glasses snapped like a taut string.

Added a vain ending by sashimi.

"Look around a bit!"

A nearby female villain rushed at Kang Geum-ma.

Whirik-

Kanggeomma swung his hands while spinning around on his left foot.

Slurp-

The villain was counterattacked. Her upper body slid away, saying goodbye to her lower body. Leaving behind a thud- sound.

… … !"

A sight that was hard to believe. Claude's pupils became even more empty. She had long since lost all sense of reality.

'That, that monster… … a cadet?'

It was cut cleanly like well-ripened butter, without even touching the metal or bone.

Although Auditore is Auditore, the hands of Kanggeomma are different.

Even though Claude was completely ignorant of swordsmanship, he knew that his swordplay was out of the ordinary.

It was not a metaphor, it was a truly magical swordsmanship.

It's not just about swordplay. The magic of the swordsman creates an environment where two assassins can run wild.

It seems like he kills anyone, but he has a wide field of vision that only finds and kills villains right before casting.

Movement that moves through a limited space using only the minimum and optimal routes.

Even though it can be avoided, he cuts the magic anyway, leaving the villains in a state of despair and shock.

Footwork, swordplay, psychological warfare.

By using all of them, he was able to turn the situation around where he was outnumbered.

I knew he was a bad guy all along. But who would have thought it would be this bad?

'… Ganggeomma, that bastard… … .'

But there was something else that sent shivers down Claude's spine.

There is no hesitation in taking life.

While even the assassins have some emotion embedded in their blades, Kanggeomma swings his sword without mercy.

At this point, I started to wonder if that was really a person.

The guy looked like a fly disguised as a human.

“Ewww!”

One scream.

“Kkiyaaaaaaaaaah!”

“Fuck, I can’t die like this!”

Two or three of them were piled up, seeping into the walls and floor.

Confusion and shock spread through the villain formation. Everyone trembled in fear. Even though they had lost their humanity, they were still afraid of death.

“Get out! They can’t win!”

The ranks of the villains were in disarray. Some tried to run away in a panic.

“Where did you jump?”

Their urgent footwork was immediately detected by Kanggeomma.

The realm of the senses, which is becoming increasingly refined as the days go by, is now a realm of evolution rather than progress.

This was the reason why the strong swordsman could move freely in situations where visibility was not secured.

Kanggeomma stepped onto the wall and shot out.

phut!

The marble that made up the wall burst and gunshots rang out.

“““… … !”””

Kanggeomma landed in front of them like an island. He shook the sashimi in a crouching position.

Sigh!

The sashimi glowed and flickered across the ankles of those running

away.

The villains didn't even realize that their feet were cut off. The red dots were stamped on the pavement of the hallway like a stamp. They ran a few meters without feet and fell down.

"S-s …

The screams of many people echoed. The blade cut through their throats at once. The screams suddenly stopped.

The dark villain was standing there with a blank expression. He had his neck stuck because he had been supported from behind with water-attribute magic.

The man shook his head violently to shake off his surprise.

'Ugh, first of all, what should I do about the view?'

It may be a little late, but if we get our formation together now, we will have a chance of winning. His mind was working hard at that moment. He quickly gathered his magical power and formed a giant water droplet.

Then, he immediately burst the water ball he had created in the air. The water droplets burst with a "bang" and swept away the surrounding area like a tidal wave, wetting it.

As the air became moist, the dust gradually settled.

The man smiled faintly with satisfaction and exclaimed.

"Hey, you little shits! Now that we have visibility, we can fight!"

"… … ."

The answer he got was silence. He shouted once more.

Still no one has answered.

'What, what is it?'

At that moment, the man whose head was throbbing looked around.

At that moment, the dust cloud settled on the ground and his vision was completely secured.

“uh…….”

The man let out a sigh without realizing it.

And I could see why no answer came back.

The reason was simple. He had no more companions left. Blood and flesh were splattered everywhere.

The only living creatures were three humans, each bleeding while trampling on corpses. My eyes met with the black-haired one in the middle.

‘ah.’

A short, inward cry.

All sorts of emotions rushed across the man’s face. His once dark skin had turned pale and blue.

Cladi’s reaction was the same. No, she felt a fear that was even more intense than the villain’s.

After a while, Kang Geum-ma stepped towards us.

Stepping on the bloody floor of the police station, police station hallway.

There was only the sound of footsteps, but it felt like my heart was being squeezed tightly.

I had no intention of waiting for death in silence. However, my paralyzed brain was like a dry towel, unable to squeeze out any thoughts.

When my whole body was so tense with the sensation of elasticity that I lost consciousness.

Kwakwakwakwakwakwang!

A thunderous roar shook the gloomy silence from the side. At the same time, everyone's gaze turned to the source of the sound.

"""""""""… … !"""""""""

A large hole in the wall in the shape of a perfect circle. Someone walks out leisurely, carrying a backpack on his back.

"Hmm-, this is quite a lot of bleeding. I didn't think everyone but one would die. This is out of the question. But there is nothing more rewarding for an educator than seeing a cadet grow."

A middle-aged man appears, speaking in such a cheerful voice.

The dark villain's face lit up as he looked at him. He spoke excitedly, unable to hide his excitement and delight.

"Hey! Why are you here now!?"

He's such an unlucky bastard, but I couldn't be happier to see him at this moment.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 106

Episode 106: The Night of Purge (5)

A middle-aged man suddenly appeared. He walked leisurely out of a neat hole that seemed to have been cut and drilled with a knife.

The two assassins hesitated for a moment at the intense appearance. It seemed as if they had sensed it too.

That he is on a different level from the villains the author has written so far.

The two people had looks of surprise and bewilderment on their faces. I was startled as well.

The reason was different from theirs. What surprised me was the identity of that person.

‘Professor Damien of the Department of Home Economics.’

The day before the festival, the person who gave me personal advice turned out to be the mastermind.

No, what’s even more ridiculous than that is…

I thought he was called ‘professor’ on the surface, but his real title was professor.

He is also a very capable and famous person. I had a feeling that something was wrong with him when he offered me Russian tea the other day.

But, I didn't know the author was behind it.

'by the way…….'

Why didn't I figure out Damien's true identity when I first received counseling? I didn't understand for a moment, but I quickly remembered the reason.

At that time, I forgot to bring sashimi. It was a really unusual situation, and it just so happened that it was the time I had one-on-one time with Damien.

It's so funny because it seems like someone intentionally did this.

'To say that things are going well is to cancel.'

While I was thinking about this and that, the dark villain suddenly raised his chin and shouted in an accusatory tone.

"Hey, Professor! Why did you come now, huh!? If you had just come earlier, things wouldn't have turned out like this, damn it!"

"hmm."

The professor stood with his back to the ground, looked around, and looked at the surroundings with indifferent eyes that showed no sign of interest, then replied.

"You are saying things to me because you are weak. How stupid. You are more childish than the students I teach."

"What the heck, you little punk!?"

A man who just moments ago looked like he was reuniting with his separated family, but then immediately showed hostility at the slightest insult.

I feel this way when I look at villains, but they are a group that is truly true to their instincts. It feels like their brains aren't filtered at all?

If you think about it, Choi Seol-ah seems to be the most sensible of

the villains.

At least Choi Seol-ah can discern right from wrong in an emergency. On the other hand, that man is arguing with his only ally, the professor.

‘Are you an idiot?’

“Mom, are you ignoring what I say!?”

“ha…….”

The professor sighed deeply at the man’s shameless attitude. He shook his head and stopped talking.

“… No matter how loud an empty can is, I didn’t expect it to be this loud. It’s embarrassing to have a villain like this.”

“what?!”

“I would have tried to save you if possible, but it’s too noisy. I’ll give you some guidance.”

“F-Fuck, damn it-.”

Just as the man’s mouth was about to open, the professor waved his hand.

A popping noise. Then a spurt of blood.

The head of the man on my shoulder exploded before I could even scream. No, it would be more accurate to say it disappeared.

“That, that.”

Knox’s lips trembled at the sight. It seemed that even he, with his speed, could not capture it.

The expression on the face of the master, Al’Tair, also hardened for a moment. The confidence of a veteran comes from experience.

But that magic was something he had never seen before. It was understandable why he flinched.

The wind blew in the opposite direction with one magic spell from the professor.

The two assassins snorted and gripped their sword hilts. Their grips were filled with strength as they prepared to die.

It seemed like he was going to run out at any moment, so I gestured for him to wait a moment.

This is an enemy whose strength is unknown. If you go out and fight them blindly, you will only end up dying a dog's death.

Al'Tairdo also nodded, as if there were no objections.

Claudia crawled towards the professor with a face full of joy.

"Oh, you came to save me!"

Claudia, with a cowardly smile on her face.

The professor tilted his head with a transparent expression.

"Me? Why?"

"… Yes, yes? Otherwise, there would be no reason to summon the villains to my annex."

"Poohahahahaha!"

The professor suddenly burst into laughter.

An evil laughter echoed through the hallway. Claudie froze with a dumbfounded expression.

"Oh my, thanks to your joke, Elder, I am finally able to laugh like this after such a long time. But, what good would it do for me to save you, Elder? You, who is worthless and just keeps on going like a bat?"

"… … ."

"You are a bug, a cripple, a piece of trash, a piece of filth. No words can describe you. Your father will cry in the pit of hell."

The professor verbally abused Claude without mercy. Most of his remarks were factual, except for a few overly harsh remarks.

Claude's eyebrows twitched once, twice, and then her expression turned grim.

"Rain, what did you, a villain, have to say!?"

Cladi shouted, as if she had any pride left in her.

"This joke isn't even funny. What are you, the damn elder, to us? You have no sense of propriety and no intelligence to distinguish between right and wrong. What are you?"

The professor's eyes, cast down, were cold.

"And I'll tell you why I summoned the villains here."

"… … ."

"You were a kind of bait. A bait to tear apart their forces. Even if I were to join forces with the Inspector General, the Dean, and Auditore, I wouldn't be a match. My target is not a 'small thing' like you."

As he said that, the professor suddenly turned his head towards me. Then he spoke to me with his usual kind smile.

"It's been a while, Cadet Kang Geom-ma. How have you been?"

"… … ."

"You seem curious about how I came here. I'll tell you why, so don't be so angry."

The professor continued in a soft voice.

"I just kept in mind the possibility that Miss Choi Seol-ah might betray. As you know, Cadet Kang Geom-ma, she has a strong attachment to life, to the point of cowardice. I was sure that in times of crisis, she would stick to Cadet Kang Geom-ma."

It is an undeniable fact.

“So I secretly cast a wiretapping spell on her. It’s one of my few tricks.”

“… … .”

You crazy pervert.

Somehow, when I said there were villains at a good time, was it because of that kid’s secret work?

When I frowned, the professor waved his hand.

“I don’t have such bad tastes, so I hope you don’t misunderstand. I just put a spell on her as a preventive measure because I knew her personality early on.”

I was dumbfounded at how they spoke of crime so brazenly.

… Well, since he’s a villain and a criminal, what’s the point of talking more?

Bad guys just do bad things.

However, I felt a little sorry for Choi Seol-ah, who was living happily without even knowing that she was being wiretapped.

‘If I tell Choi Seol-ah this, she might bite her tongue.’

The professor turned his gaze back to Claude. The smile he had been giving me was now wiped clean away, replaced by a cold expression.

“And the reason I called the villains here was to catch you so you wouldn’t get scared and run away. You always do that, Claude. When you get scared, you run away first, so it was quite a hassle.”

“You little shit!”

“As a scholar, I often hear this, but it is truly regrettable that this is the elder’s last will and testament.”

Professor Damien raised his right arm slightly, making a hand gesture

with his thumb and middle finger together.

"… … !"

Cladi's body twitched as if convulsed at that hand gesture.

The guy must have sensed his inevitable death.

Finally, feeling an overwhelming sense of powerlessness, Claudia fell to her knees.

It seemed as if he had no more screams to spit out or pleas to squeeze out, only emptiness hovered in his pupils.

"…Fuck."

As I watched the situation, I suddenly felt angry. I came here to cut off Claude's head, but that bastard professor was about to strike the final blow.

I don't know about anything else, but I can't hand over Claude's lifeline. I'll sleep better if I take care of it myself.

Besides, there is an unspoken rule in Korea that you can't steal the last blow. In short, Damien is trying to cross the line hard now.

'That dog.'

Professor Damien smiled evilly at Claude.

"You've lived a long and fulfilling life, so I know you have no regrets."

Ta-ak-!

The professor finished speaking and snapped his fingers vigorously.

At the same time, I expanded the realm of imagination.

[Painless Protection] There are only about 5 seconds left.

Even considering the pain reduction rate, the duration of [Protection of the Sword God] is at most 10 seconds.

If we are not sure, we will be the ones who suffer.

That's why we have to use the realm of probability to find the answer.

————s …

I felt time being broken into small pieces.

At first 0.1 seconds… 0.01 seconds… 0.0001 seconds… 0.000001 seconds.

In the flow of time that has become so stretched out that the world seems slow.

Suddenly, the air in front of me swells and condenses. The laws of physics have long since been surpassed, and vision has captured this artificial phenomenon with its own eyes.

'Found it.'

Is it because I have been defeating many enemies who use magic powers?

As soon as I entered his eyes, I immediately understood the essence of the magic. It was a magical energy that gathered the atmosphere like a bomb and exploded it.

Empty attribute magic.

A fraudulent performance that is triggered without any shape, mass, or parameters.

Literally flawless. A magic that allows for one-sided attacks with no weaknesses.

And the translucent thread extending from the gap between that professor's little bastard's thumb and middle finger.

In short, that line will be the wick connecting the invisible bomb and the magic caster.

However, since that thread has no shape or form, it would be impossible to break it.

‘…but.’

Another red line drawn along that thin solid line appeared on my retina.

————Ttuk————

As soon as the realm of imagination was reaped, I immediately grabbed the rope tightly and shot Murasame.

tasting!

A ray of light crossed the gap between Professor and Claude.

The next moment was when I heard the professor snapping his fingers.

Pa-ang-!

A hollow sound.

An air bomb exploded in the air.

“… … !”

The professor froze in place. He looked at me, his neck stiff.

“… What, what are you doing?”

The professor, who had been so confident just a moment ago, now stutters. His pupils shook with anxiety.

I tapped my temple.

“You told me before, I’m smart.”

“… … .”

Not only the professor, but also Al’Tair, Nox, and Claude, who had their eyes shut.

They too seemed speechless, just blinking.

In particular, Al'Tair seemed to want an explanation, but since there was no time to delay, he ignored the gaze.

Whirl!

I grabbed the rope and pulled it to retrieve the Murasame. The hilt settled right into my palm.

Perhaps because he is naturally good with swords, he prefers to hold and use them rather than throwing them.

I raised my eyes and looked closely into the professor's pupils. They were shaking violently.

Originally, the longer the bag strap, the more agitated one becomes by incomprehensible phenomena.

Moreover, since the secrets of colorless and odorless magic and the magic of the empty attribute have been discovered, even that reaction that was as hard as a stone seems understandable.

And honestly, Damien differentiates himself from other villains, but in my eyes, he's still the same.

From the beginning, the fact that he blew up the villain's head is proof that the professor is also a villain.

He was so intoxicated with himself that he killed his only ally with his own hands.

To be honest, that kid looked dumber than Choi Seol-ah.

At least Choi Seol-ah is like a ghost finding a way to survive.

I took a big step forward.

"Damian."

The professor took a step back hesitantly. Then he immediately gathered his magic power.

‘There are about 8 seconds left.’

The expression ‘moment’ is more appropriate than ‘time’.

But to tie up this messy situation —

He declared to Damien as if spitting it out.

“Bear it.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 107

Episode 107: The Night of Purge (6)

Time is relative.

It's something I heard whispered in my middle school science class.

Actually, I don't know the real meaning because I'm far from the smell of ink.

However, even if it is not a scientific approach, I have experienced what I said. No, not only me, but most men in Korea as well.

Why, isn't there a saying that the clock of the Ministry of Defense runs slowly?

Even the same amount of time can feel long or short depending on the situation. In short, isn't this exactly the case right now?

I was given about 8 seconds.

This is also generous, so it is likely to be under 8 seconds.

It's not like there's a timer planted in your brain.

'It should be roughly between 7 and 8 seconds.'

It's an absurdly short time. Normally, it would be over in a single yawn and a tap on the lips.

But now, in this urgent situation where life and death are at stake.

Now, when there are two guys right in front of me that I wanted to kill so badly.

If it is now that the protection of the swordsman is manifested.

You can accomplish a lot in just eight short seconds.

Even as we continue to babble like this, not even 0.000001 seconds have passed.

I took a deep breath, letting my head cool.

To eliminate wasted time, you need to make a concrete plan.

I replayed the scene where the professor cast his spell.

A magical line woven from the gathered air bombs and the caster.

Snapping your fingers would be the signal for detonation.

Of course, there's no guarantee that he'll only cast bomb magic.

But there is a sense of discomfort that I have felt while dealing with quite a few villains so far.

While the mermaids who were mines could use a variety of magic even though they had the same water attribute, the villains could only use one type of magic.

The villain is a human by birth. Even if he is granted magical powers by the commander, wouldn't the magic he can cast be limited to one because he is fundamentally different from the demon race?

It could be dismissed as a coincidence, but since it happened to everyone I met, the circumstances are clear.

I stared at the professor. If my assumptions were correct, the guy would only cast air bombs.

The destruction seemed to have happened a moment ago. The aftermath was that the professor was frozen in stone.

'… It's still a headache.'

Even if the guy slightly changes the timing of his casting, he will be affected, and conversely, if he is late in cutting the red line, he will be affected.

It's tricky and threatening.

Altair and Nox, who specialize in speed battles. The casting is short and wide, so much so that even two people have a hard time avoiding it.

I suddenly burst into laughter.

'What, worrying about nothing.'

Cut it down before it shows any unusual movements.

If you trample them with overwhelming speed without them even realizing it, they will be powerless.

'We have to move faster than usual.'

Take small breaths to reduce unnecessary breathing, and take wide steps to close the distance in one breath.

The decision was immediately put into action.

Even if I think about it more, I won't come up with a good idea. In that case, I'll just roll my feet. While counting numbers in my head.

'8 seconds.'

Knock!

The soles of my feet left the ground. Only then did time, which had stopped, begin to flow.

"… … !"

The professor's pupils swaying from side to side caught my eye. I just put a little more weight on my legs, and I got close in one stride.

The professor's fingers twitched once.

At the same time, I activated [Protection of Transfer]. I immediately scattered the sensory sphere that had been forged by [Protection of the Sword God] onto the floor.

In an instant, the surroundings turned pitch black. It was an eerie sight.

It was similar to when I manifested my blessing on the first day of school.

I could feel the artificially stirred atmosphere rising from the side.

Professor, that bastard, his face is all nervous, but he still manages to stab me in the eye. He's no ordinary guy.

'7 seconds.'

I stepped on the step. I put strength into my waist, which was about to fall forward due to inertia, and stood up.

Thud thud.

Every muscle screamed.

A faint groan escaped me, but I held it back by gritting my teeth.

A moment of joking can lead directly to death.

Thump-, the professor snapped his fingers. A stream of magical energy flowed out, running along a translucent line towards the air bomb.

'5 seconds.'

It was out of arm's reach. If it continued like this, it would be instant death.

At that moment, the arm moved without going through the brain.

Take a break!

The right hand holding the rope shot Murasame. Even though it was thrown unconsciously, the trajectory of the blade was flawless.

The blade glowed and cut through the pitch black, slicing into the red lines drawn on the air spheres one after another.

-phut!

A transparent sphere that shatters into pieces just before exploding.

A shock wave occurred and the air currents rippled once.

“What the hell, what the hell is going on!”

The professor was swearing. His eyes were blurry, as if he was quite embarrassed. When he first appeared, Force was the final boss, but his reactions were like those of a commoner.

He kept flicking his fingers in a fluster. A number of transparent spheres appeared, blurring his vision.

It is impossible to cut down all the magic spells that are popping out here and there within the remaining ‘3 seconds’.

But in times like these, you have to keep your eyes on the enemy. I quickly turned my eyes forward.

At that moment, blood started to flow from the professor’s eye socket, as if he had been forced to cast the role. He suddenly rubbed his eyes with a face full of confusion.

One empty movement. I had a feeling that it would put an end to this fight.

He grabbed Murasame’s rope tightly and wiggled his wrist.

Whirilirirriririk-

The sashimi floating in the air swept past all the magic in an extraordinary trajectory like a whip.

The swing of the sword was clearly visible on the tip of the finger along the rope. It was a fresh and free-spirited sword, like a living being. The blade caught the light and swung through the air.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang-!

Explosions rang out one after another. The air bombs that had filled the room exploded without mercy. Ripples formed in the air, and hot air blew.

Soon, the walls and pillars that had been barely holding on collapsed. It was the moment when the annex that had once smelled of money became a complete ruin.

“”… … !””

The expressions on Al’Tair and Nox’s faces as they watched the workshop were a mixture of emotions.

In about 3 seconds, chaos broke out, so they had no idea what was going on.

The good news is that the two of them didn’t move their legs.

It’s not that Auditore’s skills are lacking, but if you try to help him out carelessly, the path will get tangled.

And the real cool thing is solo play.

“… Ah, no, how.”

The professor’s voice trembled. In the author’s eyes, this phenomenon must have been far beyond logic.

I summoned strength into my torn and shattered calves. A searing pain shot up from my toes, making my jaw clench.

Instead of venting his pain, he kicked the floor and ran. A louder explosion than before rang out.

My feet lifted slightly off the ground, and my body rushed forward. The sound of air being torn apart at incredible speed rang in my ears.

tasting.

I followed behind the professor. He quickly turned his head away.

But to me, whose breathing time had changed, it seemed too slow.

I feel like I'm standing alone in another world. I laughed briefly.

'Another world.'

Those words struck me deeply. Even though they had different meanings, I felt stronger now that I could be at ease in a situation like this.

Before I swung my arms, recent events flashed before my eyes like a flash.

The guys who tried to harm me and kill me are right in front of me.

What's more, in the end, even the members who believed in me and followed me got caught up in these bastards' evil schemes and got hurt.

I felt my mouth go dry and my eyes get bloodshot.

The professor turned his head halfway. Even now, every movement was slow.

There was no emotion left on the guy's face except fear.

I instinctively pursed my lips. I took a deep breath and my chest heaved.

I curl my waist clockwise like a discus thrower. Soon my sides tighten up.

Kukugeuk – He twisted his upper body counterclockwise at the same time as the sound of his muscles folding. The trajectory of the two hands he held formed a smooth full moon shape.

Sarararaaak

The rotating sword made a crisp sound as it struck the flesh.

Sigh!

The bright blue blade passed smoothly over the cheekbone and came

out the other way. The professor's pupils, who were looking at it from the side, dilated.

It seems like the fact that it has been cut has not yet been transmitted to the brain.

I muttered as I faced him.

"1 second."

Bam.

Damien could not close his eyelids until the moment of his death.

* * *

"…her."

Al'Tair, who had been silent for a long time, soon let out a sigh.

I tried to think of a way to react, but I couldn't find anything to say other than a faint groan.

My spine broke out in cold sweat without me knowing, soaking my clothes.

The old man suddenly glanced to the side.

Knox's face was calmer than expected. Of course, he was also surprised, but his expression was calmer than his own, who was greatly embarrassed.

"… Knox, you're more calm than I thought."

"Oh, no, my lord."

Knox scratched his cheek awkwardly at the compliment. Then he sighed softly and turned his eyes back to the front. Wherever his eyes landed, there was the Ganggeomma.

Knox kept his gaze straight ahead and spoke to the lord as if he was talking to himself.

“The master was surprised, but shouldn’t I have been surprised? I’m just a little more used to it now.”

“… What do you mean, you got used to it?”

Knox paused for a moment, then slowly scanned the traces of the battle. The sword marks here and there in the chaos, and the thick smell of blood.

Memories that I wanted to forget came back to me vividly. Knox let out a faint laugh and continued.

“As you may have heard, I personally got stabbed by that guy at the beginning of the semester. Even now, I feel ashamed. I was the one who started the fight when he was just hitting me. I knew I shouldn’t have, but I provoked him by calling him a lowly person.”

“… … .”

“I was called a genius in my family, but I couldn’t even inflict a single scratch on that guy. I was so angry after the duel that I gnashed my teeth for days.”

Among the members of the family, Nox was the only one who did not open up. Al’Tair was secretly surprised by this, but he silently accepted his grandson’s words.

“… But as time went by, I began to understand why Chloe was so attached to that guy. Of course… I wanted to get her off right away. But Chloe, that guy is so stubborn. He also has a unique side. That’s what makes him cute.”

Al’Tair nodded at the word cute. Occasionally, the image of his granddaughter swinging her sword with empty eyes flashed through his mind. As an assassin, she could not help but be so happy and lovely. It was Chloe who had held a dagger during the Stone Claw.

Al’Tair was about to lose himself in old memories when he suddenly came to his senses. The shock of the battle had not yet subsided, and he was in the middle of a serious conversation with his grandson.

Al’Tair turned his gaze back to Nox, and smiled softly, as if he

understood everything.

Knox scratched the back of his neck sheepishly at the kind reaction.

“… Chloe said something like that. That one guy, Ganggeomma, is stronger than the entire Auditore family. At first, I dismissed it as nonsense, but now I have to admit it. Ganggeomma is noticeably stronger and better than anyone I’ve ever seen.”

The gunshot passed through Knox’s pupil. The dark and murky atmosphere was gone.

“And knowing how to use that strength properly. I think that’s what impressed Chloe about that kid.”

“Knox.”

Al’Tair measured his next words. Nox looked straight into the eyes of the lord and spoke.

“There is something that the Lord has repeatedly emphasized to me. Value the family lineage, but if your convictions are firm, follow them.”

“… … .”

“I want to become the shadow of that bastard, Kanggeomma.”

Al’Tair looked at Nox. The face of his grandson, now bare of his aegyo and filled with conviction, suddenly asked the old man.

“…Won’t you regret it?”

“yes.”

Nox replied immediately. Al’Tair chuckled and stroked his beard. No grandfather would be unhappy with his grandson’s growth.

As the conversation ended, a faint scream, similar to a groan, was heard from the front. The two turned their heads toward the source of the sound.

Cladi was shaking her shoulders, her head hanging low.

“”… … .””

There was a moment of silence between them.

Ssrung- Ssrung-!

Each of them drew their weapons.

Along with assassination, torture is also Auditore’s family business.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 108

Episode 108: The End of the First Semester (1)

“Kkaaaaaaaaaaaaah”

Claudie screamed so loudly that her throat was about to burst. No, to be exact, her vocal cords were already sore, she was gushing blood.

Claude was lying on the floor, completely bloodied. Her eyes were blurry, her arms and legs were cut off one by one.

It was the work of Al’Tair and Nox, who were interrogating him. Perhaps because they were assassins by nature, their torture skills were amazing. It was so creepy that I, watching from afar, felt it.

“Please, please, kill me.”

Claude moved her slightly cut tongue. Just a moment ago, her jawbone had rattled and she had chewed it with her teeth.

Al’Tair, who had been smiling for a moment, smiled brightly and waved his hand lightly.

The Cain Sword’s blade swept across the back of Claudy’s hand, which had one remaining blade. Crack, a slicing sound followed, and blood spurted out.

Claude let out another scream, a deafening scream that echoed throughout the area.

Knox frowned. His ears were hurting from being interrogated so close

to him. He grabbed Claudie's jawbone with one hand.

"Ugh, ugh!"

Claude couldn't let out a scream, so she held it in her mouth. Suddenly, Al'Tair thrust his face right in front of his nose. Then, with a bitter expression, he opened his mouth.

"… I don't want to do this either. Although I have hated you since long ago, would I like you like this? However, if a traitor's words are pretty, there will be no order. Above all, didn't you, Claude, betray humanity? The punishment for a traitor must be somewhat cruel."

Al'Tair took out a handkerchief and wiped the blood away, saying:

Cladi tried to protest, her body trembling with only half of its remaining body remaining, but Knox's hand covered her mouth and she was unable to speak.

The one-sided conversation continued like that. As time passed, the life in Claudia's eyes slowly began to drain away.

'You gave up.'

The angle of his bowed head gradually lowered. For a senior who had been treated favorably his entire life, the end was extremely shabby and miserable.

Well, considering what that kid has done, it's pretty fitting.

He attempted to harm the Academy's cadets, betrayed humanity, and betrayed the Demons.

Treason is the instigation of murder.

Thinking about it carefully, I realized that killing him twice wouldn't be enough. As Al'Tair said, it may be excessive, but if we do it like that, the sprouts won't grow.

'Oh, right.'

Come to think of it, there was something I wanted to ask Claude. I

wondered if there was anything more I could ask, but even if you wring out a dry towel, at least some water droplets will come out.

I stepped towards them.

Al'Tair turned his head, completely wiping the blood off his blade. He spoke to me with a kind smile.

"Oh, it'll be over soon. Just wait a moment. This is our specialty. It's also an embarrassing scene to show to outsiders."

"Just a minute, I thought of something to ask that kid."

Al'Tair tilted his head at my words.

Of course, you wonder what Cladi, who just blinks his eyes, would say. Especially when he's the one who gave up on life.

But Al'Tair nodded coolly. He motioned for Nox to open his sealed mouth hole.

"Turn it off, turn it off."

Only then did Claudie start breathing thinly. Blood was seeping out like juice from various wounds. I knelt down in front of him.

"hey."

Claude couldn't raise her head, as if her neck had lost its strength. She only slightly raised her eyes and looked at me. I looked into her pupils, which were covered with a grayish-white curtain, and opened my mouth again.

"Before I die, let me ask you this. Among the elders, or rather among the nobles, who are those who side with you?"

"… … ."

"You, there's enough evidence here and the scene, but they won't be here. If you confess, I'll tell them to send you away right away."

At those words, Claudia's eyebrows twitched. She knew it too, that

she was already at a loss for life.

If that's the case, you'll want to break this chain of suffering as much as possible. Even the offer of killing you with a single stroke of a sword will feel like a sweet temptation.

The bat-like nature of the guy is something that everyone here knows. And since they are not used to this kind of torture, they thought that this was enough.

It wasn't that I was being merciful, I just thought it would be a mess in bed.

He turned his head left and right and asked the two assassins what they thought. The answer was, of course, yes.

On the contrary, Al'Tair nodded willingly, saying that seemed right.

Claude opened her mouth. Blood gushed from the wound near her chin. It seemed as if her lungs had been punctured and she was speechless.

Knox quickly wrapped a cloth around that area to stop the bleeding. Only then did Claudie's voice leak out through her teeth.

"… Really?"

A thick stream of blood ran between his upper and lower teeth like a thread. I nodded and answered.

"I know you're a guy who can't handle it even if you chew on it twice. But I'll give you one last chance to atone. Tell me everything you have."

"… … ."

A moment of silence fell on the room. The thick dust began to clear, and the moonlight hidden behind the clouds dispelled the pitch darkness.

A few seconds passed like that. I was starting to get a little annoyed.

It seemed like the guy who was about to die was thinking about something, and if he delayed even a little, his breathing would stop.

At the moment when I was about to frown and ask questions.

“Poohahahahahahahahahaha!”

Suddenly, Claude burst into flames. The sound was deafening, as if she had squeezed out the last bit of her life.

The unexpected reaction cracked the faces. The guy who was almost dying suddenly started laughing like crazy, so I couldn’t help but be dumbfounded.

Nox instinctively lifted the Hongryundo. Al’Tayr reached out and stopped him.

I folded my arms, avoiding the knees I had crouched down on. Then I closed my eyes coldly.

Claudia said, raising the corners of her lips.

“Even if my life was in danger, did you really think I would accept a lowly person like you’s offer? Outrageous. And I’m going to die soon anyway. And you’re threatening me? And you’re a lowly special promotion student? How unbelievable!”

It was so absurd that I couldn’t help but laugh. Is there such a thing as a villain? If he had that kind of mind, why did he betray humanity in the first place?

And even in the midst of all this, he even recited the idea of the chosen people. They say that people can’t be rewritten. Today, I was once again receiving the teachings of the sages.

“After I die, do you think the elders, no, all the nobles! Will leave you and Auditore alone!? At that time, you, Ganggeomma, will be the one begging for death!”

I think the expression “a bone is growing in my throat” is used in situations like this. Even though I did my best to be kind, you are still acting like a jerk.

They say even a mouse will bite a cat when cornered.

I took a deep breath inwardly and pressed my foot firmly against Claude's remaining ankle.

"Now I can't feel pain because I've lost all sense of pain! Where else can you try?"

Cladi bit her lips and tried to make a strong expression. I smirked and activated [Protection of Transfer] and [Protection of Regeneration].

I originally wanted to stretch out my arm, but catching such a bug made me feel bad.

Ss …

Immediately, a pure white energy flowed through my toes and penetrated Claudia's body.

Blisters rose from the broken and torn wounds here and there, and the cut surface healed.

"… … !"

Cladi's eyes widened at the sudden treatment. The two assassins standing next to me also stared at me with bewildered expressions.

As my pupils, which had been growing cloudy, began to show some life, I stopped the manifestation of the guardian spirit. A variety of emotions seemed to be crossing over in Cladi's eyes as she looked up at me.

I soon spat out a cold voice.

"Hold on as long as you can."

Claudia's face turned pale for a moment. Her brain stopped, as her eyes and mouth moved independently.

I turned my gaze to Al'Tair and Nox and said something.

"The wounds that are visible to the naked eye will probably have

flesh on them. I have no intention of talking about it, so don't worry about it and leave it up to you to support and support them. As I said earlier, shouldn't we nip the buds in the bud?"

"… Okay, I see."

As soon as he said that and turned his steps, a voice came out from behind him.

"Now, just a moment!"

Claude called me with a longing voice. I turned my head halfway and glanced at her.

Al'Tair and Nox pull out daggers that look like saws, and Claude struggles to escape from their feet.

I muttered as I looked at the place where a disaster would soon occur.

"It was your choice."

So, endure evil with brute force.

The screaming was longer than before.

After about ten minutes, the loud echo died down with a thud.

* * *

The inspector and the principal arrived at the scene 30 minutes after Claudie died.

A stronger smell of blood than the vacant lot where the five villains had been slaughtered greeted them. The two men let out a sigh as if they had made a promise.

"…her."

A gruesome sight that seemed to be on the border between hell and reality. It was a chilling shock even to the Chilseong Hero who had been through many battles. Such riots were not common.

Al'Tair approached the swordsman who was looking around in confusion.

"Welcome, Your Majesty."

"…what happened."

"Do you have any explanation? As you can see, it is as follows. Fifty guards, fifteen villains, and even Claudy. We took care of them all. Of course… some of our people died too… … ."

A moment of gloom spread across Al'Tair's face. Mediah interrupted, looking as if she did not understand.

"Does it make sense that Auditore Choi Jung-ye was hit? No, why are there fifteen villains here in the first place!?"

He took a deep breath and continued.

"It seems that the author, Professor, who seemed to be the leader of the villains who infiltrated the school, sent all of his forces here. It seems like we fell for his shallow trick."

"No, this is crazy."

Media spat out a final curse and wrapped her arms around her neck. Far from being angry, she felt dumbfounded.

It was a repetitive process of Al'Tair explaining the past, and the sword master and the academy director looking at each other with empty expressions.

The conversation between the three people that had been going on for several minutes ended like that.

"This is crazy."

This was Media's honest impression after hearing the whole story.

In fact, my head still hadn't fully processed the content, so my back was throbbing.

That kind of reaction wasn't unreasonable.

Because the words that came out of Al'Tair's mouth were beyond shocking.

To summarize, it's Kang Geum-ma's one-man show.

It is summarized in this short sentence.

The story is that he virtually single-handedly slaughtered the villains who suddenly appeared. And the evidence was these dozens of corpses rolling on the floor.

The swordsman carefully moved his gaze towards Kanggeomma.

There was an eerie glare in his eyes. His eyes were completely cold and listless. His attitude was unconcerned by the strong scent of blood.

The inspector felt a dreary dizziness spread through his body.

The appearance of Ganggeomma was like that of a demon leading the way to hell.

'…What are you saying?'

There is no need to mention his demonstration of power. Didn't he first cut down Agor on the island of Avalon?

The sword master was certain that something inexplicable was embedded in the body of the strong swordsman.

But the violence shocked him in another way.

Suddenly, the inspector glanced at the corpses that looked like they had been cut into sashimi.

Cross sections and cuts without any sense of blockage or obstruction.

How can you be so careless about harming and cutting down lives? Even those who have reached the highest level of swordsmanship are bound to have emotions.

The doubts and worries directed at Kang Geum-ma deepened further.

It feels like encountering a primordial being without distinction between good and evil.

In the long silence, Al'Tair spoke carefully to the swordmaster.

"That guy, Kang Geum-ma, isn't he truly a talented person?"

Al'Tair avoided direct questioning and spoke indirectly.

"The more wealth you have, the more you need a true teacher who is worthy of it. And didn't you, Master Geomje, claim to be the author's teacher? Of course, since Chilseong had just retired, he was too absent-minded to teach."

The inspector, who had been listening silently, slowly turned his head to the side.

Al'Tair stared straight at himself and opened his mouth again.

"It's almost vacation time. How about bringing in a strong swordsman during that time… … If you guide him well, that child will be able to do it in the future. The Nibelung family has been around for generations—"

Al'Tair uttered a short final word.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 109

Episode 109: The End of the First Semester (2)

As soon as the midnight commotion was over, I immediately left the annex.

The inspector and the headmaster looked at each other as if they had something to say, but decided to wait until next time.

They didn't catch me, as if they had read my mind. They added that they would take care of the cleanup themselves.

Since this is a major incident where one of the elders died, the aftermath will be important. Still, there is evidence from the villains in the annex and Auditore.

Even if there is a big incident, the remaining elders and nobles will not be able to open their mouths easily.

If you brush your teeth incorrectly, your own neck could be in danger.

When I arrived at the dormitory building, I left a text message to Weapon, who was waiting in the principal's office. The gist of it was that it ended without any problems.

Weapon replied briefly, "Go in and get some rest."

There must have been a lot of questions about the circumstances of the incident, but the guy didn't ask any of them.

I could vaguely understand his hidden meaning, that he just wanted to know that I was safe. He may be weak in many ways, but he really is a deep friend.

I smiled faintly and moved my feet diligently. My whole body was tingling and uncomfortable.

‘Let’s wash as soon as we get in.’

It looked like a mess because it had been rolling around in the dust just a little while ago. In addition, various smells were mixed together and gave off an unpleasant smell.

When I arrived at my dorm room, I checked my clothes.

I wasn’t aware of it, but I noticed a yellow and red dyed top and pants that were torn here and there.

“Tsk.”

The already expensive uniform has now become a complete rag. If it had just a few stains, I could just take it to the dry cleaners, but at this point, I need to get a new one.

Unfortunately, there are no used Joaquin Academy uniforms for sale. Wearing these clothes is a sign of authority and status.

In fact, even dungeons that are difficult to enter can be simplified by just wearing the Joaquin Academy uniform.

It’s not true that it’s torn and worn out, but it was a comfortable piece of clothing, but it was so damn expensive.

I have an extra set, but it’s not enough to survive the hot summer. But the timing is good because tomorrow is the last day of school.

Moreover, all the villains who had infiltrated the school were eliminated. Professor Damien himself, who had summoned them, appeared, so it is likely that all of them are correct.

Even if that wasn’t the case, since the main axis was gone, they would have disappeared and run away.

“Phew… … .”

I took a deep breath and put the clothes I had taken off into a trash bag.

Then, before washing up, I stood in front of the mirror.

I stared blankly at my reflection in the spotless mirror. My eyes were sunken from exhaustion and my hair was even thinner than before.

The facial lines and impression have become much sharper than before.

Her appearance had changed so much. As the days went by, her face changed so rapidly that she suddenly burst into laughter.

“The problem isn’t just that your face has changed.”

What does it matter if you are precocious and handsome?

What has changed even more significantly is the country itself.

I turned my palm over. The part that touched the handle of the knife was covered with rough calluses. It wasn’t completely unfamiliar, since it had been like this in my previous life.

However, the series of events that led to this callus formation were different. I frowned.

In my previous life, I looked down at my calluses and saw my own growth as I cut fish. The rougher my hands became, the more proud and happy I felt. At the time, I considered it a kind of medal.

But what about me now? These calluses were earned by harming countless lives.

I have no regrets at all. All the guys I’ve killed deserved to die. I’m not so weak-hearted that I can’t sleep at night thinking about getting rid of those guys.

So why did I feel so uncomfortable? The reason was simple. When I was swinging my sword to harm my enemy, I didn’t have even a

grain of emotion in my hand.

Just three months ago, I was trembling with fear at the sight of my peers within the subspace.

Now I just swing the sashimi. Without any hesitation or hesitation.

At first I thought it was because of the swordsman's protection, but I changed my mind after what happened today.

Of course, the influence of the swordsman's protection may be there, but more than that, it is probably the true nature of this body.

My thoughts turned in that direction. A sense of discomfort and foreboding came over me.

Who is the Kanggeomma, the body I possessed? My parents in this world who took care of me have disappeared as if they never existed.

Why did I, a mere commoner, end up in this world? It must be the plunder of an incomprehensible being, but what is its intention and what is it trying to convey?

The questions continue on and on, endlessly.

"… … ."

I was so lost in thought that I forgot that I had come in to wash up.

I quickly slapped my cheek and washed my face until it was dry. As I said before, it was a habit I had when I was trying to come to my senses.

I muttered as I looked into the mirror.

"I've just been running around like crazy until now."

I need to take some time off. And it's vacation time.

Originally, I had planned to diligently explore dungeons during the vacation. However, I decided to change that plan a bit.

If you keep pushing yourself, the same situation will repeat itself.

Cut, chop, and slice the enemies that appear.

I decided to take a break because I felt like I would really lose myself if I continued like that.

Anyway, the members would return to their hometown, and it would be impossible for me to go through the dungeon alone.

As I took a short breath and exhaled, the complicated pace calmed down and my thoughts cleared.

I turned on the shower. The high-pressure water stream hit my face.

I felt refreshed as I wiped away the dirt. Blood, sweat, and fatigue were all mixed together and sucked into the sewer.

* * *

The next day came.

From early morning, the class was filled with a buzz of noise.

“Where did you decide to go during the vacation?”

“Well, I guess I’ll be spending the night at home with Papa and Mama. What about you?”

“I decided to spend my vacation with my family at a villa in Hawaii. Come visit when you have time!”

“Oh, really? I want to go, I want to go!”

The class atmosphere is very excited. It’s understandable, because tomorrow is the start of vacation.

After completing a semester of intense academic courses, it was finally time for a break. It was only natural that they had such clear and bright faces.

To be honest, I felt a little dizzy. Come to think of it, I don’t remember ever taking a break for more than a few days in my past life. I started my social life at the age of seventeen.

So this long break was both strange and exciting to me. Well… even so, I guess I'll just be stuck in my dorm room.

How can I visit my parents' hometown when their very existence has disappeared? I guess the address has probably been erased. Or maybe another family member lives there.

Rather than causing unnecessary trouble, let's just roll around in the cozy dorm. If we feel like it, we can work out and gather information at the library.

I turned my head to the right. Chloe was sitting there with a gloomy expression. She looked gloomy alone in the noisy classroom.

I was about to ask why, but then I realized that many of Auditore's members were killed last night.

No matter how much Chloe hates her family, the death of her blood relative would naturally be sad.

Rather than bringing it up for no reason, it would be better to send deep comfort inwardly.

Then I heard Chloe muttering softly.

"I don't want to be away from the Geomma Army during the vacation… … ."

"… … ."

I immediately withdrew the consolation I was about to send. A goosebump-inducing feeling welled up in me.

You hate being separated from me more than the death of your family. If that's the case, then your brain circuitry must be seriously flawed.

As expected, the yandere girl's way of thinking is beyond the level of understanding that a normal person like me can have.

'Chloe is real.'

I turned my gaze to the left.

Ryozo was crossing his arms with his lips pursed. His eyebrows, which were tightly closed, stood out.

'…Why is it like this again?'

Chloe's face was filled with worry in a different sense. Why is it that only the two people sitting on either side of me are giving off an air that is the complete opposite of the lively atmosphere in the room?

Ryozo, this kid's complexion was just as dark as Chloe's. To be exact, his expression was rotten. He didn't look like a young man on vacation.

That's Ryozo who always takes naps. I thought he'd like it the most… … .

'Do you hate vacation that much?'

By the way, Ryozo was discharged from the Academy Hospital yesterday. His physical condition has improved a lot, and he has decided to go back to his home country to receive additional treatment.

'Well, with that much of an injury, being hospitalized for a few days won't help.'

As I was watching with a slightly strange feeling, my eyes met with Ryozo's.

Ryozo's face turned red and he turned his head away. Then he looked into the distance and blurted out.

"You, what are you going to do during the vacation?"

"… I don't really have any plans. I'm just going to stay at the academy."

"What!? You're saying you're only going to the academy for a month?"

At those words, Ryozo suddenly looked at me. When our eyes met, she looked down as if embarrassed. She only slightly raised her eyes and looked at me.

I shrugged my shoulders at Ryozo, who was babbling.

“I have nowhere to go anyway.”

“…I see.”

There was a hint of embarrassment in her reply. It seemed like she was trying to decide what to say. She was quick-witted.

You probably guessed it because my family history was unusual. But in reality, it wasn’t ordinary.

‘I had a family, but it’s gone.’

Ryozo’s eyes rolled around. I smiled slightly as he pondered what to say.

“Ryozo, you too have a good vacation.”

“… … !”

Then Ryozo’s face turned even redder.

…Why is he like this? Is he really suffering from PTSD like Weapon said? Is that the calm and rational Ryozo like this?

At the moment when I could not hide my shock, Lee Won-bin and Geom-je opened the classroom door and came in.

Excitement spread among the cadets at the sudden appearance of the swordsman. It was the first time he had appeared since retiring from the Seven Star Heroes.

I guess the retirement issue has been sorted out to some extent. The class went from being abuzz to bustling with excitement at his appearance.

“Quiet! Quiet!”

Lee Won-bin slammed his palm on the podium. The students, who were about to go on vacation, seemed to have lost their temper and were reluctant to listen to him.

They spent a semester together there, supporting and roasting each other. The students felt more comfortable with Wonbin Lee than at the beginning of the semester.

Only after Wonbin Lee had been shouting for about five minutes did the sound become quiet. He opened his mouth with a look of complete exhaustion.

“I know you’re excited, but you’re students of the Joaquin Academy. Please, please behave yourself outside. The Academy’s reputation is determined by your behavior.”

“yes-!”

The cadets gathered together and answered loudly. Only then did a smile appear on Wonbin Lee’s face.

“Oh my, your answers are just like those of the students of Joaquin Academy. Anyway, I sent you the guidelines by email, so I won’t talk too much. Always be careful with your behavior and attitude, and show your parents that you have become a good person. That’s all.”

After finishing his speech, Lee Won-bin stepped back and gave his seat to the inspector. The atmosphere that had been heated until just now suddenly calmed down. They looked tense on purpose.

The appearance of the swordsman was an appearance, but there were also concerns that it might become as long as a principal’s lecture. That’s because everyone was shaking their butts because they wanted to go home quickly.

He is a famous swordsman. The moment he opens his mouth, a boring lecture will begin. Someone swallowed hard.

The inspector looked me over. His eyes stopped on me for a moment, then he opened his mouth without saying anything.

“I’ll keep it short since only old farts who don’t know the ways of the

world have long tongues. I look forward to seeing you all grown up next semester, and with that I'll end."

The sword master cut off his words sharply. The cadets gasped at his blunt remark.

I was also surprised. He is the epitome of an old fart. He is giving such a plain lecture. I was speechless.

The cadets quickly got up from their seats, greeted each other, and then rushed out.

Lee Won-bin and Geom-je stayed in their seats, probably with the intention of making sure that everyone left.

The class suddenly became empty. After a while, Chloe spoke with a pale face.

"… Have a nice vacation, Geomma Army."

"Chloe, you too."

"…yes."

Chloe replied with a dying voice. I tried to ignore her, but decided to cheer her up since it was the holidays.

"I'll be looking forward to seeing you grow even more. So, have a nice vacation."

As he said that, Chloe's eyes sparkled. She nodded vigorously.

On the other hand, Ryozo still looked uneasy. I was thinking about what to say, but stopped. Mental counseling is something a doctor should do, not my area of expertise.

Chloe walked towards the door with brisk steps.

'I should go back and get some rest.'

The moment I was about to pack my bags and get up, the inspector suddenly approached me.

‘… Oh, right.’

Yesterday, this gentleman looked like he had a lot to say to me. So, is that why he waited for all the students to leave?

The swordsman who had come close to Batu looked at me and soon opened his mouth.

“Do you have any plans for the vacation?”

“… … ?”

I doubted my ears for a moment. It was an unexpected question.

You’re suddenly asking about my vacation plans? Are you just trying to get me started before asking a real question?

While many questions were running through my mind, the inspector stared at me intently. His eyes looked familiar.

It was the look in the eyes of an old man who often urged me to answer while working at a sushi restaurant. Hasn’t it been less than ten minutes since I made that old man remark?

I answered, suppressing my thoughts.

“I was just thinking about training at the academy.”

“… I see.”

The concise words returned and a cold wind blew between them for a moment.

An awkward silence fell, making me feel like I could die.

As I was about to take a step back, the inspector blurted out:

“Then won’t you come with me?”

“… … ?”

I was dumbfounded by the unexpected suggestion.

Before I could ask again, the inspector looked straight into my eyes and opened his mouth quietly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 110

Episode 110 New Start (1)

"…Is this enough?"

I stared at the wide open carrier bag.

Clothes, daily necessities, and a bundle of Daiso sashimi. Looking at the tightly packed luggage, I felt excited for some reason.

This is my first time traveling abroad in my life.

Come to think of it, I did go to Scopulis Island where I took my midterm exams, and Avalon Island as part of my uninhabited island survival training… … .

These are rather vague memories to call a trip. They were unpleasant experiences that almost killed me both times.

So, this is truly my 'first' trip abroad.

'I'm a little nervous for some reason.'

After roughly checking, I sat down on the bed.

And I remembered what the inspector who came to see me separately said yesterday.

-If you don't have any plans during the vacation, would you like to come to the Nibelungen with me?

The Inspector added a few more remarks to the above statement. The

story was quite long, but it can be summarized in two points.

First, since I have made up my mind to be the next Chilseong, I will guide you through full-scale training and cultivation.

The inspector was busy. He had to receive numerous interviews regarding the retirement of the Seven Star Heroes, and he also visited the Hero Association frequently. The above are the reasons why he has been absent from the Academy recently.

Still, it seemed like things were finally settled to some extent. The return of the Academy is proof of that.

So, the first point was that the handover and guidance that had been pushed forward would be done during the vacation.

The second reason was more complex and realistic.

Elder Claude has just died. And by my hand.

To be precise, I died at the hands of Al'Tair and Nox, but I am deeply involved in that division.

If that fact reaches the ears of the enemy forces, they will decide to target me first. Because, in their eyes, I am the easiest target.

I don't think anyone would be stupid enough to mess with the strongest swordsman in the world and the headmaster of the academy, Media.

But that doesn't mean that you can't scratch the Auditore family, which is a family of order.

Therefore, it is highly likely that the enemies' unpleasant gaze will be focused on me in the future.

'Although Lord Auditore said he would do his best to keep it from leaking… … .'

If there were no witnesses, we might not know, but some of Claude's bodyguards with lesser crimes are still alive.

Of course, Auditore Line would have kept a tight lid on it, but as the saying goes, “birds hear what’s said during the day, and rats hear what’s said at night.”

It would only be a matter of time before the hostile forces, the Elders and the Nobles, would notice.

Then things get annoying. Maybe they’ll pressure me in some other way, not through physical pressure like an assassination attempt.

It would be better to send a contract killer like Undertaker. He can just cut off their heads as soon as they come.

‘I find it more comfortable to use my body than my head.’

Anyway, for the above reasons, it is necessary to stay away from their reach. The Academy, which seems to be the safest, is within the sphere of influence of the Elders.

That’s why the inspector made a subtle suggestion to me. I asked him to join me.

At first, it was absurd. But the more I thought about it, the more I couldn’t see a better option than that offer.

‘The Nibelungs.’

The birthplace of the first swordsman, Aaron Nibelung, and a family with a long history of 700 years.

I’ve never seen it in the game, but the area itself was treated as a sort of small country.

That means, within the Nibelung family, the very existence of the sword master is the law.

Moreover, since the title of the strongest swordsman in the world is still standing, external intervention is virtually impossible unless you are a truly crazy person.

Only those who were of the same level as the Seven-Star rank, such as Changseong or Jeolgung, were allowed entry.

If outsiders were to come to Nibelungen, there would only be two people, but Saki Kojima, the Prime Minister of Japan, is busy, and Changseong, who lives in France, is on bad terms with the Emperor.

‘Surely I won’t see either of them.’

I stared at the ceiling for a moment and then buried my back in the blanket.

“This room will be left empty for the first time in a long time.”

It was an awkward room just three months ago, but now it’s my only safe haven. I’m leaving it for a month.

I won’t be seeing the members of the travel club I’ve grown close to for a while. I thought about telling them, but I shook my head.

The prosecutor’s consideration was to make my whereabouts unclear. No matter how much I trust my close friends, I become worried when there are too many ears listening.

‘And Chloe’s hometown is also in Europe… … .’

The image of her running towards me with her red hair fluttering in the wind came to my mind. Goosebumps appeared on my arms.

‘I need to get some distance from him.’

I lay there with my head propped up in a daze for a few minutes. Suddenly, a question occurred to me.

“How big is the inspector’s private plane?”

Of course, they would have a private plane, so what I was curious about was its size. The Nibelungs are a family that ranks among the highest among the nobles.

For a commoner like me, the amount of money was unexpected. If we were to use the Earth as an analogy, wouldn’t it be similar to the asset value of oil tycoons?

I heard that Auditore’s private plane can accommodate about 18

people… … Nibelung's private plane must be pulling large aircraft.

"… My first flight in my life was on a private plane… … ."

My excitement is growing inside me. I feel like I'm just becoming more and more ambitious.

I jumped out of bed with the corners of my lips going up. I sat down in front of my bag again to check if I had missed anything.

Departure is in two days. I don't have much time.

"…hmm."

Looking down at my stuffed luggage, I felt a little empty. I thought I had packed everything I needed to.

"Oh, right. I should pack some cup ramen too."

I almost forgot something more important than a passport for a Korean. I immediately grabbed my wallet and headed to the campus mart.

* * *

Two days passed and the day of departure arrived.

Finally, I checked the condition of my luggage and stood in front of the door.

The moment I grabbed the doorknob, I turned my head halfway and scanned the room.

"… … ."

A narrow room filled with loneliness. A strange feeling lingered in my throat. I smiled faintly and left the room.

'The inspector told me to come to Incheon Airport first.'

I spoke briefly with the inspector the night before yesterday about the schedule. He said he would arrive at the airport the day before and go through the departure procedures.

The situation is turbulent due to Claude's death. If the elders exert pressure on the administration, it could be delayed, if not denied, from leaving the country.

It must have been to prevent that kind of thing that the inspection started in advance.

Thanks to my diligent leg work, I arrived at the Academy bus terminal in no time.

The terminal was deserted, perhaps because most of the cadets had already left the day before yesterday, the day after the graduation ceremony.

About ten people sat in a group on the waiting area and waited for the bus.

As I entered the terminal, everyone's gaze turned to me. Two women among them opened their eyes wide and whispered to the person next to them.

"The one with the black hair, that's him. The cadet who broke the iron horn."

"Oh, that Sashimi Sword Saint? I heard he has a devilish personality that can cut people with a sashimi knife… … ."

If I had spoken quietly, you might not have noticed, but the volume was so loud that it penetrated my ears.

"Hey, is that all? I know a junior who is in the same class as him, and he confesses to a different girl every week… … . And if you don't confess to him, he'll even stab you in the butt… … . He confessed to my junior too, and when I rejected him, I thought I was going to die."

No, fuck.

I don't know how the rumors about me spread, but my image is that of a total lunatic.

If I refuse to confess, you're going to brandish a knife? Then, would I be at the Academy? I'd be rotting away in prison?

I'm already the type of person who tries to keep my distance from the opposite sex because of Chloe and Rachel. I felt so wronged that I was starting to get angry.

"Wow, he's totally crazy… … But his face seems okay, right? His hair color is a bit unique and 'hip'. And he's quite famous for being really strong. My ideal type these days is a strong and bad boy. Maybe he'd be worth dating?"

"Hey! Are you crazy?! What if you get stabbed like that! That kind of person isn't a bad man, he's a bad kid! And first of all, their origins are different from ours. No matter how strong they are, do you think their family would allow them to date?"

"I see… But it seems like he's looking at us?"

"Ouch! Hey, close your eyes, eyes. If you do something wrong, you might get confessed to."

"profit!"

The two female students gasped in surprise as if they sensed my gaze. Their faces turned pale and their pupils dilated.

I think I'm more fearsome to them than the demons. Honestly, I felt like saying something.

Would anyone be happy if a ridiculous rumor were to be used as gossip by others? Let alone if they treated me like a swallow's chick.

I'm not the type of person who can be so forgiving as to feel insulted and let it go. Rather, I'm the type whose body moves faster than his head.

So I was thinking of pushing the sashimi like they said to check the facts.

"ha……."

I let out a sigh filled with complex emotions.

It's only been a while since I realized that my personality had

changed, so what can I do if it's already like this?

Apart from the fact that they are suffering and living a miserable life, educating them will only result in adding to the negative rumors.

If you even mention it, the rumor will probably get worse and you'll go from being seen as a 'crazy guy who confesses to women every week' to a 'beast who confesses every day.'

Actually, I still don't know why I became a crazy guy who keeps confessing. But it seems like my public image has already been damaged enough.

Let's not create unnecessary misunderstandings here and just let it pass quietly.

Above all, today is a good day. I decided to let my emotions out a little and think only positive thoughts.

As I sighed and pretended to be silent, the two female cadets looked at each other and nodded.

Confidence came over their faces, as if the rumors were true.

In times like this, ignoring is the answer. I turned my attention away from the two people and took out my earphones.

That moment.

"hey."

A cold voice calling out to them as they whine.

The two female students' gazes slowly moved toward the source of the voice.

""… … !""

At the same time, the two people's eyes opened wide. The two people stuck out their tongues teasingly at the unexpected appearance of a girl.

Not only them, but all eyes were focused on the girl, and immediately a feeling of shock spread.

The person who happened to be the one who came in through the revolving door.

A beautiful girl with an appearance that seems like it wouldn't be enough no matter how many beautiful words she uses.

'Abel……?'

She approached the two of them, her eyebrows furrowed.

Abel crossed his arms and opened his eyes coldly. The female students were dumb for a moment, just moving their lips.

As if he couldn't dare say anything in front of overwhelmingly superior genes.

Silence spread across the walls. Abel's gaze scanned the two people's name tags. White name tags indicating second grade.

Abel opened his mouth, frowning a little more.

"As a senior, isn't it too much to go around badmouthing your juniors? Regardless of the 'facts,' it's a huge disrespect even if the person involved isn't there, and it's even worse when they're all listening. You may not be a good example, but you shouldn't show yourself in an embarrassing way."

"… … ."

The two of them shut their mouths. They lost the chance to protest as the facts kept pouring down on them.

"And, logically, if you were to point a knife at someone and say they won't accept your confession, would you go to the academy? You'd probably end up in jail. Even though you knew that the rumors were fabricated, you still kept talking nonsense in front of the person you were talking to. Right?"

When Abel questioned them, the two female students just lowered

their heads like criminals.

His expression is not that great, but he seems to be inwardly not convinced. But who is the other person?

This is Abel von Nibelung. This is a world where there is a strict hierarchy.

It would be difficult to gain a voice from one of the most prestigious families, the House of Nibelung, even if that person is only one year younger than you.

‘Of course, that’s not what Abel was aiming for… … .’

Moreover, Abel is a world-class beauty. They must have felt a deep sense of humiliation, both in terms of rank and as a person of the same sex.

‘… But looking at that figure, he really does look like Abel.’

Abel, as seen in the game, maintains a ruthless attitude.

Even Leon, the handsome guy who women gravitate towards like a magnet, is always on edge.

Not only Leon, but everyone has a sharp personality, so he was well-received by users.

They say that the stronger a person’s personality, the more his/her delicate appearance stands out. This is an area I don’t know much about.

There have been constant hints about Abel’s cold personality since the beginning of the story.

I think it might have something to do with the past, but as far as I know, the bait is revealed in the latter half.

So I don’t know about that part, because I quit the game around the second half.

I wanted to know her past since she was the reason I did ‘Miracle

Protection M', but that was a real shame.

However, for someone who fell into this world, it would be better for me to remain unaware. Abel is Leon's main heroine.

The eyes of the two seniors who had been gossiping about me began to water. It was a natural reaction after enduring such harsh words for several minutes.

It was a moment when I realized anew that words can hurt more than a sword.

"Oh my."

Abel, who had given the two men a thorough education, soon shook his head in excitement.

A look that seems to have set in. He too is being teased by his seniors for a few words.

Besides, she seems quite uncomfortable with all eyes on her.

Abel is a character with a striking appearance but a personality that dislikes being noticed.

She shook off the focused attention and took a step forward, carrying a huge carrier bag in her right hand.

Then Abel came closer to me.

"… … ."

"… … ."

She stared at me and sat down next to me without a care. Naturally, I had to receive the same amount of attention she had been receiving.

The combination of me and Abel, the most beautiful girl in the world, who is rumored to eat sashimi if you reject her confession.

What on earth do people imagine?

It was certain that bad rumors would pile up.

Suddenly Abel opened his mouth with his gaze fixed straight ahead.

“You brought everything you needed, right? Grandpa told me to come to the airport with you. This is Wonju, so it’ll take about three hours to get to Incheon Airport by bus.”

When I made a bewildered expression, Abel crossed his arms and looked at me.

“What the heck, you have this ghostly face.”

“… … .”

I remembered something I had forgotten while buried in the confusing days.

During my time as a user for a little over a month, Abel, who was the reason I paid.

“You’re going to stay at my house during the vacation, right?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 111

Episode 111 New Start (2)

Inside a bus speeding down the highway.

In the third two seats from the back, a young man and woman are sitting.

It was Kang Geum-ma and Abel. The people inside the bus glanced at the two of them.

The cadet with black hair was also unusual, but Abel's presence stood out even more.

"…Wow, it's prettier in person."

As one of the men glanced at Abel and gave a small exclamation of admiration, the woman sitting next to him pinched his side.

"Ahh!"

"How can you say that when you have a girlfriend? And what's so pretty about it? You can tell just by looking at it—"

And then the moment he turned his sharp, ring-shaped eyes toward Abel.

"…her.

The small embers of hostility quickly died down.

'crazy.'

Even as a woman, Abel's appearance is unrealistic. It's enough to make men dizzy.

But for some reason, a cold wind flows between Black Hair and Abel.

The black-haired boy, who would have been delighted to be sitting next to Abel, had a bashful expression on his face.

Abel turned his eyes slightly to the right. Kang Geum-ma was resting his arm on the windowsill and silently looking at the scenery.

The pitch-black irises made it difficult to guess what he was thinking.

Abel was about to speak, but quickly gave up.

'… I feel a bit awkward with this guy, Geomma.'

The first meeting was dishonorable. And the second meeting on Avalon Island. Every time his path crossed with Kanggeomma, he became less and less talkative.

Abel felt a sense of disappointment as he became more and more reserved.

'It seems like you're deliberately trying to keep your distance… … .'

I wanted to ask why. The lump of doubt rose to the tip of my throat, but I held it back.

And this guy was intentionally trying to keep his distance? I didn't have the heart to talk to someone like that. My pride would be hurt if I opened my mouth first…

"… … ."

"… … ."

Her lips were quivering and her fingers were twitching. This endless silence was extremely uncomfortable.

But didn't he get along well with other kids?

Names that suddenly come to mind.

Chloe, Rachel, and Ryozo Saki.

Three of them like this.

'… … .'

Before getting on the bus, I was listening to the frivolous words of my seniors, and my brows furrowed and my mouth opened reflexively.

But if I think about it carefully, it could be true that Geomma has a lot of scandals with other girls… …?

It's been three months since I entered the academy. Although the girls didn't change every week, there was one every month.

For a moment, I regretted defending him in vain.

'… Ugh, my head suddenly feels dizzy.'

Abel instinctively touched his forehead. He felt a slight dizziness.

'Is it because of motion sickness?'

Come to think of it, it's been years since I've taken a bus. The last time was when I was a kid, when I traveled to England with my parents.

Her mother, who was rubbing her back as she suffered from carsickness. Her father, who was smiling kindly and putting motion sickness medicine behind her ear, saying that they would be arriving soon.

What was the name of that sticker medicine? I think it was a Korean product… … .

As he tried to recall what the motion sickness pills were, he felt motion sickness instead. Abel leaned back against the seat and closed his eyelashes.

'It's been about 10 years.'

Now, the faces are hazy.

Before he became an adult, Abel would occasionally look through his photo album to remember things. But the more he did this, the more sadness and longing he felt.

That's why Abel never took out his old photo album again.

Not only would they not come back even if I was sad, but I couldn't do that to my grandfather who took such good care of me.

Death of a family member.

That despair and sadness was not something only Abel felt. She had lost her parents, but her grandfather had lost his children and their spouses.

"… … ."

A gloom spread across Abel's face. It had been a long time since he had been home.

My heart aches because of a single piece of memory.

"Abel."

Abel's eyes shot open at the sound of a voice coming from the right. She was so startled that her shoulders trembled.

"Uh, yeah?"

"If you get motion sickness, try this."

Kanggeomma held out a piece of paper the size of a fingernail. Abel's eyes looked back and forth between his eyes and his hand.

"what's this?"

"Motion sickness medicine."

Abel felt a strong sense of foreboding at those words. His golden pupils grew even wider.

"I don't get motion sickness, but since it's my first time on a plane, I brought it with me just in case. I bought it as an over-the-counter

medicine at the pharmacy yesterday. If you get motion sickness, try it. It's effective."

Abel was handed a small piece of paper in a daze. Kang Geum-ma tilted his head and asked.

"Don't you know how to use it? Well, it was developed in Korea."

"No… …! Oh, I know!"

Abel waved his hand. She even stuttered, something she never stuttered. In response, Kang Geum-ma turned his head back toward the window.

Abel cleared his throat. Then he looked down at the paper he had been handed.

「Gwimitae」

The drug name I learned after 10 years was so intuitive.

Abel seemed to smile briefly, but then a cold smile appeared.

'Even on Avalon Island right now… … .'

Kang Geum-ma is always like this. He blurts out small, kind words as if he doesn't care.

Small actions that are neither exaggerated nor seem to have any intention.

That part seems true, and it's strangely convincing.

Could it be that this is why Saki, with her calm personality, ended up going down to Lang's class?

Abel fiddled with the sticker paper for a while before carefully putting it away in his arms.

A bus running between a wide open road and a clear sky.

Abel felt as if the unpleasant feelings and nausea that had been lingering in the depths of his heart had subsided somewhat.

I closed my eyes again and buried my back in the sheet.

* * *

[Passengers, our bus has now arrived at Incheon Airport. To prevent any safety accidents on board, please refrain from moving until the bus comes to a complete stop… … .]

The arrival announcement rang out.

It took a full three hours to arrive at the airport.

Passengers stood up from their seats and stretched here and there. Eyes moving left and right soon turned to this side.

And then some of the men began to grumble.

“Hey, look over there. Abel is sleeping, leaning on his shoulder.”

“Damn, what a lucky kid. How much virtue did he accumulate in his past life… … .”

I’m the owner of a sushi restaurant.

“Arthur, Arthur. He’s the Sashimi Sword Saint. In the end, the strong win the beauty. If you try, you’ll be stronger than him.”

“Ugh.”

A man biting his lower lip as he exits. His companions shake their heads and pat his shoulders.

A white shadow fell over their backs.

“… … .”

I think this is the first time I’ve seen such envious looks since coming to this world. However, the situation is somewhat ironic.

I can give one shoulder to a pretty girl, but since the target is Abel, there are too many eyes focused on her.

‘I need to wake you up.’

He shook his left shoulder. His shiny blue hair swayed back and forth.

“Yeah.”

Abel blinked his sleepy eyes. His eyelids looked very heavy.

“We’ve arrived, wake up.”

“… … !”

Abel’s face turned bright red. She quickly got up and packed her bags without saying a word.

‘Let’s keep the drooling a secret.’

I took my carrier bag out of the luggage compartment and entered the airport.

* * *

“oh.”

They say Incheon Airport is the best in the world. I’ve never been to an airport in another country, but I’d say it’s the best.

Rather, it is more oppressive than Incheon Airport on Earth. Come to think of it, Korea is the only country in the world that has a confrontational relationship with the United States.

‘I really like this kind of thing from Miracle Guardian Game Company.’

Abel, who seems to be familiar with airport geography unlike me, takes the lead.

After getting off the bus, not a single word was exchanged between me and her.

Still, she made sure to follow along consciously. She even slowed down her pace slightly when she looked around the dazzling interior of the airport.

‘The more I look at him, the more I realize that he has a personality that is secretly full of twists.’

Deep personality. Aside from that, her striking appearance is a problem.

After moving around for a few minutes, a figure appeared surrounded by a dense crowd of reporters.

“NBC is here! Sir, can you tell us a little bit about your plans after retirement?”

“This is Yoon Pil-seong from WTN! I heard that someone has been selected to take the next Chilseong position. Please tell me who it is!”

“I heard that it was connected to Elder Cladi’s death. Please tell me if you were directly involved!”

“Is it true that Metflix is filming a documentary about the achievements of the Inspector General?!”

Questions pouring down like a shower and camera flashes.

There were no bodyguards or employees, so the inspection was conducted alone.

The inspector narrowed his eyebrows and shut his mouth. You could tell just by looking at him that he was not pleased.

But the reporters didn’t care and just shoved their smartphones in.

I could die with just one gesture from the swordsman… … .

I was once again amazed by the courage of the reporters. In a way, they were also war correspondents.

“Tch, here they go again.”

Clicking his tongue, Abel took out a hat, a mask, and sunglasses from his clutch bag. It was a basic set for celebrity fashion.

at that time.

“““““““““!”””””””””””””

The reporters’ eyes turned this way. At the same time, their eyes sparkled. They looked like wolves that had found new prey.

A look of bewilderment appeared on Abel’s face.

The next head of the Nibelung family, she was a stunning beauty and a hot topic of conversation.

In other words, it means that it is the perfect prey for those who are struggling to find newsworthy material.

Abel tries to avoid the situation. However, his feet are tied to the carrier and he has no room to escape.

Thud, thud, thud, thud.

Thud, thud, thud, thud.

Thud, thud, thud, thud.

Reporters, clutching high-performance cameras, gathered together.

They formed a circle and surrounded us. Abel quickly put on his hat, mask, and sunglasses.

Finally, one of the reporters opened his mouth.

“Mr. Kang Geum-ma, I’m from NBC! You’re currently a hot topic as the ‘Sashimi Sword Master.’ How do you feel?!”

“I am Yun Byeong-seon, a reporter for FBS! You recently defeated China’s Mao Lang. What are your plans for the future?”

“This is Michael Jofen from the British news agency CCB!”

“This is an Alone Mask from the US DEF!”

The reporters’ camera lenses were focused on me, not Abel.

Abel paused at the unexpected situation. The sunglasses on his nose shifted to one side.

Abel's pupils dilated in absurdity. The reporters didn't pay her even the slightest attention. She was treated as if she were completely invisible.

However, I was just as flustered as Abel. The cell phones were thrust out like weapons. A recording app was running on the other side of the screen.

'… What is this situation?'

Their eyes were filled with greed. Eyes filled with the determination to never back down without a story.

'Oh, shit.'

I absolutely hate annoying things. I wanted to just push them away. But then things would get complicated.

"What is the purpose of your visit to the airport today?"

One of the reporters approached and asked a question. Then the other reporters looked as if they were curious about the same thing.

"…ah."

It's awkward. My presence may be public, but my whereabouts during the vacation must be unclear.

It would be a headache if it was discovered that you were following the police.

If I ignore this and pass by, there will be speculative articles spread linking me to the inspector general.

In that case, let's just say something and divert the aggro somewhere else.

Since I'm going to Europe, I'm going to the continent on the opposite side.

"I'm going to America."

A blatant lie. Of course, there was no guilt.

If I could just divert their attention, I could even say Antarctica.

“America… … .”

The reporter who had asked the question chewed on the word. Then, as if an electric current had passed through her, her eyes lit up.

“… No way! Not only did you defeat Mao Lang of the Iron Horn, you even challenged All Mute of the United States?! Jesus Christ!”

“… … .”

The shock that came from her screaming was rapidly spreading throughout the surroundings.

“Right, otherwise I wouldn’t have gone to America all of a sudden.”

“Hey, no matter what, all mute won’t work… … That person is a bit different from Mao Lang. Even if he’s a genius… … .”

“Hey, do facts matter? I just threw you a bait. Judge for yourself. I thought you were just strong, but you also have the ability to handle the media. That guy is different.”

“I heard… … . I came here to cover this, and I got caught by surprise?!”

The atmosphere became distracting. I took advantage of the gap and grabbed Abel’s wrist.

“Now is the time, let’s go.”

“uh?!”

I passed through the chaotic press line. The screens in between collapsed as I put strength into my shoulders.

“Ouch! This guy pushed me! He pushed me!”

Regardless, the other reporters opened their laptops. Soon, their fingertips were typing on the keyboard without hesitation.

When I checked the article they wrote on the plane, I regretted just saying one word and getting out.

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『Sashimi Swordsman who walks the path of hegemony. ‘All mute me!’』

『China is now ‘so petty that it wants to die.’ America’s supernova, All Mute, is its only rival.』

『Whether it’s youthful passion or a bluff. It seems necessary to pay attention to his actions.』

『Sashimi Sword, Ganggeomma. Controversy over assault on reporters.』

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 112

Episode 112 New Start (3)

It was my first time going through the departure process, and it was surprisingly simple.

After checking in your carrier or other luggage, just show your face to the customs office and get your passport stamped! That's it!

I had imagined that a drug detection dog would scan my body with its nose and that a complicated procedure would await me… … .

However, I was satisfied because I was able to shake off the annoying group of reporters.

'I'm finally getting to ride an airplane for the first time.'

It was a small thrill, but for someone this old and who had never been on a plane before, it really hit home.

Adding a spoonful of excitement to the experience is, of course, the prospect of boarding a private jet.

It was such a luxury from the very first flight in my life. A sense of elation welled up from the bottom of my heart.

-however.

What lay before my eyes was a narrower hallway than I had expected.

There are seats lined up in a row on both sides, all the way to the

front corner.

“… … .”

Economy class.

That was also economy class on a low-cost airline.

I turned my eyes slightly to look at the swordsman and Abel. The two people, their faces covered with masks and hats, moved quickly to find their seats. Their movements were very agile and familiar.

The inspector suddenly turned around. He opened his mouth to me, who was standing blankly in the middle of the hallway.

“Can’t you see the person behind you is waiting? Come to work quickly.”

The tone was artificially lowered. It was probably a means to avoid being caught as a detective. I followed him tremblingly as he gestured to me.

As we approached, the inspector pointed to the seat by the window on the left.

“Your seat is over there. I usually don’t give up my window seat, but since it’s your first flight, I’ll give it to you today.”

“… … .”

I sat down without saying a word.

Embarrassment came over me belatedly. I was ashamed of my ordinary appearance.

‘I wasn’t originally like this.’

I feel like my brain is completely lost in this fucking world.

While I was lost in thought, I heard the sound of a cushion being pressed. Abel, sitting next to me, immediately took off his shoes and changed into airplane slippers.

‘Come to think of it, I guess I have to stick with this guy again?’

The flight time to Switzerland, where the Nibelung lands are located, is about ten hours. The three hours on the bus were also uncomfortable, so it would take three times as long to get there.

What a coincidence.

‘Should I ask to change seats?’

I looked across the narrow hallway. I saw the sword master, who was fast asleep with his blindfold on.

“… … .”

He quietly averted his gaze.

‘You’re not waking up a sleeping person.’

Abel, who had finished setting up this and that, nodded to my feet.

“Put your slippers under there, your feet will get uncomfortable on long flights because of the air pressure.”

“… Oh, okay.”

As he said that, Abel put disposable earphones in his ears. It seemed like they were for earplugs rather than for listening to music.

To be honest, I was curious. Why were the people of the Nibelung family, one of the highest families in the world, so commoner?

It was too natural to be called cosplay. It was too elegant and classy to be called a commoner.

The feeling of dissonance and dissonance lingers in my throat.

One, it is too rude to ask. There may be other reasons, such as the government being unstable or the family being in decline.

If you think about it, being famous and being rich are two different things. There are even celebrities who are deep in debt.

I swallowed the doubt rising to my throat and took out the slippers from under my feet.

“It’s better to sleep on the plane. The flight attendants will wake you up during meal times. Since it’s your first flight, you might be very excited, but it’s not as bad as you thought, so don’t be too disappointed.”

Soon after, Abel took out his blindfold and put it on like his grandfather.

A blindfold with a rabbit embroidery. It was wrinkled and creased, as if it had been washed many times. A few threads were sticking out, too.

‘… … .’

Abel folded his arms tightly, straightened his back, and then quickly lowered his head.

‘Did you just fall asleep?’

How dare you sleep like that on a bus? I briefly exclaimed, then rested my elbows on the window sill. The view outside the small oval window was the runway.

Even though it’s an asphalt road, my heart feels strangely excited.

… A moment later, the takeoff announcement sound rang out.

-Wooooooooo

The motor vibrates violently, the plane’s body tilts backwards, and then takes off.

The buttocks lifted a few centimeters. The strange feeling of gravity working behind your back and the feeling of floating.

It was the starting point of a vacation that I will never forget.

* * *

After more than nine hours, we arrived in Switzerland.

Perhaps because it is a country located at the foot of the Alps, the weather is chilly, not suitable for summer.

For me, who was tired of the scorching sun and heat of Korea, it was simply comfortable. Adding to that the excitement of my first trip abroad, and I couldn't help but smile.

'It's definitely pretty.'

The scenery was also very beautiful.

The mountain peaks that surrounded the airport were the famous Alps.

Even though it was summer, the mountains covered in frost were poking through the clouds. The exotic architecture was a good mix of modern and contemporary.

In many ways, it was my first impression that made me realize why Switzerland is a tourist attraction.

After going through an immigration inspection similar to that of departure, they joined up with Inspector and Abel. Since they were citizens, the procedure was simplified and they came out first.

The swordsman who had been waiting greeted me and said:

"It's your first time, but it looks like you went through the process well."

"Yes, well. There wasn't any major difficulty."

I never expected it, but Korean is also an official language in Switzerland.

This world is free of language barriers. I do curse, but this is convenient. It also gives me pride as a Korean.

A half-asleep voice leaked out from Abel's mouth.

“Grandpa, when did Mr. Gaines say he was coming?”

“He said he’d be here soon, baby.”

The masked inspector smiled broadly. It was a detailed and kind answer. However, one word in the sentence lingered in his mouth.

‘baby?’

Abel flinched. All the sleepiness had disappeared from his face.

“Ha, Grandpa! There’s a sword horse too, so don’t call me that!”

Abel’s face, revealed above the mask, turned red like a tomato. The inspector asked back with a look of incomprehension.

“… I’ve been calling you this since I was little, so what do you mean by calling me that?”

“That, that… That, but. There’s this kid next to me too, and above all, I’m all grown up!”

“Hahaha, you’re all grown up. In front of Grandpa, I’m just like a newborn baby at seventeen—”

Suddenly, the inspector’s gaze shifted towards me. He stopped laughing and lowered his voice.

“—Jin, sit down. There are always exceptions. Well, even so, Abel, you are still a beautiful child in my eyes.”

“Ha, Grandpa! Stop, stop! I’m dying of embarrassment!”

Words full of affection were exchanged. I smiled and watched the two. At that time.

-Squeak.

I opened my eyes to the sound of tires scraping asphalt.

More than ten black sedans, all flashing with dazzling lights, suddenly stopped in front of us.

The door frame of the thickest body among them opened, and a middle-aged man came out, neatly dressed and wearing a suit without a wrinkle.

Before I even had a moment to wonder who the author was.

"… … !"

Boom, boom, young men poured out.

Immediately after, the procession of the crowd, with middle-aged men as the standard, unfolds a vast school of wings.

Thud, thud.

A middle-aged man walks toward me. The grace in his gait is almost elegant.

The man approached Batu and bowed to greet her with a folder.

"Your Majesty, and Miss Abel. Welcome home."

As soon as the middle-aged man's mouth fell open, the young men saluted him politely.

The inspector said, removing the makeup that covered his face.

"What should I do if it's always this noisy every time I come here? It's embarrassing. And I'm already retired. This kind of treatment is too much for me."

"Don't say that, Your Majesty. You are a hero of humanity, and this is trivial."

"You weren't like that when you were young, but you've become more flattering as you've gotten older."

"Hahaha, I guess it can't be helped since I've been here for so long. Oh, right. President of the United Nations Session, Gervas Wallon, apologized for not being able to greet you."

"Oh, you. You're saying that you're coming out now, but why is that

person's name coming out?"

"Your Majesty, you are still as easygoing as you were before."

The middle-aged man smiled gently. Then his gaze lingered on me.

"Your Majesty, is that person the sashimi… … ."

"Up to there."

The sword cut the words like a knife.

"I can't explain in detail, but I would like you to keep quiet about that friend's presence. Well, it will be revealed sooner or later, but for now, we need to be careful. It would also be better if you could make sure that those standing behind you are not caught."

"Ah, yes. I understand. Is there anything you would like to know?"

"I don't know about anyone else, but I trust you, Gaines."

The swordsman tapped his shoulder. The man nodded his head and turned his horse.

"Anyway, thank you for coming. I will drive you to your parents' house myself. Please get in."

A middle-aged man and a swordsman who are having a friendly conversation. Although they may seem friendly at first glance, there is a clear hierarchy.

The swordsman was above and the man was below.

At first I thought he was a butler, but his attire was quite elaborate.

Even his gestures lack dignity.

Out of curiosity, I asked Abel, who was standing next to me.

"Who is that person?"

"Mr. Gaines? Just, what—"

Abel said it was no big deal.

“—President of Switzerland.”

“… … .”

what?

* * *

3 hours after leaving the airport.

A line of sedans formed a black ridge on the Alps ridge.

After climbing the mountain path for about 30 minutes, an open space appeared in the mountains. In the middle of it, an old-fashioned castle stood tall.

It wasn’t a fancy looking castle. It was an old castle, covered in the filth of time. It wasn’t worn out at all.

On the contrary, the stone walls that contain history create a sense of grandeur.

The Nibelung’s headquarters and residence.

Castle Sigurðr.

As I said before, from here on out, it is the realm of the swordsman Siegfried, that is, extraterritoriality.

To put it more simply, the driver of the car I was riding in, the President of Switzerland, is both a citizen and a foreigner here.

To be honest, I didn’t really understand the concept when I was talking. But since this happens often in Europe, I can’t help but think it’s a cultural difference.

-Squeak

I arrived at the gate. Before I could even grab the car door handle, a young man opened the door for me.

‘…to this extent.’

Luckily, there was no red carpet. If there had been, it would have been quite burdensome.

As we disembarked, the men formed a long line again and saluted.

The inspector responded with a light salute and then opened his mouth.

“Gaines, thanks to you I got home safely.”

“No problem, Master. I haven’t driven recently except when I go out with my wife, so my hands were itchy. Thanks to Master, I was able to get some fresh air for the first time in a long time.”

The inspector laughed briefly. It was a bitter laugh.

It seems he is not entirely happy with being humble.

So, pointless conversations went on between the two.

Suddenly, Gaines strode toward me. He held out his hand with a bright smile.

“… … ?”

“I was in a hurry earlier, so I wasn’t able to greet you properly. My name is Gaines Sebastian.”

“It’s Ganggeomma.”

I clasped my hand tremblingly. The corners of Gaines’ mouth went up.

“I watched the video of the duel during the Academy Festival. Since then, I’ve become a fan of Sashimi Kensei. Hahaha!”

“… I wish you wouldn’t call me that Sashimi Swordsman… … .”

“Yes? It’s a headline, but why is it called the glorious nickname of Geomseong?”

You put ‘sashimi’ in front.

Gaines licked his lips with a regretful expression.

“… Well, if that’s what you want, I’ll call you Kanggeomma.”

“… … .”

The word ‘nim’ is uncomfortable as well, but I thought that if I added more, the story would become longer. So I just kept silent.

“Anyway, it’s an honor to meet you. I hope we can maintain a good relationship going forward.”

For the commander-in-chief of a country to say something like that, it is not easy for me, a mere cadet, to choose the words to say.

“Oh, Gaines, you little fellow. Isn’t that enough? He’s still a young fellow.”

“Hahaha, I’m sorry, Your Majesty. Aren’t geniuses supposed to be attracted to people? I guess I was unknowingly drawn to that magnetism.”

A little more rambling conversation.

Finally, Gaines bowed to the inspector.

“I’ll go in now, Your Majesty.”

“While we’re at it, let’s have dinner and go.”

“I would like to do so, but I have some pending political affairs. I will definitely join you next time. Well, that’s all for now.”

I met Gaines’ eyes as he finished his sentence. He smiled so deeply that his eyes crinkled, then got into the car.

Tires stepping on the slope one after another.

As I was blankly staring at the rear of the black sedans, the inspector blurted out a question.

“What do you think of Gaines?”

I scratched the back of my neck.

“Just. Well… … . For someone so high up in the hierarchy, he seems quite informal.”

“Ha, so that’s what it looked like to you.”

The swordsman shook his head and said with a hollow laugh.

“Think carefully. The world is currently focused on my successor. But now that I have brought you into the domain, what will Gaines, the witness, think?”

“ah…….”

“I’ve known that friend of mine for a long time, but he’s not a very good-natured person. He’s someone who pursues practicality rather than loyalty. The only good thing about him is that he keeps his mouth shut when he thinks it’ll be beneficial.”

“… … .”

“When you go up high, most of them are like that. So don’t be fooled by appearances. Constantly doubt, analyze, and use them when necessary.”

The inspector continues speaking calmly, his gaze fixed straight ahead.

“The Seven Stars’ armband is a position that carries enough weight to make even the president of a country bow his head. You shouldn’t tolerate too much kindness like today, but you shouldn’t reject it either. If you don’t press it, you’ll be ignored, and if you do, you’ll inevitably lose the right to speak.”

“… It’s complicated.”

The inspector gently patted my back.

“You’ll get used to it soon enough. That’s why I brought you here.

Anyway, I'm going to the market, so let's eat first."

"I'll… go in and take a look at the scenery."

The inspector nodded in response. Abel looked at me with dull eyes and soon followed the inspector into the room.

"… … ."

I was lost in thought, watching the setting sun in silence.

The sky was soaked in black. A spectacular sight where the pitch-black darkness pushed out the pink glow of the sunset.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 113

Episode 113: Castle Sigurd's Daily Life

Four days have passed since arriving in Switzerland.

This is how things work in the Nibelungen.

Wake up at 5am.

Before the rooster crows, he washes his body with cold water to drive away drowsiness. The reason for the cold water is that the old pipes do not provide hot water.

I understand, since the building is old.

Breakfast starts at 6 o'clock.

Meals are simple, with rye bread and cheese.

It's a simple table setting for a nobleman, but I guess that's to be expected.

I guess not all nobles eat lavishly, and I've come to realize that the Emperor is a bit stingy.

After breakfast, at 7 o'clock.

We cut firewood for use as firewood. Abel and I take turns doing it every other day.

Some may wonder, what kind of firewood is there in August when the heat still lingers?

I agree with that statement, but only in the case of ‘Republic of Korea’.

But here, Castle Sigurd is located just below the Alps.

Even though it is late summer, the peaks of the mountain range are covered with white veils of snow. That means that it is bone-chillingly cold all year round.

So, in this place where there is no Korean ondol, they use firewood to light the fire in the brazier, just like they used to light a fire in the old days.

I am once again feeling the advancement of Korea’s heating system.

‘If it’s this cold before fall even comes, how do the people living here survive the winter… …?’

By the way, the Nibelungs only have two employees.

The members are a middle-aged male butler and a young female maid.

The butler’s name is Caron.

Should I say that he has the exact impression of a butler? He is probably the middle-aged butler you imagine. Even the cliché of a one-eyed butler. He was perfect.

The role is the general manager of Castle Sigurd.

He takes care of most things, including food supplies, cooking, gardening, facility maintenance, and entertaining guests.

A butler who does his job so well that it is admirable. My first impression of Caron was that he was like a Taoist monk practicing silence.

Minimum speech. Answering questions with a nod. A typical example of a taciturn butler.

Next is Maid Shail. A stunning beauty with a bob cut, she takes care

of everything other than the butler Cain's work.

For example, cleaning, laundry, hunting, security, and crime prevention.

The only unique feature is that he wears a holster with a metal skewer strapped to his thigh.

Because of her extraordinary nature, I asked Abel about her on the first day of arrival.

– Shail? She's the maid who took care of me since I was little, but she's really young. She's four years older than us, so she's probably around twenty-one. … But why Shail… … ? T, Sword Maid… You, could it be Shail too?!

Abel suddenly lost his temper. He asked out of curiosity, but why is he so oversensitive?

I've heard that in the West, asking for personal information is considered very rude.

It must be unpleasant for Abel, the employer.

anyway.

Shail had a chic attitude, but he was actually kind. He was the type to take care of things without saying anything.

If you need anything, just have it waiting at the door before you even say anything.

—Knock, knock, knock. After knocking three times, she left. Even if I opened the door right away, she disappeared right away.

It seemed as if he was not willing to give words of thanks, leaving only the lingering scent of footsteps, like a ghost.

Although not as good as Auditore, Shail's blocking and footwork were also extraordinary.

'The aura she gives off is unusual. And isn't it normal for maids to be

in charge of hunting wild animals or keeping the public safe? … ?'

Well, as a member of the Nibelungs, he must have had basic military power. I don't know to what extent though.

Butler Caron and maid Shail.

The work of the two people I watched for four days was quick and accurate.

Even though there are only two of them, this castle is kept clean.

But no matter how well you do things, almost to the point of being superhuman, you still only have one pair of hands.

With just two hands, there is a limit to how far you can reach.

'The mansion of the true and highest nobleman has so few employees, huh?'

I guess it's because of the hikikomori personality that is unique to Siegfried. He had an obsessive dislike for crowds.

So, aside from the duties of Charon and Shail, Abel and I help out with the rest.

For example, chopping firewood or occasionally going grocery shopping.

Everything was fine up to this point. Since I was going to pay for the meal anyway, I came prepared to do some housework.

There is a thing called 'eye-catching rice'. If you eat rice without doing anything, it is more like a bed of thorns.

'People have no shame.'

Besides, since it's not just me, but Abel and the swordsman are also with me, I have no resentment or complaints.

For someone like me who has been working in society since I was seventeen, something like this is not even considered trivial.

Up until now, it's been a satisfying day.

My lungs felt cleansed as I breathed in the clean air, free from the stale fine dust.

Above all, it is a pleasure for the eyes. If you just roll your eyes, there are magnificent views everywhere. At first glance, you can see why Switzerland is considered a good country to live in.

But just one thing.

There is something I absolutely cannot stand—

* * *

In the basement of the castle, the sword master's personal training room.

A gloomy atmosphere and suffocating silence descended.

"… … ."

It's so quiet that my ears are ringing.

What are you doing here? I'm sitting cross-legged and meditating with the sword master.

That too – I've been doing this for four hours, since breakfast.

My knees are numb to the point of numbness, and my lower back is cramping up.

He opened his right eye slightly and glanced to the side.

The sword master was meditating solemnly. He was in the same posture as four hours ago, without a single flaw.

I stared at the sword quietly and then sighed softly.

The sound of breathing echoed in the suffocating silence.

'I came all the way to Switzerland to meditate.'

If I go back to the root of what I am doing, it is the first reason why the swordsman brought me to Switzerland.

‘I promised to guide you through training and cultivation for the succession of Chilseong.’

He is the personal instructor of the sword master who has reigned over the title of humanity’s strongest swordsman for decades.

It is an extraordinary privilege that will make others’ mouths drop open when they hear about it.

And as a fellow swordsman, as a senior who has eaten more sword rice than me.

I was secretly hopeful that I would be able to learn and become enlightened a lot.

The value of teachings from a great teacher is something I learned from my first teacher.

So, I was secretly looking forward to those contents… … .

In reality, it is a daily practice of meditation while sitting in meditation and meditation.

Until lunch, a whole four hours.

The censor’s remarks on this point are as follows:

— The foundation of your protection itself will be complete. However, its power is too strong and primitive to handle easily. In this situation, increasing force is useless. It is a priority to adjust the protection to suit you through conversation with yourself. I will spend the first week here for that.

To summarize the explanation, it is about sharpening and refining the ‘Protection of the Sword God’ that is close to raw through ‘meditation’.

The intention itself is good. No, you could say it’s right.

The inherent potential is sufficient, so it is just a matter of regulating it through meditation. However… … .

“eww-“

A groan escaped from his teeth. The inspector dismissed it with his eyes closed.

“Don’t joke around. I’m like this today and tomorrow, so how can a young person do that?”

“…yes.”

“Just hold on a little longer. Just thirty more minutes.”

“… … .”

‘You have to do it for thirty more minutes?’

I sighed inwardly. It was too painful.

After sitting cross-legged for hours, I can feel the crucible wearing down.

My back aches, my pelvis trembles, and my buttocks quiver against the cold stone floor.

‘Oh, crazy. A rat is here.’

Rather than having a conversation with myself, I wanted to get out of this situation as quickly as possible.

For that reason, the swordsman is standing too firmly by his side.

How could a young child like me throw a tantrum when a seventy-year-old man is still there?

dripping-

Two knocks broke the silence of the training room.

The inspector’s eyes slowly opened. He quietly got up and headed toward the door.

I also tried to get up, but the cold glare from the inspector made me stay in the cross-legged position.

Add some lies, it's as painful as the first manifestation of the Sword God's protection.

The inspector opened the door.

-Squeak

Butler Caron stood in the gap between the old hinges and the noise they made. There was a considerable look of bewilderment on his face. It was clearly different from his usual expressionless face.

"Excuse me, Your Majesty. May I borrow your ears?"

Caron whispered softly to the inspector. He was curious about what was going on, but he looked away.

The reason he speaks so quietly is probably because it is a personal story. It is not something that an outsider like me should be interested in.

Because that wasn't the immediate problem.

'I can't feel anything in my lower body.'

My lower abdomen is empty. The feeling of numbness has completely taken over my lower body. How can I get up…? I can't use my strength?

-That moment.

"What?! Richa, that crazy bastard!?"

The sword master, frowning, shouted. For me, who had only ever seen stern figures, this was a first-time sight of his expression.

"I- My lord. Behind you is the swordsman Kang Geum-ma."

"Ah, ahem. I got excited for a moment."

The inspector cleared his throat and softened his tone. However, his

face remained stiff.

I looked at the two people from afar, then thought about the name that the inspector had spat out.

'…Richa.'

Although the last name was omitted, it was easy to guess who the person was.

The only person in this world who uses that name. There is only one person who can make the sword master so angry.

Rachel's great-uncle and a giant who holds the Seven Stars' Hanseok.

Richard de Murat, the Spear Saint.

Although his status was somewhat inferior to that of the swordsman, it was said that no one could compare to him in terms of physical strength. The logic was that he made up for his lack of technique with his strength.

They say that if you take over a B-class government in one go, your head will burst like a watermelon.

Rumor has it that he's a lion in human skin. I've never seen him in a game, so I don't know if it's true or not.

However, in terms of physical perfection, he must be the best among the Seven Star Heroes, to the point where such rumors are circulating.

'But why is Changseong's name mentioned?'

The swordsman said to Caron.

"I have some urgent business to attend to. I might be home late, or maybe even a little later. So, let the kids eat first."

"Yes, my lord."

After saying that, the inspector quickly left the training room.

The sound of someone climbing the stairs echoed. When the sound was no longer audible, I got up, pressing down on the floor.

… that's exactly what I was trying to do.

"… … ."

I met eyes with Caron, who was standing with his back to the ground.

His sullen eyes lowered even lower.

"There are still 15 minutes left."

"… … ."

"Your Majesty the Sword."

Sigh- I laughed weakly.

Then he immediately straightened his back. He was in a perfect sitting position.

Only then does Caron nod.

Inflexibility is the same for both employees and butlers.

…shit.

* * *

"Ugh… … ."

A groan escaped my teeth. After four days of crossing my legs, I felt like my internal organs were being twisted.

I skipped lunch too. I was hungry, but my legs were numb and sore.

I buried my back in the bedsheet. All I could see was an unfamiliar ceiling. As I stared into the empty space, my mind suddenly flashed.

"Now that I think about it, Switzerland is close to that dungeon."

His upper body shot up. He then opened the carrier and took out Murasame.

Looking down at the half-bladed blade, a smile appears on my face.

“What a lucky coincidence.”

The vacation that I would have spent just training has now found purpose.

However, prior preparation and party members are essential to enter the dungeon.

“At least three people were required to enter… … .”

Not only the entry conditions but also the defense must be secure.

The path is rough, and above all, the devil is in the hidden space… … .

I don’t even want to set foot there, but what can I do?

Since we prioritized strengthening our armament, we’ll have to eat mustard while crying.

‘This is where one of the few magic stones in the world is located… … .’

When you are shedding a worried sigh.

Knock—knock—knock—

As usual, there were three knocks on the door.

“I guess it’s already time for dinner.”

I didn’t respond because I thought she was Maid Shail. Even if I spoke to her, there was no answer.

Knock—knock—knock—

But again the knock came.

I opened the door, tilting my head.

An unexpected person was standing timidly in front of the door.

“… What is it? Why are you here?”

It was Abel. She was holding a glossy blanket in her arms.

“Yes, I have some things to return.”

“… … ?”

Abel raised his eyes slightly. His golden eyes sparkled brilliantly between his eyebrows.

“I have something to talk about… … .”

Abel asked, pushing his side hair behind his ear.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 114

Episode 114: The Creation of Richard de Murat (1)

-Crack, crack

The sound of shoes echoed through the quiet hallway. The source of the sound was Abel.

She took a few steps forward with a slightly nervous expression. She headed towards the room where Kanggeomma was staying.

‘The only time I can return it is now that Grandpa is gone.’

My grandfather rarely goes out. He said that he doesn’t want to be away from his beautiful granddaughter…

Abel knew that she was just doing it because she was annoyed.

Of course, it was the honest truth that he loved her as his granddaughter, even if it was a little excessive.

It has been four days since Kanggeomma stayed at Castle Sigurd. However, there was no time to talk to him. It was because of the grandfather who was a fool for his granddaughter.

He lectured on ‘Men and women should not sit together when they are seven years old.’ It’s an old Korean proverb, so she doesn’t know the exact meaning, but she understood it to mean that she should stay away from men.

Suddenly, the sword master’s remark came to mind.

— Child, you shouldn't trust men. Especially, you should be careful when you're a hot-blooded teenager, and you should avoid men who are attracted to women even more.

"Hey, Grandpa, how long are you going to treat me like a child?! Are you afraid that I won't even know that?! You foolishly do whatever you want!"

— Heh heh, I know, I know. Who would be so foolish as to be the precious granddaughter of that family! But remember, Abel. The most dangerous ones are not those who are so blatant.

"Then what… … ?"

— He is a man who does good deeds without any intention.

"Huh? Why are people who do good deeds the most dangerous? Shouldn't they be praised instead? … Or, be careful because you never know what they might be thinking… … Is that what you mean?"

At that question, my grandfather shook his head excitedly.

— They say that indiscriminate and unfounded good intentions lead to misunderstandings. If that happens, people will naturally get entangled around you. Of course, this includes the opposite sex. However, the person who showed good intentions doesn't know that fact. They say that among college students, they are called 'Nun-ssi-nun'.

"ah……."

I never thought the word 'Nonsinun' would come out of my grandfather's mouth. I tried to ask back, but I kept my mouth shut at his proud smile.

Abel took to heart the dangers of vaguely acquired knowledge.

— But don't worry, baby. As long as this old man is alive and well, no man will ever come near our Abel.

To conclude the conversation, the grandfather made a harsh

statement.

– Hmm- If you happen to bring a man stronger than this old man, that might be a problem, but I don't think that will happen while I'm alive. You know, old man is the strongest, hahaha!

Abel smiled bitterly. His grandfather had told him not to even dream of dating anyone who wasn't stronger than him.

'Love… … Well, it doesn't really have anything to do with me anyway.'

At that time, it would be better to swing the sword one more time. Thinking so, Abel hugged the rabbit blanket tightly.

The mop that Kanggeomma covered on Avalon Island. Thanks to Abel's delicate care, the mop was shining.

Abel smiled slightly and brushed his hair away. He felt regretful as he thought that it was the end.

'But I decided to give it back.'

Abel continued walking, repeating that thought. … But thinking back, the 'most' dangerous type that his grandfather had mentioned—

'A man who does good deeds without any intention… … .'

-Isn't that Kang Geum-ma?

A hot-blooded teenager who does good deeds without discrimination, saves others by throwing himself at them, and is always surrounded by the opposite sex.

Everything fits perfectly with one person, 'Kang Geum-ma'.

Especially, the fact that you have no sense at all!

Abel's gaze dropped reflexively. This, which had been used as a substitute for a blanket, was also one of the proofs of Kanggeomma's good intentions.

“… … .”

Suddenly, her cheeks swelled with emotion. However, the emotions subsided immediately. Abel covered her forehead and sighed deeply.

“Why am I like this again… … .”

It was childish.

I can’t believe I’m getting distracted by such little things.

I feel superior because I live under the same roof as Kang Geum-ma… … .

I hated the swordsman who made me feel this way.

Not much… just a little bit?

As I continued walking, lost in thought,

Before I knew it, I had arrived in front of the room where Kang Geum-ma was staying.

It was Abel’s own house. But it felt unfamiliar.

I hesitate to knock.

I thought, ‘Should I just go back?’, but it wasn’t an ordinary day for my grandfather to be away from home.

“Phew-.”

Abel let out a long breath.

Knock—knock—knock—

I knocked on the door three times.

“… … .”

The response I got was a dismissal. I would have opened it out of curiosity as to who it was, but it was a clean dismissal.

Abel was taken aback for a moment. Then he shook his head.

‘You think I’m Shail.’

Abel coughed and knocked again.

This time there was a response.

Thump thump, the sound of footsteps on the pavement is getting closer.

In that brief moment, Abel glanced at his clothes.

A single wrinkle on the top was immediately smoothed out.

-Bam!

As soon as the door opened, Abel’s body froze.

She just opened her eyes and looked up at Kanggeomma.

I felt a great sense of joy seeing your face up close after four days.

I stared at him intently. My heart pounded against my ribs without any sense.

A moment of silence. Kanggeomma opened his mouth.

“… What is it? Why are you here?”

Abel, who had been blankly staring at the viewer, flinched.

‘Yeah, I came to give you the blanket. Just hand this over and leave.’

After holding that inner voice in my mouth, I finally opened my lips.

“Yes, I have some things to return.”

“… … ?”

“I have something to talk about… … .”

The mouth moved on its own, contrary to what was said.

“Can I come in for a moment?”

* * *

I was surprised for a moment by Abel’s sudden knock. I went inside because he said he had something to say. … But.

“… … .”

It’s not a metaphor, it’s a really suffocating and awkward atmosphere. Even more so when you’re doing self-examination and meditation.

Abel sat up gently on the bed, his eyes fixed on the corner of the ceiling.

Like that, 30 seconds.

She just wiggled her interlocked fingers.

In a daze. There was no sign of this silence ending at this rate, so I spoke first.

“What do you mean you’re going to give it back?”

An exclamation mark appeared above Abel’s head. Only then did her gaze turn to me.

“This, this. I came to return it.”

“Ah- that.”

The thick blanket wrapped in Abel’s arms. It looked familiar somehow.

It was a rabbit fur coat that I had personally tanned during my deserted island survival training. I had completely forgotten about its existence, but I was quite happy to see it again.

It looks like he’s been taking good care of his fur to make it shiny. I smiled and expressed my gratitude.

“I forgot, thank you.”

“Uh, yeah.”

“By the way, didn’t you say you had something to say?”

Abel’s shoulders trembled at those words. He then wiggled his fingers and rolled his eyes. It seemed as if he was choosing his words.

After being silent for a long time, she opened her mouth.

“… If you have time tomorrow afternoon, would you like to go somewhere with me?”

“where?”

Abel got angry when I asked him again with a puzzled look on his face.

“Hey! I asked first! Are you free tomorrow or not?!”

“… I meditate only in the morning, and I originally had no plans for the afternoon.”

Abel stared at me with bright eyes. I scratched the back of my neck and continued.

“It’s time.”

“… … !”

The pure golden pupils dilated to the size of a lantern.

Is it really that surprising that I have time? After all, she probably thinks I’m training and fighting with the swordsman all day long. She can’t imagine me locking myself in my basement and meditating.

‘And if I just meditate like this, I’ll get paralyzed from the waist down, so I should walk a bit.’

She asked.

“Then what time do you want to leave tomorrow?”

“Since we’re here, how about going around 4 o’clock and having

dinner? I came all the way to Switzerland, so I'd like to eat out at least once."

Abel's face seemed to brighten, but then he quickly changed his expression. She nodded.

"Well, then. By the way, I heard that a famous sushi restaurant opened in Geneva."

I came all the way to Switzerland, so I guess I should try the local food since I'm already here.

"Aside from sushi restaurants, is there any place like this in Swiss cuisine?"

"Huh? Why? You don't like sushi?"

"… No, rather than saying I don't like it… I just ate it with my club members. Things are already expensive, so I want to eat a variety of things."

"If you are members… Sa. Ki?"

Abel spoke Ryozo's surname in pieces. With narrowed eyebrows and a cold tone.

'… Are you two not on good terms?'

It's been four months since I started living in the academy. I've seen relationships between the female cadets that were once friendly but then turned sour.

Maybe that's why Ryozo applied for reassignment to the Lang class. It's a pretty reasonable inference.

I replied, scratching my temple.

"Not just with him. Speed Weapon and Chloe went with him too."

"… Chloe, that red-haired girl?"

"Oh, that's right. Chloe and Nana both have similar tastes in fish, so

we went to a sushi restaurant."

"… … ."

Abel's expression hardened even more. It seemed like something had touched his nerves… As a single man, I had no way of knowing the girl's mind.

"joy."

A fresh, nasal voice. Abel handed me the blanket. No, to be exact, he threw it at me.

She walked briskly toward the door, only half-turning her head.

"Anyway, come out to the main gate on time tomorrow."

Abel uttered the last words. His voice was still cold, though softened. I nodded tremblingly.

-bang!

The door slammed shut nervously. I stared in that direction and muttered.

"… I'm still a bit awkward with him. Maybe it's because it's our first meeting… … "

He let out a sigh. His exhaled breath made the rabbit fur shine.

I feel it again, but it seems like they managed it really well.

Sigh- A smile escaped.

* * *

At the same time, the Swiss President's residence.

"Uh… I wonder when you'll be coming."

A man stomped outside the office door. His name was Alain, Chief of Staff and one of President Gaines' closest aides.

Alain tapped his wristwatch repeatedly with his fingernails. His fingertips were filled with impatience.

Thud, thud.

Footsteps were heard at the end of the hallway. Alain raised his head. At the same time, a look of joy came over his face.

“Your Majesty, you came.”

“Enough with the greetings, let’s start by explaining the situation.”

“… It is as you reported. He came out of nowhere and asked the President out of the blue who the inspector had brought… … .”

The wrinkles between the swordsman’s eyebrows deepened. Alain waved his hand in response and quickly added.

“Ha, but the President kept his mouth shut. Even when he was grabbed by the collar and had his shirt buttons ripped off, he just smiled and never opened his mouth. Then he got angry and said, ‘The Nibelungs are scary, but Murat is easy!’ and then… … .”

Alain bowed his head. The inspector patted his shoulder.

“That’s enough explanation. I’ll take over next time.”

“I know you hate getting involved in this kind of thing, but thank you for coming.”

“You, how can you speak so rudely when you have done so much for me? Don’t worry, I am here.”

Alain sobbed softly. The inspector glanced at her once, hardened his expression, and opened the door to the office.

Creak- the sound of hinges locking together. Immediately, a tidal wave of fighting spirit surged through the cracks in the door. It was a tremendous pressure that seemed to crush the entire area.

“her-.”

The inside was even more spectacular.

A round oval table is placed in the center, with men lined up on both sides.

The Prime Minister, the ministers of each department, the President of the Senate, the President of the House of Representatives. They were political heads in their own right. But… … .

“Ughhhhhh.”

They planted their heads on the floor, lifted their buttocks, and formed a triangle with their bodies. This was the so-called ‘Wonsan bombing’.

“… … .”

The inspector opened his eyes and looked straight at the end of the round table.

A man holding a spear with his chin resting on his hand.

He’s so arrogant. But that’s his symbolism.

Creation, Richard de Murat.

He had a face like that of the king of beasts and a body covered in fierce muscles.

Changseong greeted the sword master with his teeth exposed.

“It’s been a long time, Nibelung. It’s been almost ten years.”

The swordsman held the hilt of his sword tightly. Then he spoke softly.

“What kind of nonsense is this, coming to a foreign country? And since when have we been on friendly terms and exchanging greetings?”

“Hahahahahahahahahaha!”

Suddenly, a loud noise burst out. He lifted his lips up to his ears.

“You’ve become so hot after losing an arm. You used to be so sassy that you looked like a girl.”

“… … .”

A water jet rose from the temple of the swordsman.

Damn it.

The inspector stepped into the office.

“As you grow older, Richa, your tongue has grown long like that of a woman.”

OMG.

Then he pulled out his sword.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 115

Episode 115: The Creation of Richard de Murat (2)

It's been almost 40 years since Siegfried von Nibelung was called the strongest man in the world.

He approached swordsmanship at an early age, and from a young age it was difficult to find suitable opponents.

There were a few who threw down the gauntlet. They eventually gave in after a few fights. The sword master was a natural genius.

However, there is no absolute peer under the supreme heavens. Even the so-called strongest swordsman has a rival.

* * *

"… … ."

The swordsman and the sergeant faced each other across an oval table. The air was boiling with excitement from the two of them.

Politicians who planted their heads on the pavement. Cold sweat flowed down their backs in the opposite direction, wetting their hair.

The sword master gripped the hilt of his sword tightly and spoke, aiming his sword sharply at the spear.

"Myra, you may have a brain of a snail, but I didn't know you would lose your mind to this extent. Do you dare attack the country where I reside, and the official residence at that!

“Hahahahahahahahaha!”

At the sword master’s old age, Changseong burst into laughter again. The round table shook with the thunderous laughter. The bodies of those who were bombing Wonsan also shook.

“You’re talking about ‘fear’ to the son of the Murat family. Just a little while ago, you said, ‘I’ll make you a woman now’, and now that you’re tangled with the young ones at the Academy, you’ve become a joker, Nibelung.”

“You’re so ignorant that you can’t even tell the difference between a joke and the truth.”

The sword master was shocked. At the sarcasm that came out, Changseong slammed the bottom of his weapon against the ground.

“Nibelung, you bastard!”

Blood flowed from Gaines’s ears as he stood right next to Changseong. One shout ruptured his eardrum. Gaines chewed his lower lip.

‘Are we really the same human being?’

A swordsman who has reached the pinnacle of skill. A man who can only match him in terms of brute force and strength.

Changseong is a tyrannical man who puts forward the saying, ‘Technology is for the weak.’

Is there any primate among us that can match this man in terms of sheer ‘strength’? As far as Gaines knows, there is none.

Changseong’s upper body was thrown forward. The muscles that covered his entire body twitched like life.

A fierce momentum that seemed as if it would jump out at any moment. One, Changseong sat back down on the chair. The moment he sat down, the road surface shook.

Changseong said, resting his chin on his hand.

“I didn’t come here to play with words. Just get to the point. If you tell me the truth, I’ll quietly go back.”

“… … .”

“Everyone knows that the Demon 5th Corps Commander Agor has been defeated, so let’s move on.”

“““““!!”””””

Shock spread throughout the room at the words he blurted out. Only Geomje frowned silently. Changseong scratched his head.

“… What? Didn’t everyone know? It’s a rumor that’s already spread throughout the Hero Association. Maybe because Switzerland is a neutral country, news tends to arrive late.”

Hero Association. An organization that cares for heroes around the world.

In fact, they send out agents everywhere to gather information. This is a way to keep an eye on and keep an eye on famous heroes.

A group at the forefront of information power. To put it simply, its role was similar to that of the CIA during the Cold War.

Because of that darkness, most heroes were reluctant to join the association. Who would be happy to have a group that would dig up their backs?

However, there are some heroes who show pro-Association tendencies.

Their leader was none other than Changseong. He was a strong candidate to become the next president of the Heroes Association.

An earthquake occurred in Gaines’ pupil.

‘The 5th Corps Commander is dead… …?’

The advent of a legion commander-level demon is a violation of the first human-ma agreement.

In order for them to descend, they need a sacrifice that can open the passage between the demon realm and the human world, and a physical body that the legion commander can possess.

Because of these strict conditions, the balance of power between humanity and the demons is maintained.

No, that devil bastard died in the first place? With the Seven Star Hero Pool members, we were able to subdue even the 6th Corps Commander Basmon. The result was the death of three of the Seven Stars.

But who has subdued Aghor even more than that?

Changseong continued speaking without paying attention.

“Well, since it was going to come out anyway, I guess I’ll just consider it a realization now. That’s not the important part.”

Changseong raised his voice to the swordsman.

“I’ve figured out that you’re involved in Agor’s death, but there’s something I just can’t understand. As everyone knows, it’s common sense that a single hero can’t defeat a legion commander. No, it’s only natural.”

“What do you want to say?”

The inspector replied curtly. Changseong glared and said a name.

“Strong sword horse.”

“… … !”

“That guy called Sashimi Swordsman. The Association believes that Aggor’s death is deeply connected to that young guy. What do you think?”

The mere mention of the name gave strength to the sword master’s grip on the hilt.

Hururuk.

A green aura burned the blade. It was an aura.

The sword energy released by the sword master instantly pushed away the fighting spirit of the creator.

‘Is this Nibelung really the one who lost his arm?!’

Changseong couldn’t help but be very surprised.

Just a moment ago, I thought I had the upper hand over the armless swordsman. But the guy in front of me looked even more healthy.

For a moment, he was dumbfounded. Changseong laughed so fiercely that his gums were exposed.

‘You Nibelung. You’ve grown yet again.’

The sword master was always reluctant to accept Changseong. He felt that his life would be shortened if he got involved with Changseong, who was almost a barbarian, whenever he applied for a duel.

But on the contrary, Changseong highly regarded him. More than pride, he was awe-inspiring as a man. Uprightness that did not give in to routine.

A man among men who has truly surpassed himself and earned the title of ‘The Strongest in Humanity’.

Phew.

Even though it was indoors, an artificial wind blew. The soldiers who were bombing Wonsan fell down one by one.

“Hey, Your Majesty!”

Gaines’ voice shook. The sword master radiated an aura toward Changseong, revealing clear hostility.

A fight between two of the Seven Stars. What it means is simple and clear.

War between Switzerland and France.

This scene right now is nothing more than a prologue.

On the other hand, Changseong raised his lips high. He raised his spear and struck the floor hard.

Crunch- The road cracked. The axis shook and the wind blew backwards. Changseong laughed out loud.

“Hahahahahahahaha. You’ve become a real man!”

“You have come to my home country and caused trouble, so I will cut out your tongue.”

The swordsman took a stance to shoot himself. He knew that this was excessive.

There is a high possibility that this will develop into an international problem. However, once that name came out of my mouth, it was not a situation where I could think about the consequences.

The sword master considered the existence of the strong sword horse to be the hope of humanity. If he were to become the target of the association, he would kill Changseong here and now.

I had no intention of killing him, and I couldn’t kill him. Even when I had two arms, Changseong was a match for him.

Especially since he was one-armed, tying up his feet was the best option. Even if he couldn’t hit his neck, he could still aim for his ankles if he used his aura.

Just as the swordsman was about to stomp his feet, Changseong suddenly let go of the spear.

-Jjaeng!

There was a loud noise as the blade hit the floor.

… … !

The tense atmosphere suddenly calmed down at that murmur. Changseong raised both hands and opened his mouth.

“You’ve lost your cool as you’ve gotten older. It’s good that you’ve become hot-tempered, but it’s not like you.”

Changseong continued with a sly smile.

“If you’re being so sensitive, you must really care about that little brat. Well, seeing you acting this way, I don’t feel like pursuing you any further.”

As he said that, Changseong picked up his weapon and strode towards the door.

Soon, Changseong stopped next to Geomje’s shoulder. He spoke in a sullen tone.

“Honestly, I’m curious about that guy named Kang Geum-ma. There must be a reason why you’re so protective of him, and why my niece Rachel is so obsessed with him.”

“… … .”

“I wonder what kind of expression you, Nibelung, would make if Kanggeomma were my nephew-in-law.”

“What are you saying now?!”

“Hahahaha, anyway, thank you! And say hello to Media and her twin sister!”

Changseong waved his hand without even turning around.

The inspector watched his back for a long time without any help.

Gaines called him cautiously.

“Your Majesty, are you okay?”

“I made a fool of myself. I’m sorry.”

“Oh, no… … If it weren’t for you, my lord, our ministers and members of the National Assembly would have developed alopecia areata long ago.”

Gaines whined. Thanks to that, the tense atmosphere eased somewhat. The inspector smiled faintly.

“Gaines, you have quite a sense of duty in your personality.”

“Haha, I guess I’ve become a bit more timid now that I’m in my 40s.”

Gaines scratched the back of his head awkwardly. The inspector stared at him intently.

Gaines is a self-interested politician. His reason for not telling Changseong the truth was probably not pure loyalty.

The reason he kept his mouth shut was not to pressure the sword master, but to avoid pressuring the sword master.

The inspector recognized it immediately.

‘… Is this the era of old people gone?’

The inspector laughed bitterly. But what can be done?

You can’t blame politicians for judging the future and being good at calculations. They can only pretend not to know even though they know.

“Your Majesty, would you be free next week? I would really like to have the dinner we talked about earlier.”

The swordsman stared blankly at Gaines. What he wanted was to meet ‘Ganggeomma’.

The story had just ended, but I thought it was really blatant.

The inspector spoke with a look of displeasure on his face.

“I don’t think I’ll have time that day.”

“…You didn’t tell me what day it was?”

“I’m busy next week.”

“Over there, over there!”

Gaines extended his arm. The inspector didn't turn around.

As I got older, I started to feel worse.

* * *

the next day.

20 minutes until my appointment with Abel.

I was looking through my clothes wondering what to wear and soon picked up a pair of Academy tracksuits.

Since I packed minimally, I only had a few clothes. There was no need to dress up in any particular way.

'… By the way, where do you want to go all of a sudden?'

I nodded at the suggestion that was made out of the blue. However, its purpose was ambiguous.

I'm not on good terms with Abel. Dinner is just an excuse, and I have other intentions.

I was already feeling uneasy inside because it seemed like something had interfered with her and Leon's relationship on Avalon Island.

I sighed inwardly and shook my head.

"Well, we'll be living together for the next few weeks, so it'd be nice if we got along well."

More than anything, I wanted to use this opportunity to build a good relationship with her.

There was no reason to repeat it, and it was also due to extremely personal reasons.

'Undead Dungeon.'

A dungeon located on the edge of the Alps.

The difficulty level was the lowest, D-rank. It was even lower than

the Buffalo Dungeon.

So, there were differences in the minimum entry requirements as well.

Normally, dungeons require a minimum of four people, but for D-class, three was enough.

However, the Undead Dungeon was less popular than its low difficulty. No, to be exact, there were no heroes looking for it.

The biggest problem was that the demon that appeared was a walking corpse, Lich, and the reward for clearing it was also poor.

It's a shabby dungeon that looks completely useless. However, inside it lies an S-class demon known as a disaster.

The Lich King, Draugr.

The King of the Liches who commands the Immortal Army. In the game's time, the draugr he wields is more famous than the draugr themselves.

'Was the name Ripper's Wand?'

The direct translation is 'Grim Reaper's Staff'. Users call it 'Sa-Ji' for short.

A horse riding range with a name reminiscent of the military's cheap local turf. That's right. That's what they were aiming for.

By the way, S-class demons are said to use magic tools… … .

Since these are disasters that appear too late in the story, there is also insufficient information on them.

It's just that the cheap ones are so good that they stick to the mouth and are famous.

… At this point, I start to regret not having held on to 'Miracle Protection M' more persistently.

If I had just closed my eyes and continued on then, my life in this world would have been a little smoother.

No, I never started that damn game in the first place.

Come to think of it, Miracle Protection M was also my first teacher. Didn't that gentleman start it by gently suggesting it? But then the person in question quickly quit.

'Shit.'

Anyway, in order to enter the Undead Dungeon, you need to form a team.

Of course, I intend to face the Lich King alone, but until then, I need strong allies to help me get through the ordeal.

If that ally were to be 'chief', it would be even better if it were Abel. As someone who was a user, I have deep trust in her abilities and talents.

As I was lost in my thoughts, the clock suddenly struck 4 o'clock.

Only then did I kick the bed. Then I selected my shoes.

I was thinking about wearing slippers, but I gave up. But I still thought this was a bit off. I wore running shoes with three stripes on them.

Tracksuits and running shoes. A perfect outfit for a leisurely walk.

So I left the room and headed towards the front door.

Even though it was five minutes before the appointment time, Abel was already there.

Jeebuk,

As I got closer, Abel's outline became clearer. And without realizing it, I was amazed.

"and-."

Wear a tennis skirt and apply a thin layer of makeup.

It is a picture perfect piece, blending in with the breathtaking scenery of Switzerland.

She was outstanding even without any decoration, but when she dressed up a little, she looked like a goddess.

While I was staring blankly, Abel turned his head this way.

Immediately her eyes widened.

“… You, did you really come out dressed like that?”

I had no answer, so I just nodded.

“Because these are the only clothes I have.”

“Oh, no. But still… … .”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 116

Episode 116 Awkward Relationship (1)

“Abel, but how are you going to get to downtown?”

It is far to the destination, downtown Geneva. From what I remember when I came to Castle Sigurd, it was about 3 hours by car. It is a distance that would take approximately 2 days to walk on foot.

Also, this is the ridge of the Alps. The steep slopes are incredibly steep. The roads are not well paved, so there will be no buses coming.

Since it was originally the Nibelungen estate, outside buses wouldn’t be allowed to enter.

Abel tilted his head to my question.

“How do I get there? I have to go by car.”

“Car… …? Abel, do you have a driver’s license?”

“No, there isn’t any?”

“…Then driving without a license?”

After all, this entire place is the Nibelungs’ territory, the country.

As in Rome there is Roman law, so here you may not need a license.

Moreover, the swordsman Siegfried is the king of this country. He is the law itself.

Even if his granddaughter were to drive without a license, it wouldn't be a problem at all—

"hey!"

—As my thoughts continued, Abel's voice interrupted my thoughts. She looked at me with a bewildered expression.

"You don't have a license, so you're driving without a license. How can you get connected like this? Don't you usually expect someone else to give you a ride?"

"ah-."

Now that I hear it, that's true. It seems like I've become too absorbed in this world where the caste system is rampant.

Before I knew it, my thought process had gone crazy.

The worldview of 'Miracle Protection M' was more common sense than I imagined.

"Oh my, anyway, you're so unique, Sword Maiden. Well… how can I possibly follow your way of thinking?"

Abel muttered bitterly. I scratched my temples.

She said, crossing her arms bashfully.

"Shailey said she'd give me a ride."

-Oh, that's right. There were employees in this house.

Because their presence is so faint, I often forget about their existence.

"I'm telling you this because I don't want you to worry. Shail is a good driver. Whenever Grandpa or I go to town, Shail gives us a ride. On the other hand, Uncle Caron can't drive because he has no sense of direction."

… This was a bit unexpected.

The maid with a young appearance is the best driver, and the butler

who seems to be the one doing the backhanding has the driving attribute. The character traits are quite reversed.

At that moment, a car suddenly appeared in sight.

A four-wheel drive vehicle with a sturdy body. A vehicle specialized for riding on mountain roads.

-Squeak.

The tires are dragging the dirt. The sound is rough, but the cornering is smooth. This is a remarkable driving skill.

Bam— Shayle opens the car door and comes out. She gives a slight nod.

“Miss, Master Kanggeomma. I will take you safely to Geneva.”

“I know you’re busy, but thank you for coming today, Shail.”

Abel smiled softly. Shail smiled back.

“I am very happy to be able to serve you after such a long time.”

Shail opened the door for me personally. Abel got on board as if he were used to it. I glanced at Shail and followed him.

Shayle sat back on the driver’s seat. The seat sank slightly. Shayle said, gently placing his palms on the steering wheel.

“Since Mr. Geomma is here today, we will drive more slowly than usual.”

“Okay, please. I’ll always be safe when Shayle drives.”

Abel responded with a smile.

“It’ll take about 30 minutes, so you can both get some sleep during that time.”

“… … ?”

Did I mishear? 30 minutes? As I said above, it’s at least three hours to

get to Geneva. And the road there is winding.

Even for an experienced driver, it would be difficult to guarantee the time. F1 (Formula 1) drivers might not know. Even if you push the speed limit to 100 km/h, you could easily fall off a cliff.

‘What the heck?’

As if she was afraid of being confused, Shayle adjusted the direction of the room mirror. Her eyes reflected in the mirror were as narrow as a bird of prey.

Booo …

The car let out a loud exhaust noise. It wasn’t the kind of noise that would come from a car traversing a mountain valley.

Just as my lips were about to part in a sense of crisis, Shayle struck me.

“Fasten your seatbelt, sir.”

“… … !”

-Buaaaaaaaaaah!

The accelerator is being trampled, and the scenery outside the window is covered in dust.

“Now, just a moment!”

I screamed without realizing it. Shail ignored it cleanly.

“Let’s go.”

Shail snapped the gear. It was an unusual snap.

The car body immediately flew out at incredible speed.

Uwaaaah.

The vehicle slid down the mountain road.

The instrument panel needle was fluctuating between the numbers 180 and 200.

* * *

“Phew.”

The inspector let out a long sigh. Yesterday was a day that felt particularly long.

The encounter with Changseong lasted 30 minutes, but it took another full day to deal with the aftermath.

Richard de Murat. That bastard’s surprise attack almost caused a diplomatic commotion. But it was within the scope of the recovery, so the inspector ran and finished it off.

‘That muscle pig.’

I wanted to stab Changseong right away.

But if you do that, you will end up like that ignorant guy. The dignity of an old man comes from his composure.

The inspector sighed again and calmed his mind. If your stomach is boiling, your blood pressure will rise and it will be detrimental to your health.

‘I feel like I’ve aged ten years.’

It was a chilling expression for a seventy-year-old man. An old man cannot guarantee that ten years will pass. The inspector shook his head reflexively.

Butler Caron, who was standing next to me, spoke in a worried voice.

“Are you okay, Your Majesty?”

“No, Charon. If you live long enough, things like this will happen often. Of course, if that bastard Changseong does something like this again, I won’t stay still.”

“…Thank you for your effort.”

Slurp.

Caron filled the teacup. The scent of black tea spread faintly in the study.

The swordsman brought the cup to his lips with a bright smile. Tea ceremony was one of his few hobbies.

sniffling.

“Hahaha, as expected, the tea you make, Caron, is top-notch. I missed this taste so much when I was at the Academy. Even Media can make tea now, but it’s no match for you. Compared to this, Media’s black tea is like poison, right!”

“… … .”

Charon couldn’t say anything. Even though they were outside of Media’s territory, Charon knew her true form.

Tyrant Media. If I say one wrong word and get caught by her… … . Just thinking about it makes me feel like my remaining life is shortened.

Caron simply tilted the kettle to warm the teacups. After a long silence, the lifeline lengthened. It was a keen eye for urgency acquired from many years of life as a butler.

“By the way, did you practice this morning, Geomma-kun?”

“Yes, now he can do it on his own without supervision.”

“I see.”

The inspector nodded and sipped his tea. A pleased smile appeared on the old man’s lips as he took the teacup away.

‘He is definitely a very patient boy.’

Talent tends to make you arrogant. Many talented people have

destroyed themselves because of it. Geomje also went through such times.

‘But that boy, Kanggeomma, is definitely different.’

His attitude is also sly. He also complains often.

But what is given must be carried out responsibly.

A genius of the world doesn’t spare effort. How high will he reach?

The swordsman wanted to see the end with his eyes. To do that, he had to live long. He would take his blood pressure medication again and minimize his stress.

‘If this continues for a month, the ordeal won’t be too much.’

Light lingered in the swordsman’s pupils. He glanced at Charon. As Charon was about to fill his glass, their eyes met.

The inspector laughed softly and started to cry.

“But where are the kids? I haven’t seen Abel or Geumma at all today. Come to think of it, I haven’t seen Shail either.”

“Oh, the two of you went out to downtown Geneva in the afternoon. Shail went to see you off—”

The laughter stopped.

Clang!

The teacup was broken. No, it actually exploded. Only the hanging part of the teacup was dangling from my fingers.

—!

Immediately afterwards, blood vessels began to form in the pupils of the swordsman’s eyes.

“…Caron, what did you just say?”

A poisonous voice tapped Caron’s cheek. It stung.

But the real questioning started from now on.

“You’ll have to explain why you just let those two go. This isn’t bullying, this is a request for an explanation, so don’t misunderstand.”

“ah…….”

Butler Caron was reminded once again of the importance of silence.

* * *

As soon as we arrived in downtown Geneva, we got out of the car.

“Haa- haa-”

My heart was still pounding. It showed no sign of calming down. I just raised my eyes slightly and looked at Shail.

She looked at her wristwatch and clicked her tongue.

It seems like the time it takes to reach the destination is not enough.

‘That maid is crazy.’

I covered a three-hour distance in 31 minutes. It wasn’t a straight road, it was a winding road.

It was a series of spine-chilling corners. The road was not paved and there were many rocks. But the number on the dashboard did not drop below 200.

I asked Abel.

“Is it like this when you come out of the city normally?”

“Yeah, that’s right. But Shayle slowed down a bit today. Normally, it would take less than 30 minutes.”

“No… … . Okay, you got carsick on the airport bus. Why are you fine now?”

“Oh, I get motion sickness when things are slow. I don’t mind if

things are fast.”

Abel shrugged.

Yeah, what more can I say?

“I’ll pick you up at 8:30, four hours later. I hope you have a great time.”

With those words, Shail picked up Chaki and twisted him. The kick that stomped on the accelerator was sharp.

It was a fierce drive, as if trying to set a new record. The car Shail was driving quickly disappeared from sight.

‘A young man with a big heart and a biker gang… ‘

Thud.

“Hey, what are you doing blankly? You said you wanted to eat dinner, and there are 10 minutes left until your reservation time.”

Abel grabbed my wrist as I stood there dumbfounded. In reality, she was pulling me, but on the surface, it looked like we were just linking arms.

In an instant, all eyes gathered. Envy filled the men’s expressions.

Abel is always in the spotlight.

In technical terms, it’s a walking crowd control device, or CC device.

And that attention is pouring in on me, right next to him.

“Hey, Abel. Move away from me. Can’t you see people staring at you?”

“Unlike Korea, the streets in Europe are old, so it’s very easy to get lost without directions. There are no signs. And those people are staring at you because your hair color stands out, so ignore them.”

“… … .”

Let's think of it as naivety. Otherwise, my illusions about Abel would have been shattered. She was the reason I paid for Miracle Protection M.

'… and if someone looks at me because my hair color is strange, isn't that racist?'

As I walked down the street, I received countless stares. '?' hooks hovering over people's heads. Then, they were startled and whispered among themselves.

'I feel like this is definitely going to be a weird rumor.'

I hope it doesn't get into Chloe's ears.

We arrived at the restaurant Abel had made a reservation at. It was a place that served a dish called Raclette.

Raclette. It is said to be a dish that represents Switzerland, along with fondue, with melted cheese poured over meat or sausage.

Just hearing it makes me crave kimchi.

'…I came to this place instead of eating sushi.'

Besides, I have to ask Abel a favor. I suggest that he join the undead dungeon party. The starting point is this dinner.

I entered the restaurant.

The interior was more casual and cozy than I expected.

Of course, Abel's tough escort continued without any time to watch.

He sat down at the reserved seat. Abel ordered without even looking at the menu.

"Please give me what I always eat."

It was a tone of speech that seemed familiar. Abel, sensing the gaze, made a subtle expression.

"… This is a place I've often come to with my parents since I was

little.”

A hazy look crossed her eyes.

‘When I was young, my parents… … .’

The two words are chewed in my mouth like a rattling sound. I don’t know what Abel’s family history is like. To be honest, I’m curious, but I have no intention of asking.

If you scratch because it itches, a scar will form. Even a thoughtless question can scratch your chest. I know this well because I have experienced difficult times in my past life and in my current life.

‘In times like this, it’s right to stay still.’

There was an awkward silence for a moment before the food arrived.

Meat, sausage, bacon. No vegetables.

Then, a man who appeared to be a chef appeared holding cheese. He melted the cheese in his arms with a candle and poured it onto a plate.

The meat was buried in a waterfall of cheese. I missed the cup ramen that had fallen asleep in my carrier before I could even eat it.

“Ladies and gentlemen, enjoy your evening.”

“… … .”

The chef left after leaving some touching comments and food.

I stared blankly down at the cheese gravy.

On the right is a fork, on the left is a knife, lying quietly on the tablecloth.

‘knife.’

That little stick… is really an eyesore.

“Do you eat with your eyes? This is delicious.”

Abel playfully scolded me, while I was seriously absorbed in it.

In a situation where I had to make an important suggestion, was it right to say something like that? The scales in my head tilted back and forth.

… 30 seconds like that. After countless cases, I came to a conclusion.

I pushed the plate towards Abel.

“Hey, Abel.”

And I asked.

“You cut this for me.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 117

Episode 117 Awkward Relationship (2)

Abel recalled a piece of memory. A past when his parents were still alive. The smell of rusty cheese added to the vividness of the memory.

— Hee-ing- I know how to use a knife now! I'll cut mine and eat it.

Abel's father smiled gently at his complaint. He said with an infinitely warm smile.

'Hahaha. Our Abel is already all grown up. But still, not yet. It is said that we Nibelungs do not hold a sword until we are seven years old.'

— Huh, according to Grandpa, Dad has been holding a knife since he was a little boy?

'Father too… … .'

— He also said this: 'Your father, Abel, is a talent whose name will be remembered in Nibelungen history.'

Abel's parents chuckled at his imitation of the sword. A proud smile spread across her small lips.

His father was a giraffe. He showed his prowess in swordsmanship even before he could walk.

His talents were so great that he deserved to be included in the genealogy of the Nibelungs. Nevertheless, he was far from being

arrogant. He was naturally humble.

‘Ahem – it seems Grandpa misremembered. Oh, anyway, Abel, put down the knife and hand me the plate. I’ll cut it up so it’s easier for Daddy to eat.’

— I’m all grown up now… … but my dad always treats me like a kid!

Abel pushed the plate away, his lips pursed. That gentle smile was cheating.

My father smiled and cut the meat into bite-sized pieces for the child to eat.

Abel’s mother whispered softly to him as he whined for a long time.

‘Isn’t that right, Abel? Leaving food to someone is an expression of how much you trust and like that person. Dad does that because he wants to be loved by Abel.’

— Huh, why?

‘The most important thing in life is food. That’s why you can only entrust it to someone you can trust.’

— Ah… … !

The innocent Abel was immediately convinced.

‘Abel will know what I mean when she grows up. So let’s give in to Daddy just once today.’

Mother winked one eye and put a finger to her lips. Abel nodded in return.

‘If you ask someone to do something like this, that person… … .’

Now that I’m seventeen, I know that it was out of concern that my daughter might get hurt.

But now, the parents who had given me those warm words were no longer by my side.

* * *

“… … ?”

Abel’s eyes sparkled.

I asked them to cut some meat for me, and this is their response.

‘…Was that really that shocking?’

I asked him to avoid the manifestation of the Sword God’s protection, but Abel looked like he was on the verge of tears. There was no way I could know what triggered it.

I feel so embarrassed.

When I tried to pull out the plate that I had held out like that.

Thud.

Abel grabbed my wrist, then my arm. She said, rubbing the tears in her eyes.

“Sorry. I was just thinking about the old days.”

“… … .”

“I’ll cut it for you. Just wait a minute.”

Abel began to cut with all his heart. I was taken aback by her sudden change in behavior.

Even though he reached out and said it was okay, Abel slapped it away with his fork. She looked like she was going to slice the plate too.

“Here, eat. I cut it into bite-sized pieces.”

“… … .”

I looked back and forth between the food cut into bite-size pieces and Abel’s face. When our eyes met, she averted her gaze and continued eating.

Mumbling. Abel moved her lips without saying a word. The tip of her nose and the corners of her eyes were still flushed.

The meal was almost over in an awkward silence. I wanted to take this opportunity to suggest to Abel that he join the party…

The atmosphere is like this, so I can't say anything. It's surprising that I didn't hear a sound.

"…Why don't you ask?"

Abel was the first to open his lips. She kept her eyes on the food and only moved her fork and knife. Abel's voice was still wet.

"You must be wondering why I cried."

To be honest, I was curious. Abel suddenly burst into tears. At first, I was confused. But I intuitively noticed.

It was clearly a cry with a story behind it. That's why I didn't ask any further questions.

Those emotions in my eyes. Longing and loss.

After eating rice with a knife for 20 years, the amount of rice I eat has increased proportionally.

I could vaguely infer emotions just by looking at their eyes.

I stabbed the meat with my fork without showing any change in expression. Abel's eyebrows furrowed at the lack of response.

"Sword Demon, don't you care about others at all? Even if your way of thinking is different from that of ordinary people like me."

It's too weak to be called a bruise, but too serious to be called a slap.

Abel's eyes turned a little redder. She appealed in a tearful tone.

"You get along so well with other kids… Why do you only act like this when you're with me? And while I'm at it, when I first met you, you hid the fact that you were a top student, right? You were saying

this right in front of me, complaining."

"… … ."

"At that time, I thought you weren't talking because of something. But the more I looked into it, the more I realized I was wrong. At that time, you were just annoying, right?"

"… … ."

"Do you think everyone is a genius like you? No, not at all. Isn't that right? Ordinary people like me live by relying on and empathizing with each other mentally."

I put the finely chopped piece of meat into my mouth and chewed it in silence.

Abel poured out her words. She took a few deep breaths. Then, as if she was entering a state of calm, she covered her face with both hands.

Silence settled once more. I chewed the meat and moistened my mouth with water. Then I spoke in a cool voice.

"Enough with the tantrums."

"…what?"

Abel's eyes widened. The only emotion left on her face was confusion.

Abel is now swayed by the emotions that have been triggered. Of course, he also has the option of listening quietly. He can ignore whatever she says and just console her.

But that is not the right way to behave for Abel. Even if you call it a meddling matter, there is nothing to say. It is also not something you should meddle in.

'but.'

I put down my fork, crossed my arms, and added:

“Abel, I don’t care what you say to me, but what you just said was purely based on your own ego.”

“… … !”

Abel’s shoulders shook slightly. I deliberately hit the nail on the head. I hammered my words in like nails without stopping.

“And you say I’m different, you say things that completely ignore me. Do you know what I’ve tried and how I’ve lived?”

“… That, that.”

Abel licked her lips. I immediately cut off her opportunity to protest.

“And Abel, you’re belittling your own efforts by labeling me as ‘talented.’”

“… … .”

People around me call me a genius at swordsmanship.

It makes sense that he would say something like that, since in his previous life he reached the top of the industry in just 5 years.

But they don’t know the inside story. They only look at the results, ignoring the hardships of the process.

I held the knife handle so tightly that the blood stuck to my hand. I looked at the fish bones that had been cut and practiced the knife skills in my head.

The desire to reach the top. That was the driving force that made me the best swordsman in the country.

It is the same now.

The protection of the Sword God. It is clear that while it is manifested, it is a powerful force with few rivals. A protection that allows you to cut down enemies that you would not be able to fight.

Behind this comes enormous risks that eat away at your body and

mind.

If you exceed the pain relief time, you will have to go to the hospital.

As the rate of assimilation increases, humanity dries up.

Others call it talent, but to me it's a valuable asset.

It is a force of nature that requires my physical and mental strength to be exerted.

That is why I have been training my body and developing my natural strength.

Even the pursuit of obtaining the damn magic stone ultimately comes down to one goal.

'Survival.'

At first, I didn't have even the slightest sense of alertness. But eventually, I overturned that complacency.

I quit the game midway and only know up to the second half of the story. It's a future shrouded in fog.

Also, the affairs are entangled. Everything is unknown.

There is a high possibility that it is because I was possessed by Kang Geum-ma, who was originally just a background character A.

But that doesn't mean I can deny myself.

We must constantly prepare to block variables and prepare for the unpredictable future.

That's why Abel's words, "He's a genius", are remarks that erase all his hard work.

Moreover, Abel is a child of a prestigious family, but I am a special student. Whatever she confesses is just a lie to me.

So, I spoke to her coldly.

“sorry…….”

Abel apologized in a moist voice, wondering if the effect was significant.

I let out a big sigh. I guess I nagged at him.

“Okay, let’s go eat.”

“…huh.”

A small reply came back. Somehow, the tension was relieved and a faint smile appeared. Then, Abel looked at me with a start.

Abel, who was called the Ice Empress in Miracle Protection M.

Could it be because of that sense of disconnect? I found this human side of him quite cute.

But more than that, the flow of this conversation was absurd.

[Protection of the Sword God] I feel quite embarrassed that the request to avoid manifestation has continued this far.

‘Your body became like that of a child, and your mind became like that of a teenager too… … .’

Dangle, dangle. The only sound that lingered in silence was the sound of plates and utensils clashing together.

It was already a noisy dinner.

As the awkward silence fell, I desperately needed something tangy and spicy. The cup ramen that was sleeping soundly in my carrier floated before my eyes.

As my thoughts were wandering in a strange direction, I suddenly came to my senses.

Rather, the context of this meal has been reversed.

Rather than asking Abel if he wanted to join, it seemed like their relationship was only getting worse.

Then suddenly Abel began to mutter as if he was talking to himself.

"… My parents went missing in a dungeon. Today marks exactly 10 years since they disappeared."

I was a little surprised by the heavy story without any warning, but I listened silently.

"I mean, I've been waiting for this vacation. The minimum requirement for entering the dungeon is to become a cadet at the academy."

Abel sipped the water and moistened his lips. Then he carefully opened his mouth.

"… That's why this vacation is so meaningful to me. I also feel a lot of pressure."

"It seems like a very dangerous dungeon."

Abel shook his head in response to my question.

"The dungeon difficulty itself isn't that high. To be honest, I still can't understand why my parents went missing. It's a very low-level dungeon."

"… … ."

As I quietly listened to her story, I felt a sense of kinship.

Even I, one day, suddenly lost my parents here. She and I had something in common about that.

Besides, I think I was a little too harsh on Abel a little while ago.

So, the thoughts that had been fleeting for a moment soon turned into words.

"Let's go together."

"!"

"It's a good thing I had to do some dungeon runs during the

vacation.”

Abel’s eyes grew wide.

Her golden irises flash brightly and tears well up in her eyes.

“But, but… it’s none of your business. I can’t be bothering others.”

“I owe you a favor by staying at your house during the vacation. I think I can repay you a little bit now.”

Actually, that’s what I said, but the moment I felt it was only a moment.

In the end, my decision was clearly the result of many calculations.

‘Mental level’ forces me to be strictly rational.

‘The rewards for helping Abel would be overwhelming.’

Cold reason said so. At the same time, I was filled with disappointment in myself. It was extremely unpleasant.

The place where emotions lingered feels empty.

Only a cold, machine-like image took hold inside me.

Of course, Abel’s heart was also felt as admirable, but the degree of it was very small.

‘As the assimilation rate rises, the human status falls.’

What will I become at the end? It’s creepy.

I shook my head and asked where the dungeon was located.

“Where are you going?”

Abel slowly raised his head and looked at me. The expression on her face that had been sobbing a moment ago was gone.

“Undead Dungeon.”

“… … !”

I almost heard a swear word at those words.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 118

Episode 118: People of the Swordsman Family (1)

In these cases, the line between being lucky and not is ambiguous.

Their priorities are clearly different. Abel is looking for the bodies of his missing parents, and I am looking for the supply of magic stones.

The intentions are different, but the goal is the same. That's enough.

'Undead Dungeon.'

I actively sympathized with Abel towards a common destination.

At that attitude, she nodded with a dumbfounded expression.

We continued talking for quite some time after the meal. The main topics of our conversation were scheduling and exchanging information.

Abel sat down next to me on a chair. The distance between us was about a hand's span.

It was very close, but Abel didn't care and explained. She showed me a map on her smartphone.

"The Undead Dungeon is located right on the border between Switzerland and France. Normally, there would be a headache over the ownership of the dungeon, but this place is not popular. There shouldn't be any procedural problems."

Abel tapped the LCD with his fingernail whenever an important point

appeared.

There were marks planted all over the GPS app, indicating that it had been prepared for quite some time.

“And since it’s such a sparsely populated dungeon, there are no separate staff members at the entrance. However, you must clearly list the names of at least three people on the roster to enter. Otherwise, it’s a violation of the international hero law.”

The clear and concise explanation that summarizes only the key points really sticks in my ears. I was secretly impressed by it.

I was not born here. That means I have little common sense and knowledge.

So, when making a plan, I research data through various media. However, there is a clear limit to the information I can obtain by just looking through it with my eyes.

That is also the reason why I want to conquer dungeons with my club members.

To be honest, I have been relying on my subordinates for most of my knowledge.

I’m a very clever person, but I’m also not used to putting things in my head.

‘Honestly, it would have been really difficult to go out and conquer the undead dungeon without them.’

On the surface, it’s a D-class dungeon, the lowest level. However, inside, a S-class demonic beast is sealed.

Draugr was also the most difficult to conquer. Countermeasures had been devised, but the route was blocked.

But, Abel was so sharp. With unexpected luck, the dungeon raid is expected to go smoothly.

“Did you understand the explanation?”

After a moment of deep thought, Abel asked as if confirming.

“Yeah, kind of. I’ve been preparing a lot on my own.”

“…huh.”

An embarrassed reply came back. Only then did Abel realize that he had been too close, and his face turned red.

My academy life is almost at its 4th month.

It’s become a cliché to gradually lose your sense of embarrassment at this point and quickly distance yourself from others.

“Huh.”

—It would be, but Abel just swallowed his breath in vain. She coughed and narrowed the distance between them even more. A faint fruity scent brushed the tip of her nose.

“Focus, this is where the important part starts. I’ve been slowly figuring out the procedures, geography, and inside the dungeon… … .”

Abel continued his explanation, his hair brushed back. His cheeks were flushed through the few strands of hair.

‘You’re so serious.’

Of course, it’s about family.

A situation where they are stuck together like this can be easily ignored. The blushing cheeks must simply be because they are hot.

Abel glanced at me with his eyes wide open.

“If you have any questions, feel free to ask. There’s only about thirty minutes left before Shayle comes out to pick you up. If we go back to the castle, there won’t be time for the two of you to talk until the day of your appointment.”

“Can’t we contact you for additional information?”

"… What, didn't you know? Castle Sigurd is outside the communication range, so it's a no-communication zone."

Oh, that's right. Their house was in the Alps valley.

I didn't notice it because there weren't many places to contact me.

Abel twitched one corner of his mouth as he looked at me with pity. Then he immediately protested.

"You, Sword Master, I thought it was because our house was in the mountains! It's not for the reason you think, but for the security of the Nibelung territory!"

Are all the women in this world passive intoxicated?

Media too, Ryozona, Abel Iena.

As soon as a thought comes to mind, it comes out immediately.

If such an ability really existed, it would be quite creepy.

… But if that was the case, then you would have known that my existence was heterogeneous. Because it was a secret that I had never shared with anyone, and that only I had kept.

There are people who know that I am not from this world… It is an unexpected hypothesis. Even if there were, what kind of effect would it have on me?

It would be nice if they were allies, but it would be difficult if they were enemies.

'Well, that won't happen, though.'

I smiled briefly to myself and opened my mouth.

"I think you've figured out the route and such. The most important thing is the remaining party members. There are only two of us, you and me. We're missing one person."

"Huh? Why is one person missing?"

Abel asked back with a look of ‘What are you talking about?’

“There’s Shail.”

“uh?”

“Shailo is also a graduate of the Joaquin Academy. What’s more, he is a senior hero who is exclusive to the association.”

… What is this?

* * *

On the way home to Castle Sigurd. We are climbing a steep slope. Abel must have been tired because he fell asleep in the back seat as soon as he got in the car.

‘Well, it’s understandable that you’d be tired after explaining it so passionately.’

I sat in the passenger seat so Abel could sleep comfortably. I fastened the seat belt tightly and made sure it was working properly.

This line is my lifeline for the next 30 minutes.

-Boooooo.

Shail grips the steering wheel tightly. She steps on the accelerator while keeping her sharp eyes focused on the front.

The 270 degree corner that appears in front is a bend.

The corners of Shail’s mouth twitched and he turned the steering wheel with one hand.

My pupils, chasing the handle, also spun like a whirlpool. My life or death was in the hands of this maid, damn it.

Whirlyrick.

Violent but skilled handling. Shail picks up speed again with a satisfied smile.

A sigh escaped my lips as I clearly witnessed the series of scenes.

‘This reckless driving maid is a senior hero?’

The Association is a hero control organization within the world of ‘Miracle Protection M’.

The association classified heroes under the pretext of more efficient management.

It is a classification method similar to the tier system of a famous game.

However, there are only three of them.

From the bottom, they are “Junior,” “Senior,” and “Warrior.”

The Association itself evaluates and estimates the hero’s performance and assigns a score.

Of course, Academy cadets are excluded. The essence of cadets is academics. A worldview that takes care of human rights in a strange corner.

‘It might not be so bad, right?’

For reference, the score itself is confidential, but it is said that the hero’s classification is made public, and is called Hero Points, or 【HP】 for short.

【HP】If it’s called that, you’ll probably think of the green health bar. However, in the original Miracle Protection M, there was no separate stat called ‘Health Point’.

Well, actually, the concept of a ‘stamina bar’ doesn’t really make sense to me, even as someone who’s fallen from this world.

I would have welcomed it if there was a health bar and potions.

But the world of Miracle Protection M is a harsh reality to me.

If you’re not careful, your limbs could fly off and you could be

hospitalized at any moment. What the heck.

'It's funny when I look back… … .'

The most basic stat systems are missing.

It's a mobile game that doesn't just lack stamina, but also mana, experience, and even levels…

Of course, there were many gamers who were attracted to this difference, but there were also many who said it was uncomfortable.

On a game board where numbers are taken for granted, only a plain interface comes to mind.

In such a game with so much to say and so much to complain about, there exists a 'hero point' that is similar to the rating system. It is a strange worldview where a sense of strangeness and familiarity coexist.

-anyway.

From Bronze to Platinum, you can think of them as "Junior," from Diamond Master to Senior, and from Grand Master to Warrior.

The number of members also varied greatly by tier.

90% of the heroes are juniors, the remaining top 10% are made up of seniors and warriors in a ratio of 8 to 2.

The point is this.

The beautiful maid driving recklessly next to me.

What's shocking is that Shayle is in the top 10% of heroes.

At first glance, I thought she was an extraordinary maid… … .

Who would have thought that he would be from Joaquin Academy, the cradle of senior heroes and even future heroes?

I now realize why Shail's job includes security and crime prevention. There's no security system better than hers.

“Your Majesty, do you have anything to say?”

Shail asked, his eyes fixed on the glass window.

Even so, it seems like he felt my gaze.

I took a moment to choose my words. My thoughts were brief.

Eventually, you have to go to the Undead Dungeon with Shail and Izawa.

Also, in terms of status, she would be Abel and I’s guide.

At this point, I feel more inclined to speak frankly.

“I heard from Abel earlier. Mr. Shail will also be accompanying you to the ‘Undead Dungeon’… … .”

“Yes, my skills are lacking, but I will do my best not to cause any inconvenience to you and your maid.”

When humility is excessive, it can sound like a joke.

A senior hero of the rank of instructor or higher says, “I won’t hold you back.” It’s something that would shock anyone who hears it.

“I’m telling you now, but I’m truly grateful to you, Master Geomma.”

“…yes?”

Shayle looked at Abel reflected in the room mirror. Abel was sleeping soundly. Shayle smiled at the sight.

“Before entering the Academy, Miss Abel was always lonely. There was no one her age in the Nibelung territory besides me, and because of her personality, she didn’t actively build relationships with anyone.”

I was a little surprised.

Shayle, who usually just knocked silently, started talking fluently. His pronunciation and voice were clear, like an announcer’s.

“As you may have heard from the young lady, I graduated from Joaquin Academy.”

Shayle turned the steering wheel half a turn with one hand. With his skillful movement, the scenery outside the window changed like a film.

“It is all thanks to the Nibelung that I was able to attend the Academy and that I am still alive today.”

Shail’s honest story continued. His expression was indifferent, but the content was not dry.

“I was taken in by the parents of a girl who is no longer with us 10 years ago. Until then, I was at a center, or an orphanage.”

“okay…….”

Shayle laughed out loud at my reaction.

As if trying to ventilate the heavy air.

“Is there anyone in the world who doesn’t have a story? I was lucky. There are so many crooked nobles who were hired by the Nibelungs.”

It makes sense. In an aristocratic society rife with filth, there are few families as upright as the Nibelungs.

“Furthermore, I am always grateful to the lady’s family who admitted me, a mere maid, to the academy, saying that I showed talent.”

“Mr. Shail is also amazing. He’s a senior at the age of twenty-one. I guess he’s no ordinary talent.”

“I owe a lot to the Nibelungs. All I could do to repay them was to work hard. I can’t say I have no talent, but I’m just average in front of you, Sword Master.”

In the car speeding at 200 km/h, Shail’s voice was filled with a soft regret. The sense of disparity created a tremendous sense of discomfort.

“Anyway, it was purely my request that you accompany me into the dungeon, even though my skills are lacking.”

“Mr. Shail?”

Shayle nodded.

“It’s about finding the parents of the young lady who gave value to my life. Rather, I spoke to the young lady first.”

“ah.”

Shayle turned her head slightly towards me. There was a delicate crescent moon hanging in her eyes. It was a smile from the eyes of an older woman.

‘This is an adult… …?’

I coughed and changed the subject.

“By the way, what did you mean when you said thank you to me?”

“… Woof.”

Suddenly, a sound of Abel waking up from his sleep was heard from behind.

Then Shayle smiled faintly and moved only his lips as he spoke.

‘I too was a special promotion student. That’s why I feel so refreshed whenever I see an article about Mr. Geomma giving me a good education.’

“…ah.”

‘by the way-‘

Then her gaze lingered on me. How could she have looked away while driving at such an incredible speed? A scream came to my lips.

Shayle giggles quietly and then opens his mouth in a sarcastic tone.

‘—Isn’t it too much to wear tracksuits for a date? Miss Abel must be

really upset~’

“… … .”

I was about to say something, but I stopped myself. Because, this biker maid was behind the wheel.

Suddenly, the silhouette of Castle Sigurd appeared beyond the windshield. Shail’s dazzling gear snap followed.

-Boooooooooo

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 119

Episode 119: People of the Swordsman Family (2)

The morning after I returned home to Castle Sigurd, the swordmaster summoned me through Charon.

‘What’s going on?’

Judging from Caron’s tone, it seems like this is a rather serious matter.

Maybe that’s why the hand holding the study doorknob felt strangely tense.

Knock, knock.

“Your Majesty, this is Ganggeomma.”

-Come in.

As I entered the study, I saw the sword master standing with one hand on his back and his back turned around. He stood there blankly like a stone statue, staring out the window.

‘…What’s going on that’s making you create such an atmosphere?’

I was a little flustered and let out a cough. Only then did the inspector turn his head slightly. I opened my mouth calmly.

“I heard you called.”

“… … .”

There was a strange emotion in the swordsman's pupils. It was a look closer to caution than hostility.

I felt a sense of foreboding. The air flowing through the study felt new.

Even at their first meeting, the inspector had a similar vibe.

"ha."

The inspector stared at me intently and then let out a sigh. His breathing was full of detachment. He pulled out his chair and finally spoke.

"Sit down, I have something to tell you."

"… Ah, yes."

I sat down on the chair in a shaky manner. As soon as I sat down, the sword master's lips parted.

"…Before that story, what did you and Abel do yesterday?"

"yes?"

A somewhat absurd question that popped up in a pretended serious atmosphere.

I asked him absentmindedly. He was holding a lot of weight and asked what he did with Abel.

On the other hand, the inspector stares at me intently. His mouth is shut tightly, but his gaze demands an answer.

I could sense impatience in his eyebrows that were fluttering intermittently. I scratched the back of my neck and said.

"… It was just nothing special."

"What do you mean, 'nothing special'?"

It was a strangely sharp question. I was very curious about this situation, but I tried my best not to show it and accepted the

question.

“I came back right after dinner.”

“… Is that true?”

“yes.”

He answered firmly.

Because I didn’t want to be caught up in that overbearing attitude anymore.

The inspector stared at me with a suspicious look in his eyes. He stared into my eyes as if trying to gauge the true meaning of my words.

It is said that the intuition of the sword master is so excellent that it is even called an insight. It will be enough to look at it for a few seconds to determine whether the statement is true or not.

I don’t understand why you’re asking this question in the first place… … .

I just thought of him as a grandfather who loved his granddaughter very much.

“I see… … .”

The inspector repeated the same words over and over again. His eyebrows furrowed, then he burst into laughter.

“I feel relieved when you say it like that. Well, friends can eat together and do things, hahaha!”

“… … .”

“But—”

The inspector stopped laughing. He spoke with a sharp gaze.

“Next time something like that happens, I hope you tell me.”

“…All right.”

The stern expression on the inspector’s face relaxed completely. A soft smile appeared on his lips.

‘This guy is really something.’

I asked him the main point.

“Why did you call me?”

“Oh, that’s right. I almost missed the most important thing.”

After saying that, the inspector immediately took out a few documents and handed them over.

“Just get to the point. It’s not clear yet, but it could be very serious.”

“What do you mean?”

“First, take a look at what’s written here.”

— 〈 Personal Information 〉 —

▷ Name: Kang Geum-ma

▷ Born: July 7 (17 years old)

▶ Affiliation: Joaquin Academy 1st year Lang class (current student)

▶ Student number: G034666M431

▶ HP : Estimating

—

It was extremely ordinary personal information. It was just a brief summary of information that could be called background check information.

Cadets at Joaquin Academy are treated as quasi-heroes. That’s why their personal information is automatically registered in the association system. Not just me, but all the cadets.

But a faint sense of anxiety lingered in the inspector's gaze. He asked quietly.

"Is there anything strange?"

I shook my head.

"It looks like it only has the basics written down."

"Oh my, this person has a keen eye for detail. Look here."

The inspector's fingernails tapped the bottom corner of the document.

『▶ HP : Estimating』

The sentence with the red line drawn underneath. The inspector emphasized the text.

"This is the crux of the document. As you know, cadets are not eligible for hero point calculations. That is an unspoken rule between the Hero Association and all academies."

The swordsman who was explaining frowned even more.

"But you see, your points haven't been scored yet, but they're being estimated. This is clearly a violation of the 'rules'."

"… Are you mandated by law?"

"No, it's not illegal. However, it's clear that this is something that has no precedent. As you know, a cadet's main job is to study. I'm saying that each individual is already sufficiently evaluated within the academy."

"then."

The inspector opened his mouth only after a moment's hesitation.

"The association says that they don't consider you, Ganggeomma, a mere cadet."

"… … ?"

“In the 40 years since the association was founded, no matter how excellent the cadets were, this has never happened, but those who carried out this work can be inferred.”

“If you say ‘ja’deul’, does that mean several people?”

“That’s right. Even though it may seem trivial, the HP department is the largest within the association. To put pressure on such a department, you’d have to be at least an executive of the association.”

The inspector lowered his voice and added.

“It’s most likely the influence of the two people, the President of the Heroes’ Association and Richard de Murat, the Vice President.”

The names that came out of the sword master’s mouth were all big names that could be counted on one hand in the worldview.

‘Changseong and the chairman of the association?’

The great giants who have no connection with me are watching me.

It was so sudden and embarrassing.

… Could it be because of the articles that came up a while ago?

Aggro headlines like ‘All-Mute Na-wa’, ‘Sashimi Kensei Reporter Assault’. Thinking about it made the veins on the back of my hand clump.

“I’m sorry I suddenly called you and brought up such a serious topic.”

As my expression hardened, the inspector handed me a teacup. The gentle scent of tea flowed out along with the steaming steam.

Then, the inspector tries to smile gently.

“Don’t be so serious. The association’s calculation of your hero points is questionable… … . I can’t help but think that it’s because you held a big event on the festival day, Kenma.”

“Oh, you mean Mao Lang.”

At those words, the inspector chuckled slightly.

“Haha, you should have taken it easy. You’re the only one who’s bothered by that.”

“sorry…….”

“What do you have to be sorry about? If a problem arises, you have to solve it, and it’s my job as your guardian to do that.”

I opened my eyes wide. The inspector looked at me warmly.

‘guardian.’

Those three words touched my heart.

It is a word that is very unfamiliar to me as a foreigner in this world, but at the same time, it is a word that I desperately wanted.

At this point, when my parents’ existence has suddenly disappeared, Geomje claims to be my guardian.

Just like my first teacher did for me.

Even if it’s just a thoughtless word.

Because these are the words that accepted me as a member of this lonely world.

It was difficult to express my feelings. My throat was choked and the tip of my nose was tingling.

There was a moment of silence. I brought the teacup I was handed to my lips. I felt warmth.

“I heard from Charon that in two days, you and Abel will be going to raid the Undead Dungeon?”

The tone of the swordsman’s voice became relaxed. He nodded quietly and answered.

“I see.”

The reaction is more calm than I thought. Then, of course, he would know what this journey means.

Besides, wasn’t that the grandfather who was interrogating me yesterday for going out with Abel?

However, the sword master only stirred the teacup in the air and showed no further reaction.

… After a while, the inspector added briefly.

“Take care on your way back. There is no better experience than actual combat. Well, you can go now. I’ll call you back if anything happens.”

“yes.”

I got up from my seat and headed toward the door.

Before turning the doorknob like that, I just turned my gaze and looked at the inspector.

The old man was just staring blankly at the sky. I closed the door for him silently.

* * *

Squeak.

The one who opened the study door again and came in was the butler, Caron.

The inspector still looked at the clouds with lonely eyes.

Caron approached him and carefully opened his mouth.

“… Are you alright, Your Majesty?”

“How could it not be okay?”

The swordsman smiled faintly. There was a faint sadness in the

wrinkles around his mouth.

“…Why don’t you stop me? This is an undead dungeon. Aside from the danger, the young lady might get shocked.”

“Caron said. Despite his obvious superior-subordinate relationship with the inspector, he raised his voice. It was a different attitude from his usual polite manner.

“I think it would have been better if the Emperor had gone with us—”

“Caron.”

The swordsman cut him off. Caron’s shoulders shook at the solemn words. He bowed his head and hurriedly apologized.

“I’m sorry. I got excited without realizing it.”

“I know very well how worried you are about Abel.”

Tak- The inspector placed a teacup on the table. He sat down on the chair and continued speaking.

“But that’s why we have to respect Abel’s choice. He’s not a child anymore.”

“… … .”

“Abel can’t be dragged around by the past forever. I can help, but that would slow down his growth. And—”

Caron flinched at the confident words of the inspector that he heard belatedly.

“—Isn’t Ganggeomma going with you? No matter what enemy appears, he won’t be a threat to that boy.”

“yes?!”

Caron swallows his breath in shock.

“The world calls Kang Geum-ma an unparalleled genius. Huh- Not at

all. That guy is not someone who can be defined by those standards. Especially when you wonder if he's even a human being—"

The inspector's eyebrows twitched. He suddenly stopped muttering.

Geomje was the only person who knew the true form of Ganggeomma.

The power that Kanggeomma showed on Avalon Island. The sword play that annihilated the 5th Corps Commander Agor with a single blow. A realm that transcends protection, such as the realm of mystery.

'That's something you can't explain to anyone, and you shouldn't tell anyone.'

If it reaches the ears of the demon tribe, they will definitely try to eliminate the strong sword demon.

The inspector calmly changed the flow of conversation.

"By the way, I don't know who his parents are, but they really gave that kid a good name."

Caron tilted his head.

"… I know this may be rude to your Majesty, but… your name is a bit unusual."

"Hahaha, living up to the name is exactly what they say about that boy. Oh, and in a good way, of course."

Amidst the laughter of the swordsmen, Charon pronounced the name intermittently.

"… Sword… Horse."

Suddenly, the first encounter with the Ganggeomma flashed through Caron's mind.

Jet-black eyes that were fleeting and boring. Black hair that was as black as I had ever seen in my life.

At that time, Caron felt a chill down his spine. However, he could not be rude to the guest he was supposed to serve.

Caron immediately wiped away his surprised expression with a poker face.

However, when meeting him on a night street, it was as if he felt a sense of fear, as if his appearance was the personification of the concept of darkness. When Charon met his gaze with Kanggeomma, he would shut his mouth with a gasp.

If I ran into you on the street at night, I would feel like I would freeze.

He is a boy with extraordinary force.

Moreover, the fact that he chose a sword as his weapon… … .

'Maybe he treats the other person like a fish or something?'

Suddenly, I remembered an article I saw a few days ago titled, 'It's so petty that I want to die.'

At that time, Caron would have laughed it off, but if it was you, Sword Master… there's a good chance that you would have said that.

As goosebumps ran down his back, Caron let out a sigh of relief.

To some extent, the words make sense. Originally, the inspector would not have allowed the young lady and another man to go out together.

Caron, who was waiting outside the door, expected the swordsman's command.

But in reality, it ended with a light questioning.

Even though it is natural for an old man to speak out loud from the swordsman's mouth.

Caron judged it.

The friendly attitude of the sword master, which was especially shown to Ganggeomma.

The reason why he even tolerated going out with the girl.

The more I think about it, the more the possibilities narrow down to one.

'The sword master wants the sword master to stay by the young lady's side.'

The insight of the swordsman is an intuition that borders on supernatural.

If only he had been excellent in military force, he would not have been above Changseong.

Charon knows that his lord's excellence lies not only in his military power, but also in his ability to see through people.

He made a wrong decision? It was an absurd thing for a butler who had been assisting the inspector for almost 30 years.

After finishing his thoughts, Charon let out a sigh of relief.

It was a situation where he didn't know whether to be happy or not, but he felt relieved.

'The Demon of the Sword… … .'

As long as that boy is by her side, the girl will be fine.

Such confidence lingered in Caron's heart.

On the one hand, it was bittersweet.

I had complicated feelings because she was a young lady I had raised like a daughter.

The sea that the young lady was prepared for when she entered the academy.

Finding a future partner at the academy is a natural procedure for a

noble.

However, when it actually happened, Caron felt a sense of uneasiness.

Wouldn't this be how you feel if your daughter brought home a son-in-law?

He is a beautiful child who is so precious that I wouldn't mind putting him in my eyes.

'You have become a lady before we know it.'

Charon smiled bitterly. Then he tilted the teapot and filled the empty blacksmith's cup.

"… If you have any questions, please let me know at any time, Your Majesty."

"Haha, thank you. As expected, you're the only one who's always by my side."

Sulpit- Caron responded with a silent laugh.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 120

Episode 120: People of the Swordsman Family (3)

Late at night, close to midnight.

I am looking through the dictionary of magic. As Abel said, the territory of the Nibelungs is outside the communication zone.

That's why the research is somewhat crude, but I also prefer these types of paper books.

= = = =

undead

[noun]

1. A demon that has been resurrected from a corpse. The danger level per individual is D-class, which makes it weak, but when a group is formed… … (omitted)… … .

= = = =

"…hmm."

Even though I squinted my eyes and scanned the area, I couldn't find any information about 'Draug'.

I was wondering if there was any corner that could provide a clue… … .

I muttered bitterly.

“If the information had been written down in advance, they would have been suppressed long ago.”

That’s fortunate. However, this is a journey to subdue an S-class demon that is equivalent to a natural disaster. This situation without even the minimum safety measures is extremely frustrating.

Even if you look back on your memories from when you were a user, there is very little data on Draugr. In fact, it is almost as if there is none.

This is because the Undead Dungeon is not very related to the main story.

Even during the game era, Draugr was not only not a necessary target for subjugation, but was also considered extremely difficult to defeat.

The only thing I know is that they command an immortal army. They say that the number of undead increases as time passes.

They say that the army, which started out as a dozen or so, grew to several thousand in less than an hour.

The community likened the overwhelming amount of water to a tsunami.

In addition, even if you kill those walking corpses by tearing them apart, Draugr will revive them using his magic spell ‘Ssaj’.

Immortal. It matches the meaning of the word ‘undead’, which means not dying.

Even if they are the lowest-level demons, the undead, if there are thousands or tens of thousands of them, their death is certain.

There was no way to do business in front of Dagul. It was already vulnerable to quantity wars… … There were too many hurdles to overcome.

‘You must cut off the head of the draugr before the three are called.’

The subjugation battle is likely to be a battle against time.

Furthermore, I have to decide the outcome within 50 seconds due to [Protection of the Sword God].

It will be a pressing war of attrition that goes beyond urgency.

Of course, the party consists of Abel, a descendant of the Sword Saint, and senior hero Shail. If they help, we can be free from the time battle.

'but…….'

I shook my head. Abel's purpose is to take care of his parents' livelihood.

This is Abel's wish that he had been hoping for for 10 years. I cannot allow her purpose to be tainted because of me.

And if I may be being curious, Draug is definitely a S-class demon.

Now that we don't know the truth about the Undead Dungeon, it's a place that's been left without any staff.

It's a good thing it wasn't revealed that Draugr was sealed.

Originally, it would have been impossible for children like us to even approach it.

"… In some ways, it could be as dangerous as Agora."

I suddenly recalled that time. The feeling I had when I killed the 5th Corps Commander Agor.

My body moved on its own, contrary to my head that had become a blank sheet of paper. However, it was not under the control of any entity. It was clear that the movements were entirely my own.

'With the power I had back then, I could have dealt with Draugr without a problem.'

A moment of regret came over me. But, I immediately shook my head.

I've been losing my humanity rapidly lately. Looking back, I think that's when it all started.

As a result, the assimilation rate has skyrocketed.

chin.

I closed the bookshelf and opened the status window.

"First of all, it seems like there are no major variables in the top three levels."

The physical and mental level stats, excluding weapons, will steadily increase. The weapon's level will also increase along with the 'special ability' granted if you obtain magic stones.

So, I looked into the most important thing, the fairy tale rate.

Paat!

＝＝ ＝＝

[NEW! Unlocked by satisfying the 25% fairy tale unlock condition.]

[As the assimilation rate increases, it is now possible to obtain fragments of 【???】's memories.]

[※Additional rewards are also given each time a piece is recovered. Total number of acquisitions (0/7)※]

× × ×

☆Education rate: (24.7 ► 29.1) %

▷ The line of 【???】 (2►3) is read.

▷ Detects 【???】's voice weakly by ＋(2).

→[When the assimilation rate reaches 35%, the following unlock conditions are met.]

＝＝ ＝＝

Of course, the part that needs to be looked at carefully here is.

‘As the assimilation rate increases, it is now possible to obtain fragments of 【???】’s memories.’

“Following the lines and the voice, there is memory… … .”

This lends weight to the speculation that 【???】 is some kind of will or life.

And that phrase, a fragment of memory.

If you break it down, it can be interpreted as a fragment of memory. There are 7 in total. It is still difficult to know how to obtain them.

A new goal, or rather a quest, has been presented.

That sentence may be the clearest clue to [The Protection of the Sword God].

“… But the problem is, I don’t know the conditions.”

If you imagine it, will the fairy tale rate rise automatically? If so, that would be the easiest, but I don’t think that’s the case.

The word ‘acquisition’ is even written there. It’s obvious that there will be something additional.

This system has never given me anything for free before.

Fortunately, it gives additional rewards when obtained… but the method is annoying.

“Tsk.”

I clicked my tongue briefly and got out of the chair. Then I sat down, leaning against the windowsill.

I looked up at the night sky. The mountain range was covered in frost that hadn’t melted for ten thousand years. The dawn of the full moon was splendid as it looked down.

A surreal landscape that even felt mysterious. It was a single painting

with bright yellow paint spilled on a pitch-black canvas.

“There’s a reason Switzerland is famous for its natural scenery.”

While I was blankly staring, I suddenly heard a boom- boom- sound. I lowered my gaze and looked around.

The source of the sound was Abel.

She was swinging her sword against the backdrop of a picturesque landscape.

Abel grips the sword handle tightly and swings the sword upward.

A posture so close to perfection that it’s hard to find any sharp edges.

Her shoulders shake and the sword comes down.

——Bung.

The sound of iron cutting through the night air.

The sound bounced off the trees and mountains, creating echoes.

It is a smooth swordplay with no unnecessary details to be found.

“… Wow, as expected.”

I couldn’t help but exclaim in admiration.

Although the results are different, I am also a swordsman. I can estimate the level of Abel’s swordsmanship.

Extraordinary talent, and effort that goes far beyond that.

As a fellow cadet and inspector, there is an ideal that I can emulate.

But somehow her eyebrows were raised so nicely.

Abel sighed, grabbed my shoulder, and spun me around.

—My shoulders are still too tense… … .

Abel then takes up his stance again, holding the hilt of his sword.

—But tomorrow is an important day. I don't want to be a nuisance to the people who are going with me. Especially to that guy, Kang Geum-ma… … . Let's do it exactly two hundred more times!

… Abel's performance continued.

Raise and lower the sword. Repeat the same motion.

It's past midnight. I'm probably the only one watching.

——Boo-woong.

He doesn't show any tricks. No one compliments him.

Even the slightest mess is immediately reflected upon and polished.

I watched the process for a long time, then muttered to myself quietly.

"I wonder why I feel this way too."

I turned my back on the moonlit night, encouraging myself inwardly.

In case this gaze bothers her.

I hear repeated sounds from behind.

——Bung.

The air is swept briskly.

——Bung.

The blade skims through the night wind.

——Bung.

Abel wields his sword again today.

* * *

The next day, in front of the castle gate of Castle Sigurd.

“Grandpa, we’ll be back.”

“Yes, Abel. Come back more grown, and take care of yourself.”

Before departure, the inspector sees us off.

‘The inspector is more calm than I thought.’

The swordsman gives Abel various advice. He looks at his granddaughter with a bright smile. It was an unexpected reaction, even though he had felt it a few days ago.

‘…Is it because it’s a D-class dungeon, regardless of the intention?’

It’s hard to read his mind, but he’s so indifferent that it’s less of a burden for me to accompany him.

… If he knew that Draugr was sealed deep in the dungeon, he wouldn’t be able to do that.

If the inspector had noticed that, he would have torn up the resignation letter on the spot.

As I was watching with my arms crossed, Shayle came up next to me. She said.

“Why does the Lord look more nervous than us?”

“…yes?”

Shail said something completely opposite to what I thought.

As a look of confusion appeared on my face, Shail smiled faintly.

“Your Majesty, when your emotions rise, you suppress them. When something big happens, you pretend like nothing happened and treat it as if it’s nothing serious.”

“Is there a reason you are doing that?”

“I cannot fathom the lord’s great intentions, but perhaps it is

consideration for the people around him?"

"Be considerate… … ."

"You're hurt now, but there's no one stronger than you, Master. But if you're worried about something, how much do you think the people around you will take it?"

"…ah."

I nodded. Shail, who had finished speaking, responded with a soft smile.

Eventually, the conversation between the inspector and Abel ended. We each loaded our luggage into the trunk.

The schedule is roughly like this.

First, we go to Geneva Station in a car driven by Shail.

From there, you cross the Horn Alps by train. The mountain roads are so rugged that traveling by car is impossible.

Of course, Shail raised the flag that it was possible, but it was rejected.

Outdoor riding is no longer a luxury.

So, three hours by train. We arrive in the French city of Lyon, stay for one night, and enter the dungeon tomorrow.

As I was about to leave after putting all my luggage in, the inspector called me.

"Student Kang Geum-ma."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The inspector looked straight at me. Unlike Abel, his eyes were firm.

He put his hand on my shoulder and said,

"I believe you."

Just three letters without any prefixes.

With those words, the inspector took two steps back.

Shail bowed to the inspector.

“Even though I am lacking, I will do my best to assist you and your maid.”

“I always owe you a favor, Shail.”

And so the greetings came to an end.

We closed the car door. The inspector and Caron waved through the back window.

-Boooooo.

The car immediately sped off, belching out exhaust noise.

* * *

Castle Sigurd, where three young men left.

Only the sword master and Charon stand in front of the castle.

The rear of the vehicle quickly disappeared from sight. The inspector who was watching quietly muttered.

“Shaile’s driving is still tough.”

Charon listened, covering his forehead.

“… When I get back, I’ll give you a sharp lesson.”

The inspector shook his head and laughed heartily.

“Let it be. It’s been accident-free so far. And thanks to Shail’s driving, we’ve saved time.”

“If you say so… … .”

“Anyway, that part is fine.”

The laughter of the swordsman stopped. He looked at Charon with calm eyes.

“The kids are gone, so we adults should also take off our shoes and go out. Are you ready, Caron?”

Caron averted his gaze.

“I have already made the preparations.”

“Then let’s leave right away.”

“… I, Your Majesty.”

“What?”

Caron opened his mouth with difficulty, feeling embarrassed.

“But I still think it feels a bit too urgent. Visiting the association all of a sudden… … .”

“Changseong came to invite me. So shouldn’t I accept?”

“However, there is a high probability that a visit at this point will be received unfavorably by the Association.”

In deep concern, the inspector only tilted his head.

“You know that. In this world, you have to give back what you receive.”

“It could easily escalate into violence.”

The holy eyebrows rose in the shape of the number eight. The sword master harshly dismissed it.

“They’ve started investigating the Ganggeomma. As the guardian, I need to give a warning.”

“… … .”

“I’m not saying we’re okay with it. We, as adults, need to resolve any issues that might be a hindrance to Kanggeomma. That boy is still too

young. His reach is unclear.”

The swordsman’s voice was as cold as ice.

Caron knows that it is impossible to turn back such an unyielding attitude. A determined swordsman has never slackened on a task.

Soon, Caron sighed and nodded.

“All right.”

“Don’t worry. You and I are going together, so why worry about fighting?”

“… I have been away from the field for over 20 years.”

“Hahaha, you bastard. When someone who achieved the Warrior rank at the age of twenty-five says that, it doesn’t sound like a joke.”

Charon’s glasses sparkled in the sunlight.

“I still get goosebumps when I hear your nickname.”

The inspector added with a raised lip.

“Charon, the Rakshasa.”

“… … .”

“It’s been a while since I’ve received your support.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 121

Episode 121: The Eve of the Storm

We arrived at Geneva Station in no time.

“oh…….”

The exterior is a harmonious blend of modern European-style statues and a clock tower. Even the fountain in front of the main gate is extraordinary.

As I entered the room, my eyes widened again.

Even though it is a modern 21st century building, the antique interior is so modern that it makes you feel like you are in the same era.

“Come quickly!”

Abel gestured to me as I was looking around.

Abel’s face was still wrapped tightly in various cosmetics today. She said, tapping her wristwatch.

“I would like to tell you to look around more, but the train doesn’t leave very soon. Let’s go for now.”

I nodded and followed Abel.

Shail, who was walking ahead, skillfully looked at the signs and found the platform. As a senior, her experience was useful.

Thanks to Shail’s guidance, our group was able to board the train on

time.

As soon as I got on board, my gaze reflexively rose.

【VVIP Special Room】

The level of the cabin is completely different from the past when it was a low-cost airline.

A simple snack bar and drinking corner, privacy guaranteed in each section, and the sofas, beds, and even TVs were all top-of-the-line.

The last car of the train is for the exclusive use of the nobility. I had expected this to some extent, but I was amazed by its splendor.

On the one hand, I also felt skeptical about this absurd society.

I was not happy when I came across excessive settings in the game, such as status and class, without even realizing it. I felt dissatisfied.

'… Well, it's not for me to say that since I'm reaping the benefits right now.'

【Room 3】

An interior filled with crimson and gold.

I turned my gaze towards the conductor. The railroad tracks lined up on the gravel road and the wide open view came into view at a glance.

I entered the room and sat down by the window.

Abel and Shail sat side by side on the sofa across from each other.

"It will take about 6 hours to arrive, so if you two are sleeping, I will wake you up."

"Shaila said. Abel lightly tapped his lips.

The eyelashes were already covering half of the pupil.

"Then please, Shail. I'm a bit sleepy because I didn't get much sleep."

Abel, who had been blinking his eyes for a while, leaned gently against Shail.

Shail smiled silently and offered Abel a shoulder to rest on.

… After a while, Abel's eyes slowly closed.

She fell asleep with her arms crossed.

Well, it's abnormal that I'm not tired after swinging my sword all night.

Abel's moonlit night training ended only when the east rose.

I knew it because I woke up from a deep sleep in the emptiness.

"… … ."

I looked at Abel intently, my arms resting on the windowsill. She was squirming like a chick.

I glanced around and met Shail's eyes. A Marx-like curve formed on her lips.

"Would you like me to change seats?"

"… … ."

I jerked my head toward the window. Shayle laughed out loud.

Shail put her hands on her knees. In a somewhat humble posture, she too admired the borrowed scenery.

– Cheeeeeeek

It was then that the sound of a train engine was suddenly heard.

Dul-geureuk – The sound of wheels and rebar slowly engaging each other.

Smoke rose from the train chimney, signaling its departure.

* * *

After the train had been running for about 4 hours.

I got up from my seat. I was very hungry since I had been fasting since dawn.

I plan to just grab something simple from the snack bar. Since the entire cost is covered by Nibelung, I don't have to worry about buying anything.

I told Shail.

"I'm going to the snack bar."

Shail, who was quietly looking out the window, turned his gaze to me.

Her expression blurred for a moment, then she opened her mouth slightly.

"Well, I don't intend to stop you from going, but… … I can't recommend it easily."

"… … ?"

I tilted my head at Shail's words.

She said with a sigh.

"After all, since it's a VIP room, all the guests are nobles. Well, as you know, your Majesty, their personalities are really… … ."

"It's trash."

Shail's eyes lit up at my brain teaser.

Immediately afterwards, Shail's gaze instinctively turned to Abel. Fortunately, Abel was fast asleep.

"Ahem."

Shayle coughed, covering her mouth with her fist. She collected her expression and continued.

“Anyway, for this reason and that, I personally don’t think I can recommend it. Or, how about waking up Miss Abel and going with her?”

“it’s okay.”

I shook my head.

As the only one who knew why Abel was sleep deprived, I didn’t want to disturb his sweet slumber.

Even a sleeping dog will bite a person if you wake it up. What if you suddenly wake up Abel, who is always ready to fight?

As soon as your eyelashes open, a fly will fly out.

‘It’s funny to come here and peck at the noble kids now.’

In the first place, the nobles who talk nonsense about their status are idiots.

If there’s shit on the street, there’s no reason for me to avoid it.

The shit either avoids me or just passes by. I can’t stand dirty things, considering that I live in a kitchen that is at the forefront of cleanliness.

However, it is difficult to blindly use a knife to guide people. People are not fish.

‘But I’ve already cut down too much for that to be true.’

I scratched the back of my neck and grabbed the doorknob.

-Squeak.

I asked Shail as I pushed the door open.

“Hey, should I buy you something to drink?”

* * *

“…phew.”

Shail, who had been staring blankly out the window, soon touched his temple.

Despite everyone's dissuasion, Kang Geum-ma headed to the snack bar. Shail was worried about him.

Of course, I wasn't worried about myself. Rather, I thought it would be better to worry about the other person.

'No one should touch the swordsman… … .'

He is a small hippopotamus. Normally gentle, but with the heart of a beast that reveals its ferocious teeth when provoked.

The whole world now knows the end of those who provoked him.

'The twins of perversion, the genius of Auditore, the iron horn… … .'

All of them are great names. They are people of great talent who were once called geniuses.

But in the end, they were all torn to pieces by Kanggeomma's sword.

'A genius who runs counter to the rules… … .'

But even putting all that aside, how can you be so rude to a noble?

It was Shail's unconventional move that went beyond common sense.

Of course, Shail felt relieved about that, but the gap between understanding and reality was too big.

Kanggeomma is a boy with little respect for class. It's as if he was suddenly dropped into this world one day.

A cadet who gives cider to the poor, not the nobles. These days, Mr. Geumma is an overnight star.

His reputation was rising day by day. On top of that, he had a unique identity with black hair and a black beard.

Portal sites and other places added idioms such as "genius killer," "out of the blue," and "sashimi faster than a horse" to Ganggeomma.

In some circles, there is even a trend of people calling themselves “Sashimi Dan”.

There was a reason why reporters were keeping a close eye on Kang Geum-ma’s whereabouts.

In particular, there were rumors that American agencies were eyeing Kang Geum-ma.

‘A person with common sense would not pick a fight with such a person, but… … .’

The majority of the nobles are rotten and corrupt authors. Shail, who was also a special promotion student, felt this very well.

Their sense of being the chosen people sometimes goes beyond common sense. For example, they try to confirm their own position by asserting their irrational pride.

A stupid class that insists on putting their hand into the tiger’s mouth.

Those are the nobles. And the swordsman walked on his own two feet to that backward monkey den.

If we make a little mistake, it could escalate into violence… … .

Shail was preoccupied. Either he just hoped nothing would happen here, or he would go after the swordsman.

If you choose the latter, the girl who entrusted herself to Shail will naturally wake up. The swordsman went alone with that in mind.

The scales swayed left and right in her head. After a brief moment of thought, Shayle raised her head. Her eyes hardened with determination.

‘It’s late, but I have to go.’

Shail’s role at this party is as a leader.

After clearing the dungeon without a hitch, she would return. That

was her duty.

Hoping that these worries would be unfounded, Shail gently grabbed Abel's shoulder.

She felt a faint sense of guilt. However, a sense of crisis enveloped her. That was when she was about to wake the young lady.

Bam.

The door to room number 3 opened. For a moment, Shail's gaze went blank.

"… … ?"

The swordsman came in, chewing on jerky.

With a chest full of snacks like candy and gum, his expression was extremely calm.

Woof woof.

Kanggeomma dumped his luggage on the sofa.

Shail felt the anxiety she had been feeling for several minutes bursting like a bubble. She asked with a mixture of relief and bewilderment.

"… Are you okay?"

Kang Geum-ma scratched his eyebrow with his thumb.

"It was nothing special, beyond what I expected."

"… … ."

Kanggeomma added to Shail's sullen expression.

"There were some kids who opened their eyes wide, but once I looked at them, they looked away."

Kang Geum-ma said that and handed her some cookies.

“I got this as a service from the staff. They said it was the most expensive one, so Mr. Shail, please have it.”

“Ah, yes. Thank you.”

Shail was handed to her in a daze. The cold light that formed on her retina at that moment.

In the inner pocket of Kanggeomma’s coat was a piece of sashimi that made the blade shine.

“…ah.”

Shail sighed faintly. She understood why the nobles had become a sycophant.

Shail internally corrected his impressions of the Ganggeomma.

The heart of a beast? No. He was—

‘Mad Demon’

-Refined madness.

He was a true madman, not even aware of it himself.

* * *

The train arrived at its destination after six hours.

“Haam-”

Abel also stretched out, feeling refreshed after sleeping well.

Lyon, France’s second largest city.

An atmosphere completely different from Geneva permeated every street.

We got into the waiting limousine taxi.

‘I heard Shail took care of all the reservations for this schedule… I can smell the money.’

The opposite of a frugal employer, I was lucky.

The knight rode gently down the road.

It was safe driving that followed the rules. However, Shail, who was sitting in the passenger seat, wiggled his fingers.

This speed will not suit her taste.

Because she usually steps on 200.

… But honestly, I felt it was a bit slow, maybe because I was used to that speed.

‘I’m starting to get a taste for it too.’

Soon the limousine stopped in front of the accommodation.

The driver kindly opened the car door for me.

“We have arrived.”

“Oh, yes. Thank you for your hard work.”

I nodded my head sheepishly.

As soon as I got out of the car, a building that seemed to show what luxury was all about appeared before my eyes.

Our group walked along the bright red carpet, pulling our carriers.

‘Is this money?’

… After completing those minor procedures, I stood in front of the door to the room I was assigned.

【No. 502】

Squeak-

“… This is crazy.”

My voice echoed in the hotel room.

A huge area. My dorm room was like a chicken coop by comparison.

I swallowed once.

I was so excited to spend a night alone in a room like this.

I buried my face in the bedsheets. There was a faint scent that made me want to ask what kind of fabric softener I was using.

I turned over and looked at the ceiling.

"… … ."

Today was a day when the smell of money was in the air.

Perhaps it is the money that will naturally follow me when I ascend to the throne of Chilseong.

-but

Thinking about it, I felt a little annoyed.

This is also a relic of the caste system. If I adapt to it, won't I become like those nobles?

I lay there with my eyes wide open, lost in thought for a while.

Then I suddenly jumped out of bed.

"… That will never happen."

This is not the kind of comfortable life I want.

The Great War of Inma that will break out in 3 years, and surviving that hell for sure.

In the face of war, how can luxurious jewels show their true colors? They will be treated as mere rolling stones. A well-forged piece of iron would be much more valuable.

I know the dark future, however dimly. This kind of empty gold is useless to me, either now or in the future.

And I was also disgusted with the way the nobles ruled.

Whether you are a king or a noble, if you enjoy privileges, shouldn't you perform corresponding duties?

The leaders are those who ignore, despise, and look down on those who were born to good parents.

It makes me sick to think that I'm in the same situation as them.

'In that sense, the Inma War three years later could be a change of scenery in its own way.'

As far as I remember, World War II was bound to break out.

The main character Leon gradually prepares for it, which is the core plot of 'Miracle Protection M'.

But I too must prepare for the twisted ending of the narrative.

In addition, [Protection of the Sword God] provides me with a terminal piece of information.

There must be something at that destination. No, there must be a reason why I came here.

I looked out the window with the flag engraved on my chest.

The sky is turning yellow with sunset.

Pink clouds float leisurely like the calm before a storm.

I stared blankly for a while and then muttered.

"It's literally the calm before the storm."

Tomorrow, we will see the devil's hand right before our eyes, as a natural disaster occurs.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 122

Episode 122 King of the Dead (1)

The next morning.

At 9 o'clock sharp, our group gathered at the front desk on the first floor.

"Did you sleep well?"

Abel flinched at my question. She avoided eye contact and mumbled.

"… Of course. Even if it's a D-class dungeon, I won't let my guard down."

I squinted my eyes and looked at her. Her face was pale, clearly indicating that she had been tossing and turning in her sleep.

Although he spoke like that, there was a strange emotion in his voice.

'Abel, this guy is really bad at lying.'

Still, I felt that the similarity between the front and back was quite refreshing.

I didn't bother to elaborate.

"Miss, Master Geomma, if you are ready, shall we go right away?"

Shail asked. Abel nodded, his expression hardening for a moment.

"huh."

A short answer with a lot of implications.

I looked at Abel's profile. Her pupils were burning coldly.

* * *

It took a whole day to cross the border, so the distance from the accommodation to the dungeon was not that far. It was about a 30-minute drive.

The trip was by taxi, just like yesterday. Thanks to the driver who was familiar with the local geography, we arrived at our destination quickly, even at a crawling speed.

The knight left a message saying he would come pick me up before the sun went down and then descended like a turtle.

I stood right in front of the entrance and looked around.

'…This is the undead dungeon.'

The dungeon rating is determined by the association, and the level of danger that matches the dungeon is classified alphabetically based on several complex criteria.

〈D〉, 〈C〉, 〈B〉, 〈A〉, 〈S〉, in order from lowest to highest grade.

Officially, there are five, but sometimes + or – is added secretly.

Among them, the danger level of the Undead Dungeon is 'D-'.

It was rock bottom. Even popularity was at rock bottom, so there were no permanent checkpoints.

As I said before, the reward is not great, and the demons that appear are just walking corpses.

These are heroes who are good at subduing demons with sharp horns or fangs.

However, the human-like 'undead' were enough to induce the

uncanny valley.

So, the Undead Dungeon achieved the triple crown of being ‘low-rated’, ‘unpopular’, and ‘virtually neglected’. But—

“…Is this the undead dungeon?”

Abel muttered in confusion. Shail answered with a dumbfounded expression.

“I checked it several times and checked the geography, and this is definitely it. However… … .”

Shail couldn’t finish her sentence. She kept checking the GPS app as if she didn’t understand. Still, the location the app was pointing to was the same.

I took my gaze away from the two people and looked at the entrance to the road.

‘Why is Dungeon Force like this?’

-This place is supposed to be the lowest level dungeon.

Even though the S-class demon was asleep, it already exuded an overwhelming sense of intimidation from the entrance.

A grand scale, almost like a castle.

The chilly air reminded me of a haunted mansion. The surrounding scenery was also gloomy and barren even though the sun was high in the sky.

It was a menacing force that turned the Buffalo Dungeon, a C-class dungeon, into a neighborhood amusement park.

‘There’s a reason why the knight ran away.’

The smell of death tickles my nose.

I licked my dry lips with my tongue. Then, reflexively, I reached out to touch the sashimi. The sashimi was close to my heart.

“Let’s go in first.”

I opened my mouth first and woke them both up.

“Uh uh… yeah.”

“I’m sorry, Master Geomma. This is my first time in a place like this, so I guess I was a little flustered.”

Abel and Shail each responded in their own way as they approached the entrance.

As I approached, the even more eerie atmosphere sent a chill down my spine once again. A cold wind licked my cheek as it passed by.

A skeleton door messily composed of skulls and bone fragments.

Spider webs hanging everywhere were a sight to behold.

As the three of us were overwhelmed, a towering figure appeared in the corner of our vision.

“…zeolite?”

It was a tombstone about two meters high.

There was some kind of phrase engraved on the asbestos. The letters were not in Korean.

“What does it say over there?”

“Oh, okay.”

Before we knew it, all eyes were drawn to the stone monument.

I asked Abel.

“But I don’t know what language it is. Do you know?”

“Well, well… I know most of the languages used in Europe, but I have no idea what it says… … .”

“Well, I feel a little uneasy about just letting it go.”

While Abel and I observed with narrowed eyebrows, Shail, who had been silent, spoke quietly.

“It’s probably a rune.”

“Rune?”

Abel’s eyes widened. Shail nodded with a heavy chin.

“It’s not surprising that you two don’t know. Rune was a language that was used from the mythical era until 700 years ago. It has long since become a dead language that is no longer used.”

…a dead language.

It is an extremely ominous place, with not a single trace of life here or there.

“But Mr. Shail, how do you know what a rune is?”

I asked. Shail smiled and answered.

“I was interested in ancient languages while I was attending the Academy. I learned Runes in a short time. Of course, I am not an expert because I studied on my own.”

“Then, can you possibly decipher what it says?”

“Um- Well, I just learned it to kill time… … .”

Shail trailed off slightly. Abel looked at her with sparkling eyes.

Shayle smiled slightly.

“I can’t guarantee accuracy, but I’ll try my best.”

Perhaps there is a clue about ‘Draug’ left in this inscription. Even a small hint would be fine. Even that was desperately needed by me.

“please.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

Shail studied the inscription with one hand resting his chin on it.

Her pupils moved slowly up and down under her drooping eyelashes.

Soon Shail's gaze shifted to this side. She opened her mouth.

"For some reason, the upper part has been intentionally damaged to make it unreadable. As you can see, it looks like it was cut straight with a sword or something."

"… … ."

Even though his expression turned gloomy for a moment, for some reason a bright smile appeared on Shail's lips.

"Still, I guess I can extract a few words from the latter part."

"… … !"

"I know there are a lot of paraphrases mixed in, but please listen with that in mind."

Ahem- After coughing twice, Shayle began to recite the contents like poetry.

One who disturbs the rest of the dead.

He too will be the same.

He who brings peace to the dead.

He is the king of the dead.

"…hmm."

It was a little creepy. It felt like a curse.

If we can infer anything… the "King of the Dead" would most likely be referring to "Draug", the king of the liches.

But the connection between the three sentences above was ambiguous.

‘… Something is a bit ambiguous.’

While I was standing there mulling over the idea for a while, Shayle spoke up sheepishly.

“That’s all I know. I would like to tell you more, but it’s beyond my capabilities. I apologize.”

“No, it was helpful enough.”

If it weren’t for Shail, I would have just passed it by.

Nana Abel would be blind in front of a language that died out 700 years ago. I’ve seen many Shail Ducks on this trip.

‘Let’s go in first.’

More accurate clues are always at the scene.

I immediately pushed the door hard.

-Keep going, going, going, going.

The door cracks open and lets out an ominous noise. At first glance, it sounds like a person screaming.

I took the first step. The stinging air rushed out like a tidal wave.

“““… … .”””

I tried to turn my stiff head back.

“…Let’s go in.”

* * *

Thud, thud.

A space without a single ounce of light. We are walking through a darkened passage.

Since I brought a flashlight in preparation for this, I had no trouble moving around.

Unlike the exterior that was so ominous that it made one shudder, there was only silence beyond the door.

The entrance was very tense. On the other hand, the inside was as solemn and static as a graveyard. That actually made things a bit boring.

‘Is this why it’s D-class…?’

The occasional faint screaming sound is quite disturbing.

Since there were three of them together, it wasn’t a big deal.

Abel’s shoulders shook slightly, and Shail silently looked behind him.

‘I wonder if something will pop out around here.’

It was around that time that I even felt bored.

… A moment later, a new type of swarm stirred in the abyss-like darkness. A primal disgust spread through my entire body.

“““““Kkeu …

A distorted and twisted scream echoed through the hall.

‘Undead.’

Five corpses staggered toward us. Undead, staggering with their arms outstretched like mummies.

They were never threatening, but their approach was extremely repulsive.

Flesh sparsely attached to the skeleton. Maggots crawled over the rotting, rotten skin, and the joints of the limbs dangled.

As the saying goes, it is a walking corpse, and it has an extremely ugly appearance. If a weak-willed weapon saw it, it would scream and fall backwards.

She only turned her eyes to the side. A handful of surprise appeared on Abel’s face. However, she quickly smiled and drew her sword.

Kiririn.

A smooth sword was pulled out of its scabbard.

Abel took a step forward, holding the hilt of his sword at an angle.

“Miss, I will do it.”

Abel shook his head excitedly at Shail’s words.

“I’ll go first.”

“but…….”

Shail’s pupils trembled with depth.

Regardless of the danger, the undead are to be avoided. There was concern that their rotten flesh might stick to Abel.

Abel smiled at Shail. She soothed him gently.

“Shaile, I appreciate your concern as always. But today is a battle of endurance. I just have the priority. Later on, when my stamina runs out, it will be Shaile’s turn to step up, so for now, just rest well. Got it?”

“… Yes, if that is what you wish, Miss.”

Abel smiles with satisfaction at the answer.

Her gaze passed over me for a moment before moving on to the deceased.

Abel looked at them with silent pupils.

The aspect she is looking for is not visible.

…then.

Thud, thud.

A gait full of anticipation. Her hair fluttered blue.

Abel twisted his sword.

A faint glow surrounded the blade. It wasn't an aura. It was just a finely honed spirit. The fruits of labor were set in iron.

Finally, Abel approached.

“““““Shut up!”””””

The undead horde roared. It was the cries of the dead.

Abel closed his eyes and opened them, mumbling softly.

“…I'm sorry.”

-Sarak.

One horizontal slash.

The blade swept across five necks at once.

Bam.

After a brief pause in the noise, heads rolled across the pavement.

“…her.”

I couldn't help but laugh out loud.

It's a perfect swordsmanship without any unnecessary details. It's hard to believe that it's a seventeen-level skill.

‘But I don't think it was that bad in the game.’

…no way?

Originally, Abel was the head. But things got a little complicated and I ended up usurping that position.

If so, it will be enough stimulation to instill a sense of victory in the proud descendants of the swordsman.

The bottom line is that because of me, Abel grew up several times

faster than Jeongsa.

Abel stared at the floor, almost as if he were praying for the soul of the deceased to rest in peace.

'… That's amazing.'

While Abel was talking to himself with only his lips moving, he suddenly turned his head.

""… … .""

The staring contest lasted for 30 seconds. Abel took the lead, looking away with a fresh expression.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 123

Episode 123: The King of the Dead (2)

Suddenly I asked Abel.

“But when you killed the undead earlier, you said ‘I’m sorry’, right?”

“… What, did you hear that on the street?”

Abel’s eyes widened. I responded indifferently.

“Because I have a bit of a keen ear.”

“If you can hear someone talking to themselves from 20 meters away, isn’t that pretty much a supernatural ability?”

In reality, I gained five senses close to supernatural powers thanks to the [Protection of the Sword God] buff, but anyway.

To begin with, it is a world overflowing with blessings and magic.

It was funny to see Abel so surprised and say ‘superpower’.

From my perspective as an Earthling, the swordplay she displayed seemed more unrealistic.

Abel said with a short sigh.

“It’s a habit from long ago. My father used to say that. They say even a single blade of grass has life in it, and it’s the same even if it’s a demon.”

“They were undead earlier. They were already corpses.”

“That’s why we must be even more respectful. Do you know why heroes are reluctant to subdue the undead?”

“Isn’t it because it’s a humanoid demon? Because it feels like killing someone.”

“It feels like murder… half right and half wrong.”

I don’t know the detailed settings for the demons. It’s not really important information for subjugation.

I knew it was a humanoid demon, but I knew it little by little. It was even written that way in the demon encyclopedia.

Abel said.

“Undead were originally human. They didn’t all start out like that.”

“… He was a human? But why is he like that now?”

“I don’t know the exact circumstances. But as you know, Sword Master, the undead only appear here.”

Abel tapped the pavement with his foot and continued his explanation.

“That means – it’s a matter of location. People who flow in end up like walking corpses. I don’t know why, but there’s definitely something here.”

Abel’s hypothesis was quite sharp.

If what she says is true, there is definitely a mastermind behind it, and it is most likely ‘Draug’. It also roughly matches the effect of that damned spell.

I listened to Abel’s words. Such small words can later become meaningful clues.

Suddenly Abel snorted.

“And by the way, isn’t it funny that the undead are called demons? They’re not people anymore, they’re ‘evil beasts’. Also, have you ever seen an article about the undead coming out of the dungeon and attacking people like other demons?”

I’ve definitely never heard anything like that or seen any articles about it.

Because the undead were evil creatures that had no harmful effects whatsoever despite their hideous appearance.

There are frequent reports of gentle buffaloes injuring humans.

Abel frowned. She spoke in a tone that seemed quite displeased.

“In the end, it was the living, or rather the Hero Association, who arbitrarily assigned harmfulness to the undead. That’s why the heroes who know the truth are reluctant to subdue the undead. Calling a dead person a demon is completely insulting to the deceased.”

I felt puzzled by those words. After all, didn’t Abel kill the undead? And he killed five of them at once.

Just as I was thinking about that.

“… Still, since we’ve entered this place, it’s essential to subdue the undead. After all, we came here with a purpose. It’s unfortunate, but we can’t just avoid them.”

Abel muttered as if he had read my thoughts. At this point, I seriously doubt if he was mind-reading.

For a moment, a look of shock crossed her face. Then she shook her head and quickly regained her composure.

“Anyway, praying for the repose of your soul is the least I can do. That’s all. After all, a swordsman is someone who cuts down enemies who block his path.”

Abel finished speaking and turned his head forward. She calmly walked forward.

“… … .”

I stared blankly at his back for a while.

‘Because I have a personality where thoughtfulness and violence coexist… … .’

They say that children grow up looking at their parents’ backs.

Abel was growing to resemble his grandfather frighteningly.

* * *

I had guessed it when I saw it from outside, but this dungeon was much larger than I had imagined.

“Ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh, ugh.”

The undead appeared in a chaotic formation. It was so sloppy and slow that it was embarrassing to even call it a surprise attack.

Suck it up—

Abel’s shoulders shook. The light cut through the vocal cords of six undead. The heads that fell to the floor crumbled helplessly.

While I was taking in that scene, I tilted my head.

It felt strange.

What should I say, do they really have the intention to attack and rush in?

The way he approached us with his arms outstretched seemed to be welcoming us.

Abel must have felt the same way as I did, because his expression grew darker as he continued to cut. And his silent prayers toward the corpses continued longer than before.

‘It’s a strange dungeon in many ways.’

It wasn’t just the presence of the Draugr, but a fundamental

difference that was felt. A sense of discomfort came over me.

'… Now that I think I'm getting close to the depths of the dungeon, I should go check it out for a mid-term inspection.'

I closed my eyes. It was a meditation I had done while sitting in meditation.

Clear your mind and erase your senses one by one.

Condensation before expanding the sensory sphere. Focusing the nerves to project a clearer image into the mind.

The process was done nimbly and intelligently. It was the moment when the results of meditation practice were revealed.

At the time, I thought it was a useless thing that would wear out the crucible… … .

I felt my five senses sharpened like an awl. It is not enough to stop here. I need to radiate my senses more widely.

[Protection of the Sword God] gathers the power to the critical point. Immediately afterwards, [Protection of Transfer] spreads the power in all directions.

Woof woof woof.

I closed my eyes. One, I was observing this area. My infinitely expanded field of vision looked around every corner of the dungeon.

How many undead lurk ahead, which way to turn at the fork in the road, where the draugr might be sleeping.

All that information was projected clearly into my head.

Just like bats use ultrasound to find their way through caves, the waves bounce off the walls and ceiling and become my compass.

So, I looked at about 30% of the dungeon geography using [Protection of the Sword God] as a catalyst.

At this point, I was wondering if I would even need a map anymore. I was soon to be a human GPS.

Of course, it was impossible to use it without any effort because of the physical burden. If I calculate it, I think the maximum number of times a day would be about two.

That was when.

'…What is that?'

One of his eyebrows, which had been closed, twitched. Fifty meters ahead, a figure was waving his hand in my direction.

At first, I thought they were undead. There was no way anyone other than us could live in this lifeless place. There was no way even the robbers would set up shop in a place like this.

I took out the sashimi and said to Abel and Shail.

"I think there's something like a person ahead."

"…There are people in a place like this?"

I nodded silently. The sound was getting closer. It was not a situation where I could add anything.

The two of them seemed to understand and kept their mouths shut. They also drew their weapons without making a sound.

… buck, buck… buck.

The footsteps were unsteady. It was a cold sound that did not convey the flow of life. However, it was completely different from other undead.

I didn't rush out. It was a yard that depended on small hand lights. I couldn't rush to an unknown opponent like a moth.

Uh… Buck.

Finally, the creaking sound stopped 10 meters away.

As if he had been waiting, Shayle lit the front with his flash. Immediately, a clear view was secured.

“now-!?”

“What, what is that?”

The pupils that had shrunk due to dark adaptation suddenly dilated. Confusion crossed our faces.

“Eww, eww, eww… … .”

An undead(?) was blocking the light by covering its face with both hands.

He looked at me with his legs shaking like a frightened man.

Abel pretended not to swing his sword. She muttered back.

“Undead… are you?”

“It seems a little different, miss.”

As Shail said, it was different from before. I should say the condition was good.

Even for an undead, the joint positions were fairly normal. The flesh was also quite attached to the skeleton, so at first glance, it looked almost human.

But the lower part of the face was particularly badly rotten. The tongue hung limp like a purple towel, and the jawbone was barely hanging on.

‘That’s about it, huh. Compared to other undead that are closer to skeletons… … .’

As our gazes exchanged between the three of us, the undead groaned again.

“Eurangraeooreogangreokal.”

I scratched my head with the base of my sword. The undead

shrugged its shoulders violently.

Isn't that a gesture of fear? If you even move your hand, your arm will quickly extend further. It must be a clear expression of non-resistance.

I asked Abel and Shail.

"It seems like you still have some self-awareness left, what do you two think?"

"… Oh, judging by the reaction."

Abel looked very embarrassed. She had always been the one who cut him down whenever he came out.

Suddenly, an undead that acts like a human pops out. Abel's mind must be in complete confusion right now.

Shail spoke on behalf of the hesitant Abel.

"It could be an intelligent demon disguised as an undead. I think it would be best to subdue it here."

"Eww, eww, eww… …!"

The undead waved its hand. It seemed like it had something to say, but its jaw was completely shattered and it couldn't protest.

I stared at the undead for a moment, thinking.

The guy in front of me doesn't look dangerous at all even if you just look at him.

Of course, as Shail said, there is a possibility that there will be a dagger.

However, if not, the story is different.

An undead with remaining intelligence. If you do it right, you could probably act as a guide through this filthy, vast undead dungeon.

If so, it is absolutely necessary for me. Even if I look around with a

guardian, if I have a guide, I can reduce the waste of time.

Plus, if you're lucky, you might even get some information about 'Draug'.

'… But I wonder if he can properly serve as a guide because his chin is like that.'

I stared at the undead for a long time before speaking.

"I will save you."

"… but it can also be dangerous."

"There's some truth to what Mr. Shail said. To be honest, I don't see it as something that would harm him. And I'm not saying we should just let him live."

Abel and the undead's eyes widened at my words. Abel was pretty, but the undead was disgusting.

anyway–

"I thought it might be a guide since it seemed intelligent. I was getting tired of walking and it seemed like I was just going around in circles."

"… If possible, the time would definitely be shortened. But a little… … ."

Shayle suddenly glanced at the undead. The undead was still shivering like a puppy soaked in rain.

His gray-white pupils were fixed only on Shail's iron skewer.

"… … ."

Shail sighed and said to him.

"Okay, I understand. What do you think, Miss? Do you agree with what the Sword Master said? If you don't like it, just say no. I'll take care of it right away."

“Oh, no. I was just confused because I’ve never seen an intelligent undead before.”

Abel took a deep breath and shook his head with a bitter expression.

“The author must have been human after all. I want to avoid unnecessary interference.”

“Yes, if that is what you wish, Miss.”

Shail finished talking to Abel. She observed the undead carefully and then spoke to me.

“But, Master Swordsman. That undead doesn’t look like it can speak… … . I have always thought that communication is important for guides… … .”

“Oh, that’s okay.”

“…yes?”

I turned my back on them and approached the undead. The sound of their bones trembling was loud.

The undead only looked up at him with its eyes. He spoke to him calmly.

“Even if it stings, bear with it.”

“?”

He took off the scabbard with a flick of his hand.

As the blade began to glow.

[The level of your spirit rises as you demonstrate chivalry.]

Kwajik!

“Tangle!”

The sword hilt was stuck in his chin.

[The protection of rebirth is manifested.]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 124

Episode 124: The King of the Dead (3)

"… Oh, oh."

The undead's exclamation continued. He kept touching his chin as if he couldn't believe it.

I restored as much muscle and tissue as possible with [Protection of Regeneration] and [Protection of Transfer]. I had also tried to piece together Leon's bones before.

However, I wondered if it was possible to revive the flabby flesh. The effect of the protection was 'proliferation', but that was something that needed 'revival'.

However, the result was a great success. It was no different from reviving a fish that had completely lost its fins.

Abel and Shail's eyes widened at the same time. It seems that this method of using protection has surprised many people.

This time, I was also very embarrassed. It was an amazing feat that would hit even a good surgeon in the face.

'If I do well in this life, won't I be able to get a job as a teacher in the future?'

Of course, complete recovery was impossible because the cell damage was so severe.

Still, a clearer voice came out of his mouth than before, when he had been on edge.

I motioned for the two of them to postpone the explanation. They swallowed and nodded. It seemed like they understood for now.

That wasn't the priority right now. I looked ahead again. The undead was gaping like a carp.

I looked at the sight and asked.

"…What are you?"

It was a question raised for verification. By using two guards together, the completely destroyed jaw was reduced to half-destructed.

Whether it was really possible to converse, and whether it had enough intelligence left, the former was the most important.

The undead, who had been in awe for a while, suddenly bowed to me.

He expressed his gratitude loudly in that state.

"Thank you, Your Majesty… …!"

His pronunciation was slurred, perhaps because of his damaged jaw. However, his sincerity was clearly evident.

After a while, he got up from his knees and bowed politely.

"Greetings, living beings. My name is Michelan."

Amidst the dangling limbs, there was elegance in his gestures. Abel and Shail flinched and took a few steps back.

"…Why are you like that? Is there a problem?"

"… … ."

Michelangelo, on the other hand, tilted his head as if he didn't understand the reaction. His eyes rolled around in their sockets like

ping-pong balls.

Her expression was innocent, but her appearance was really… … .

Even I, a person who is indifferent to things like this, feel a sense of rejection.

However, I felt no malice at all from Michelan. Instead, he looked at me with sparkling eyes that had lost their vitality.

Michelan's eyes were filled with gratitude and awe. He moistened his lips with his long-dried tongue and spoke again.

"I have seen the living come to visit me from time to time for about 700 years. But usually they would scream and run away, or they would try to thrust their swords at me. But I never thought this day would come! I have to live long to see this."

"… 700 years?"

I asked again, thinking I had misheard. Michelangelo blinked once and then nodded.

"Yes. Actually, I counted up to 689, but I forgot because I missed exactly one year. I guess I just forget because I'm old, hahaha!"

That undead, talking about hundreds of years so casually.

"I don't know how you did it, but you even made it possible for me to speak like this. It's literally a miracle of God. After living as a corpse for 700 years… This and that."

And he was incredibly talkative. He moved his mouth nonstop, as if he was pouring out words he had been holding back. Every time he did, his jawbone would creak.

'… I just fixed it, but isn't it going to break again soon if I keep doing this?'

I interrupted Michelan and said:

"If you keep playing with that chin, it might become loose and fall

off. Then it's uncertain whether you can reattach it or not."

"Huh."

Michelangelo covered his mouth with his hand.

"Michelan, I understand that your circumstances are difficult, and that you have been imprisoned here for nearly 700 years. But I tend to be a bit impatient, don't I? I would like you to answer only the questions I have for you."

"… … ."

"If you don't like it, I can restore it to its original state. It's up to you."

"… … !"

I tapped my shoulder with sashimi. Michelangelo turned pale and looked dead.

Suddenly Abel whispered in my ear.

"… But isn't that too harsh?"

"If I had just left it alone, it would have been chattering all day. We already have limited time, so I can't waste it on useless things. Well, Abel, if you plan on continuing to chat with that undead, I won't stop you."

Abel flinched at those words. She glanced at Michelan and was about to back away.

A sound leaked out from between Michelan's fingers covering his mouth.

"Wait a minute! The lady over there, with those golden eyes… Are you, are you a descendant of the Black Swordsman Aaron Nibelung?!"

Abel shrugged his shoulders. Shail and I were equally surprised, though to a lesser degree.

Abel answered with a look of bewilderment on his face.

“Do you know the first owner?”

Michelangelo nodded immediately. He immediately unsealed his mouth.

“Of course! I am the closest associate of the Sword Master… …! I am a friend of his cousin!”

Isn’t that completely different from others?

“Oh my, what a coincidence this is happening again. God hasn’t abandoned me yet! Ah, thank you.”

Michelan muttered as if sobbing. However, Abel thought back on the words he had said and asked again.

“You just clearly said, ‘one more time.’”

“Ah, yes yes. If I remember correctly, a descendant of the Sword Master came by about 10 years ago. He was with someone who seemed to be his wife, I think. In my 700 years of life, it was the first time I’ve seen such a handsome and beautiful couple—”

“that.”

Michelangelo paused at the firm call.

Step by step, Abel stepped forward, holding the hilt of his sword tightly in one hand.

Michelangelo took a deep breath. Abel stood right in front of him.

… There was silence for a moment. It was such a silence that even the sound of breathing seemed to be dead.

Then Abel spoke softly.

“Tell me more about them.”

* * *

"… That's all I remember from what I've told you so far."

Michelan finished his explanation carefully. He looked around, observing the faces.

"… … ."

"… … ."

The atmosphere was heavy. His salivary glands had long since dried up, but Michelan pretended to swallow dry saliva for no reason.

'… Did I say something wrong?'

He had lived with his mouth sealed for countless eons.

The vast majority of undead lose their intelligence before their bodies even begin to decay. Of all the organs and parts of the body, the one that decays the fastest is the 'brain'.

That's why it was standard for the undead to only utter primitive groans like 'Eoreoreoreoreoreoreok'.

First, Michelangelo maintained his ability to think clearly for 700 years.

For hundreds of years, his bones and flesh had decayed and seeped into the soil, and he lived with a dead body and a living spirit.

Of course, because I had been brushing my tongue a lot in my lifetime, the area around my jaw became a mess more quickly.

'But that nobleman cured it right away.'

Michelan's gaze shifted to the side. A boy with black hair and black makeup was standing still with his arms crossed.

His name was 'Ganggeomma'. Makellan vowed that he would engrave those three characters into his heart even after he died.

'…already dead!'

But as I continued to look, I felt like I had seen that appearance, that

black hair and those black eyes, somewhere before.

Michelan looked at Kang Geum-ma with renewed eyes. Memories were slipping away like grains of sand he had grabbed in a handful.

He had lived for over 7 centuries, so it would be difficult to find him even if you searched for a long time. But Michelangelo did not want to miss this sense of dissonance.

While he was rubbing his temples and casting his gaze like that, Abel, who had been quiet, opened his mouth.

"… Wait, it took me a while to gather my thoughts. Sorry, Mr. Michelan."

"Oh, no. You deserve to be shocked, Your Highness the Sword Saint."

Michelangelo shook his head violently.

Michelangelo was a man who lived through the First World War.

Of course, there are more than a few people like that in the undead dungeon, but their thought processes have long since stopped.

Therefore, he must have been the only one among humanity who vividly remembered that hell.

And the ancestor of the girl in front of me. The first swordsman was a great person, and he was still vivid in my mind.

A dance that seems to be loved, or rather favored, by the sword.

He was the human who took the lead in the subjugation of the demon race together with the hero of the first poem, and was the hope of humanity.

But for such a descendant of the Black Sword to apologize to himself? It was impossible and should not have happened.

Michelangelo was already clearly able to distinguish between dead bodies and relics.

But despite his reaction, Abel politely responded.

“No. Thanks to Uncle Michelan, I was able to confirm once again that my parents had stopped by here. In fact, even after arriving at the Undead Dungeon, I wondered if my parents had really disappeared from here.”

“… I feel sorry for having to tell you some unfortunate news.”

Michelan expresses regret and Abel keeps bowing his head. A formal conversation takes place between the two.

Kang Geum-ma, who had been quietly watching the scene, suddenly blurted out.

“… So, do you know anything about the whereabouts of Abel’s parents?”

Michelangelo nodded at that.

“… Yes, unfortunately I don’t know exactly where you two went because you were hiding behind a pillar far away.”

“Why did you have to hide it?”

“Until then, heroes would frequent this place. As soon as they entered, they would slaughter the undead indiscriminately. Other undead would have rushed out, but I couldn’t approach them easily.”

“… … .”

At those words, Abel lowered his head with a dark expression. Michelan quickly added.

“However, unlike other heroes, the descendants of the Sword Saints did not recklessly subdue the undead. On the contrary, the two of you opposed it. You tried your best to avoid harm, and even if you did, you were polite. Just like the descendants.”

“… … !”

Abel’s eyes widened. She raised her head.

As if to ease her worries, Michelangelo lifted his blue lips. His pupils were cloudy, but the light remained.

Michelangelo said.

“Maybe that’s why, earlier, when I saw the descendant of the Black Sword bowing while cutting down the dead, my legs moved unconsciously. It was courage that I, a coward by nature, would never have been able to muster, but I think it was because of the sense of foreboding from 10 years ago.”

“I see… … .”

Abel licked his lips and continued speaking.

“Mr. Michelan, is there anything else you remember? If you could tell me even something small, I would be grateful. Even something really small, anything is fine.”

“… Hehe, I told you everything that was on my mind… … I’m sorry I couldn’t be of any help—”

At that moment, Michelangelo suddenly spoke as if he had remembered something.

“Now that I think about it, I remember the conversation you two were having. I think you clearly said, ‘We must break the spell of the messenger of death.’ The expression on your face as you said that was very dark.”

“…the messenger of death’s arrest.”

In fact, the reason my parents entered this dungeon was unclear. Why did they come to a D-class undead dungeon?

They were the most famous pair at the time, and were top-notch heroes, aside from Chilseong.

But one day, I went out to conquer the lowest level dungeon. I guessed there was some reason for it. But I couldn’t figure out what it was.

That's why I researched and studied the undead dungeons, hoping to find out what their purpose might be.

"I have to stop parking… … ."

Abel just kept repeating those words over and over again.

The clue may be hidden in that one word that seems so odd.

"…Why does it always happen."

In the midst of a brief silence, Kang Geum-ma sighed deeply and muttered. A dark shadow fell over his face.

Kang Geum-ma asked Michelangelo.

"Sir, have you ever seen a hole deep in this dungeon that could fit one person? It's probably locked with a few padlocks."

Michelangelo blinked and answered absentmindedly.

"Yes, I think there was something like that about 20 minutes away from here. But how did you know about it…? I also knew about it after 500 years."

"I saw it in a book."

"… … ."

"Please guide me there first."

"… Ah, yes."

"Okay, just a moment."

Shail joined the conversation, startled.

"I feel like there's a lot missing from the explanation, Master Geomma?"

"It's my imagination."

"… Ah, no."

Her words stopped in her throat at the short reply that came back. Both of us were dumbfounded by the rapid development of the situation.

Of course, the person who said that, Kang Geum-ma, had a completely different expression. With his eyebrows furrowed, he seemed to be feeling complicated.

‘I don’t really know what ‘breaking the spell’ means, but if you’re talking about the God of Death, that’s the only thing there is.’

Kang Geum-ma was certain of Abel’s parents’ whereabouts. How could their paths overlap like this?

Kanggeomma looked around. His expression was so heavy that it made even those who looked at him tense.

“Abel.”

Kanggeomma called Abel in a low voice.

“uh?”

“It seems like your parents got involved with something they shouldn’t have.”

Abel’s face hardened like ice. He didn’t understand Kang Geum-ma’s words at all.

But I could tell just by listening to the tone of voice. Those words were the truth, without any lies. That expression said it all.

“still.”

Kanggeomma took a deep breath after holding the sashimi tightly again. Then he opened his mouth as if making a declaration.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 125

Episode 125: The King of the Dead (4)

“…What is that?”

Shock and bewilderment filled the faces of those who heard what I had to say. Abel, Shail, and even Michelan, the lord of the Undead Dungeon.

The three of them spoke the same words as if they had made a promise.

I opened my mouth heavily.

“It’s exactly as you said. There’s a S-class demon sealed under that hole. And Abel, your parents were probably trying to subdue that demon.”

“… … .”

I didn’t beat around the bush. I originally planned to go and subdue it myself, but I secured evidence that Abel’s parents were headed there.

So, rather than trying to persuade with lies, I just told some shocking facts.

However, I also deeply sympathize with their bewildered reaction. It was a bolt from the blue for an S-class beast to suddenly be sleeping in a D-class dungeon.

If I were them, I would have reacted the same way.

The three people looked at me with expressions of utter disbelief. I met their gazes and continued speaking slowly.

“That mastermind is a guy called ‘Draug’, and he’s a tricky guy who treats the undead like an army.”

“… … .”

The whole area was silent. The dungeon was already extremely quiet, but the silence was made even more intense.

Each of us must be having various thoughts and ideas in our minds.

From here on out, you need to apply continuous shocks. That way, the attention will naturally be drawn to ‘Draug’.

“For your information, as a demon, I can’t use ‘magic’, but I can use the ‘Staff of the God of Death’, which is a magical ability. Its effect is a very tricky ability that increases in power over time.”

“… If that is true, how do you know, Master Geomma?”

As expected, Shail asked. My pupils were dilated violently with confusion. I answered briefly.

“Through research.”

“… … .”

I explained it a bit more when Shayle wiggled his eyebrows.

“Before I conquer a dungeon, I usually look through all the books related to it.”

Shayle stared at her with eyes that said, ‘You mean that…?’, but he had no intention of resolving her curiosity.

At this point, we need to talk about ‘what to do’ rather than ‘why we know’.

Of course, unless they are idiots, they will feel uncomfortable with

me. But what can I do?

It is not something that can be declared as ‘Actually, this world is a game, and I am a human who fell into another world.’

Rather, it would be a bombshell declaration that would reduce the feeling they feel to something like ‘something like that’.

“I understand how you feel, Mr. Shail. But right now, what’s more important than the source of the information is ‘how’ to deal with the guy.”

I quickly changed the subject. Shail, who had been staring at me for a while, nodded.

It doesn’t seem like the doubt has disappeared from his eyes. However, it must mean that he agrees with what I said.

I called Michelangelo with a blank expression.

“mister.”

“Oh, yes, your majesty.”

“… Just call me Ganggeomma. Anyway, do you know anything about the demon I mentioned earlier? That’s all I know.”

“Huh… … . I’ve been here for 700 years, but I didn’t even know that such a beast existed. Well, it’s a huge shock even for me. However… … .”

Michelan trailed off. He furrowed his brows, looked absorbed, and continued speaking cautiously.

“Suddenly, the tombstone at the entrance flashed through my mind.”

“Are you talking about those rune-written texts?”

Shail asked back. Michelan stroked his chin with a look of surprise on his face.

“Do people these days know the Runes?”

“I just learned a little bit of it out of personal interest. The runes have been dead for hundreds of years.”

“… Haha, I see. Well, even during my lifetime, the number of speakers was gradually decreasing. It was a difficult language in every way.”

Michelan smiled bitterly. It was a regretful smile. After a while, his words returned.

“As you can see from the stone tablet, its contents do not deal with any ‘object’.”

“That… Only the tip was intact, and the upper part was too damaged to decipher. It looked like someone had intentionally damaged it.”

“Hmm. I don’t know who did it, but it’s not surprising since it’s a tombstone that’s been around for centuries.”

Michelan shrugged as if he had expected that. Then he tapped my temple with his finger.

“But don’t worry, it’s all in Michelangelo’s head.”

“…You remember all of that?”

Abel’s eyes widened. Michelan laughed heartily, showing his teeth.

“I have a bad memory. Of course, I’ve been forgetting things more frequently lately.”

As he spoke, Michelangelo coughed. The muffled cough of the dead leaked out.

“Anyway, let me tell you about what the stone tablet says.”

* * *

＝＝ ＝＝

This place was a resting place for the dead and a palace of peace.

One, ■harm (■害) has a way of coming unexpectedly.

The curse that binds and entangles death has come here.

It was a curse that made them live and rot under the pretext of immortality.

Can you hear me?

The screams of the suffering dead.

A struggle for liberation.

A cry for death.

Oh, living beings, please break our curses and our chains.

Don’t be fooled by what you see, listen to the whispers of the dead.

The essence of the curse will be in the devil, not in humans.

The dead wish.

I hope a human will appear who can break this curse.

The adult who will break the bonds of immortality has descended.

He will receive our infinite blessings and be enthroned as our ■.

On the other hand, the dull and foolish will suffer forever in the immortal shackles.

That’s why I warn you.

One who disturbs the rest of the dead.

He too will be the same.

He who brings peace to the dead.

He is the king of the dead.

= = = =

* * *

As Michelan finished speaking, Shayle faintly frowned.

“The latter part of the story was a bit creepy, but the first part was even more gloomy.”

“That’s right. When you said that earlier, Shail, I thought it was purely a warning. But after hearing the rest of the story… … .”

Abel’s face, who was standing next to him, also darkened.

She could feel the desperation radiating from those words.

‘… The undead I had defeated were looking for a savior.’

Abel put his arm around my shoulder. She bowed her head deeply like a sinner with her eyes shaking.

Although he had tried to erase his guilt with a sense of duty and calling, Abel felt it crumble in an instant.

While Michelan and Shail were talking, Abel stood there blankly with a gloomy face.

I felt suffocated. I felt like I had committed an unforgivable sin.

Abel was determined to prioritize only his purpose. He wanted to emulate the honesty of the inspector.

‘… My grandfather never regretted anything he did.’

But she was blaming herself. She was regretting it. She felt a dull pain, like a bruise in her chest.

At that moment, a dark shadow fell over Abel’s face.

Thud.

A firm hand gently grabbed her shoulder.

“… … ?”

It was Kang Geum-ma. He smiled gently and opened his mouth.

“You worry too much.”

Abel blinked at those words.

Worried? Her expression was far from worried. And Kang Geum-ma’s keen eyes could not have failed to discern this.

Then why? Abel and Kanggeomma’s eyes met.

His eyes looking at her were calm and gentle.

A gentle gaze that chases away all the negative emotions that are filled up.

It was a strong swordsman who occasionally threw out pointless jokes. Every time, Abel felt absurd, but now he could understand his vague intentions.

Rather than casually throwing out frivolous words, I find comfort in such weightiness.

Kanggeomma confirmed that Abel had calmed down. He smiled faintly and took his hand off his shoulder. Then he joined the conversation between Shail and Michelan.

“… … .”

Abel looked at his profile without saying anything. Then, suddenly, he brushed his right shoulder.

The warm heat lingered.

* * *

… After a while, the discussion about the inscription on the tombstone ended.

I didn’t have high expectations, but thanks to Michelangelo, I was able to obtain some pretty important clues.

He had lived for centuries. But his memory and brain were extremely sharp.

He immediately recited the epitaph he had seen once, and did not spare any detailed comments about it.

I suddenly wondered what Michelan did while he was alive.

However, the answer he got back was that he had no clear memories.

I couldn't even remember why I entered this dungeon or how I became an undead.

Michelangelo seemed to recall only that he was associated with the first swordsman, Aaron Nibelung.

Well, I let it slide for now since his past wasn't that important.

He didn't seem to be lying, and more than anything, he actively volunteered to be my assistant.

"I have always wondered about the inscription on the tombstone. However, thanks to the information provided by Kanggeomma, I think I have a clearer idea."

Michelangelo emphasized, raising his index finger.

"Of course, this is my personal opinion, but I suspect that the 'curse' mentioned here is the evil spirit called 'Draug'."

"I think so too. At first, I thought it might be the 'King of the Dead', but the characteristics of the horse that Master Geomma explained and the content of the 'curse' seem to match up."

Shail nodded in agreement with his words.

Michelangelo took over as if passing the baton.

"If the inference is correct, the phrase we should pay most attention to is 'The essence of the curse lies in the devil, not in the human.' This part seems to be a hint provided by whoever engraved the text."

"It's a devil… … ."

Shail, who had been muttering like that, suddenly turned his head

towards me.

She stared at me with bleary eyes for a while, then shook her head.

The complicated feelings of a person caught in a dilemma were reflected on Shail's face.

In the midst of this, Abel, who had been silent, carefully opened his mouth.

"But isn't it too dangerous for us to directly subdue it…? It's an S-class demon. Even if we have you, the swordsman, and Shaile, who is a senior, it's too risky."

Of course, I knew this question would be raised. The stakes were certainly high.

Draugr unleashes a barrage of attacks on S-class creatures that are considered natural disasters.

Even with these members, I couldn't guarantee that they would be able to defeat them unconditionally.

As Abel said, it would be normal to report it to the association.

However, I have completely ruled that out.

If you notify the association, they will definitely launch a full-scale investigation.

If so, then of course there will be a delay in time, and they may even notice the magic stone.

I heard that the association's research institute is looking for the magic stone with bated breath.

In this world, magic stones were rare and precious items.

That's also why I've kept my mouth shut and tried to fight it alone.

There is a saying that even a single bean should be shared, but this does not apply to Maseok.

Because, if you try to artificially process magic stones, they tend to explode like a bomb.

However, there was an exception when it was used for reinforcement and ‘crafted’. It’s a vague difference. But that’s the system, you know.

In any case, in addition to that, there is a high probability that Abel’s parents are also there. For this reason, outside intervention must be prevented.

And above all, I had a strategy in mind.

“I disagree with that opinion.”

“So, are you saying that the three of us should subdue the S-class demons like this!?”

I briefly explained the above reason to Abel and Shail, who were confused. I left the story about the magic stone on hold.

And I expressed my intention to go alone if it was burdensome for the two of them.

That was the plan from the beginning, and there was no need to share the risk.

… After about 30 minutes, they nodded.

I guess Abel’s purpose was to check on his parents’ income.

“… Let’s try. It’s an S-class demonic beast, but you’re here too, Shail, and you’re here with the swordsman. It’s not completely impossible.”

Shail hesitates slightly. But the master nods quickly, saying that there are no maids.

“I understand, but please promise me that you will run away immediately if you decide it is too dangerous.”

“Of course.”

Finally, I got everyone’s approval.

“Mr. Michelan, please guide me to the hole I mentioned earlier.”

“Oh, I understand. I, Michelangelo, will not forget your kindness. I will guide you clearly.”

So, guided by Michelan, we headed to our destination.

After walking for about ten minutes, Michelangelo pointed to a place surrounded by a pile of rocks.

In its center was a hole leading into the underworld, secured with a black door and six locks.

However, the hinges were a little loose, and it seemed to have opened before.

Not many times, maybe twice at most. But judging from the fact that it was still closed, it seemed like the subjugation was never successful.

‘Originally, you had to find those six keys to get in.’

I already have the master key.

“Everyone stand back for a moment.”

After saying that, he immediately took out the sashimi.

Kiririn—

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

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Episode 126: The King of the Dead (5)

Kugugugugugugguung—!

The thick door collapsed with a single swing of the sword.

In the aftermath, a cold wind blew and the lined up stones fell down like dominoes.

The entire dungeon, which had been as quiet as a graveyard, began to vibrate.

“… … .”

“… … .”

“… … .”

The people watching could only swallow their saliva. Especially Shail, who they were seeing for the first time. Her eyes were beyond absurd and almost hazy.

Even if it was a dream, it was a phenomenon that was beyond imagination and believable. Anyone would just open their lips like a goldfish.

The door that Ganggeomma had dug through was not as big as it could have been, but it was a huge door, probably 10 meters in diameter or more.

But with one swipe of the knife, the lock and the door that had been

connected were cut like butter.

Even with that sword. More than the shock that shook the ground, Shail felt his common sense crumble.

Ironically, at the same time, a sense of relief welled up from the bottom of my heart.

In fact, Shail had been hesitating all the way here.

Just today, there were countless absurd situations.

Kanggeomma immediately suggests going to subdue S-class demons.

At first I thought it was just a joke, but when I thought about it, the circumstances meshed together like cogs in a wheel.

All circumstances were tilted toward what he said being true.

Moreover, Kang Geum-ma completely evaded questions as soon as they were asked.

I was feeling down, I did a lot of research, etc…

There were a mountain of additional questions I wanted to ask.

Although Shail was tempted to question him, he could not do so.

There was a reason why Miss Abel came to the Undead Dungeon, but her fear of Kanggeomma was even greater.

Although I tried hard to deny it, my shoulders would tremble slightly whenever I felt Kang Geum-ma's gaze.

Kanggeom-da is a person whose mind is hard to fathom and whose direction you never know where he will go in any given situation.

Cool yet gentle.

It was calm yet fiery.

That chaotic nature struck Shail like a cosmic horror.

“after…….”

Kanggeomma took a deep breath and put the sashimi back into the scabbard.

He opened his mouth in a nonchalant tone, as if he had just peeled an apple.

“Please check the condition before you go in. Oh, and thank you for your hard work, Mr. Michelan. You may go back now.”

At this, Michelangelo shook his head with a face full of joy. Even the lifeless pupils began to sparkle.

“Ah, no. I will stay by your side, Kanggeomma, until the end. This feeling of my heart beating like this is the first time in hundreds of years! I, Michelan, have no regrets even if I die now!”

“… Sir, your gags are really bad.”

As the shock settles, the two exchange pleasantries.

Shail, who was watching the scene, slowly turned his gaze towards Abel.

The young lady also had similar eyes to her own. However, the degree was less than that of Shail. Apart from being surprised, her expression seemed as if she had expected it.

Abel also looked at Shail, as if he noticed his gaze. Then he opened his mouth with a pretended expression of understanding.

“Shai, you were incredibly anxious a moment ago, but your face has calmed down a bit. Are you relieved to see him handle the sword?”

“… Yes, Miss. To be honest, it’s beyond my expectations, no, it’s beyond my imagination. Lord Swordsman… … .”

“I know how you feel. From the first time I saw him until now, I’ve never once been unsurprised.”

Abel smiled bitterly. She turned her gaze back to Kanggeomma. Her

golden eyes were filled with various emotions.

“Sometimes I look at him and feel like there’s a wall. One that I can never get over. And no matter how far I tilt my head back, there’s a wall where I can’t see above.”

“… … .”

“… But if you look at it from a different perspective, that wall. It’s not just me who feels it. Think about it, what would it be like if you encountered a strong swordsman?”

The imagination lasted only a moment.

As that thought crossed Shail’s spine, a cold sweat ran down his spine. The swordsman’s swing was something that made his ribs clench involuntarily.

Abel pursed his lips for a moment, then smiled brightly.

“So, Shail, don’t worry too much. Of course I’m scared, too. We’re going to meet an S-class demon. But whenever you feel anxious, just remember that feeling from earlier. The sense of relief you feel when you have a strong swordsman as your ally, and the feeling you get when you face an enemy… that’s it.”

Thinking about it like that, the lump in my heart seemed to disappear. It was the concept of a ‘routine’ that athletes usually do before every game.

“… Yes, Miss.”

Shail nodded in understanding.

Kanggeomma gave roles to Abel and Shail, and coordinated and corrected the strategy with Michelan, who called himself a strategist.

The plan was simple.

Quick and easy.

Defeat the Draugr before they can assemble their forces.

The strong swordsman leaps and slashes at a rapid pace. [Painless Protection] The activation time is '50 seconds'. However, if you are aiming for a speed battle, that restriction will become meaningless.

The most troublesome ones are the janbaris. Abel and Shail decided to suppress their numbers in the rear.

Additionally, he secures a field of vision in case Michelan, a non-combatant, pops out of the square, and also finds Abel's parents.

Although Michelan has absolutely no fighting ability, his role was to help the three focus on the battle.

The most important thing is to immediately run away as soon as the sign of Ganggeomma is given.

In a way, it was the core of this punitive war.

It was natural that if you stubbornly resisted, you would be beaten to death.

You have to live to see what happens next. It was not something you could risk your life for because of the magic stone.

"—That's the plan. If you have any objections, please tell me now."

There was no reply. It was meant as an affirmative.

In fact, it was a plan that was put together in a hurry, focusing on efficiency rather than system.

But it was hard for anyone to deny that this was the best.

Kanggeomma glanced at the area and then raised his lowered body. He spoke in a determined voice.

"Let's go."

* * *

30 minutes walk down the passageway.

We are descending a flight of stairs whose length is difficult to

estimate.

‘Oh my.’

The musty air and the smell of moisture seeped into my skin and nose. Maybe that was why my heart was pounding and I was covered in cold sweat.

‘But the feeling when I first stepped into the hole was really… … . Even I, who have a lot of courage, felt a chill run down my spine.

An interior completely blocked from any signs of life, external light, or human presence.

Even with a flashlight, it could only illuminate the area just in front of your feet.

Because the slope was steep, I felt my way along the wall and maintained my tension.

‘The road to this boss is more eerie than the mob itself.’

Fortunately, Michelan existed.

He led us from the very front of the display, cutting through the darkness without any lights.

He didn’t forget to check from time to time to see if I was following along well. He was doing everything as a guide.

‘It definitely exceeded my expectations.’

An impeccable assistant.

Damn it.

Michelan’s footsteps stopped. He kept his gaze fixed ahead and stretched his arms behind him. It was a signal to wait a moment.

Michelangelo looked around twice. Then he just turned his head and spoke quietly.

“I think we’ve finally arrived.”

Michelan's expression as he spoke was not very good. His face began to harden like a statue.

It seemed as if he had sensed that something was wrong. His pupils were trembling with anxiety.

I asked him.

"What's wrong, sir?"

"That's… In fact, undead can vaguely perceive each other's spirits."

"What does that mean?"

"You may have noticed from the inscription on the tombstone, but even if the undead's body crumbles, their souls seem to remain in the dungeon. Even if the shell that encases their souls falls off, I don't think they will ever be able to escape the dungeon. Of course, I'm not sure since I'm an undead with intact limbs… … ."

To put it simply, it means that even if the body is destroyed, the soul remains. Even if the body dies, the soul cannot escape this dungeon.

This place was literally a hell that you couldn't escape from even after death. Could people have ever imagined that a seemingly D-rank dungeon would be this kind of hell?

"On the ground, that is, above the stairs, there are not many wandering spirits. In all the centuries I have been here, I have only seen about ten. At the time, I thought I had seen a ghost or something… ."

There is only one intention behind suddenly speaking like that.

"Are there that many here?"

Michelangelo nodded to my question.

"Yes, that's right. And that's why I'm telling you this now. This ridiculous number of souls, I'm convinced when I see this."

"How absurd is that?"

Michelangelo took another quick look around the area. His eyebrows furrowed as his gaze moved.

After finishing checking, he opened his mouth lowly.

“It seems like there are at least a hundred thousand people.”

“… … ?!”

“I’m just estimating, but it’s a huge number. Almost enough to take physical form.”

Everyone was startled by those words and their shoulders shook. With over a hundred thousand souls trapped in this dark, dark room, isn’t this just a den of ghosts?

That was when.

Khuu …

The inside of the room began to shake violently. The air became sticky and the atmosphere became eerie. There was a creepy noise coming from the road, like bugs swarming.

“Everyone, get your weapons out!”

I shouted to the group. Abel and Shail, who had been absent-minded for a moment, immediately moved their hands to their waists.

Pfft!

Suddenly, a bright light appeared in the previously dark scenery. It seemed as if the middle of the night had turned into broad daylight at one o’clock.

“Ugh.”

I groaned at the light that hit my eyes without mercy. My eyes stung.

But I didn’t close my eyes. I had to narrow them as much as possible and somehow secure my field of vision.

I finally strained my eyes to see in the pouring light. Then, I was

dazed by the magnificent view that my retina captured.

“…crazy.”

A space ten times larger than that of the Cow King’s. It already weighs heavily on the shoulders from the surface area.

If it were just the size, it wouldn’t have been that surprising. It’s more strange that the space is so narrow for a place that’s home to S-class demons.

A huge temple stands before our eyes. Although it is a temple in terms of form, its scale is overwhelming.

It was practically an underground city. It was like a mysterious sanctuary often mentioned in conspiracy theories.

However, the materials that made up this magnificent structure were truly creepy. It was made of only three things: bones, skulls, and torn flesh. Even the floor was not a normal road surface, as it shook.

“Ah, no… … .”

The three people opened their eyes one after another. They were unable to continue speaking.

An indescribable emotion spread through my entire body. My lips trembled at the sight of this hellish world.

“Hey, look over there.”

Michelangelo lifted his trembling fingers in amazement. The end of his gaze was the tallest tower of the temple.

At the top was a throne. A vantage point overlooking the entire space. And sitting haughtily on the throne was a figure.

A long distance away. However, I could tell what that being was just by the aura it was emitting.

‘Draug.’

A golden armor ornately crafted with gold and various jewels. A crown is placed on top of the head, signaling to the opponent that he is a king.

In this space filled only with gray and red, the colors were clearly heterogeneous. However, one thing bothered me.

‘Don’t Dragoons use swords?’

On the other hand, that guy’s weapon was a sword. As I stared at it with a bewildered look in my eyes, the air shook again.

Woof woof woof!

The whole area is shaking and the walls are melting.

The next moment, the Draug sitting on the throne slowly raised his head. And slowly, his eyes opened.

At the same time, a voice came out. Not from the front, but from behind.

“iced coffee…….”

The tone was extremely distorted. Eventually, all eyes were focused on one person. It was Abel.

She covered her mouth with both hands, shaking convulsively, but was unable to swallow the sound leaking out through her teeth.

“Ah. Dad… … ?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 127

Episode 127 King of the Dead (6)

Abel was immediately recognizable.

Compared to his body covered in splendid armor, his bones are dark and dull.

The hair, which has completely lost its original color, is as white as a sheet of paper. It is the face of a dead person with no sign of life whatsoever.

But beneath the crown, golden eyes quietly shine out.

Father, Orion von Nibelung.

I had long since given up on the idea that he would be alive. It had already been ten years. If he had been breathing, he would have definitely returned alive.

Until eight years ago, I still had a possibility. I thought that there must be some reason for it to be late. I rationalized it and consoled myself.

However, it is very rare for wishes and reality to overlap.

Five years had passed since my father went missing.

Abel shook off her childishness and buried her parents in her heart. She did not weakly deny reality.

The more I thought about it, the more I remembered my

grandfather's words telling me to take up the sword. I waited for the day when I would definitely find my parents.

… But what is this situation? The author, who has the appearance of a father, is emitting evil magic.

However, his golden eyes were so bright that it was hard to believe he was not my father. The light was only shining in his eyes.

My mind was in disarray. My breathing was out of sync. My heart was pounding as if it was broken.

Hot.

Shail grabbed Abel's shoulder, who was lost in thought. Abel looked at Shail with a blank look.

"Sha, Shail. What the hell is this? That's not Dad, is it? That's not Dad. Dad wouldn't do that."

"…miss."

Shayle bit her lower lip hard. Her teeth dug into her flesh, drawing blood. She was just as confused as ever.

Shail opened his eyes and looked up at the top of the temple.

She also wanted to deny Abel's scream. But look at those eyes. Even though life has faded, they still have a different color.

It was an eye that was only allowed to descendants of the Black Sword. As long as he had that iris, the body of that monster was a familiar name.

'Lord Orion… … .'

Orion was also special to Shail. He took her in, cared for her, and even helped her with her tuition.

In an aristocratic society where the idea of chosen people was prevalent, there were few such people.

There were even those who criticized him behind his back, saying that he was tarnishing the dignity of the nobility.

Nevertheless, Orion served as a shield. He firmly held onto his convictions. He personally showed what it meant to be an adult.

The darkness of this society was pushed away by human warmth.

Shail looked straight into Draugr's eyes. His pupils were sunken, as if he were looking down on all things. His eyes were cold, as if they were flesh.

Only the shell was human. The core had already become a twisted monster that hardened the body into stone, bound the dead, and ruled over hell.

The human who gave Shail new life died, and the void was filled by a monster.

Anger welled up in him. He wanted to take the girl and run away. However, Shail's eyes were already filled with fighting spirit.

'I can't leave Orion like this.'

If the contents of the stele are true, Orion must have been bound to this mountain hell. Furthermore, his body was taken away and he was reduced to a puppet of a monster.

Crunch.

The sound of gold interlocking. Draug creaked as he rose. His movements were artificial, like those of a wooden doll.

It was an extremely slow movement, but my feet did not move. An unknown pressure was pressing down on my entire body. Even though it was a closed room with no wind, there was a current of air.

Crackle- Kanggeomma's molars ground. The situation was far from what was expected.

'Shit.'

Who would have thought there would be such a fucking twist? It turns out that Draugr is Abel's father.

Of course, his mind was completely wiped out. It was a strong swordsman with extraordinary sensitivity. That was a demonic beast without a doubt. And it was an S-class natural disaster.

Even unlike the time of Agor, this place is the main base of the Draugr. And for some reason, the 'Staff of the Reaper' is nowhere to be seen.

Not only that, Abel was in a panic. At least Shail seemed to have come to his senses.

The plan was a mess and it was hard to find a way out. It was clear that the best option was to escape.

"… … ."

But he didn't feel like doing that at all. Kanggeomma felt pure anger.

To Draugr, the King of Lich, who has defiled the wishes of a girl who has dreamed of him for ten years.

Kanggeomma is originally far from a sense of justice. It was also the magic stone that led him to this place. For the purpose, unnecessary emotions were excluded.

However, I do not tolerate the injustice right before my eyes.

Kanggeomma thought of Abel talking about his father. His face was hazy and filled with longing.

But, in front of such a person, he is insulting the deceased. It is probably a type of demon that parasitizes the host. Some of the boss mobs in the game are of that type.

'Why did Draugr have to be that type of demon… … .'

If I had known this would happen, I would have strongly opposed Abel from coming.

Even with a vibranium mentality, it would be difficult to maintain one's sanity. Abel's reaction is actually a testament to his strength. Normally, he would have covered his forehead and fainted.

As the atmosphere became filled with despair, Michelangelo shouted.

"Everyone, wake up! This is not the time to be doing this!"

It was a thunderous voice that was hard to believe was from an undead. Michelan met Abel's gaze as he trembled and spoke.

"Although I am of this body, I am human at heart. I completely understand Abel's feelings. However, as a descendant of the Sword Saint, you should remain calm at times like this. He is no longer your father."

Abel raised his head at those words. Michelan smiled faintly and comforted her.

"Wow… Your face looks exactly like the first swordsman. If he saw it, he would definitely be proud."

"…mister."

"'When you are confused, feel the feel of the sword handle on your knuckles to gain courage.' This is what the first sword master often said to me. So, hold the sword and move forward. I am sure that is what your father would want."

A look of confidence appeared on Michelan's face.

"… … ."

Abel's gaze shifted to my right hand. My palm was covered in calluses. The effort I had put in for this day was still clearly visible on my hand.

She slowly closed her eyes. The air currents were already turbulent and the crisis was just around the corner.

At that moment, Draug rose from his throne and planted the tip of his sword into the ground. Then, the dark energy that had been wrapped

around the blade seeped into the ground.

Choke. Choke. Choke. Choke. Choke.

Choke. Choke. Choke. Choke. Choke.

Choke. Choke. Choke. Choke. Choke.

Strange noises echo from all directions. Undead crawl out of a temple filled with human bones.

“Ewwwwwwwwwwwww!”

The undead roared, clutching their bruised blades. There were only about a hundred of them. But the number would soon grow uncontrollably.

The ghosts began to trudge forward. Black flowers bloomed from their gaping eye sockets.

Finally, Abel opened his eyes. Wherever he looked, there was only death.

The sad souls who wish for eternal rest. Among them was my father.

…then there is only one thing that can be done.

She breathed a strong breath of determination into her palm. She felt the touch of each joint of the sword hilt.

Abel said to Kang Geum-ma.

“As originally planned, I will leave Draugr to you, Sword Horse. Shayle and I will take care of the rest.”

“… Are you okay?”

Abel nodded slightly at Kang Geum-ma’s question.

He couldn’t fight the Draugr with his own strength. The only one who could deal with that monster was the Strong Sword Horse.

Of course, I have a burning desire to save my father. However, if I let

myself be swayed by unnecessary emotions, I will ruin things and die.

Now is the time to bend your will and trust Kanggeomma. Abel made up his mind and opened his mouth again.

“But promise me one thing. Make sure you… … take care of your father.”

“okay.”

Before he could finish his sentence, the answer came back. Kanggeomma untied Murasame’s rope. The protruding blade emitted a ray of light.

Even in the midst of all this, the undead were approaching with strides, screaming. Their formation was shabby, but their demeanor was fierce, as if they were not afraid of death.

Sararak.

Soon, Murasame reveals the day clearly.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

Paat-!

[▷NEW! The activation time has been readjusted as follows according to the number of times the Painless Protection effect has been manifested.]

[※ Activation time: (50►60) seconds.]

Kanggeomma opened his eyes. There was a monster in human skin standing at the top.

Draugr, the lord of death.

“Even though he is the immortal king.”

The red lines drawn on the golden armor were visible on his retina. Looking at it, Kanggeomma smiled briefly.

“If you cut it, it’s bound to fall apart.”

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

《May God bless you.》

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

* * *

The undead's numbers grew rapidly. At first, there were about a hundred, but after a few seconds, their numbers were approaching a thousand.

The entire temple was a pile of corpses. When a draugr stabbed his sword into the ground, the wandering souls would inhabit the rotten flesh. It was an endless army that never ended no matter how many times he cut it.

but.

-Crunch!

A sharp beam of light cut off the undead's neck.

Knock knock knock.

After hitting his head on the pavement, Kanggeomma jumped back again.

Bang – the condensed air burst,

Soon the new model stretched out in a long line and disrupted the formation.

"Keuu …

Bam.

A single scream. And the head fell. The arms holding the weapons flew into the air.

Michelangelo's eyes rolled dynamically 360 degrees.

At that moment, Sashimi announced another bell.

I felt it the moment I set foot in the temple.

Kuhuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu

Before I knew it, I heard this-

Ssung, swoosh, squeak!

—It was replaced by this kind of leather sound.

Abel and Shail, who assisted Kanggeomma from behind, were also excellent.

Shail incapacitated his enemies by precisely stabbing their calves with an iron skewer. The opponents would not die if they were stabbed in the heart, vital points, or spleen.

In that case, attack the bridge to disrupt the battle line. Find a sabotage method in an instant and execute it immediately.

Short consideration, omission of judgment, immediate action.

With fluid and smooth body movements like a gymnast, she moved through the enemy lines. The stiff undead fell down with a thud at her movements.

Michelan turned his gaze slightly. Abel, who was standing still, cut down the undead as soon as they came.

The once drawn arc wrapped around the enemy. The necks of the undead were torn off like corn.

At first glance, it is a simple tragedy that seems almost plain. However, the essence contained within it is perfect without any catch.

Indeed, the traces of the first sword master remain in the sword dance. If she blooms, she will surely become infinitely close to the sword master.

‘…but.’

Michelangelo's gaze turned towards the road ahead.

A huge wave of corpses crashed down, showing no sign of slowing down.

"Eee …

In the middle of it all, Kang Geum-ma stands there blankly. He lifts up the sashimi.

A halo of light hung on the blade. An aura flowed down his entire forearm.

To be able to emit an aura at that age, you must have mastered the art and essence of the sword.

What on earth has been happening out there for the past 700 years?

"under."

Kanggeomma took a short breath. Then he stared at the tsunami quietly.

"Your Majesty!"

Michelan was on the move. In response, Kanggeomma struck down the sashimi wrapped in aura.

————————Crunch!

"oh my god."

Michelangelo could not help but be astonished.

The words I was about to shout were stuck in my throat.

The gaping ranks of the undead. Blood was sticky and clammy in the gaps between the waves that had split in half.

Michelangelo felt the hairs on his arms stand on end. It was perhaps the most shocking thing he had ever seen in his life.

"… … ."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 128

Episode 128 King of the Dead (7)

The Undead Dungeon was originally a tomb. It was a catacomb, a place to honor the resting place of fallen heroes.

However, even stones are weathered and turned into sand in the face of the flow of time. Their history is also gradually forgotten from memory.

… And so hundreds of years passed again. Magic flowed into the catacombs that were once the tombs of war heroes.

A demon that takes over a hero's body and uses it as a servant. A monster that deprives and tramples on the ego, that is Draugr.

However, even with such tricks, the spirit of the times is not easily broken. Even with a body reduced to rags, the hero resisted with his soul set ablaze.

The legacy was the stone tablet in front of the dungeon. A hundred people died to carve one character. It was the cost for the spirit to exert physical power.

Still, they dug up the asbestos with hope. They left behind human letters. Waiting for humans to save them someday.

And then one day.

The man who inherited the legacy of the Black Sword knocked on the grave. It was ten years ago.

* * *

“Creeeeeeek!”

A terrible roar erupted from all sides. The undead swarmed like bees at incredible speed. It took only a few seconds for half of the spacious hall to be filled.

“Tsk.”

Kanggeomma clicked his tongue. It was an unfavorable situation from the start. He didn’t expect it to be easy.

However, the rise of the undead horde was far beyond expectations. They say that the S-class is the most difficult to subdue, but I wondered if that was true.

A fleeting thought. At that moment, a swarm of undead approaches like rats.

They played with their creaking arms. Dozens of attacks rushed toward the strong swordsman from all directions.

There was no way to avoid it. Jagged iron pieces flew from every blind spot and every nook and cranny of my vision.

The undead’s momentum cast a dark shadow over Kanggeomma’s face. A shadow that tried to eat away at the light of life.

Then, Kanggeomma grabbed Murasame’s rope instead of the sword handle. He immediately whipped Sashimi.

Whirilirirririrrik—

The sashimi was bent and broken like an island.

Ke/ek- kkeu/eung-!

Cre/rek- kkee/ge-ek-

Kkara/Agaa/Gaak-

The blade pierced flesh and tore through the heart and internal

organs. There was a thud and a thud as body parts were cut. The long drawn sword stroke bit the undead like a poisonous snake.

“Euaaraadaaraakaaaak!”

There was a noise of cutting and crushing. In the meantime, Kanggeomma swung the Eternal Frost with his other hand. The group of undead that was approaching collapsed on the cold iron.

A swordsmanship that combines long-range and close-range combat. It was a skill that made good use of the magic of dual wielding.

Shayle turned his eyes to look at the scene of the massacre. A black head stood out in the center.

“… That’s really.”

When I saw it in person, my body naturally cringed. It really felt like the reincarnation of the devil. To be honest, it was just the devil himself.

It was like that a while ago. I split the undead group like the Red Sea with sashimi. At the time, the fierce battle was so intense that I was momentarily shocked… … .

Sail glanced around.

Abel is fighting fiercely, swinging her sword. Her blade clashes with the iron bars.

Clang- A sliver of fire flew and Abel cut off his neck and legs at the same time. It was a well-balanced dance of attack and evasion.

‘Young lady, your growth is amazing.’

But look at the swordsman. The tip of the sword is sharp. The movements are violent. The ground is soaked with flesh and blood.

The individual was completely overwhelming the group.

‘That’s not the realm of talent.’

It was no longer the scope of technology. It was pure violence.

The Ganggeomma was a being that was like an idea for cutting and slicing the enemy.

———Crunch!

Dozens died at the same time. The sashimi turned into blood in an instant.

Kanggeomma swung his blade with dry eyes. The hard lumps fell to the ground with a clattering sound.

And then another leap. This time, Kanggeomma threw himself towards the group first.

Whirlwind.

Kanggeomma freely changed the hilt of his sword between reverse and positive. The sword spun like a pinwheel on his palm.

A continuous barrage of attacks. The strong swordsman sweeps through the enemy and destroys them. The army, which is shaking like a swarm of ants, is put to sleep with the sword.

Blood mist began to thicken. It was a horrific scene with corpses strewn about and screams incessant.

The swordsman took a big step forward.

Crunch.

One more step towards the top of the temple.

Crunch.

Crushing the dead scattered everywhere.

Crunch.

Blood dripped from the tip of the sashimi knife.

* * *

“Oh, shit.”

I couldn’t help but curse. No matter how much I cut, there was no end to it. The distance left to Draug was only a few dozen meters.

I thought I only needed to jump once, but time was running out.

‘About 30 seconds or so.’

What’s really fortunate is that the usage time of [Painless Protection] has been adjusted just before the battle.

‘If it weren’t for that, the time limit would have run out long ago.’

In addition, as the manifestation of the Guardian became more proficient, time usage became more flexible. Even though it felt like over a minute had passed since I had engaged in a battle with the undead army, there were no major issues.

[Sword God’s Protection] The condition for manifestation is the act of removing the scabbard. It does not manifest when wrapped in a blade.

The inspiration for this was the ‘Balgeom’. Even in battle, there is a gap in the offensive.

Of course, it’s only a split second, but at that moment, he immediately draws his sword. And then, as he goes on the offensive again, he pulls out his blade.

If this cycle continues, the 60-second time will be extended a bit. It was like a kind of inertia effect.

Well, it’s only about 20 seconds at most, but it means a lot to me.

But the problem is that there are too many enemies. The undead are swarming all the way to where the Draugr is. A scene that you would normally see in a zombie movie was unfolding right before your eyes.

‘It’s impossible to get through all of this.’

The head itself couldn’t even be touched. Even if you sliced and

slashed the undead, the situation wouldn't end until you hit the head.

I opened my eyes wide. A draugr was standing firm on the summit. It was staring at me intently, with both hands wrapped around the end of its sword hilt.

A golden eye sparkled softly in the center of his dried-up eyes. His unmoving posture as he looked down from his throne gave him the air of a 'king.'

"… He looks really cool."

It was a new feeling. I thought it was just a demon who pushed forward with a lot of force. It was a spirit that stabbed my whole body without mercy, and the atmosphere was also eerie.

My lips were dry. I reflexively moistened them with my tongue.

Well, the body that was used as a host was Abel's father.

A descendant of the Sword Master, a swordsman.

And since it was encroached by Draugr, it wouldn't be unreasonable to think of it as a demon slightly below the level of a legion commander.

… But the biggest issue wasn't that guy's strength. [The Sword God's Protection] is a bamboo spear. If you somehow get close, it can cut even the uncutable.

'We need to get as close as possible.'

Then, I would have to either grab the collar or stab him with a knife. If I got blocked on my way, I thought the world would be so unfair.

'We must not waste [Painless Protection] any longer.'

If you waste time here, you are doomed to failure.

It's a plan correction. First, approaching that guy was the priority.

'Isn't there an ability to fly among the protective abilities? In martial

arts novels, the best masters walk in the air and stuff.'

At that moment, a thought flashed through my mind.

'Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee… … .'

Well, what if there were something floating in the air that you could use as a stepping stone? Wouldn't you be able to step on it and jump? You might not be able to fly, but you could hop around like a rabbit.

Suddenly, I lowered my gaze. Undead were rushing in from all over the place, and pieces of meat were piled up like a mountain. There were scraps that could be used as footholds scattered everywhere.

"… … ."

Of course, this isn't a zero-gravity space, so I won't just float around.

Moreover, if you misstep even once, you will immediately fall. Everything you have done up to this point will be in vain.

If I were in my right mind, I wouldn't have even thought of such a thing, but with the athleticism of [Protection of the Sword God].

Moreover, the scope of vision has expanded tremendously. It was not a gamble with zero chance.

"I'm going to die anyway."

I do it immediately. I sweep the pavement in a circle with my feet. Human bones and pieces of flesh rise to knee height.

Then, he kicked the dregs up. Thanks to the training he had undergone, his legs had gotten better and he jumped up with a powerful surge.

He drew his sword straight away. After activating the swordsman's protection, he kicked the ground.

————————————————————Kwaang!

… The foot of the strong sword horse that jumped up suddenly

touched the first piece. Then, the black pupil and brain moved quickly. His subconscious formed the optimal path in an instant.

The swordsman who had finished the design immediately shot his body. Like an arrow struck by a sword, he moved with a loud noise.

Every time he stepped on the floating pieces, Kanggeomma felt his body become lighter.

The airtime gradually increased. Acceleration followed. Elasticity and agility were also at the level of superhumans.

In the true sense of the word, Kanggeomma walked freely through the air.

I felt like a swallow. The rough wind swept across my cheeks in the sticky, turbid water.

Pavabavabavabat!

In an instant, he reached the last step. Only then did the image of Draugr appear on his retina. He looked up at the strong swordsman flying towards him.

“her.”

Draug’s pupils vibrated. His dull, lifeless eyes began to glow.

The thoughts of the human Orion within the body surged. The demon’s eyes were filled with anticipation. The consciousness that had been thin had returned for a moment.

Orion closed his eyes and opened them. An army of the dead grew beneath his feet. Poor people who yearned for death.

Ten years ago, Orion accidentally heard the truth about the Undead Dungeon. The story was that the Catacombs, the tombs of the heroes, had turned into a den of demons.

I visited the dungeon with my wife to investigate the facts.

They looked at the inscription on the stone tablet in front of the

entrance. It was rune, but Orion, who had prepared carefully, could understand the contents.

It was a prophecy.

“The dead wish. For a human to appear who can break this curse. For a saint with a sword who can cut the shackles of immortality to descend.”

It was the moment when doubt turned into certainty. A human who could break the curse.

‘The Saint of Swords.’

Orion thought that phrase was himself. He was a natural born giraffe.

Orion was always humble, but he wanted to surpass his father, ‘Geomje’. It may have been his pride as a prosecutor. However, he wanted to be a proud father to his daughter.

So Orion and his wife entered the den of the dead.

A family was struck by tragedy.

His wife, who came with him, died, and it is unknown when or where. Orion was crowned by the devil who coveted his body.

The ego dried up quickly. Still, a face suddenly appeared in one corner of his mind. His daughter. The name was erased from his memory, but she was infinitely precious.

For ten years, my only daughter held onto my fragile self.

Orion reflexively lowered his gaze. A girl was swinging a sword. He unconsciously realized that the girl was his daughter.

‘You’ve grown a lot.’

Who would have thought that a child who was so small when he left home would grow so quickly?

Orion looked up at the road. A boy who seemed to be modeled after

darkness approached him. As he got closer, a clear sword sound rang in his ears.

Even though his soul was eaten by the devil, his essence is that of a prosecutor. A race that becomes hotter when faced with a cold blade. A single ray of consciousness soon made his hand move.

Orion raised his sword. It had been ten years since he had held it properly.

Kiiing.

The faint sound of a sword spread. It was a rare sword.

Finally, the strong sword horse takes its last step. A holy white light blooms in the air.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

An aura bloomed like wings along the entire arm of the strong swordsman. It was huge enough to fill the entire field of vision.

Draugr stared at the strong swordsman and muttered.

“He who brings peace to the dead.”

The Lich King, Draugr, was nothing more than a puppet, no different from any other undead.

It was a throne in name only. A true monarch is one who gives us the final judgment.

“He is the king of the dead.”

Draugr aimed his sword at the strong swordsman and prayed on behalf of the dead.

“Please show mercy.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 129

Episode 129: The King of the Dead (8)

Abel's side profile, which had been holding back the army for a long time, suddenly became warm. Light seeped into the corner of her vision. Her gaze reflexively followed the light source.

"… … !"

It wasn't just Abel. Every eye in the room followed the strange light. The next moment, everyone was struck by a sacred sight.

Swaaaaaaaaaah.

A flash of light burst from the heights, clearing away the hellish path. A warmth I haven't felt in centuries. The warmth of life spread through the room.

The dead looked up helplessly at the light. They felt their hearts beating again.

As the immense energy suppresses the magical power in the vicinity, the undead briefly regain their senses. Joy and hope fill their faces.

They instinctively knew that this human boy was their savior who would free them from this curse.

"iced coffee……."

Someone cried out loud. It was Michelan. He could hardly hold back his tears from the overwhelming excitement. He opened his mouth in

a wet voice.

“The dead have hopes.”

Clang, clang-!

Then, broken pieces of iron fell to the ground. The fighting spirit in the eyes of the dead had completely faded away.

Starting with Michelan, croaking sounds came from here and there. The undead who had some sound voices were squeezing out sounds. So some of them added their mouths to Michelan.

“May a human appear who can break this curse.”

Abel and Shail couldn’t hide their surprise. It was too sudden for them to realize what was happening.

Suddenly, the undead horde stops attacking and starts speaking all at once. Their vocal cords are torn and their pronunciation is slurred, but their words are full of earnestness.

“The saint of swordsmanship who will cut the shackles of immortality has descended.”

The song of the dead continued.

Among them, the strong sword horse dashed through the air and rushed at the draugr. The aura fluttering like a white robe soon covered the demon.

Kwaaaaang!

The impact caused a huge ripple. A sharp wind blew, and cracks began to form on the ceiling.

Bang!

A sharp, piercing sound. There was the sound of iron biting iron.

Draugr barely managed to block the blow that had wrapped itself around Aura. His limbs trembled even as he braced his sword with

his other hand. The pavement beneath his feet caved in.

‘This is a great swordsmanship.’

It wasn’t the weight of a small blade. It was the pressure of being struck by a dull axe.

However, the corners of Draugr’s mouth twitched and then opened wide, revealing yellow teeth and purple gums.

Oh, what a feeling it has been. Is there a moment when the blood boils more than when an inspector faces the sword?

In fact, if I had just taken this sword attack, I would have gone to rest right away. But I didn’t want to do that.

The flesh had already met its end. Now I had no fear of eternal destruction.

Just this boy in front of me. I wanted to pour out all the remaining fighting spirit and awe I had in him at the last moment.

Thump, thump.

Draugr extended his sword. Sashimi struck the blade. A shrill, metallic sound was heard. Aftershock, his fingers tingled.

Draugr’s pupils slowly opened. He was the one who attacked, but he was instead put on the defensive.

‘There is no waste in movement.’

It was fast. It rained down dizzyingly, but it was a series of attacks with logic. Each attack made my body feel like it was going to break apart. There was no time to even groan.

Sasak.

Kanggeomma took a low stance. He held the Mannyeonseol in reverse and drew a crescent moon. The cold blade smoothly cut through the armor.

Seo-geong!

A beam of light passed over the draugr's right shoulder. The golden armor crumbled and the severed arm rolled across the pavement.

… … !

The swordsmanship was so clean that it was hard to understand the principle. I didn't even realize that I had cut it.

Papak! Pavabat! Squeak!

The blade flies, drawing light. A pure white aura follows. The retinas of those watching were illuminated by the multiple arms of the strong swordsman.

Draugr turned the hilt of his sword at an angle, intending to block some of the strikes. He still had pride in his sword.

—however.

Boom! Crunch! Crunch!!

A sword play that blocked movement itself. The blade gnawed through the armor, causing golden dust to scatter.

Phew.

Gold dust swept by the fierce sword wind fell like snow, covering the scene of corpses and maggots.

Tsk tsk- The crack in the ceiling was getting wider. A faint ray of light began to leak out through the crack.

The cold blade cuts through the draugr's entire body. His chest swelled as if it would burst. Blood that was like cold water rushed out. Steam rose from the cracks in his torn skin.

'The interest is clear.'

The prophecy turned into certainty. In that moment, the draugr and the dead shared thoughts and feelings.

It was a false throne, but he was the Lich King. The dead also felt that vivid emotion.

The dead tied together the Lich King's thoughts on his behalf. Each had their own will woven into their words.

Kanggeomma opened his eyes wide. His black pupils looked beyond his opponent. There was a question that had been there since he first set foot here.

'Where is the staff of death?'

At first, I thought it was just some kind of mistake. However, when I crossed swords with the draugr, I realized the truth.

A jewel-studded branch stuck into Draug's chest like a nail, and it throbbed and beat like life.

'That's it.'

The mysterious jewel had a tangled, crimson thread. That must be the source of the transcendent magic.

'The magic stone of immortality.'

However, the magic stone was tightly entangled with threads like a protective shield. If you moved your sword wrongly, the gem would be cut off along with it.

However, there is not enough time left to cut it precisely.

1 second.

Kanggeomma took a short breath. Then he quickly put Sashimi back into the scabbard on his waist.

The aura was purer than usual. The wishes of the dead gathered at the tip of Sashimi's sword. They prayed to the savior who had finally appeared.

A circular ring of light appeared behind Kanggeomma's back. It was a holy radiance.

Kanggeomma tightened his grip. He won't cut twice. He must finish it in one stroke. Immediately, his shoulders became hazy.

Lead.

condensation.

Sword.

The process took place simultaneously. There were hundreds of thousands of eyes watching. However, only Draugr captured the moment with his own eyes.

Seo————————Worry!

A cutting sound that resonates like ripples.

The sword light stretched out with all its might. A straight pillar of light pierced through the upper body of the draugr and the magic stone at once.

A jagged line appeared on Draug's waist, and soon he began to slide like a bowling pin.

"… … ."

Gold dust scattered like snowflakes. A piece landed on Abel's nose. Abel's golden eyes gathered into a circle.

"… Gold… eyes?"

The golden eagle pushes away the horrific hell. And the dead who sit here praise the heroes who burned their bodies for humanity.

dump.

Someone was down on one knee, his toes pointing towards the central tower.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Starting with him, the dead knelt and bowed their heads. In an instant, the air became solemn.

“… This is.”

Abel looked around the area. The skeletal pillars and temple that made up the temple were melting away.

Urrrrrrrr!

It’s collapsing. The prison that binds and shackles death.

Kwakwakwakwakwakwakwang!

A curse that made you live and rot under the pretext of immortality.

The bodies of the undead also collapsed one by one like sand castles. Even in the midst of this, dozens of them saluted the same place. There was a distinct color in their eyes.

They spat out their last words.

“To our king.”

Even though the body will soon turn to dust, I respect a human being.

“Glory be to him.”

Towards the black-haired boy.

* * *

[NEW! You have acquired a new item.]

Phew-!

= = = =

〈Stone of Immortality〉

The Immortal Magic Stone is made up of the blood of hundreds of thousands of dead people.

Their resentment dwells in this small world, but their hope also remains.

Listen to the voice of the dead.

Then they will open the gates of the underworld and answer your call.

◈ Classification

: Magic Stone

◈ Description

: The source of the curse that bound the dead and the crystallization of magical power.

: However, at present, the deceased's vital energy has been completely removed and purified.

: Can be used to strengthen weapons.

◈ Potential

: Holders of 《Special/Title》 are granted additional potential abilities.

: The time and conditions for the manifestation of potential abilities are arbitrarily adjusted depending on external factors.

= = = =

"I finally got it… … ."

A smile came to my lips unconsciously. I had crossed the line between life and death many times.

It is true that rewards are double the joy when they are achieved after trials.

‘But what is this?’

I’m particularly drawn to the words potential ability and title. I’ve never gotten the immortal magic stone when I was a user, so I don’t know much about its effects.

It seems to be different from the ‘special ability’ granted when strengthening weapons.

“Ugh.”

… The feeling of relief was fleeting. A single groan escaped between my teeth.

I pushed myself too hard. I tried to finish it in under a second, but it seems the aura output was a bit excessive.

The corners of his lips, which had been rising due to the pain that was coming, twisted. He wrapped his forehead. A hot sensation spread across his forehead.

‘… I think I’ll be sick in bed for a few days.’

I gritted my teeth. The situation wasn’t completely over yet. I lowered my gaze slightly.

Abel’s father, who had been a draugr until just now, was lying peacefully on the ground.

Although the upper and lower body were separated, the expression was infinitely calm. The fingertips were turning into dust. Even if you look closely, there wasn’t much time left.

He moved his parched lips.

“Are you by any chance a member of my daughter’s group?”

I nodded silently. A bright smile appeared on his lips.

“Thank you.”

“It’s not me who should be thanking you, but Abel himself. He’s the

one who's been waiting for you for ten years."

I pointed behind me with my thumb. There, Abel was staring blankly in my direction.

Orion laughed softly at that.

"I see. Ever since I was young, once I got hooked on something, I would dig deep into it. I still do that."

"… Well, I get the feeling that he has a bit of a poisonous personality."

"Hahaha, in that respect, you seem to resemble your father more than me. My father, that is, your highness the swordsman, has exactly that kind of personality."

I am experiencing it firsthand. I just nodded.

Orion, who had been laughing at him for a long time, soon let out a deep breath. The golden-eyed Lee Chae-do was also sinking deeply.

"I would like to have a talk with my daughter, but… … I don't have much time left."

"… If you have any last words, I will convey them on your behalf."

Orion's eyebrows rose. Soon, he quietly turned his eyes to look at Abel. Various emotions flashed through his eyes.

He closed his eyes, opened them, and suddenly shook his head.

"It's okay. If I think about it, if I say a word, that child will definitely be greatly affected. So, for Abel's sake, I want to leave without saying anything. I want that child to go his own way."

"…All right."

With those words, Orion turned his gaze back to the ceiling. He smiled as he basked in the sunlight streaming in through the cracks.

"Thank you. Thanks to you, I am finally seeing the light."

Orion’s entire body was blown away by the wind and slowly disappeared. He let out a faint breath and spoke.

“May God bless you.”

Whew.

… After a while, the undead horde begins to disappear.

“… … .”

Countless spirits were granted rest and became a part of nature.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 130

Episode 130 Qualification (1)

Silence fell on the room. It was a quiet silence that suited the place called a graveyard.

Pass.

The undead that had been swarming like a swarm of ants each turned to dust and entered eternal rest.

Of course, Michelangelo was among them. He just lowered his gaze and looked at his palm. The tips of his fingers were turning into dust and scattering.

“Heh heh-”

A bright smile appeared on Michelan’s lips. His body was crumbling. He would only have a few minutes left on earth.

But there was not a bit of regret in his heart. It was only with a feeling of relief that Michelan closed his eyes.

“Mr. Michelan!”

Abel called him in an urgent tone. Her eyes were red with tears.

Michelangelo accepted the words with a sheepish smile.

“Descendant of the Black Sword, please don’t make that face. This little guy has lived for 700 years. This is the comfortable ending I’ve always hoped for, so I hope you’ll send him off with a smile.”

"… Well, still."

Abel wrinkled his nose to keep himself from crying. It had only been a few hours, but Michelan had been a great support.

A little while ago, when I was half out of my mind, Michelan had consoled me. Although he was a moving corpse, he was a man more human than anyone else.

He turns into a handful of dirt. He says goodbye with a bright smile.

Michelangelo continued in a calm tone.

"Your Majesty, you may only feel your father's sorrow."

Abel captured the moment of his father's last words in his eyes. And for a moment, their eyes met.

A soft smile that drew a crescent moon. With that, my father turned to dust. The dazzling sunlight poured light on the place where he had been lying.

Abel wiped away his tears. The reward for his wish that he had been harboring since he was seven was his father's smile.

Although he could not find his mother, he must have rested in peace with his father.

Abel wanted to show himself as a grown man rather than mourn.

"… … ."

Meanwhile, Michelangelo stared up at the crumbling tower. A boy stood with his back turned, his black hair flowing lazily in the wind.

Kang Geum-ma was an unusual boy.

His speech and attitude were somewhat stiff. His eyes were cynical and his gestures were merciless.

Moreover, he wielded his sword like a ghost and then immediately released an aura.

Even for Michelangelo, who had lived several times longer than most people, it was a fresh shock.

‘Black hair and black hair… … .’

Michelan pondered the external features of the swordsman. With half of his arm gone, he continued to search his memory.

I can’t quite remember… Michelangelo had extraordinary intellectual curiosity. If things continued like this, it would be an uneasy ending, the only regret I have.

Michelan’s eyebrows narrowed. He calmly scanned the revolving lantern, lost in the past.

“… … !”

Then suddenly a piece of memory came to mind.

It was 700 years ago. It was around the time when I met Aaron Nibelung by chance through my cousin’s friend.

Since he was good at talking even while he was alive, I talked to him about various things.

Aaron, who was loved by the sword, had a very easygoing personality.

Moreover, her golden eyes, which sparkled like stars, had the power to attract people. She was a woman who received attention in everything she did, just like your descendant Abel.

His every word was full of life, and everything he did was riveting.

Her voice was always full of confidence and compassion.

In particular, the image of you speaking about your teacher, the proto-hero Balor Joaquin, is vivid in my mind.

* * *

“Michelangelo, you know what? People think my teacher is a great

guy, but in fact, most of them are just idiots."

Aaron blurted out words while lighting a campfire. Michelan was startled by her words.

"Ah, no. Even if you are the Master of the Sword, if you slander the hero of the first poem like that, you will be punished by heaven!"

"Hahaha! People are giving too much credit to the Master. The Master is just a human being. Should I say that he is even more stupid in other aspects? Anyway, he is a unique and stupid character. That description is perfect."

"… … ."

Aaron chuckled along with him, poking the poker. Something was so funny that his smile spread across his face. Michelan just kept his mouth shut.

"But actually, I also say this. I can't deny the fact that he's a genius. How should I put it? His appearance and atmosphere are completely different from other people… … Sometimes, it feels like he's fallen from another world."

"I am sorry, but how is the hero of the poem different from you? You are someone who never shows your face… …. I am afraid that I might commit the rudeness of not recognizing you later."

"Oh, don't worry about that. You'll know it when you see it."

"…yes?"

Before continuing, Aaron smiled faintly. She stared at the sparks popping out and spoke.

"Black hair and black eyes, what do you think? You'll recognize me when you see me in person? Oh, right. And please keep it a secret that I talked behind your back, Master. Until the day I die. For sure! For sure!"

* * *

“…her.”

A gasp escaped from Michelangelo’s teeth. Perhaps it was a fabricated memory.

I wondered if my discernment had become clouded by the long years. But what was this goosebump that had appeared on my arm?

At that moment, Kanggeomma jumped down from the top of the tower. He landed gently on the ground and took brisk strides.

Thud, thud.

Michelan held out his one remaining hand. Even that arm was rapidly oxidized, becoming transparent. Even the outline of the body was blurred like fog.

I won’t be able to hold out until the author gets here. Michelangelo shook off his regret with a bitter smile.

Just the pride of having shared this moment is enough. It must be an honor that not everyone can enjoy.

Shail, who was watching the scene from the side, asked him.

“Do you have anything to say to the sword master?”

At first glance, Shail had insisted on subduing Michelan, but her expression was also gloomy.

Michelangelo hesitated for a moment, but soon shook his head.

“doesn’t exist.”

“… … .”

A stubborn answer came back.

In the middle of the picture, Michelangelo laughs out loud.

“I promised to take it to the grave with someone I know. Just tell them I’m grateful.”

“mister!”

Abel shouted in surprise. Michelangelo smiled brightly.

“Please take care of the future.”

* * *

Immediately after leaving the Undead Dungeon, we headed straight to our lodgings.

“… … .”

“… … .”

“… … .”

Inside the taxi heading to the hotel, the air was heavy. The driver read the expressions on the faces of the people in the rearview mirror and stepped on the accelerator without saying a word.

When I got to my room, I fell into bed as if I had fainted.

This journey was a great success. Not only did I obtain the ‘Stone of Immortality’, which was my original goal, but I also suffered no damage.

Shail suffered a minor scrape. She said it would get better with a few patches.

‘I’m worried, but that’s what the person involved said.’

On the other hand, Abel looked visibly tired. He was just staring blankly out the window in the taxi. He seemed to be feeling fine, but his head was in a mess.

My joints were aching from the aftereffects of [Protection of the Sword God]. However, on the outside, I looked completely clean without any minor injuries.

Fortunately, I avoided going to the hospital thanks to the pain relief rate. To be honest, I only avoided hospitalization, but my body was

completely exhausted.

For the time being, it is impossible to manifest Gaho. At that time, I will really be lying in a hospital bed for five days. I came all the way overseas to just smell medicine.

Just thinking about it makes me frown.

“ha.”

For some reason, I felt suffocated as if there was a thorn stuck in my neck. I lay down, supporting my head with my arm.

I stared blankly at the ceiling for a long time.

“… … .”

I was about to fall asleep right away when I took out the magic stone I had been holding. I held it with my tongs and looked at it from different angles under the soft light.

A boulder that radiated a charming luster. The finish was rather rough for a jewel.

“A stone like this can kill so many people… … .”

I remembered what had happened just a few hours ago. Countless dead people had suffered for hundreds of years on this stone the size of a handful.

The Lich King Draugr, he too was a victim of this damned stone… In fact, this tiny stone was the main body.

“If it were up to me, I’d like to chew it up.”

I clicked my tongue and put the magic stone in my pocket. It was clearly in the status window earlier—

‘It is a pure gem that has been cleansed of the spirit of the dead.’

—As you said, it may be ominous, but it won’t drain magic power like before.

Even if there is any sign of that, I intend to destroy it on the spot.

Even though strengthening your weapons, or more precisely, ‘granting special abilities’, is something you want, it’s foolish to take risks.

But apart from that, I was curious about what kind of additional abilities it would have. What kind of expression would it make when I brought it to Buland after the vacation was over?

He’ll probably ask you in detail, with his eyes twice as big as before, “Where did you get that?” Then you’ll just have to tell him that you picked it up somewhere.

I can tell just by looking at him that he’s a loose-lipped old man, but I don’t want to just reveal the source.

And there’s another way of life I learned while trying to persuade Shail today. Just go out shamelessly. I kept pushing, and she just moved her lips.

‘You can omit the explanation as much as possible from now on. Because once you see the results, you’ll probably keep your mouth shut.’

While looking at the ceiling, I suddenly muttered.

“I wonder if Abel is okay.”

He had a particularly bad expression. Well, his father had turned into a strange demon and then disappeared completely.

Abel only achieved his initial goal of ‘seeing the end of his father’, but he failed to achieve anything ultimately.

Even though I was the one who killed his father, in a way, I deserved to be hated by her. However, Abel did not show any dissatisfaction.

Instead, he thanked me. He said he was really grateful that I listened to his request. His choked voice still lingers in my ears.

How much must Abel have had to discipline himself to say those

words? It's a superhuman level of self-control that makes you wonder if he's even a teenager.

Even Abel's father closed his eyes, holding back words, saying that it might have a negative impact.

Indeed, should we say that grandfather, that father, that granddaughter…? … I feel once again that the Nibelung family tree is extraordinary.

'I should have just made up a few words and told you.'

That thought was fleeting. She immediately shook her head and denied it. The person who must have been most desperate for her was her father.

But he was very careful with his words. He hoped that your daughter would grow up even more.

And for me to add to that? That would be a betrayal of his will.

After I finished organizing my thoughts, I sat up. A sharp pain ran through my body, as if I was being stabbed with needles.

Still, I managed to sit on the windowsill. I plan to return to Switzerland early tomorrow morning.

Originally, we planned to stay a few more days, but decided to head back right away. There was no place like home for Abel to gather his thoughts.

So now is my last night in Lyon, France. I take in the city's scenery with my quiet eyes.

The sunset is fading. A hazy darkness is descending.

Below, people and cars move busily. The street signs begin to light up with various colors.

A landscape that is beyond comfort. To achieve this, 700 years ago, humanity fought against the demons. I saw them with my own eyes today.

It is a world they have protected by shedding countless blood. However, an even greater disaster is expected in three years.

Today, I received a favor from them that wasn't really a favor. I asked them to protect this world that I had passed down to them.

I scratched the ball.

"But isn't the number wrong? The hero is Leon."

I finished muttering to myself and climbed down from the window sill. My shoulders felt strangely heavy.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 131

Episode 131 Qualification (2)

The Ganggeomma party safely returned to Castle Sigurd. The route was almost the same as when they set out.

But the atmosphere when we left and when we came back was completely different. Even when we were just starting out, there was a little tension, but the faces were bright.

But now, right after I got home… … .

A low, smoke-like current of air hovered between the three of them.

The swordsman and Charon were unable to speak to him. Among them, Abel's expression was particularly gloomy. It was clear that something had happened.

So, the inspector called Shail, who was the guide, to the study separately. Her duties also included reporting the situation in the dungeon. Shail explained everything to the inspector in detail, as it was.

"… That's what happened in the Undead Dungeon so far, Your Majesty."

Shayle finished speaking with his gaze down.

"… … ."

There was silence for a long time. My shoulders felt heavy. It would

have been better if I had just given him a sharp reprimand.

It was not a metaphor, but this silence was suffocating her.

Throughout the entire trip, Shail was fully committed to his duties. He was in charge of all procedures and tasks, and he also diligently guided the two cadets.

But this suffocating feeling that squeezes my chest. After the Lich King's temple, the girl's face darkened…

Shail bit his lower lip. Even though he was a senior hero, he could only stop enemies who approached him. Shail felt helpless.

'still…….'

There was a strong swordsman there. He single-handedly subdued the power of tens of thousands of men. It didn't stop there.

He cut down the enemy who was wearing Orion's mask, who was probably at least A+ level. He brought peace to that person who had fallen into evil with a sword strike.

Then, all the undead bowed their heads to Kanggeomma. They did not raise their heads until the moment they disappeared. Like a subject bowing to his monarch.

A landscape that paralyzes reality. Shail had always thought that the scene was a dream.

Occasionally I pinched my cheek. The stinging sensation disappeared along with the dizziness.

The thought lingered in his mind that perhaps he had witnessed a moment in history.

"… … ."

Shail shook his head. And just as he was about to raise his eyes, the one who opened his mouth first was Geomje.

"I see."

A word came back. Shail's shoulders shook greatly as he received the words.

I looked at the swordsman. His expression was somewhat stern, but that was it. There was no further reaction.

The inspector continued speaking.

"You've worked hard, Shail. You must be mentally shocked as well, so take a few days to recover and rest. For the time being, Caron and I will take care of the affairs of the estate."

At those words, Shail's body froze. It was difficult for her to understand the lord's indifferent attitude. There was a shadow at the corner of his eyes, but that was it.

It was said that your son had become an undead. However, the face of the lord was as calm as a mirror. It was different from usual. I couldn't guess his thoughts.

So, Shail asked cautiously.

"May I ask you something, Your Majesty?"

The inspector nodded slowly.

"Tell me."

"Did your Majesty already know about this?"

The inspector's eyebrows twitched slightly. Then he spat out bitter words.

"Shaila, you've always been very perceptive."

"sorry……."

"No. What do you have to be sorry about? Rather, I should be the one who is sorry for hiding the truth."

The sword master took a sip of his black tea. The scent of dried tea permeated the study. He moistened his dry lips and added a

comment.

“Your guess is correct. I knew that Orion would be like that, and that was eight years ago.”

“… … !”

“You must have seen the stone tablet in front of the entrance. You must have recognized the inscription written in runes, if you are well-versed in languages. Isn’t that right?”

“…yes.”

“I was the one who damaged that stone tablet. And I was the one who sealed the passage leading to the underground temple. Well, I just added some extra touches to the originally locked area. What surprised me a little while ago was that you guys broke the seal.”

Shail swallowed a breath. She asked again, her lips trembling.

“If you knew, why—”

“—I was wondering if I had subjugated Orion.”

The inspector cut her off mid-sentence. His pupils sank deeply and he smiled hollowly.

“I appreciate your high evaluation of me, but no matter how much I am a country, I cannot stand up to that power alone. That is only possible because I am a strong swordsman.”

“Then, why is the stone slab like that… …?”

“Don’t stop here, you’ll be really tired.”

sniffling.

With that, the inspector simply lifted his teacup. He then turned around and looked at the conductor. It was a gesture indicating that he would not take any further questions.

Shail sighed faintly at that. Realization came belatedly. There was no

reason for the sword master to explain everything in detail.

“Sorry, I got off topic.”

“Oh, I think of you as my granddaughter, so don’t say things like that. First of all, you’ve had a hard time. You must be tired, so take a break from the hangover for a while.”

Shail nodded and left the study. A few more minutes passed like that.

“… So that’s what happened.”

The swordsman looked up at the sky and reminisced about the past.

When he came face to face with his devastated son and daughter-in-law, the inspector realized.

If the association finds out, they will form a punitive force and attack endlessly.

If that were the only way to break the curse, then so be it. The sword master had personally experienced that it was impossible for anyone other than the ‘Saint of the Sword’ mentioned in the stone gate.

If so, the result was obvious. The punitive force would be destroyed by the hand of Orion, who was imbued with magic. That horrible scene was vivid in my mind. I wanted to prevent that at least.

He could not allow his son, who was suffering in the shackles of immortality, to commit further sins.

It was my duty as a hero and as a father.

So, he damaged the stone tablet on which the prophecy was written. He strongly demanded that the association close the communication center. He did not hesitate to use any means necessary to stop them.

But on the other hand, he held onto hope. He hoped that one day, the prophetic figure would appear to save his son Orion.

And Kanggeomma followed Abel into the catacombs. At first, he tried to stop him.

I felt anxious. It seemed like I could break the seal and get there.

Originally, the journey should have been blocked, but the sword master did not do so.

If that boy seems to be blessed by God.

There was a hope that there would be a saint of the sword who would cut through this cruel vicious cycle.

And Kang Geum-ma did it as expected. He cut off the tragic history of a family.

Exactly.

A drop of water fell on the surface of the teacup. The wrinkled corners of her eyes turned red, and a single tear slipped down.

“Rest in peace now.”

As he said that, the sword master’s pupils hardened with determination. He would do anything to help the boy.

The Nibelungs had been saved by the Ganggeomma. It was time to repay them accordingly.

* * *

It’s been three days since I returned to the castle. During that time, I’ve been getting some complete rest.

The inspector readily recommended that I take a break, saying that it was also part of my training, and I nodded quickly.

To be honest, I haven’t had a proper rest since coming all the way to Switzerland. Let’s take this opportunity to relax some of those tense muscles and get some sleep.

‘It’s vacation. This is the time to rest.’

Yes, I did nothing, to the point where I wondered if it was really okay.

I've worked day and night since my previous life. It's even harder to spend a day in peace in this life.

Until recently, there were internal enemies lurking even within the boundaries of the Academy. I lived my life on edge about everything. Even when I slept, I put sashimi under my pillow.

However, Castle Sigurd here is a space free from such concerns.

The personal territory of the sword master and an extra-legal area. Only those who are not crazy can extend their reach here.

Even the remaining elders, who are the power group equivalent to the swordsman, also have their teeth completely pulled out by the Claude Gun—

Last night while eating dinner, I came across a headline I had read in a paper newspaper. This is a mountain valley with no Wi-Fi or LTE, so news is a bit slow.

Anyway, the title of the article was this.

『[Strict response to the Hero Association's Elders] The conflict between the Association and the Elders intensifies… There is even talk of completely stripping the Elders of their power.』

—Things are getting much tougher. The Association has drawn its sword against the Elders. The exact details aren't in the article, but it's easy to guess.

'The Association has noticed that Claude is in league with the villains.'

It was only a matter of time before the truth came to light.

Because the circumstantial evidence is solid and Auditore is continuing the investigation.

No matter how long-tongued the elders are, they cannot evade their duty forever.

"The remaining elders would have tried to place the blame on

Byeonjin Claude.”

The association seemed to be very angry. The association president appeared at a press conference and threatened to reveal the whole story.

In other words, it is a declaration of the virtual collapse of the Academy’s long-standing senior council.

If it had been the same as before, it would have been absurd. The history of the association is only 40 years. In this world that values tradition and legacy, there were many obstacles.

But the elders, or to be precise, Claudy, provided such a huge excuse.

There is a saying that if the tail is long, it will be caught, but the current elders go a bit further.

“That’s fucked up.”

In short, the elders have been sentenced to death internationally. They are destined to rot in a cell with a power that is inferior to that of the former.

‘It’s true that the old trash bastards rot more than the undead in the dungeon.’

However, it was difficult to accept this in a positive light, because there was a rumor going around that the Association was taking over the position of Elders.

“…What mountain is that beyond the mountain?”

I let out a huge sigh.

The elders were a group of people who only had shiny hats. They were always arrogant, rich, and incompetent.

However, associations are much more challenging in many ways.

Force, cohesion, information power.

It is a force that does not lag behind in anything.

As I heard from Choi Seol-ah before, they even have the scientific power to reprocess and distribute “artifacts”.

The big shots who will get involved are also strong people who are going their separate ways.

Richard de Murat, the founder and president of the association, is a former fist fighter.

… but I just heard that such an association is keeping an eye on me. It’s quite creepy.

“……ha.”

I picked up some sashimi.

If I just stay locked in my room like this, I can’t help but feel troubled.

In times like this, you need to warm up your body so that you don’t have distracting thoughts.

My fingers were already itching.

A season as leisurely as this one will be rare in the future.

While we’re at it, let’s learn how to use ‘Napdo’ and ‘Balgeom’.

That was when.

-Knock, -Knock.

Two knocks.

I tilted my head.

‘Shaila always knocks three times.’

I thought it was Abel, but he also knocked on the door three times.

I don’t know much about it, but in Europe, it seems like knocking

three times is considered good manners.

I stared at the door for a moment.

I immediately grabbed the doorknob with one hand and the sashimi with the other. By the way, grabbing the knife first is just a habit.

Bam.

I opened the door. I flinched at the silhouette that appeared through the crack in the door. An unexpected figure was standing there.

“Your Majesty?”

“Well, it’s hard to see each other under the same roof. When you have some time, come with me to the Swiss National Bank. That’s also the Nibelungen treasure trove. Don’t worry. It’s not like it’s some kind of financial fraud, haha.”

A silly joke blurted out.

Then, the inspector looks at me with a determined attitude.

“I’ll take care of my own work as well, and I also have some things I want to transfer to you.”

“Transfer… What are you talking about?”

At those words, question marks flashed across my face until the inspector opened his mouth again.

“Do you know Andvaranaut?”

“Yes, I have heard of it.”

“Then, the story will be quick.”

Andvaranaut. Also known as the ‘Ring of the Nibelung’, this relic has been around since mythical times.

“I just thought you might need it.”

It was an artifact.

Ch. 132 Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 132

Episode 132 Qualification (3)

A single word from the sword master, who wanted to transfer the artifact “Andvaranaut” to me. It was a truly unexpected offer, without even a blink of an eye.

As I’ve said before, artifacts are extremely rare items even within this world.

If only the number were small, then it wouldn’t matter. The power inherent in the artifact is so great that it is even called a ‘piece of the mythical age’.

Compared to S-class weapons that simply enhance physical abilities, the effects of artifacts are said to be more complex.

But this is just a rumor. There is almost no information released about the artifact.

Moreover, due to their rarity, most of them were managed and studied by the Hero Association.

So, civilians like me only know that it ‘exists’ and have no detailed knowledge at all. Even though I was a user.

This is because artifacts were items that were systematically blocked from acquisition in the game ‘Miracle of Protection M’.

At least that’s the section I played through.

It was unclear whether it was something that could be obtained later on as the story progressed, or whether it simply existed in the setting.

That's why I remember there was quite a bit of talk about it in the community.

= = = =

〈Where do you guys get the artifacts?〉

It seems like there's not much time left until the story ends, but I still haven't gotten it. No, is it something I can get in the first place?

I've already spent the price of a mid-sized car on this game, so it's a bit awkward to quit now…

ㄴ ㅎㄷㄷ: That's because you're not showing enough sincerity to the game company. Try burning the deposit and being stupid. Then you might get it. ㅋㅋ

N T: Ah lol If you don't get the item, it's not the game company's fault, it's your wallet's fault~

N yeah yeah: Seriously lol

N Turtle: Diaper protection is god! Diaper protection is god! Diaper protection is god!

N ㅅㅂㄹ: Just fold it. Diaper escape is a matter of intelligence.

= = = =

The users' complaints were roughly like this.

It is unclear where the artifacts are obtained. To be exact, most of the artifacts are located in the Association, but the main issue was how to obtain them.

"… … ."

But as a resident of this world, those words strike me as funny.

To use a metaphor, it can be interpreted as saying, “I really want that exhibit in a museum, but I can’t buy it unless I pay for it.”

It was originally supposed to be managed by the association, but is it even possible to buy and sell it with money?

I heard that an oil tycoon made a deal with the museum to buy the Mona Lisa for 10 trillion won, but was turned away.

There are things you can’t have no matter how much money you have. That’s the reality.

‘… But it’s funny that I, who fell into the world of Miracle Protection M, am saying this.’

At least “Andvaranaut” is managed personally by the Nibelungs. The reason for this is that the swordsman Aron Nibelung acquired it 700 years ago.

There was a rumor among users that ‘If Leon becomes the son-in-law of the Nibelung family, wouldn’t he be able to obtain it?’

Of course, I have never seen any actual certification that it was obtained.

-anyway.

Why would you transfer such a super rare item to me? I don’t know if it would be different for the main character, Leon.

‘What the heck?’

I don’t know the intentions of the inspector, and I don’t know the reason for it.

It’s too questionable to just nod your head and say, ‘You’re lucky.’

So I asked the inspector directly.

“Excuse me, Your Majesty. It’s so sudden. Could you explain why?”

“Ah! Now that I think about it, I forgot to tell you the reason first,

haha. I guess I'm getting old."

The inspector scratched his cheek with an awkward expression. He added an explanation.

"Let's make this one thing clear first. This is strictly a transfer of 'possession rights', not the 'ownership' itself. I'd rather just give it to you… … There are so many laws regarding artifacts, and they're so sensitive."

In this world, artifacts are more than just items; they are world heritages that can influence the balance of power between nations.

"So, I hope you understand this as a temporary 'rental.'"

"If you say temporary, it sounds like we have to do something with Andvaranaut right away."

The inspector laughed out loud. He nodded repeatedly and continued.

"I like that you understand everything I say right away. You save time for an old man who is busy dying day by day."

"…I will take that as a compliment."

"I sometimes think about it, but your worldly wisdom is really beyond your years. You seem to have the composure of someone who has dealt with many older people."

This gentleman also seems to be able to see into people's hearts like a ghost.

"Anyway, it's only natural that you'd be curious as to why. Let me get to the point. Andvaranaut is just a means. What's more important is the goal."

"yes?"

My eyes flashed open. I doubted my ears when I heard that artifacts were just a means. A meaningful smile appeared on the corner of the swordsman's mouth.

“In fact, this is why I called you to Castle Sigurd… To be honest, I wasn’t sure at the time and planned to train you until the end of the vacation, but I changed my mind after hearing about what happened at the Undead Dungeon from Shail. You are already more than qualified, Sword Horse.”

I sank to my knees at those words. My mouth felt bitter. I had cut off the old man’s flesh and blood.

Hot.

Suddenly, the inspector put his hand on my shoulder. He smiled faintly.

“You don’t need to make that face. Rather, I came here to express my gratitude. I will definitely repay you. However, first, prioritize what I said earlier. If you can achieve this, it will be more valuable than any monetary compensation.”

“… … .”

The inspector took his hand off my shoulder and opened his mouth heavily.

“I hope you can fulfill the sword master’s long-cherished wish.”

* * *

We headed straight to the central bank. The inspector simply stated his purpose and let me accompany him.

Even if I explain it further, it will be difficult to understand. The inspector has always preferred short explanations and quick execution.

In fact, it’s not just me; most adults are like this.

As I came out to the castle entrance, butler Caron was waiting for me.

“I will escort you both safely to the bank.”

I thought she was a butler and not a maid from a gang of bikers, but

the inspector told me that she had been on vacation for a few days.

‘Shaila had a hard time.’

I and the inspector got into the car. Butler Caron took the wheel.

… But, for some reason, Caron’s hands holding the steering wheel are shaking.

By the way, didn’t Abel say before that this old man can’t drive?

As such thoughts crossed his mind, Caron tilted his stiff head back.

“Okay, let’s go.”

He blurted out his words in an awkward manner and very slowly stepped on the accelerator.

“… … .”

I looked at the sky beyond the conductor. The car driven by Caron was running on the road slower than those clouds. No, it was crawling.

I suddenly missed Shail’s reckless driving.

* * *

Swiss Central Bank at 2pm.

The bank manager looked very nervous. He stared at the wall clock while sweating profusely.

“Isn’t it long past the scheduled time for the Inspector General to arrive?”

“Yes, sir. You were supposed to come by noon, but… … It’s already been two hours.”

Clap clap clap – the sound of pure footsteps echoed throughout the room. In complete contrast, the atmosphere was noisy.

“There’s no way a Swiss watch is wrong. Why are you late… Oh my-

I'm shaking so much. Secretary Shim, just give me two pills of Cheongsimhwan."

The bank manager cleared his throat. He shuddered once, then blurted out a few words to his secretary.

"Secretary Shim, did you hear that? The two of you, the inspector and Caron, stormed into the association. Fortunately, there was no sword fighting, but it was a total mess."

"Yes. There are no articles, but there are flyers on the stock market."

"I wonder if this isn't just throwing shit at us. Ah, man, I don't know which way to go… … . It seems like the President has already taken the route of the Inspector General."

The bank manager was biting his fingernails. His focus was wavering without warning.

Secretary Shim asked.

"If it's on the line of the inspector general, does that mean it's ultimately the line of the Media Academy director?"

"Right. There are already rumors going around that the Association is planning to get involved with Joaquin Academy, and it's going to be really early. At the latest, next year, and at the earliest, right after the holidays."

"… Then the power struggle within the Academy will become extremely fierce."

The bank manager shrugged his shoulders and nodded.

"That's right. Even if the status of the association has increased since the elders were kicked out, its legitimacy has been reduced. That's why they are so attracted to the Joaquin Academy."

"That's true."

"I'm telling you, the Elders were treated like the backroom for no reason, but they wanted to stay in the Academy until the end. There's

no other strategic location like that in this world. And for the Association, it's a place where there are plenty of talented people to scout in advance. They always get their talent stolen by American agencies."

After finishing the conversation, the bank president climbed up onto the stage and began to threaten his subordinates.

"Anyway, everyone, get your wits about you today! President Gaines gave us special instructions to take good care of the three people who are coming. He especially emphasized repeatedly that you should keep your mouth shut. If you go somewhere and divulge anything, you will know that it will not end with your resignation."

Swiss banks prioritize their customers' privacy. And the president's comment is top secret, something you can't even tell your family.

however…….

"Three of you? Lord Inspector and Lord Caron. Weren't there only two of you coming?"

The bank president frowned at Secretary Shim's question and then sighed.

"Oh. I also heard it in a hurry yesterday. But it's a bit suspicious. For some reason, the president seems to be paying more attention to the last one than the first two. It really shows in the way he speaks."

The secretary's eyes trembled. Gaines is a man with quick political calculations. He is a great man who is worthy of being the president of Switzerland, a neutral country.

But is there anyone Gaines watches more closely than Siegfried or Nachal Charon?

It would be absolutely extraordinary. At the same time, I felt an urge to at least say hello to whoever it was.

Secretary Shim swallowed. His mouth felt dry from the strange elation.

Secretary Shim's gaze shifted to the bank president.

This toad-like bank manager also ended up sitting in that seat after getting on the right track.

He had been working at the Swiss National Bank for ten years, but he still had not been able to escape the position of secretary. He was desperate for promotion.

'This is your chance… to make an impression… … .'

A strange atmosphere settled in the room. All the staff members were lost in thoughts not much different from Secretary Shim's.

-Squeak.

The sound of the front door opening. All eyes in the room turned toward that place as if they had made a promise.

The first to enter was the butler, Caron. Following him, the inspector set foot on the marble floor.

The bank manager ran out to the door in a panic.

"Your Majesty! It's been a long time since I've seen you. I hope you've been well."

The inspector glared at the bank president with a cold air. The bank president's lips curled up like squid on a grill due to the aura of intimidation radiating from the golden eyes.

In response, the inspector sighed softly. Then he nodded his head appropriately.

"I feel like I owe you something today."

"Oh, yes, yes. The item you are looking for has already been prepared in the safe in the VIP room."

"Thank you."

The inspector dismissed it briefly. The next moment, a shadow of a

person appeared one after another on the other side of the door.

Thud, thud.

The attention of the bank president, Secretary Shim, and other employees was focused on that place. Perhaps because it was a target that deserved more attention than the inspection.

The sound of footsteps echoed inside the bank.

Soon, a black-haired boy stood between Siegfried and Charon the Nachal. It was a strong swordsman.

Kang Geum-ma looked around the room with his hands deep in his pockets and his dry eyes. Even though he was filled with shock, his attitude was very relaxed.

"… … !"

The eyes that had been fixed fixedly on that spot shook violently. In the settled silence, whispering sounds could be heard here and there.

The blankness in the eyes that had been watching slowly disappeared and a sense of shock began to slowly creep into them.

Groan, groan.

That scene shows that Kang Geum-ma is already of equal status to the two people.

The boy was seventeen years old.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Kn*fe Chapter 133

Episode 133: The Sword Master's Long-cherished Wish (1)

"Well, then, please make yourself comfortable. If you need anything, please call me on this pager and I will get to you right away."

The bank manager pointed to a round button on the table. Then he quickly left the room, backing away like a eunuch.

It didn't seem particularly mean. To me, who had lived in Korea, it just seemed like a typical middle management position.

'by the way…….'

I rolled my eyes and looked around the room. It was a sealed room with all the decorations made of glass and the walls and floor made of metal.

It was so confined that it was hard to breathe. According to the bank manager who left, only the minimum amount of oxygen was supplied to the room. I think I would feel dizzy if I stayed here for even an hour.

He lightly tapped the wall with his foot. Cancan – a sound that was foreign to iron. After all, it was not an ordinary material.

'Isn't that really made of something like vibranium?'

It's just a joke, but the process of getting to this point is like that, so it's not like it was just some empty, random thought.

I went through more than 10 security doors. The bank manager unlocked the door lock, then my fingerprint, my eyes, my face, and my voice. It was a security system that I only saw in science fiction movies.

At first it felt strange, but then I understood. I guess this level of strictness isn't excessive when it comes to storing artifacts.

While I was looking around the room with curious eyes, the inspector called me.

"Come here and take a look, Cadet Kanggeomma."

The swordsman and Charon stand before a table made of glass. On the table is a wooden box that is covered in the filth of time. It is charred and moldy. It really looks like an old box.

He approached them. Only then did the inspector briefly explain while placing one hand on the box.

"There's Andvaranaut inside. It's an artifact that people call the 'Ring of the Nibelung', but no one, including me, knows if it's actually a ring. In fact, I'm curious too. I wondered if it really was a ring."

"… … ?"

The original owner, the sword master, doesn't know? All you have to do is open the door of that box the size of two palms. Is there some kind of tradition that says you can't open it?

The inspector continued speaking as if he had read my expression.

"Wouldn't I have thought of opening it? Of course not. The first thing I did when I became the lord of the Nibelungs at the age of twenty-six was to open this box. However… I failed. To be exact, I only succeeded half the time."

"What do you mean it was only half successful?"

"That's right. It was easy to open. However, after opening this box, all my memories disappeared. That's proof that it failed. Even after that, I tried to open it several times, but it wouldn't open."

The inspector shrugged his shoulders as if it was nothing. However, his gaze, which occasionally turned to the box, was boiling with passion.

Although he was already old, his fighting spirit was still intact. He quickly took his eyes off the ship and looked straight at me. Then he opened his mouth softly.

“The previous lords were the same as me. I’m not the only one who feels wronged. Of course, it’s a shame, but what can I do? My abilities are lacking.”

The swordsman smiled bitterly. There was a hint of regret in his wrinkled lips.

The inspector closed his eyes once and opened them. Then he let out a deep breath as if shaking off his regret.

“But I guess our family’s long-held wish ends today, hahaha.”

The swordsman laughed out loud. Although small, the sound reflected off the iron bars of the closed room and spread widely.

As the sound of laughter lingered in my ears, an idea occurred to me.

I can understand why the Inquisitor brought me here. Not only that, but I also know that this artifact is no ordinary item.

But that wasn’t the point. The inspector clearly told me to ‘fulfill the inspector’s long-cherished wish.’

So he asked the inspector.

“…But, Your Majesty, what does opening this box have to do with the sword master’s long-cherished wish?”

“Hmm? Isn’t that obvious?”

Instead, the inspector tilted his head.

What is that expression, that of course I would have noticed it. What kind of person do I appear to this gentleman?

The inspector answered the question immediately.

“Since even the Sword Saint, Aaron Nibelung, could not achieve this, doesn’t the phrase ‘Sword Saint’s long-cherished wish’ fit perfectly?”

“… … .”

“Anyway, Caron and I will be outside. I want to watch from the sidelines, but I heard that none of those who did so got through without any trouble. When you’re done, press the call button that the bank manager mentioned earlier. Okay.”

The inspector opened the door without waiting for an answer.

Caron, who followed behind, had an embarrassed expression and quietly cheered, “Good luck,” before closing the door.

… … .

There was a small box and I left alone in a completely sealed room. I stared blankly at it and soon burst out laughing.

“Do you think I can achieve something that even the first swordsman couldn’t?”

How high are the expectations of the swordsman? He even rates me higher than his own ancestor. And that too, Aaron Nibelung, the so-called swordsman.

“…ha.”

A sigh escaped my lips. I thought I could just say that I couldn’t do it here and give up, but the words of the sword master, ‘a reward more valuable than material compensation,’ lingered in my throat.

The word reward made me hesitate to reach for the call button. It was natural for a Korean gamer to feel weak at those two words.

“… Well, it’s not like the inspector brought me here because he was bored.”

Let’s give it a try. I took a deep breath and placed my hand on the

ship.

Then, a status window suddenly appears before your eyes.

Phew-!

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

[NEW! A surprise quest occurs.]

Fulfill the Sword Saint's long-cherished wish!

[※【???】's memory fragments can be obtained. Total number of acquisitions (0/7).]

[※ You can expect additional rewards.]

[※ However, it will automatically end when you close the box.]

＝＝ ＝＝

Would you like to accept the quest? (Y/N)

[????Time left until acceptance – 00:03]

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

"… … ."

My worries were short-lived. I just rolled the box lid back.

Creak.

The sound of rusty hinges engaging. Immediately, darkness covered my retina.

.

.

.

(Y/N)

▲

* * *

At the same time, Castle Sigurd.

“… Hmm, is this the right way to wrap it?”

Before his personal training, Abel has his hands bandaged. These are called hand wraps to protect the health of his hands.

The original Abel would not have hesitated to get calluses, but recently he has been increasingly concerned about these things.

Curved calluses on the palms of her hands, and fingernails that were always kept short and trimmed. Fingernails that had never been colored.

Of course, the lines of the hand itself were orphaned. However, compared to girls of the same age, the hands were rather crude.

“Hmm.”

Abel fiddled with his hand for no reason. His palm felt rough like sandpaper. The more he touched it, the more her eyebrows curved downward.

“Should I buy some hand cream… … .”

-Knock, knock, knock. Three knocks. It was Shail.

“Come in.”

“Yes, Miss.”

Shail opened the door and came in. She was on vacation, but for once she was wearing everyday clothes instead of a maid outfit.

Shail was beautiful even with her bare face. But with her ribbon blouse and makeup on, she was a stunning beauty who caught everyone’s attention.

By the way, Abel’s makeup on his date with Kang Geum-ma was done

by Shail. That day was the first time in Abel's life that he put anything other than moisturizing cream on his face.

Abel's eyes were filled with admiration as he looked at Shail. Shail, who was like his older sister, felt particularly distant today.

"… I, Miss. I was thinking about going out today. But since the Inspector General isn't here, I thought I should tell you first."

"Oh, really? Someone who hates going outside so much has been going out a lot lately. Come to think of it, I didn't see Caron today… … Do you know where he went?"

"I heard that you took the swordsman out into the city for a bit early in the morning. I haven't heard anything more specific than that."

"… Oh, did that guy, Geumma, go out too?"

A small regret appeared on Abel's face as he spoke like that.

'I was going to ask Geumma to help me with my training while Grandpa was out… … .'

She thought so. However, it was somewhat different from the regret that Abel felt.

Maybe the training was just an excuse. Abel's subconscious wanted to talk to Kanggeomma more. Because since his return, he had few opportunities to properly meet Kanggeomma.

Kang Geum-ma rarely came out except for mealtimes, just like her grandfather. He was a promising hikikomori.

Ugh- Abel smacked his lips silently. Then he smiled back at Shail.

"Okay! I'll tell Grandpa and Caron that I went out when I get back. Have fun~"

"Yes, you too, Miss… … ."

Shayle trailed off. Her gaze briefly lingered on the half-wrapped, roughly bandaged hand.

‘That’s strange.’ Has the young lady ever had a hand wrap? She’s always been proud of the inspector’s calluses, thinking it was an honor.

Shail thought for a moment, then came to his senses. A new hypothesis flashed through his mind.

‘The young lady is in her teens now.’

No matter how dull Abel’s temper was, she was still a girl. It was natural for her to care about her appearance at that age.

What’s more, there was a person of the opposite sex who lived under the same roof. It was Kang Geum-ma.

A young lady who is ignorant of love would not be aware of it, but Abel was quite conscious of Kenma. No, if it was only consciousness, then it would not be noticeable.

In Shail’s eyes, who had a keen eye for romance, it was a look that clearly showed affection.

‘Well, even though Mr. Geomma is a madman at heart, he looks clean on the outside.’

Weakness, appearance, personality. In many ways, he was a weaponless boy. Was it because of this that the young lady was attracted to him? A little feeling of unease came over her.

It was a concern as a sister. However, apart from the thought, Shail’s lips moved sluggishly. The tip of her nose stung, and her tear ducts stung.

‘The young lady is finally interested in men… …!’

Shayle cheered inwardly. Abel stared blankly at her. A question mark appeared on his innocent face.

With strides, with strides.

Shail clung to him tightly. Abel flinched at that.

“Huh?”

Within moments, Shail took hold of Abel’s two hands. Her cheeks and the bridge of her nose were covered in a pink blush.

“Miss, would you like to go down to town with me?”

“Uh, uh… … .”

Abel hesitated. Shail’s hand, which was holding hers, gained strength.

“We drink coffee together and go shopping. I, Shail, am confident in my fashion sense.”

“… … .”

There was silence in the room. Abel moved his eyes furtively to examine Shail’s clothes. They were pretty.

Abel, who had been keeping his mouth shut, removed the bandage wrapped around his hand.

“Hmm, now that I think about it, Shail and I haven’t really been out and about. I’m not really interested in clothes, but let’s go together and make some memories.”

“yes!”

Shayle nodded repeatedly with a smile on his face. It was a smile so clear that it brought tears to his eyes.

* * *

“…what?”

As soon as I opened the box, darkness immediately penetrated my eyes. I felt as if I was being sucked down into a deep swamp.

And then there’s now. I’m standing in an open field, almost like a desert.

However, it was neither hot nor dry at all. The occasional breeze was pleasant.

At that moment, a familiar phrase appeared on my retina again.

Phew-!

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

[Sudden Quest: The Sword Saint's Long-cherished Wish.]

Of course, the test is to win the battle with yourself. Only then can you become a true expert.

-From a letter from Balor Joaquin to Aaron Nibelung.

[※ Reward – The 'grade' of one of the 【???】 fragments or protections will be randomly raised by one level.]

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

… … !

After a while, the status window disappeared again with a pop. Then my gaze moved beyond it.

"No, shit. Is that really what you meant?"

I stuttered reflexively. Then I immediately took the sashimi out of my arms.

"Damn, this is why even that human couldn't achieve it!"

I, that is, a guy who looked exactly like Ganggeomma, was running towards me, holding sashimi.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 134

Episode 134: The Sword Master's Long-cherished Wish (2)

Swiss National Bank VIP Room.

"… Sir, may I ask you something?"

"Hmm? Something."

At Caron's question, the inspector put down his teacup. In fact, he had more than one question, but Caron summarized them briefly.

"I wonder if the Sword Demon can achieve what even the first Sword Master could not… … Even if that is the case, I think it is a bit too early."

It was a sensitive topic, as it raised questions about the choice of the prosecutor.

There was a deep look in Caron's eyes. He also knew of Kanggeomma's extraordinary abilities.

A boy who gives off a tingling aura. What's more, he also tells Shail about what happened in the Undead Dungeon.

Kanggeomma is a boy who goes beyond being a genius and is weaving legends. He has a talent that makes even himself, who achieved the warrior rank at a young age, look like a criminal.

But… the words 'But still… …' kept coming to my mind.

It is a long-cherished wish that even the Sword Master Aaron

Nibelung could not achieve.

Even though Kanggeomma's potential was great, he was still seventeen years old. In this world, talents would bloom at least when he was thirty. Normally, he would have to be in his forties.

Caron felt that this situation was too hasty.

Didn't he say that no one even knew the contents of 'The Sword Master's Long-cherished Wish'? This was the Sword Master sitting in front of him right now.

As if cutting off Caron's thoughts, the sword master replied briefly.

"It's definitely early, for ordinary people like us."

Caron opened his eyes wide. If he hadn't been about to be examined, he would have tapped his ears, thinking he had misheard.

"… When you say ordinary human, do you mean including your Majesty the Sword Master?!"

"Huh- This guy has become deaf too. Isn't that obvious? Of course, I'm a human, so do you think I'm some kind of god?"

"Oh, no. Don't you know that's not what I meant?"

The inspector just raised his chin and looked at Caron. A meaningful smile appeared on his lips, as if he was enjoying his bewildered reaction.

"We can't impose our standards on someone like that boy. People like that are the ones who learn and grow through actual battles and trials. Even if Kanggeomma fails to fulfill his long-held wish as a swordsman, he will still learn something through him."

"But doesn't your Majesty the Sword Master know what the Sword Saint's long-cherished wish is? That his memories would be completely blown away… … ."

"Oh, that's it? I remember the content itself."

“…yes?”

A look of confusion spread across Charon’s face. The swordsman tapped his temple with a mischievous smile.

“It wouldn’t be fun if I told you everything. Well, it would be better for your health if you just forgot… … . It’s not something I should say, having failed in my long-cherished wish.”

“… … .”

“It’s not all a lie. I have never seen the form of the ‘Ring of the Nibelung’ myself. If you fail to fulfill your wish, the box will close on its own, and you will never be able to see the contents inside, and they will be completely erased from your memory.”

As Caron made a cold expression, the swordsman picked up his teacup again.

“Anyway, it will be an especially good experience for that guy, Geomma.”

The sword master couldn’t hide the corners of his lips slightly rising as if he was so happy about something.

***

There was a brief, interlocking sound of air being torn apart.

A blade flying at a strange angle passed over Kanggeomma’s cheek.

Even though it was a small scratch, the blood gushing out was exciting. There was no chance to wipe it away. Kanggeomma deflected the sashimi aimed at his temple with sashimi.

There was a loud noise and the blades tangled and swirled in the air like snakes trying to devour each other.

‘Damn, shit. That’s fucking fast.’

Kanggeomma clenched his teeth and thought, ‘I have to win the fight with myself.’

Since I heard that even Black Sword Aaron couldn't achieve it, I thought I would have to endure S++-class demons and curses.

In fact, it was a sword fight with myself. It was a fight where it was hard to guarantee victory no matter who came. If I hit well, it would end in a draw.

'What do you call this? A clone? A doppelganger?'

Before he could even think about what it was, a guy who looked exactly like him slashed at him.

The swordplay was merciless, even reproducing the guardian deity. The blades licked the skin in a bizarre orbit. It was a fearsome and evil sashimi.

I briefly reflected on myself for using such swordsmanship on Knox and Mao Lang. I could understand at first glance the reactions of those who would go crazy just looking at sashimi.

Knock-!

!-Tattak

Knock-!

!-Tattak

Loud footsteps. The clone approaches, zigzagging along the pavement, alternating between left and right.

It was so fast, it was so ferocious. I had the illusion that my clone, which had been one person, had grown into a hundred thermal images.

As far as the eye could see, there were swordsmen, swordsmen, swordsmen. Behind them, a bleak, dusty wind spread out like exhaust fumes.

It's a clone technique used by a clone. It's so absurd that my skin became completely dry.

‘Since the sword fight will end in a draw, are you going to decide the outcome through a speed battle?’

Kang Geum-ma wasn’t at all flustered. On the contrary, his pupils and brain were spinning busily.

There were two options. Avoid the blades here and there and wait for the clone’s speed to slow down. When the timing is right, it will immediately take your turn.

Or, they foolishly fought back and mercilessly destroyed each other’s bodies and stamina. It was a manly act.

“… … .”

Kanggeomma closed his eyes and then opened them halfway. His eyelashes fell halfway to his pupils.

He stared at his clone quietly, his pupils growing and shrinking repeatedly.

Dozens of thermal images converged into one spot. The clone’s new form gradually began to become clearer.

The fully formed clone kicked its feet as if it were making a gamble.

Crunch- The sound of a thick bone breaking. A bloody bone point pierced the clone’s shin like an awl.

Still, the clone didn’t stop charging. Blood was bubbling from the wound on his shin. Then, the broken skeleton was put back together like Lego.

It was the first time I saw such a barbaric method. Breaking the body to increase acceleration.

It was a crazy thing that a normal person wouldn’t even dare to think about. However, the scene felt like a strong shock to Kang Geum-ma. Goosebumps appeared on his arms.

There is no pain at all thanks to [Painless Protection]. Then, the destroyed leg is restored with [Regeneration Protection].

It was a use of protection that Kanggeomma could not have imagined. Destroying himself in order to cut down the enemy. It was truly a contradiction.

‘Come to think of it, that guy… … .’

Thinking back on the workshop just a little while ago, the clone had no hesitation in accepting the sword.

If you stab him in the thigh, he’ll just give it to you and dig into his neck or temple.

He only took a half step back to avoid the attack, such as the shin or vital points. It was the minimum movement. At that moment, he swung the sashimi once more.

Because of that, the clone was clearly bleeding more, but he was the one who was pushed back. Kanggeomma was only focused on defense and evasion, so he couldn’t attack.

‘The best defense is a good offense.’

Kanggeomma faced his clone. He was clearly not in his right mind. Every movement was like a gamble on a tightrope.

But Kang Geum-ma’s heart was pounding. His face was soaked with sweat.

Pavababak!

The clone approaches, cutting through the barren land like a ray of light.

At that moment, a voice rang low in my head. It was an inner voice.

‘Do not fear the destruction of the body.’

The conversation continued.

‘Don’t be bound by the shackles of technology.’

The clone came close. Kanggeomma looked into his face. And

Kanggeomma's lips continued to speak.

"Just think about cutting and slicing."

Kanggeomma bent his upper body forward and held the hilt of his sword in the opposite direction. Then he opened his eyes. The veins around his eyes rose up like spider webs.

"That guy moved like that."

The swordsman bared his teeth fiercely.

"If it were me, I would have done that."

The clone extended two sashimi swords. Kanggeomma did not dodge. Instead, he puffed out his chest and faced the blades.

Kkuddukk.

The long tip of the sword pierced Kanggeomma's ribs and pounded his heart.

"… Ugh."

Kanggeomma groaned softly. His brain shook left and right inside his skull. His vision suddenly became blurry and his eyes began to darken.

However, Kanggeomma did not lose consciousness. With his pupils dilating, he used all his might to manifest [Protection of Regeneration].

Gulp.

The newly grown flesh and muscle clenched the blade of the clone like a snout. A look of bewilderment crossed the clone's face. It seemed that the system, or whatever, felt emotions.

The clone struggled to pull out the sword several times. The blade of the sword slashed Kanggeomma's lungs and heart. He felt his body being torn apart in real time.

The clone gave up on drawing his sword. He tapped the end of the hilt with his other hand and pushed it in. The blade cut into his heart.

A stream of blood flowed down Kanggeomma's chin. His body lost its balance and staggered due to the excruciating pain.

One, Kang Geum-ma snickered.

"Anyway, this place isn't the real world, just like a subspace."

"… … ."

"This kind of dogfighting is mastered at the academy."

Kanggeomma swung his sashimi. Light flashed across the clone's retina and then blinked.

Crunch! Thud.

The black hair fell to the ground.

Phew-!

[Sudden Quest: Achieving the Sword Saint's Long-cherished Wish!]

[▷Congratulations! You have obtained the first piece of 【???】. Total number of acquisitions (1/7).]

♪♬♩♫♪

[NEW! Additional rewards are also given.]

[▷The level of 'Protection of Rebirth' has increased.]

Phew-!

= = = =

[Protection of Rebirth]

It rapidly proliferates and repairs damaged cells.

◈ Grade

: Guardian Spirit ▶ Spirit

◈ Additional abilities

: 《Adrenaline》

: As the manifestation of the protection continues, certain neurotransmitters are secreted. Faster cell and blood proliferation is possible. Now, feel free to splatter blood!

[※ However, the detached body parts will not regenerate.]

[※ When certain conditions are met, a 《Special Title》 is granted.]

= = = =

* * *

Beep beep beep beep beep beep!

A nervous mechanical sound rang out in the VIP room. It was the call signal that the Ganggeomma was finished.

The inspector stood up from his chair with a slightly tense expression on his face. Caron was also frozen.

“egg plant.”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

The two arrived in front of the room where the swordsman was. The two briefly exchanged glances. Caron nodded and pushed open the door.

“…town.”

The two wrinkled their noses at the smell escaping through the gap. It was a terrible stench. The smell of blood was so strong that it made their heads spin.

Moreover, even though it was a closed room, a hot wind blew. The

hot air seemed to be heating the iron floor and walls.

Caron pinched his nose with his index finger and thumb. He opened his eyes and stared at the back of the swordsman. Outwardly, it looked no different from a few minutes ago.

But what is this atmosphere? That fierce aura that ripples along the lines of Kanggeomma's body. When it meets the heavy air that has settled down, convulsions pass through his body.

"Student Kang Geum-ma."

The sword master cautiously called him. Kanggeomma slowly turned around. His eyes had darkened.

Charon flinched at the sight. In contrast, the sword master's gaze was fixed on Kanggeomma's hand, not his face.

The swordsman's eyebrows and voice trembled.

"Sir, you… …!"

A small, wide-open box was held in Kanggeomma's hand. Inside, a small gold ring was emitting light.

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Episode 135: End of vacation (1)

The sword master and Charon stared at each other for a long time. Their gazes alternated between Kanggeomma's face and "Andvaranaut."

"I really thought you could do it… … ."

The sword master muttered. He had made the suggestion to Kang Geum-ma, but since he knew the content of the long-cherished wish, the ratio of trust to distrust was 7 to 3.

A fight with oneself.

It was a literal meaning, not a common idiom.

He enters a place similar to subspace and fights with his own clone.

They had to fight like dogs, biting and tearing each other until one of them died.

It's no different from playing rock-paper-scissors in front of a mirror. However, as the battle continued, the intensity of the battle gradually tilted toward the clone.

The fierce battle continued day and night for three days. Zigg was trying to draw, but ended up losing.

His mind still vividly remembers the unsullied swordsmanship of his clone.

It was clearly Zeke's own sword, but the attack that came pouring down like a shower was bold and unstoppable.

It was a sword skill that seemed to show him in person, as if to say, 'This is your true swordsmanship.' This greatly enlightened Zigg.

He applied his enlightenment to reality, practiced it, and kicked it out. And so, at the age of thirty, Zigg finally won the title of the strongest man in the world.

'There is no better teacher than oneself.'

That was the meaning of the 'compensation' that the sword master had eagerly promised to the sword master.

Of course, I also intended to provide him with material support, and I did so immediately.

While the sword master was carrying out his long-cherished wish, he anonymously transferred a large sum of money to the Joaquin Academy Foundation.

'10 billion.'

A sum that takes into account the unscrupulous cost of living at Joaquin Academy. At least it was enough money to ensure that there were no financial problems while attending school.

The reason I didn't reveal your name and sent the money to the foundation is because I was afraid that it might hurt Ganggeomma's feelings.

Even if it is purely good intentions, it is something that can be unpleasant as it makes you feel like you are being treated like a beggar. This is especially true for the prickly-tempered Ganggeomma.

However, even though he is an adult, Kang Geum-ma is still a teenager who has not yet reached his prime.

Because we don't know much about the boy's spending habits, the academy's foundation provides him with a monthly living allowance in the form of a scholarship.

The remaining money will be transferred in full to the boy's account when he graduates from the academy.

The swordsman looked at the swordsman. The boy stared blankly into space.

"… … ."

"… … ."

I didn't call him on purpose. The boy was probably thinking back on the past right now.

'Even though you've achieved so much, you prioritize regret over joy.'

A shallow laugh escaped the inspector's lips. Then he slowly lowered his gaze.

In Andvaranaut, the light gradually faded and the box lid sank down on its own. It seemed as if it had a will of its own, like a living thing.

The inspector smiled bitterly. His mouth felt bitter, as if he had eaten an unripe persimmon.

'If I don't pass the test, does that mean I'm not worthy of seeing it…?'

But this was a given. It was a privilege that only the winners could enjoy. If you share it, its specialness fades.

The inspector shook his head and shook off the small regret that had lingered in his chest.

… On the other hand, Kang Geum-ma was deep in thought with his eyes slightly open. The gold-plated object was out of sight.

The ring in Kanggeomma's hand was a worthless object. Something more important came to mind.

* * *

[【???】 You have obtained the first fragment of memory, 'The Girl

with Stars in Her Eyes'.]

-Pfft!

= = = =

"There was a girl with eyes that sparkled like stars.

He was of a status far from nobility.

Those were the days of carrying water in buckets, filling cow troughs, and milking sheep.

One day, the girl set out on a journey armed with an iron sword. It was a whim of the time, but she did not stop walking.

I looked up at the night sky and moved forward on the map of constellations.

After three years of walking aimlessly, the girl met a man. He had a dark expression like the middle of the night.

From that day on, the girl chased the man instead of the star.

He became his first disciple.

= = = =

[NEW! The system suggests the direction to go forward.]

[The second memory fragment can be obtained by approaching 'Artifact: Monolith'.]

[Access the seven artifacts that exist in this world!]

[Wouldn't you learn more about yourself then?^^?]

[※ Total Acquisitions (1/7).]

"… … ."

I read the passage with a half-hearted look for several minutes. After a while, the impression I made was short.

‘Plague.’

The status window, which had been quiet for a while, has been appearing unusually frequently lately.

Yeah, I just passed over it because it was like a history book. It wasn’t that strange since it said it was a memory of something.

It’s a list of academic words, but it’s just a kind of explanation and not the main point.

I scrolled down with a wink.

‘Approach the artifact monolith… … .’

This part was tricky. I don’t know the exact location of the monolith.

‘I don’t care what you tell me, fucking shit.’

His expression naturally rotted away. He just threw a quest at me and told me to find it. And in this world with 7 billion people and the demonic realm of Gehenna, it was like that.

At least give me a clue as to which side it is on. This is just like looking for a grain of sand in a desert.

And above all, the two adorable sentences at the very bottom. They were clearly meant to be teasing people.

‘Eye smile? Are you smiling?’

It was ridiculous. Looking back, this system. It was as if it had some kind of cognitive ability, and it was gently scratching people’s insides without them knowing.

At first I thought this guy was the ‘God of Swords’ or ‘G.M.’, but I ruled that possibility out.

I concluded that the former would be more of an internal entity within this world, while the latter would be an external entity.

But neither of them ever appeared in my dreams, nor did they ever

reveal themselves openly.

I was only able to poke around, but I felt like I was blocked by something and couldn't intervene in reality.

In that respect, the 'system' was clearly heterogeneous.

〈God of Sword〉 〈GM〉 〈System〉

Of these, only the system has any effect on reality, unlike the other two.

'and…….'

What all three of them have in common is that I don't know if they're good or evil. But the system seems to be an ally…

Aside from the subtle way he speaks to tease people, he also drops clues here and there.

But that guy's eye smile really makes people uncomfortable. This is exactly what it means to buy something and get cursed at.

Isn't that woman's voice that keeps lingering every time you activate [Protection of the Sword God] saying, "May the protection of the God be with you." also a system?

Then, wouldn't that system have a human form? Where it's watching me like a pervert, and occasionally throwing out hints and bait.

That's a pretty plausible guess.

While I was resting my chin on my hand and sorting out some things, Caron asked about my well-being.

"Your Majesty, are you okay?"

Well, it was strange that he was standing still like a barley sack that had been placed on the ground, and that he was quiet for several minutes. Rather, I felt that he had waited bravely for that long.

"Yes, I think so."

“Then. So you passed your wish… …?”

I nodded. Charon’s mouth opened twice as wide.

“Huh!”

Charon swallowed his breath in vain. His eyes wavered back and forth.

Until a few days ago, I thought he was a Taoist monk who practices silence, but he is an old man with great reactions. If Speed Weapon’s reactions were like a joke, Caron was a bouncy real-life person.

‘He’s a guy who has a certain sense of humor.’

Charon pushed back his tilted monocle and asked again.

“So what’s different from before?”

“ah.”

Before answering, I looked at the inspector’s face. His complexion was ambiguous. I turned my gaze back to Caron before opening my mouth.

“It’s a secret.”

“… … .”

Charon was taken aback by my answer. A pleased smile appeared on my lips at the reaction I had hoped for. Then, suddenly, something to say to the inspector flashed through my mind.

“Oh, Your Majesty. Can I ask you a favor?”

“Ah, tell me.”

“It’s not that difficult of a request… … No, is it difficult? Anyway, I really hope you’ll listen.”

“If it’s possible, I’ll listen.”

I focused my gaze on the small box in my hand. The reward was

rewarding, but the experience I gained through my wish was equally rewarding.

‘This isn’t just something I need.’

I took my eyes off my hands.

“Do you know a guy named Leon at our academy?”

“If you’re talking about a warrior candidate, I know.”

I continued talking, rolling the ship around on my palm. It felt rusty against my hand.

“It’s an artifact so it can’t be taken outside, so I’d like you to bring that guy here as well.”

“… … !”

The swordsman’s eyes flashed open. His pure white eyebrows shot up. Then he grabbed his forehead and burst into laughter.

“You are truly unpredictable, but you are a real man!”

“Is it possible?”

“It may be a bit against the family code, but it is nothing compared to what you asked for.”

A refreshing answer. I laughed quietly.

“If possible, I would appreciate it if you didn’t tell me that I asked you to do it.”

“Okay, I promise.”

I learned from my first teacher that I should share even a single bean. Moreover, Leon is also starting to grow slowly.

Helping the main character wouldn’t cause much of a twist in the plot. That was the best I, as background character A, could do behind the scenes.

* * *

At the same time, on the luxury street in Geneva, Switzerland.

A long line of famous luxury stores lined up on both sides, each with a name that you would recognize. Even the signs were flashy.

I couldn't help but exclaim "Wow!" at the sight of the shoes worn by the mannequins in the store window. The tag attached to the shoes had seven digits of zero.

It was a luxurious space that no one could enter. However, such things are just superficial. If a person is a luxury brand, don't they say that whatever they wear is luxury?

Here are two women walking down the street of luxury. They are Abel and Shail. All eyes and attention are drawn to them like a magnet.

"Miss! Do you want to go to that store? It looks like they just released a new item!"

"Oh, yeah."

Shail's eyes sparkled. Abel, on the other hand, simply felt awkward. It was hard to understand how he could burn tens or hundreds of millions of dollars on his clothes.

'Wouldn't it be better to use that money to strengthen your armament?'

In the meantime, Shail held Abel's arm tightly. She spoke in an excited voice.

"That looks good too, but no, next year's S/S has already arrived there!"

"What is S/S? Are there grades for clothes, like weapons?"

Well then, that's a bit refreshing.

"S/S is a combination of the S in Spring and Summer. Simply put, it's

a general term for spring and summer clothes."

"Ah… I see."

Abel felt slightly lethargic.

When she actually arrived, there was nothing on the street that caught her interest.

'Still, I feel good seeing Shayle so happy.'

Abel had a faint smile on his lips. It was the hour he had been swept away by Shail and was looking around the store.

"Huh? Miss. Look over there."

Where Shayle pointed with his index finger, a shabby old woman was sitting on a carpet. The old woman was mumbling a spell while caressing a crystal ball.

It was a strange sight, with a sense of disconnection from the flashy streets.

"Is this the person who reads my fortune?"

"But would anyone want to get their fortune told here? It's a bit out of the blue."

It was then that the old woman turned her gaze this way. She glared at Abel and Shail with fierce eyes.

Then he grinned. The teeth that were revealed were white and neat, not matching his wrinkled skin.

The old woman said.

"Would you like to have your fortune told by this brave fortuneteller? I have inherited the spirit of the Alps for 30 years. A Taoist, a Taoist."

The old woman waved her hand as if to tell Abel to come over. Shail whispered to Abel.

"It looks fun. Why not take a look?"

“Well… … Most of those street vendors just do it half-heartedly. It’s a bit much to waste money on something useless.”

While the two were talking, the old woman blurted out a word to Abel.

“There, little one.”

“If you’re young… me?”

“You still have the oil dripping down your face. Anyway, I’ll only take fifty dollars for the lottery.”

“No, it’s not about money, it’s just that I don’t believe in that kind of thing—”

“It seems like there’s someone you’re worried about these days.”

The old woman stroked the beads with her eyes closed. Then she muttered her fortune.

“Ah, I see it. I see it. That’s a very unique impression. But… tsk tsk tsk, there are too many women entangled around him. I’ve never seen such fortune in my entire life. With people entangled wherever he goes, it must be hard to get by.”

“… … .”

“Ah-ah-! But I can see it. It’s a hole, but there’s a way out!”

The old woman opened her eyes. Abel was crouching down in front of her. She handed me a picture of Shin Saimdang.

“… Korean money is acceptable too?”

The corners of the old woman’s mouth rose high.

“Of course, is there a place in this world that doesn’t accept won?”

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Episode 136: End of vacation (2)

Abel crouched down and listened to the old woman's words.

"Let's see, around that guy. One, two, three, four… … Huh, this is it. I can see the people who stick to him, especially the women, continuing to increase like cells. At this rate, they're no different from walking pheromones, tsk tsk."

Nod nod.

"Hmm. But the problem is… I have no sense at all. If others saw me, they would envy me to death, but I have no idea. But it's not like I treat the opposite sex like a rock."

Nod nod.

Abel nodded vigorously at the old woman's words as she scratched the itchy spot.

"But, there seems to be a reason for this. It's not like I'm just a novice when it comes to relationships, but, what should I say… ."

The old woman closed her eyelids tightly and stroked the crystal ball. Grayish-white smoke swirled inside the soccer-ball-sized ball.

The old woman mumbled a spell.

"Asurabalbalta… Asurabalbalta!"

The old woman opened her eyes wide. Her eyes, as if possessed by

something, sparkled transparently like glass.

“… This guy, his humanity is gradually drying up.”

“What does it mean that humanity is drying up?”

As the old woman’s expression turned serious, Abel swallowed dry saliva as well. Then the old woman opened her mouth quietly.

“Additional cost 50,000—”

—Snap. Shin Saimdang is in the old woman’s hand. The deal is done.

The old woman smiled briefly in satisfaction, then quickly erased the smile.

Hmm- two or three coughs. The old woman deliberately lowered her voice tone and opened her mouth.

“I mean it literally. This guy, emotions, reason, empathy, morals, etc. The things that are natural for a human being are gradually fading away.”

“For what reason?”

“Unfortunately, I can’t see the reason. I received the money, so I want to give it away. If I say something I can’t see, I’ll be punished by the gods. As for me, I just feel sorry for this young man. If he continues like this, he’ll soon become something in human skin. What a strange life, strange.”

The old woman clicked her tongue as if she was herding a crane.

“… … .”

Abel’s face darkened. She had clearly not believed in street fortune telling until a few minutes ago, but now she was completely absorbed in it.

Then Shail put his hand on Abel’s shoulder.

“Young lady, let’s go now. I made a mistake. I asked you to see this,

because you don’t like this kind of thing. And… … .”

Shayle glared at the old woman with a cold gaze. He was the one who had messed up the young lady’s mind with his useless words. A feeling of anger rose from deep within him.

If she had been a pure fraud, I would have laughed and left. But honestly, the old woman was a gifted fortune teller.

He described the sword master so accurately that it was as if he had seen it in person.

A humanity that is being chipped away, an emotional line that is as dry as a drought-stricken land, and even an inorganic impression.

If you put together all the words that the old woman keeps reciting, it all comes down to a character called ‘Ganggeomma’.

Even though Shayle glared at her with narrowed eyes, the old woman just shrugged her shoulders.

In the awkward atmosphere, Abel, who had been crouching like a totem, suddenly asked a question.

“If that’s true, is there anything I can do?”

“of course”

The old woman stared calmly at Abel. Despite her aged body, her eyes were brimming with life.

“People can be treated with people. Since ancient times, people have supported and relied on each other. That is how we humans live as human beings.”

The old woman continued speaking.

“That’s not all. No matter how tactless you are, if there’s someone who’s always by your side, you’ll feel better. Then, you can develop a relationship that’s more than just friendship.”

“More than friends?”

The old woman held up her little finger.

“A romantic relationship. If it goes further, you might even aim for a companion. Isn’t that what you wanted, to be next to that friend?”

Dori dori.

Abel denied it, crossing his arms in an X shape.

“No? Not at all? It’s just that I owe him so much money?! I hate people who are so unreasonable!”

With those words, Abel abruptly stood up from his seat. She grabbed Shail’s arm tightly and turned around quickly.

“Shaila, let’s go.”

Shayle nodded with a trembling face. She was startled by the sudden change in stance.

The old woman spoke vaguely to Abel, who was suddenly moving away.

“But if you want to get what I paid for, there’s one person you really need to worry about. The one with the blue hair, that guy is the most dangerous. So you just need to keep an eye on that kid.”

For a moment, Abel stops.

“… … .”

After standing still for a few seconds, Abel moved his legs again. His fists were balled into fists.

“Haha.”

The old woman laughed loudly.

* * *

… the old woman was still sitting on the carpet, looking in the direction where Abel had disappeared.

That was when.

“Haa, haa. You were here!”

A young man with a pale complexion like an anemic patient approached the old woman. He wiped a drop of sweat from his chin and said,

“Can’t you stand it and disappear? I’ve been looking for you for a long time. No, didn’t I tell you not to do this! What’s that look like!? Each and every one of those things is blasphemy. The one who knows best… … .”

The young man kept nagging, panting for breath. A look of boredom appeared on the old woman’s face.

‘Okay, okay,’ the old woman said, waving her hand. Then she grabbed my face tightly.

Booooook- The sound of skin being torn. Only after the dangling skin fell away did the reversal appear on his face.

A girl with silver hair and black eyes. She was a beautiful girl who gave off a holy aura. She shook her head, scattering sweat.

The young man who was watching was disgusted.

“Can you stop using that human skin mask? If you run away because of that, I’ll never be able to find you again.”

“Is that what you meant? Well, Welter found me 10 minutes later than before. If I study a little more, I think I could hide for over 30 minutes?”

“No… why on earth are you doing this to me?”

“Hey, but I still earned 100,000 won while I was out of work!”

The woman giggled and laughed. Welter covered his forehead with a look of disgust. He let out a weary sigh.

“… Haa. Please, I don’t know about anything else, but please don’t

act like a fortune teller, seriously. You could be tried for blasphemy, Your Majesty."

"The meaning of a saint, a holy woman. That's me. Then, if Welter says so, then I'm blaspheming myself, but I just need to do self-confession. 'I forgive myself for my sins.' How about that, see?"

"Oh, my God! How could you put this little lamb through such a trial!"

The escort priest Welter was crazy and jumping for joy.

A person like that is a saint. Even if it is an era where mythology has come to an end, that in itself is blasphemy against a walking god.

Welter closed his eyes. He made the sign of the cross over and over again to calm his mind.

'Phew.'

Thanks to the faith I had built up so diligently, I was able to quickly control my worries. I felt like my colorful images had become as clean as a blank sheet of paper. I liked it.

Welter opened his eyes.

"lol."

"… … ."

Regardless, the saint touched the two Shin Saimdang paintings while licking them. Blood spurted from Welter's temples.

"Saint!"

"What a surprise! Why are you yelling and making a fuss!"

"You waste your mystery on a little coin!"

"Dig somewhere and see if you can find 100,000 won. And the heads of the foreign press office are collecting all the money they can, so why are they only doing this to me? And it's money I earned through

my own labor!”

Welter’s face suddenly became pale. He held on to his faith, which was almost gone.

‘No, even though she’s seventeen, how can a saintly person be so frivolous?’

Still, Welter couldn’t say anything back loudly.

Saint Yusein. The only woman among mankind who is permitted to communicate with the gods outside the world, the outside world gods.

But his speech is vulgar, his hobbies are mobile games and reading genre novels, and he spends most of his daily life lazing around.

Whenever he goes out for work, he goes under the watchful eyes of a five-member escort group of priests to find money somewhere.

Moreover, the money I saved up little by little was spent on games or genre novels.

This was because the foreign press office’s tuition could not be used to spend money on such things.

Imagine if your donations were used to pay for mobile games or genre fiction.

The faith of the saints would have been reduced to ashes in an instant.

However, even so, Yusein carried out the duties assigned to her as a saint perfectly. She prayed, meditated, celebrated Mass, and worked for the foreign missionaries, without missing a single thing.

But the problem is that I spend all my remaining time making weird human-like masks.

If I devote my outstanding talents to religion, the believers will shed tears of joy, but I may not be able to hear their confessions…

While Welter was sighing inwardly for a long time, Sein stuffed two bills into his pocket.

“How did that go? Transferred to Joaquin Academy for the second semester.”

“Ah, in that case, I just finished creating the fake identity. I made the identity the third daughter of a minor noble from the border region. Since the identity is that of a saintess, it took a full half a year.”

“It’s easy to change your nickname in games. In reality, there are too many annoying procedures.”

“But wasn’t this something that the Saintess suddenly urged about a year and a half ago, and His Holiness barely gave permission? And the reason for that is… .”

Rollin~

Sein’s pocket vibrated softly. She took out her cell phone.

Welter asked.

“…Are you that friend who played games with me again?”

“Yeah, I just got a notification saying that I leveled up, so I need to reply.”

The sunken Sein’s black body looked closely at the contents. And then, tap tap – a finger touched the glass liquid crystal.

After a while, a line appeared at the corner of Se-in’s mouth.

“I want to eat sushi.”

“Huh? Suddenly?”

“Yeah, hearing about this guy makes me crave raw fish or sushi.”

“What kind of person are you… and you even got into Joaquin Academy… To me, it’s really… .”

“Welter, what is the role of a saint in this world?”

“Yes. Escort Priest Welter, here you are.”

Welter straightened his back at the story of the doctrine.

“Now that the age of myths has ended, the sacred role of communicating with foreign gods outside the world and imparting doctrines. That is the saint’s sacred work and mission.”

“I know. That’s why I’m going. To fulfill that mission and duty.”

“…yes?”

“Well, that’s the thing, this guy. He’s leveling up too slowly, so I have to go and help him out. Otherwise, his future might be a bit bleak.”

“It’s dark. Are you talking about that mobile game?”

Instead of answering, Se-in just smiled. It was a truly angelic smile that didn’t match his actions.

“Even if I tell you, Welter won’t understand. Anyway, I found a delicious sushi restaurant in Geneva!”

“Ah, ah. Yes, I understand.”

Se-in walked forward with a brave face filled with excitement.

“The future is bleak… … .”

Welter stood there blankly, mulling over her words a few times before taking his leave.

* * *

Time continued to pass.

I was just getting used to the routine at Castle Sigurd, but the day to leave Switzerland soon arrived.

Before leaving, I looked around the room I had stayed in for a month, holding the doorknob. The atmosphere of the time was permeating the furniture and interior.

“… … .”

Squeak-

He quietly closed the door. As he came out of the castle, the master swordsman and his butler, Caron, were standing side by side.

It was to see Abel and I off to the academy. Originally, the inspector was going to come with us, but he said he was a little late because he had some unfinished business.

So, Abel and I are heading to the academy. Shail will drive us to the airport.

The inspector told me.

“It seems like only yesterday that I came to Switzerland, but it’s already been a month. But when I think about it, a lot has happened since then. You’ve worked hard, Cadet Kanggeomma.”

“No, I am the one who is grateful. I have learned a lot.”

The inspector lightly patted my back. Then I turned my gaze to the butler.

“Thank you for all your help, Caron. Thanks to you, I am having a comfortable and enjoyable time.”

“We will make your next visit more comfortable. Please come back again.”

Caron bowed his head in greeting. I bowed in return.

After the farewell party was over, Shail opened the car door for us.

“I will keep you safe on your way.”

He stared at Shail with his feet planted on the car body. Then he nodded.

“I feel safe when Mr. Shail drives.”

She responded with a bright smile.

“Grandpa, Caron. We’re going now!”

Abel opened the car window and waved his hand. The next moment, the car was thrown forward like a javelin.

The Alps zoomed by beyond the window. The difficult month of vacation seemed to resemble those rugged mountain ridges.

I leaned back on the seat, taking in the beautiful scenery outside the window.

Now it’s my home.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 137

Episode 137: The start of the second semester (1)

“after.”

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath.

The smell that lingers in my nose. It was a bit awkward because it had been so long, but I soon started to get used to it.

I slowly opened my eyes. A narrow room came into view.

“You’re back.”

The atmosphere in the dorm room remained quiet.

It didn’t have the glamor of the hotel room I stayed in while on the Undead Dungeon tour. But to me, this shabby room was much more impressive.

I shoved my carrier bag into the corner and took off the clothes I had been wearing for nearly 18 hours.

From Switzerland to Korea, and from Incheon Airport to Joaquin Academy. It was a really long journey.

I didn’t realize it because I was so excited when the vacation started, but this flight is so exhausting.

‘It’s not called ‘aftereffect, aftereffect’ for nothing.’

Just before I washed up, I lay down on the bed. I missed that

crunchy, rough feeling.

I was thrilled at the feeling of coming home. Thinking back, it was a great first vacation in many ways.

… … .

After staring at the ceiling for a while, my eyelids felt like they were going to close on their own. It wouldn't be a big deal if I just slept like that, but I got out of bed and headed to the bathroom.

"Let's wash up and go for a walk."

Swaaaaaaah.

I sorted out my plans and strategies while being hit by the strong water. I was very dissatisfied with the water pressure in Castle Sigurd, which was like urine, but now I feel like I'm finally getting some relief.

'The vacation really disappeared in the blink of an eye.'

Training with the Sword Master, the Undead Dungeon, the Sword Master's long-cherished wish. They were all major events.

Although I crossed the line between life and death several times, there were unexpected harvests.

Examples include "Immortal Magic Stone", "Protection of Regeneration 'Grade' Rise", and "【???】's Fragment of Memory".

So now was the time to go over this once and for all.

Moreover, the second semester begins in a few days.

On the other hand, only two and a half years remain since the war. Dark clouds are gathering.

As someone who has subjugated the two entities, Agor and Draugr, it is difficult for me to simply watch the great storm that is the Second World War. The demons were an unexpectedly strong enemy.

Especially the commanders of the Demon King's army. In the game, one entity was described as being comparable to a country. In reality, it was no exaggeration.

Even the commander of the 5th Corps, Agor, was a crazy disaster.

Then, the 4th Corps Commander Permush (Earth), the 3rd Corps Commander Vesna (Water), and the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn (Sky).

Given the strong nature of the legion commanders, it was clear that those demons were transcendent monsters.

And on top of that, there was the final boss, the Demon King… It was a lineup without conscience.

The silver lining is that the passage between the Demon Realm and the In-Se is blocked, and it only takes two and a half years for it to explode.

In short, it's fucked.

It would have been nice if the hero of the poem had sealed the 1st Corps Commander Lycan . If even Lycan had been alive, at least in my eyes, there would have been no hope.

It's impossible for Leon to shoulder all the burden of fate, at least in my opinion.

That is why we must guard against the coming dark clouds. If things continue this way, humanity will be completely wiped out from this world.

There are three main things I need to do.

First, obtain the magic stone. However, since you have already obtained one, don't think too hastily.

There are still two left, but it is not too late to check the special ability of the 'Immortal Stone' and then make a decision.

'Still, I need to gather materials from time to time to strengthen my

weapons.'

Second, preparation as the next Chilseong. I was the successor to fill the vacancy of the Inspector General. That was also the reason I went to Switzerland.

Of course, I don't know when that time will come, but I can't just sit back and do nothing. There's a high chance that I'll get involved with authors who are more annoying than the demons.

You have to endure unwanted attention from the so-called superiors, nobles, associations, and the media.

Monsters can be chopped up into pieces and that's it, but humans can't do that… … I thought it would be convenient to show off my skills.

However, there is still some time left in this part. According to the prosecutor, there is at least half a year left.

Well, it's strange that the new Chilseong succession is done in a month or two. Even the presidential election takes several months.

"…then."

The third and final one, finding the artifact. This is a goal that came up recently, but it is perhaps the most meaningful.

Since the system explicitly tells you to find the artifact 'Monolith', it would be right to prioritize it.

'I'm not embarrassed because it looks like I'm being caught up in the system… … .'

Fortunately, rumors began to circulate that the association would intervene in the academy starting in the second semester.

And most of the artifacts were under the management of the Hero Association.

If we do it right, won't we be able to access the artifacts? It won't be easy, of course, but has it ever been smooth sailing so far?

Compared to risking your life fighting the enemy, something like treasure hunting is… Above all, this kind of thing will be much easier if you work together with your club members.

After I finished showering, I shook the water off my body and steeled my resolve. Then, as I closed my clothes, I muttered.

“I hope the members had a good vacation.”

We were together for several months, but I didn’t hear from him for several weeks. I didn’t know that the Nibelung territory was outside the communication range. I lived as a natural person for a month, turning my back on civilization.

So there is no news about the members. Still, no news is good news, so I guess there will be no problem.

However, Ryojo was particularly on my mind. Even around the time of the graduation ceremony, his expression was very gloomy.

I zipped up my tracksuit all the way to my chin. Then I grabbed some sashimi. It was my preparation for a night walk.

* * *

Kang Geum-ma’s footsteps naturally headed towards the courtesy bench.

I tried to expand my sphere of activity, but in the end I only found the places I was always looking for.

Isn’t this the mentality of the elderly who only go to their regular restaurants? Since the academy is large, it was difficult to get familiar with the geography at first.

… I wandered around like that for a few minutes. Soon I reached the bench I was always looking for.

But someone had already taken that seat. It was Saki Ryozo, with elegant, sky-blue hair that glowed like jade.

“Oh, what is it? Ryozo, you’re back at the Academy already?”

“… … .”

Even though I greeted her warmly, Ryozo didn’t respond. She glared at Kanggeomma with her eyes narrowed. Then she let out a sharp snort.

‘what?’

Still, it was a cold reaction from a friend I hadn’t seen in a month. The chilly night air was hanging in the air.

As Kang Geum-ma stood there blankly, Ryojo blurted out a word without thinking.

“What are you doing there, stupid? Didn’t you come here to sit on the bench? If you’re here, then sit down.”

“… Oh. Okay.”

She nodded to the person next to me. Kang Geum-ma nodded his head sheepishly.

Kang Geum-ma sat down next to Ryojo and asked.

“By the way, when did you arrive at the academy? There are still five days left until school starts.”

“… … .”

Ryozo silently sipped from the tumbler in his hand. Then, furrowing his brows, he half-sticked out his tongue.

I don’t know what’s inside, but it doesn’t seem to suit my taste. Ryozo took a breath for a moment and then replied briefly.

“I didn’t go.”

“… … ?”

“He didn’t return to Japan and continued to stay at the academy.”

“It’s vacation, but you didn’t go home?”

Ryozo looked at Kang Geum-ma with a look of disbelief.

“I was supposed to go, but I didn’t. Why? It’s simple. I didn’t want to go. And even if I did go, there wouldn’t be anyone to welcome me.”

Ryozo lowered his voice as he spoke. His tone was dry, as if he was suppressing his emotions.

“Geumma, you probably noticed it too. I hate my house, the place people call Jeolgungga. No, I loathe it. It’s so creepy.”

“… … .”

“It’s not that interesting of a story, so let’s stop here. Anyway… How was America?”

Kang Geum-ma was momentarily perplexed at the word ‘America’.

‘Oh, that’s right. When the reporters asked where I was going, I said I was going to America.’

It was a lie told to obscure his whereabouts during the vacation.

“… That’s America.”

“Okay. You probably have your own circumstances, Geomma. If you don’t want to talk, then don’t.”

“Weren’t you curious?”

“I am curious. But I guess everyone has their own circumstances. You didn’t ask me why I hate houses, did you? Just because I’m curious doesn’t mean the other person has to answer.”

“… … .”

Ryozo put the tumbler to his lips with a blank expression. But this time too, he made a wheezing expression.

“Ugh. You too. Why on earth do people drink this bitter stuff? It’s just poison.”

“What have you been drinking since a while ago?”

“coffee.”

“Coffee? Ryozo, you drink coffee?”

Kang Geum-ma was very surprised. Ryojo, who always eats sweet things like rice cakes, is drinking coffee.

“Is that really surprising? It’s just… I just bought it because all the adults drink coffee. But you too, Geumma, are you really drinking it because it’s so delicious? It’s so bitter that it makes your tongue tingle? And you even drink it as espresso concentrate.”

“… … .”

The reason Kang Geum-ma insisted on espresso was simply because he had no money.

Ryozo, who had just finished venting his frustrations, took out a piece of yokan and took a bite. Only then did she start to melt in her mouth. Her expression was similar to that of a Korean who had just finished eating a rich dish and then put kimchi in her mouth.

The chilly air had become much more relaxed. The night was deepening. In the slightly relieved heat, the insects on the grass chirped feebly.

“… … .”

“… … .”

There were still five days left in the vacation, so it was quieter than usual. As the silence continued between the two, Ryozo grumbled softly.

“… But even so, it’s like that. How come you haven’t contacted me for a month?”

Kanggeomma tried hard to pretend not to hear. He had a different sense of smell. Based on his experience answering Ryojo’s monologue, it would be best to listen with one ear and listen with the other.

“Hey! I asked you! Are you ignoring what people say!?”

“You were just talking to yourself.”

“No, what kind of person would talk to themselves so obviously? And speaking of people, it’s polite to reply to messages you receive. No matter how busy you are, you haven’t replied once in a month!”

“I was in a place where radio waves couldn’t reach.”

“There are places where radio waves don’t reach in the 21st century? Hmm… Well, the United States is a pretty big country.”

Finally, Ryozo sighed deeply. It meant that she understood. She got up from the bench and shook her butt.

“I’m going to go now. Judging from your condition, it looks like you just got back home today. Go inside and get some rest… .”

A hint of regret appeared on Ryozo’s face. However, she turned around without any regrets as if her business was over.

“Ryozo.”

Kang Geum-ma, who had been watching her back, suddenly called out to Ryojo. Her shoulders shook.

“It was nice to see you after such a long time. School starts in a few days, so I’ll see you then.”

Ryozo stood still with a slightly blank expression. He only turned his head slightly to look behind him.

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma waves his hand with a calm smile. He smiled with his teeth showing, as if he was sincere in saying he was happy to see me.

Ryozo’s cheeks swelled at that innocent reaction. It was annoying. That idiot seemed to have no idea that this meeting wasn’t a coincidence.

Why was he sitting on that bench at this hour, why was he sipping coffee that didn't even suit his taste?

There was no sign of even a hint of great doubt.

Thinking about it, my eyebrows arched. My mouth felt bitter, more so than the coffee.

She glanced at Kang Geum-ma and said a word.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 138

Episode 138: The start of the second semester (2)

The night before school started, I received a few text messages from the school principal, Media.

[Media: Our swordsman, did you have a good vacation? We contacted each other periodically during the vacation. Now that I think about it, Ttaktak's house was outside the calling area? Anyway. Do you know? That Ttaktak bastard can't use the internet, so he couldn't establish a network in the Nibelung territory. (……)]

"… … ."

[Media: I contacted you because I wanted to tell you a few things. I've tracked down all the bastards who were trying to harm you and your club members. There were way more of them than I thought… … . When I looked into it, it seemed like they were all rooted in the previous academy director. (…)]

"… … ."

[Media: Ah, but it was all my fault. After all, I'm the current principal, so who am I to hold responsible… … That's why I decided to do this together with the Hero Association to clean things up even more thoroughly. To be honest, as the principal, it's uncomfortable for an outside force to come into the academy… but these guys are really good at their jobs. Since it's a matter of the students' safety, I think it's right to leave minor political issues behind. (……)]

"… … ."

[Media: The story has become long. In short, that's it, you and your staff members, stop getting stressed out about this! This is an area that the adults should really take care of. To be honest, it's not a very nice picture for me to be rambling like this to a cadet like you… But I thought the person involved should know. (…)]

"… … ."

[Media: So, starting tomorrow, our Geommado can just enjoy the normal academy life! Oh, right. And when school starts, come visit the principal's office whenever you want~. It's been a month since I've seen you, so I'll forget you, man! I'll prepare your favorite cold green tea. Got it? ^^]

"… … ."

Knock knock.

[Kang Geum-ma: I'll think about it.]

* * *

The next day, the Wolf class was bustling with activity.

The cadets had a time to share, or rather brag, about what they did during their vacation.

"Oh my- what's wrong with you? Why are you so fat?"

"Hehe, I got some sunburn from surfing in Hawaii where Papa's villa is. How was your vacation?"

"I followed my uncle to an American agency workshop~"

"Wow, awesome. So you had contacts from the agency too?"

"… Ah, that's… He said that if you're a freshman, you're not a candidate for contact yet. I said it's definitely not because I lack the qualifications or grades!"

"Oh, but I'm still so jealous. It's about time for us to take care of our grades. We should start studying hard from now on and aim for an

American agency… … .”

“Right. I graduated from Joaquin Academy, but I can’t get a job at the association. Oh, just imagining it… … My cousin is a member of the association, but the pay is low and she has to work overtime a lot.”

“I definitely have to advance to the Dragon class next year. Then I can get agency contacts in my third year or something… … .”

As the conversation continued, a mixture of emotions crossed my mind. It was nice to see a friend after such a long time.

But the reason they entered this place, Joaquin Academy, wasn’t just for the sake of friendship.

Most of the students were from noble families. In order not to tarnish the family’s reputation, they had to take their studies somewhat seriously starting from the second semester.

After graduation, I had to join a hero agency that was at least somewhat famous. That way, I could save my parents’ reputation and my family. It wasn’t a choice, it was a duty.

… … .

Amidst the strange atmosphere, the classroom door creaked open. Someone entered the class. It was Ganggeomma.

The mere appearance of Ganggeomma caused silence in the class, and eyes gathered around him. A deathly silence descended upon the class.

“… … .”

His eyes widened. Kang Geum-ma sighed with his eyebrows slightly furrowed.

I don’t know about anything else, but this situation is something I have to get used to but never get used to.

On the other hand, complex and subtle emotions spread through the

eyes looking at Kang Geum-ma.

‘Why does his impression change as time goes by?’

‘Yeah. But that’s not a bad direction, what should I say… … .’

‘I think I know what you mean even if you don’t say anything. He’s not particularly handsome, but he just has a certain vibe, right? Right?’

‘Oh yeah, that’s right. Before, it looked like rotten pollack eyes. Now, compared to then, it’s completely decadent!’

The appearance was the same. But the atmosphere? The aura? The killing spirit? Well, it became thicker and darker. The dark eyes also sparkled more wearily than before.

A black-haired special-advance student. Until the beginning of the first semester, I thought he was just a lucky student who got into the academy.

But among the hundreds of students who fill this classroom, is there a student as unique as Kang Geum-ma?

When Kanggeomma cut down Nox Auditore, he was simply cutting down his opponent because he was weak.

At the time, when the inspector was particularly concerned about him, he thought it was a mischievous whim.

However, Kanggeomma continued to show unstoppable progress. During the festival, he won against Mao Lang of the Iron Horn in one go.

As these things piled up, the minds of the Wolf class members began to flow in a different direction.

At first, they ignored Kanggeomma, but now they are starting to feel a sense of belonging.

Lang’s class was never treated well at school. They were just half-decent students who barely made it to the bottom.

This was the contempt that Lang Class cadets received from the class above them.

Strong, weak, strong. It was a long-standing vicious cycle in human history. The Lang Class cadets expressed their feelings below.

Discrimination breeds more discrimination. The cadets were too young to know what was right and wrong. They had been taught the ideology of being a chosen people all their lives.

However, it is an undeniable fact that they were crippled. The wrongdoings of the past can never be washed away.

But recently, that kind of atmosphere has been disappearing from the Lang class.

Whenever a cadet showed such behavior, the tension in the whole group would rise and the person involved would be looked down on coldly.

The reason was that the cadet, Kang Geum-ma, who was in the same class, indiscriminately destroyed everyone regardless of their social status. If he got the wrong idea, it was swordplay.

Even more so, whether they are in the same grade as the Dragon Class, the Star Class, the grade above, or a famous hero.

In front of Kanggeomma's sashimi, it was nothing more than a piece of squid that was easy to cut. It was a fearsome hand that made you wonder if there was any other rival.

The Wolf and Tiger class cadets felt a thrill of vicarious satisfaction.

Moreover, the unconventional course of action also undermined the cadets' sense of entitlement.

Despite being incredibly strong, Kanggeomma didn't show off. He hated taking the lead in everything and found it annoying.

Kang Geum-ma had a simple and honest personality as long as he didn't get into trouble. Although he sometimes got angry, he always had a reason for everything.

That point, combined with those cold eyes, created a strange charm.

The male cadets felt romantic interest in him, and the female cadets felt affection for him.

Ahem-

Feeling burdened by the continued attention, Kanggeomma coughed. The cough echoed widely throughout the dead space.

"… …What's that voice?"

A female cadet muttered without realizing it. Even that inorganic cough sounded like a soft, beautiful voice.

Kanggeomma looked at her with only his eyes slightly rolled.

"Hic!"

"… … ?"

Kanggeomma tilted his head. The girls' gazes turned in unison toward the female student. Something like a fox.

Thud, thud.

Kanggeomma sat at the end of the third row as usual. No one bothered him. That was his seat.

The cadets no longer looked down on Kanggeomma as a special promotion student. To them, Kanggeomma was a source of pride.

And the student body president election was scheduled for the upcoming October.

* * *

At the odd hour of 9 o'clock, Ryozo showed up for class. His eyes were very dim, as if his daily routine had been disrupted during the vacation.

Ryozo came closer, and as always, he plopped down on my left.

"… Ah. I'm so tired."

Ryozoh bent over and buried her forehead on the desk. She muttered to herself in a voice that had lost all of its strength.

"No, come to think of it, why do we have to go to school in the morning? Humans are supposed to be dazed in the morning and most alert at night."

Ryozo's monologue continued without strength. However, it didn't seem like he was really asking for an answer.

Ryozo unsteadily lifted his forehead from the desk. Then he looked around with blank eyes and tilted his head.

"What about Chloe?"

"Oh, by the way."

Chloe, who always took the seat on my right, was nowhere to be seen. But my thoughts didn't last long.

On the night that Elder Claude was purged, several members of Auditore lost their lives.

That was just a month ago. I guess there must have been some internal issues within the Auditore family.

'Funerals, additional investigations, and so on. A month isn't enough.'

Chloe, who ran away from Auditore, wouldn't be so twisted as to react dryly to the death of a family member.

'But looking at the reaction on the last day of school… … .'

While I was having a short conversation with Ryojo, Instructor Lee Wonbin came in. His hair was as smooth as porcelain, as if he had spent his vacation somehow.

Lee Won-bin, standing at the podium, looked around the class. After scanning everyone with his eyes, he smiled, showing his teeth.

“You’ve all put on some weight, maybe because you’ve been rolling around in the corner of your room for a month, haha! But don’t worry. I’ll burn off all your fat in no time!”

Boo-

The cadets’ playful jeers. Lee Won-bin slammed the attendance book on the stage.

“Oh! These guys! Anyway, let’s start with the attendance check to see if everyone is here. Number 1 is Bernard… Number 2 is Joto Mateo… Number 3 is Kim Chae-yeon, number 4 is also there… … .”

Lee Won-bin checked the attendance by looking back and forth between the list and the face. Then, his gaze stopped in the direction of me and Ryojo.

Lee Won-bin shifted his gaze to the side and spoke quietly.

“Oh, and for those of you who are curious, Cadet Chloe has decided to return to the Academy in a week or so due to family circumstances.”

It seems to be as expected. Ryozo nodded and said, “I see.”

After checking attendance, Wonbin Lee briefly explained the curriculum for the second semester.

“As you know, the first three months of the first semester were an adjustment period for the cadets. It was a period where they learned the geography and system of Joaquin Academy superficially. However, starting from this second semester, the faculty will evaluate you as heroes.”

The atmosphere became quite solemn. Lee Won-bin, who would have been teasing before, maintained a firm expression.

“Training, training, and class content will be much more focused on actual combat. In particular, many injuries will occur during the first class of the second semester of the first year. So everyone should prepare themselves mentally.”

“… … .”

Gulp – One of the cadets swallowed.

“I’ll write a rough outline on the blackboard, so those who want to take notes, please do so.”

Ryozo, who was looking at the blackboard with his chin resting on his hand, spoke with a calm expression.

“Well, at best, it’s just a matter of manifesting a guardian deity and practicing pair sparring. You subdue a few demonic beasts here and there. The only thing that’s different is that the level of the demonic beasts has gone up a bit… … No, why does this damn academy only teach you how to fight and take damage all the time? It’s supposed to be a place for learning.”

“I know.”

I nodded. I found myself deeply sympathizing with Ryozo’s argument.

“And anyway, this is none of your concern to you and me, Kenma. Whether it’s sparring or subduing the demon beasts. Even if we include all the saint classes, I don’t think we’ll get hurt. If the opponent gets hurt, they get hurt.”

“… … .”

Ryozo shrugged.

“I’m an individualist by nature. I’m not thoughtful enough to care about people outside my interests.”

“So you’re saying I’m in your interest?”

“That, that. It’s not the kind of interest you think it is! Don’t misunderstand! After all, you’re the president of the club I belong to!”

It was then. Boo-boo! The phone was floating in my pocket. I glanced down at the phone screen from under the desk.

[Media: Geummaya, I’m really sorry for contacting you during class. Could you come to the principal’s office during lunch?]

“… … .”

Boohoo.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 139

Episode 139 Variable (1)

As soon as it was lunchtime, I headed to the principal's office. I even skipped eating.

The original plan was to meet with the club members one by one. But then an emergency call came from Media.

He went back on his words from yesterday when he sent a text message saying, "Geumma, from now on, just enjoy your academy life!"

It's probably something very serious or urgent, or more likely both.

'Are there still any villain remnants left? Or maybe some old-timers?'

I felt inside her bosom. It felt hard. Sashimi cried sadly, as if she was hungry for human blood.

"…Am I really going crazy?"

Why did you start looking for sashimi right away? Even if it was an unconscious act, you still reached for the knife first. Oh, and since when did your handwriting become so cruel?

I felt a surge of weakness and the strength left my fingertips. I felt dizzy.

"That fairy tale rate is fucking crazy."

Tsk- I clicked my tongue. The [Sword God's Protection] assimilation

rate is steadily rising. Every time it rises, the ‘human status’ drops in real time.

When I checked yesterday, I saw that there were only one or two steps left until the next unlock condition of 35%. Perhaps it was because of the sense of crisis that was coming, but my eyelids fluttered as I looked at the status window.

I’m not even halfway through yet, but I’m like this. How will I change in the future? It seems like I’ll just be using a knife instead of doing any real questions and answers.

‘Even if the rising fairy tale rate is considered a growth factor, is there no way to prevent the decline in the status of people? … .’

I grabbed the sashimi to try to survive, but in return, my humanity was melting away like a candle.

Giving up humanity in order to survive… It was ironic in many ways.

While I was thinking about this and that, I quickly arrived at the principal’s office.

The secretary who was always waiting at the desk in front of the office door was nowhere to be seen. It seemed like she had gone out to eat lunch because it was lunchtime.

Knock, knock—I knocked on the door three times. Before I knew it, the European knocking manners(?) had become second nature.

“It’s Ganggeomma.”

“Hey, come in.”

A seductive voice flowed from beyond the door. I flinched as I held the doorknob.

Unlike the urgent text, there was a calm and relaxed tone in his voice.

An odd situation. I had a strong sense of foreboding. I had to check first before opening the door.

“Director, if you don’t dress properly like before, I’ll just go back to where I am.”

“… … .”

“I came here because it was urgent business, but I don’t think you would call a cadet and play a prank during lunch hour.”

“… … .”

“Principal of Media Academy?”

A moment of silence. A soft rustle of cloth was heard, and then a voice came out again.

“Come in… … .”

“yes.”

As soon as I entered the office, I looked at Media’s attire. The robe was buttoned up all the way.

Media greeted me with a big smile.

“Wow- Our Geomma, how long has it been! I know kids grow up so fast these days, but it’s really hard to recognize the difference in time. You seem to have grown taller, too.”

“You’re the same height, but you seem to have lost some weight.”

“What!? You’re saying that the already slim girl came back even thinner? Did that brat starve you?”

“I ate well. It’s just… I had a lot going on in Switzerland. And I also exercised regularly. So instead of losing weight, I gained more muscle.”

“Hmm- but at that age, it’s nice to look plump. Teenagers need to eat well and be healthy!”

“yes…….”

After exchanging news stories for a few minutes, Media’s expression

brightened. She quietly opened her mouth.

“I have two big things to tell you, Sword Maiden: good news and ambiguous news. Which one do you want to hear first?”

Media showing off her slender fingers in a V shape. The index finger is good news, while the middle finger is ambiguous news.

“Let me start by saying that it’s vague news.”

“I thought you’d be curious about that first.”

Media smiled faintly and stopped talking.

“First of all, let me say that this is still vague news, but it’s not bad news. However, if things continue this way, I think things will get a little more complicated… … .”

Media bit her lower lip lightly.

“Anyway, I’ll tell you this one thing for sure. If anything happens to you, Geomma, I will absolutely not let you off the hook.”

“Thank you for your concern.”

“Thank you~ It’s something that should be expected of an educator. Anyway, this ambiguous news is related to the text I sent you last night. I sent you a lot of messages, but among them, it was about the Hero Association. Do you remember?”

“They said they’re working with the Hero Association to root out the remaining traitors.”

“That’s right. As I said, the association guys are very strict because they are FMs, but everyone acknowledges that they are good at their job, in many ways. They have a short history, but they have developed their abilities. If they didn’t do a good job, would those arrogant noble guys just sit still?”

“I guess so.”

I nodded in agreement.

“These association guys who are good at this job have a really good sense of smell. Once they suspect someone, they dig really hard. The problem arises here… … .”

“What the principal said is that they are watching me?”

“… Yes. It seems like the association has vaguely noticed that you, Geomma, were involved in the subjugation of the 5th Corps Commander. I only found out about this this morning. If I had known, I wouldn’t have accepted their offer to help.”

Media sighed deeply. She pounded her chest as if she was frustrated, and moistened her throat with green tea.

“But you know what’s funny? An executive of the association came to me and told me that they are keeping a close eye on you, Geomma. That’s why I said this news is ambiguous.”

“The association said so openly? Why?”

“Isn’t that funny? Actually, this is more of a ‘creation ceremony’ than an ‘association ceremony.’ That gorilla has always said, ‘It’s unmanly to dig around in a dirty way!’ I never thought he’d do that even when he’s old… … . The only ones who really don’t grow up are the gorillas, you know.”

The inspector said once that the chairman and vice chairman, Changseong, were keeping an eye on me.

Even 【HP】, which is usually not given to cadets, was being estimated separately by me.

‘It seems like the scale is getting bigger.’

Until recently, I was just a commoner, but now I am the object of attention from global giants. It’s a feeling that’s hard to explain.

“But this isn’t all bad for us. The fact that Changseong is keeping an eye on you, Geomma, is probably because he has a favorable opinion. Then, it could work to your advantage in succeeding to the Seven Star Heroes in the future.”

Media said, rubbing her temples.

“If the three of us, Ttaktak, Gorilla, and I among the Seven Stars, push you, it will be difficult to refute you. However, Kojima is a bit of a problem… … . In fact, he is the most difficult.”

While talking, Media suddenly turned her head and looked at the wall clock. There were less than ten minutes left for lunch.

“Oh, this story has become too long. Let me tell you some good news.”

Media, whose eyes sparkle with excitement.

“Now you don’t have to worry about tuition and living expenses!”

I blinked and looked at her, wondering what she meant.

While I was bewildered, a pleasant smile appeared on Media’s lips.

“I don’t know who you are, but I sent you a donation in your name. Tuition, living expenses, etc. will be deposited into your account regularly every month.”

“…Who by any chance—”

Media placed the index finger she had been holding up against the center of my lips.

“This kind of thing is originally anonymous.”

She added, winking one eye.

“Don’t worry too much about money anymore. You’re already going through so much at seventeen. Students need to be students.”

“… … .”

“Anyway, our swordsman has made it big! We even have a fan club!? Wow, that’s great, great!”

* * *

At that time, in the backyard of the main building of Joaquin Academy.

Three members of the travel club. Saki Ryozo, Speed Weapon, and Sanhana gathered together. Even though they had only met for a month, two out of the five were missing.

Weapon asked.

“What about the manager and Chloe? Did they have a separate class during lunch today?”

Ryozo gave a brief explanation for the two people’s absence.

The story was that Chloe had rushed to the principal’s office due to family circumstances, and Kang Geum-ma had rushed to Media’s summons.

“… So that’s why you can’t come.”

Weapon muttered. He furrowed his brows, lost in thought.

Weapon was the only one of these three who knew the inside story of the night of the purge.

That day, the elder Claude was purged, but Auditore’s side also suffered bloodshed. It was a catastrophe in which ten assassins died.

So it was natural that Chloe, a member of Auditore, would join late.

He must be wandering around the country now, assassinating the remnants.

The sight of her, who looked like a hamster, stabbing the enemy with a blank expression was vivid.

“… … .”

Just imagining it made his body cringe. Weapon shook his head violently, shaking off the horror movie.

‘…and.’

Why was Ganggeomma summoned to the principal's office on the first day of the second semester? Weapon also guessed it without much difficulty.

Kang Geum-ma was now playing in a different water. Even now, the declaration the manager had made was vivid in his mind.

'I am the next Chilseong to succeed the Emperor.'

When he recalled that moment, his heart pounded. At those words, Weapon felt a hot romanticism as a fellow member and as a man.

At the age of seventeen, he was predicted to be the next Chilseong. There was no other boy's comic book. Of course, among the cadets, only Weapon knew this fact.

However, weapons with too much explanation have always made my mouth itch.

I wanted to go somewhere and shout, 'My friend, Kang Geum-ma is the next Chil-seong!' Every day, the bamboo forest was a desperate weapon.

But Weapon held back his desire. Not only did Kanggeomma ask him to do it, but if it was revealed, it would cause a huge uproar.

To Weapon, friendship was several times more important than personal desires. If a man betrays his duty, his lower body becomes lighter.

Still, it was hard to shake off all the regrets. It was surprising that so few people knew about Kang Geum-ma's exploits.

'The manager isn't getting all the recognition he deserves… … .'

Weapon scratched his head. Unlike the person in question, Kanggeomma, he was having trouble breathing. His insides were burning.

'Shit.'

As Weapon's expression changed in a split second, Ryozo narrowed

his eyes.

Ryozo immediately questioned the weapon.

“What, you look like you’re hiding something?”

“Hey, hey, what are you hiding? What am I hiding!”

The weapon swung sharply. Ryozo’s eyes narrowed slightly and soon he snickered.

“Don’t go around lying. It’ll all show. And what would you hide anyway? At most, it would be a red magazine hidden under the bed.”

“… … .”

… How did you know?

Weapon looked at Ryojo with eyes that had grown three times larger. Sanhana, who was watching the scene, only smiled faintly.

Thud, thud.

Suddenly, footsteps began to approach the travel club. The members’ attention turned to the sound that gradually became clearer.

It was a female student. Silver hair flowing down her shoulders and a black hat with a soft bang. Her somewhat unique appearance immediately caught the attention of those around her.

As Weapon thought, ‘I’ve never seen black eyes before except for the Ganggeomma,’ she stood close to Batu.

? ? ?

A question mark floated over the heads of all the members of the travel club.

The female student looked around with silent eyes and then tilted her head.

“Where is that guy named Ganggeomma?”

Eunbal, who was looking around and checking the absence of Ganggeomma again, muttered with a heartbroken expression.

“I gave up lunch and spent an hour just to see her.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 140

Episode 140 Variable (2)

“What kind of academy is this big?”

A female student who had suddenly appeared fanned her with her hand. She furrowed her brows in annoyance and grumbled.

Saki’s eyes, staring at her like that, sank. Her eyelashes covered half of her light blue pupils. A strange sense of tension settled down.

‘A cadet I’ve never seen before.’

Silver hair that sparkles like platinum in the sunlight and graceful facial features. But what stands out the most is… … .

‘Black eyes.’

As far as Saki knew, Kang Geum-ma was the only one with eyes like that in the academy. No, even outside of the academy, she had never seen one before.

When I first saw Kang Geum-ma, I thought he was wearing black circle lenses. His black eyes were such a unique feature of Kang Geum-ma.

however…….

Saki looked into the female student’s eyes. They were the same color as Kang Geum-ma’s.

Black circle lenses? No. Those hazy eyes are natural. Even if you look

closely, there are no signs of artificial lenses.

And, logically, why would anyone wear black lenses because they look pretty?

Even Sakiman, when I first saw Kang Geum-ma, I thought it had rotten fish eyes.

However, the black eyes of the silver-haired man were different from those of the strong swordsman.

If the eyes of the black horse were as empty as a deep well, the eyes of the silver-haired man were more humane.

Hmph- She shook her head slightly to clear her mind of distracting thoughts. She was distracted by that strange appearance.

“Geumma is out on personal business right now. If you have something to say, please tell me. I’m sitting ‘next to’ him, so I can tell you right away.”

Saki’s soft speech, yet hints at her special bond with Kanggeomma.

‘No matter how I look at her, she looks like a girl trying to ride on that guy’s popularity.’

These days, Kang Geum-ma is a hot potato among the female cadets. He is the subject of attention from all the media and hero agencies.

An active academy cadet who defeated Mao Lang at the age of seventeen and headed to America to capture Olmute.

There was a rumor going around that All Mute refused to do the showdown and it didn’t happen.

It was just a rumor, but people believed it like it was a secret. In fact, they even considered All Mute to be the underdog.

Then, what if a scandal with such a strong swordsman breaks out? The people involved in the scandal will also be on everyone’s lips.

It must be a symbol of wanting to fully enjoy the waterfall effect. At

least that's what Saki thought.

'I'm the only one who seriously cares about that guy, Black Magician.'

But showing your emotions here is third-rate. You have to hide your expressions thoroughly and treat them with respect.

The so-called 'Tatemae (outward appearance)'. It is a type of Japanese way of life where you hide your true feelings and try to judge others.

'His face is also a bit slanted, so it seems like he thinks that if he confesses, Kanggeomma will fall for him right away.'

Saki snorted inwardly. When you experience the iron wall of the Ganggeomma, even that arrogance will be crushed.

My self-esteem also dropped, and from that day on, I started looking into the mirror a lot. Incidentally, this was also Saki's autobiographical story.

'… … .'

But those dark eyes with a shallow light, and a gaze that seemed somewhat detached, gave off a sorrowful feeling, as if they were detached from this world.

Silver hair suddenly popped its face out.

"Hmm-"

"?"

"!"

Saki's expression changed to one of confusion. This unabashed behavior was beyond her expectations.

On the other hand, Eunbal observed Saki closely with his thinly opened eyes.

“Your eyes are more fierce than I expected. Should I say that you look a bit like a stray cat?”

“No, do you know me?”

“I don’t know much, but to some extent? Honestly, how could the Joaquin Academy not know you? With sky blue hair and princess hair. You’re a famous person that even a passing dog would recognize.”

“… … .”

That was right. Kanggeomma treated Saki so casually, but she was a famous person. She was the daughter of Jeolgung.

Eunbal continued to speak.

“And now you’ve lost a lot of your pretense. You were a bit too much a while ago. Well, I still commend your attitude of being wary of people you meet for the first time.”

Saki’s expression stopped changing. This silver hair simply saw through her own worldly wisdom.

Have you ever seen through others and seen from the opposite perspective?

Saki rolled her eyes to the side. Sanhana was observing the situation with a blank expression. Today, the reflection of her glasses was shining white.

Before the final exam, there was a small scuffle with my senior who was wearing glasses. At that time, my senior also caught me by surprise.

She even gave a subtle cheer saying, “I’m rooting for Saki, you and Kang Geum-ma the most~”

Since that day, I’ve been paying more attention to worldly wisdom. The silver hair in front of me hit the nail on the head even harder than my glasses-wearing senior.

Was the poker face awkward? Or was the smile too stiff?

Saki's pupils swirled around. Her random thoughts expanded in a chain reaction.

Weapon, who had been silently observing the situation, frowned.

"Hey, if you come to see our manager, shouldn't you first identify yourself? We're already a bit sensitive about that kind of stuff."

Weapon's tone was unusually cold. After going through many things with Kanggeomma, Weapon had also changed a lot.

One small thing can potentially harm Kang Geum Ma later on.

Up until now, Kanggeomma has stepped in and solved the problem, but he can't rely on it forever.

Blocking suspicious approaches in advance. This was his role as the next Chilseong's friend and 'assistant'.

"Oh, I haven't introduced myself yet. I'm Yoo Se-in. I'm in the first year of the sex class."

"Sex class? Since I have a wide base of knowledge, I know most of the people in the sex class, but you're a total stranger to me?"

"A new student came today."

"Transfer… … ."

Come to think of it, the sex class was a mess this morning. The male students in particular seemed really excited. Was it because of this?

Weapon glanced at Saint. She was a beautiful girl who was no less beautiful than Saki. If they were in the same class, the male cadets would cheer.

'… It's pretty, really.'

But the dissonance was very severe. With that face and that dirty tone of voice. Even considering her beauty, her image was too

broken.

Doridori Weapon shook his head. He continued questioning Sein.

“Then what’s even stranger? The kid who transferred today is looking for Ganggeomma right during lunch time? Isn’t that too suspicious?”

“Okay, gangster hair. Sharp?”

“A gangster’s head… …? Me?”

Se-in said with his eyes, ‘ㅇㅇ. Who else is there besides you?’ Weapon was upset, but he just bit his lip. He couldn’t reveal the dark history of having two-toned hair because he dyed it wrong.

By the way, why did you understand what I said just by looking at my eyes? It was like telepathy was implanted in my brain.

“Don’t worry. It suits you well.”

“…Does it suit you well?”

‘Yeah, yeah.’ Sae-in’s short reply. Weapon’s chin was slightly quirked. It was the first time Weapon had been complimented on his hair color.

“Anyway, gangster hair.”

Se-in said, tapping my eyes with her fingers. Her delicate nails pointed to the black irises.

“Do you see this? Geumma, he and I are like distant relatives.”

“?!”

Weapon and Saki’s shoulders shook together. Distant relatives? Kenma’s relatives? Then family? All the thoughts came to mind at once.

Certainly, if Silver Hair, that is, Yoo Se-in, was Kang Geum-ma’s family, then a lot of things were explained. Those black eyes, and even the sense of foreboding I felt while talking to her. There were

many similarities between her and Kang Geum-ma.

But has Geomma ever talked about his family? Gang Geomma never talked about his family at all. Moreover, their last names were different. ‘Gang’ Geomma, ‘Yu’ Sein. Are they distant relatives on the maternal side?

Honestly, I still wondered. Even though he doesn’t usually talk about himself, still…

‘but…….’

Saki thought. What if. If the real Yusein was really a distant relative of Kang Geum-ma! She absolutely did not want to be hated.

“Well, it looks like we won’t be able to meet today. I was thinking of coming back later, but there’s an experience point burning event later. You said Saki, right? Next to Ganggeomma.”

“Uh, uh.”

“Okay. Tell her to meet me in the backyard after school. Got it?”

“But you said you were relatives, but you don’t have any contact information?”

“Oh, that’s it.”

Se-in paused for a moment and then added:

“Kang Geum-ma, he doesn’t answer my calls at all. And since he’s a distant relative, it’s kind of awkward to even say hello.”

“… I guess so.”

Saki answered with gentle eyes. The corners of her eyes, which had been raised like an angry cat, had returned to their original position.

“I’ll tell you.”

“If you’re still wondering, just say ‘status window’ and they’ll find it for you. It’s like a password that only our family uses.”

“Status window… … ?”

I wondered what kind of secret language was that.

However, Saki nodded.

“Okay, I understand.”

“Thank you, thank you. And… … .”

Finally, Se-in’s gaze lingered on San-ha-na. She stared at San-ha-na for a moment and then spoke in a low tone.

“You look like you’re having fun too.”

“… … .”

With those words, Se-in strode away. He just said what he wanted to say and left. Perhaps because he was a relative of Kang Geum-ma, Se-in also had a mild personality.

Saki looked at the back of Sein’s head and suddenly glanced to the side. The next moment, Saki’s pupils opened wide.

… … !

Sanha, who always insisted on a blank expression. No matter what happened, the glasses-wearing senior would only smile slightly and never change his expression beyond that.

But now her face was full of emotion. Clear hostility. Blue flames blazed quietly behind her glasses.

* * *

“Relatives? To me?”

It was the words that came back right after I had told Kang Geum-ma, right after lunchtime. He asked again to confirm.

“Are you sure? You said he was my relative?”

“Oh. I heard you’re a very distant relative?”

“Even if it’s far… there’s no way it’s possible.”

Ryojo also looked flustered at the indifferent reaction. Kang Geum-ma had an expression on his face like he had seen a ghost.

“I heard his name is Yoo Se-in. He transferred to the Sung class today. Is this your first time hearing about it?”

“…Yusein.”

Kanggeomma is absorbed in his thoughts, rubbing his temples.

‘Is the existence of a distant relative that shocking…?’

Saki looked at Kang Geum-ma’s side profile with embarrassment. She had a rough idea that his family history must have been very complicated. It was a feeling.

Those who grew up in complicated family backgrounds are reluctant to talk about their families. Saki, who grew up in a complicated family in many ways, vaguely noticed this.

Until now, Kang Geum-ma has never said a word about his family. And the reason for that is probably not much different from his own.

No, Kang Geum-ma was more likely to be worse off than himself. Could it be that Kang Geum-ma’s independent nature stemmed from the absence of a family?

Of course, Saki’s hacking skills could have uncovered the truth. But she didn’t even try.

At least I wanted to hear about the Ganggeomma incident directly from the person involved.

‘Is it like the feeling of a family that never existed before appearing in the Sword Demon story? … .’

As she thought about it, her eyes began to water. Saki turned her head sharply. A stuffy, sealed feeling rose from the depths of her emotions.

I understood Kang Geum-ma's reaction anew. He must have lived completely alone, but suddenly his family showed up. It was strange that he wasn't confused.

At that moment, the words that Se-in had said before leaving flashed through his mind. Saki wiped her eyes with her index finger and straightened her expression.

Saki spoke carefully.

"There's something he said before he left. Status window? He said that if I said that, you, Geomma, would understand right away… … ."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Kanggeomma suddenly stood up. Without saying a word, he headed straight for the door.

At that sudden action, Saki stretched out her arm against Kanggeomma's back.

"Where are you going!"

"… sex class."

Kang Geum-ma turned his back and replied, then left the class. The atmosphere began to stir.

"There are less than three minutes left until the next class, and you're suddenly leaving?"

"That's right. Your expression was dark when I saw you earlier… … . W, no way. Who are you planning to pickle today… … ?"

"You're going to the Holy Class! Awesome! Let's go too!"

Saki glared at the students coldly.

"Everyone."

The pupils are slit long like an eagle's. The archer's wide field of vision scans all faces at once.

“Only those with heavy lips and feet will be able to handle the aftermath. Do you understand?”

… … .

The cadets became a group in an instant. After confirming that everyone was in order, Saki ran to the castle class naked.

Even while running, Saki was already shouting into the cell phone in her hand.

“Hi, Bigsbig. Access the Joaquin Academy security system. Command, delay class alarm by ten minutes.”

[※※Checking command.※※]

Beep-!

[※※CODE. HKEY_CLASSES_ALARM (10) MIN. This has been completed normally.※※]

[※※Joaquin Academy’s 5th period bell will be delayed by 10 minutes.※※]

A dry mechanical sound. And a series of numbers 0 and 1 flashing across the LCD.

Saki put her phone away.

“You, Sword Master, no matter how urgent it is, you have to manage attendance. It’s the first day of the new semester.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 141

Episode 141 Variable (3)

Star class.

Pyon↑ Pyon→ Pyon↓

A mechanical sound was heard from the back row. Two of the other students turned their backs and looked in that direction.

The female student in the back row was busy tapping away at her cell phone. It was Yoo Se-in, who had transferred in today.

The two women, who had been looking at the world with incredulous eyes, began to gossip.

“What is he doing now?”

“I asked earlier and it said it was some kind of mobile game… … ?”

“… Game? Wow, this is so funny. Isn’t this guy a total sycophant? He thinks everyone is just pretty… And what did he say when he introduced himself earlier? Wasn’t it something like, ‘Name: Yoo Se-in. Nothing special. That’s it?’?”

“That’s right. He mumbles at the end of every sentence… … . He just looks like he’s pretending to be special, but he really is a total idiot. What on earth is the Joaquin Academy class assignment department doing? Tsk. Putting a kid like that in a saint class.”

“That’s why. If we’re in the same class as someone like that, then our

level is also low. And from what I've heard, that guy Se-in is the third daughter of a minor noble from the border region."

"Wow. That's just a commoner. Why me?"

"Okay. What's wrong with him?"

The female cadets laughed so that everyone could hear.

But Se-in completely ignored those shallow taunts. She kept her eyes focused on the screen of her phone and just waved her fingers around in a fancy way.

Pyon↗ Pyon↘ Pyon↘

One of the other students twisted his lips.

"… Is he ignoring us?"

"This is absolutely ridiculous. This can't be happening. The bell hasn't even rung yet, and I have to go and say something. I have to explain the difference in 'status'."

"I'll take care of it. I'll go and give you some real education."

At that moment.

"Hey, you guys."

A sharp monosyllable was heard from the front. The unexpected voice froze the body of the female cadet who was about to get up.

The female student twisted her head like a robot. When she looked at Abel, he was looking at her with cold eyes.

Next to Abel, Rachel watched with her chin resting on her hand, an amused expression on her face.

The woman who received the glares of the Nibelungs and the Murat family all at once. Her face turned yellow.

'Why of all people… … .'

Although I myself was a child of a noble family known in England, I was no match for those two.

No matter how wealthy a family may be in a country, they will be infinitely humbled in front of two international families.

It's not a metaphor, but the gap in status was as big as the difference between heaven and earth.

Moreover, those two people, Abel and Rachel, were the cadets who were the furthest from aristocratic ideas within the Holy Class.

In particular, Abel would sometimes openly frown when a situation like this one arose.

Abel shot the female student.

"It's not even the end of class yet. What does it matter to others what you do during break time?"

"No, that's… it's too noisy."

"It's okay to badmouth others openly, but it's not okay to talk about games?"

"… … ."

Abel vehemently dismissed the protest. Rachel, who had been watching, suddenly intervened.

"It looks to me like he's just trying to get the transfer student to do something. Well, I don't think that's a bad thing. But you know."

"… … ."

Rachel giggled as she watched the trembling female student.

"It's fair to determine the order of things by force. It's too tacky to bring up social status while doing it. Otherwise, how about we settle the order of things together while we're at it?"

"… … !"

The female cadet lowered her eyebrows. Her once sallow complexion soon turned pale.

She asked her partner, who had been chattering away for a while, for help with her eyes… … .

… but the partner had already sat down in a different seat.

‘You coward!’

On the other hand, Abel and Rachel are bickering about the female student who has become a contemplative.

“Rachel! That’s putting the cart before the horse!”

“Why, Miss Abel, did I say something wrong? It’s already chilly because it’s early fall, and it’s so nice to warm up my body!”

Amidst the mixed emotions, Se-in frowned and scratched the back of his neck.

“Ah- Is it true that they give out so little experience points for a Burning Event? The event items aren’t that great either. This game is ruining my luck!”

Sein threw his phone on the desk and leaned back in his chair.

“… … .”

“… … .”

“… … .”

Abel also had a look of exasperation. Sein stared at the ceiling with blank eyes.

‘No matter how much I think about it, Sein, he’s so special.’

The second transfer student, following the first transfer student, Leon Van Reinhardt, is Yusei.

From the first impression, Se-in was extraordinary. He also had a somewhat unique appearance.

This morning, there was a male student who was pestering Sein.

Her silver hair and small face were enough to catch the attention of men. Se-in ended up in a similar situation to Abel at the beginning of the semester.

But the male students did not receive even a single glance from the world. She treated them even colder than Abel.

Later, Se-in covered his ears with earphones. And game- game- game-.

'What on earth did he come to Joaquin Academy for? Did he come to play games?'

At that moment, Abel was looking at Sein from afar.

Bam- The door to the classroom opened wide. All the students looked there. Abel, who was standing like a meerkat, also turned his gaze.

An outsider entered the class. It was Kang Geum-ma. The air became chilled just by his appearance.

Kang Geum-ma stood on the podium and looked around the scene.

"Sword Demon!"

Rachel shouted happily. She jumped up on the desk.

"Oh, it's been a while!"

Rachel spreads her arms wide and tries to hug him.

Kanggeomma dodged by lightly twisting his shoulder.

Boom!

Rachel's face collided with the blackboard, the green surface denting into the shape of a face.

Rachel's face planted on the chalkboard. There's a cracking noise and a new moan.

Her whole body began to twitch like a frog, and soon her limbs became limp.

As silence settled over the class, Ryozo came in, panting. He was out of breath, perhaps because he had been running too fast.

“Haa… haa… Geumma, are you sure you’re walking? Why are your feet so fast?”

The atmosphere of the class was so awkward. The expressions on their faces were like, “Why are they here when class is about to end?” Abel was the same.

Thud thud.

Kang Geum-ma took a step forward. No one could say anything to his heavy expression.

Kanggeomma passed Abel and the cadets and reached the very back.

He opened his mouth low.

“Let’s talk for a moment.”

Se-in slowly lifted her head, which had been tilted back. A small smile appeared on her lips.

Se-in asked Kang Geum-ma.

“Here? Or outside?”

“… … .”

Swish- Kanggeomma looked around. His gaze shifted back to Sein.

“corridor.”

Se-in shrugged.

*

Kanggeomma and Sein escaped into the hallway. The students of the Sung class tried to head out, but the classroom door was already

taken.

Three girls are observing Kanggeomma and Sein with only half of their faces sticking out. From the top vertically—

Kyo | Rachel

Real | Ryojo

Moon | Abel

-It was in order.

Rachel muttered as she set her broken nose.

“What, what is it? Did you already know the swordsman and the transfer student? Or maybe… your ex-girlfriend who just hid something?!”

Rachel sniffed and a clump of blood poured out. She sniffled, exhaling blood-scented breath.

“Oh, Rachel! If you’re stupid, just shut your mouth. If you’re going to wipe your nose, go to the temple. No matter how stupid you are, is it normal to slam your face into the blackboard?”

Ryozo’s eyebrows arched gently. She clicked her tongue and muttered.

“And it’s not what you think, so don’t get too excited.”

“Then what is it! Why is it that Geomma is the first to talk to a transfer student! Geomma is always cold to me!”

“… … .”

Abel nodded. Ryozo sighed and spoke in a small voice.

“I ran into you by chance during lunch earlier. That guy, Yoo Se-in, is a distant relative of Geum-ma.”

“!”

“!”

The two people who were in charge of Ryojo’s upper and lower parts flinched. There was a subtle current flowing between the three. Rachel’s eyes lit up.

“Relatives? Family? … Then my in-laws?!”

Heart-shaped eyes that were dilated to the max. As if they were going to pop out at any moment, Saki headbutted Rachel’s chin with her crown.

“Pretty-okay!”

“I’m glad I transferred to your class, Rachel, at least for your sake. But… … .”

“… … .”

Ryozo glanced down. Abel stared at Kanggeomma and Sein quietly and calmly.

Those golden eyes fixed on Kang Geum-ma. Looking at Abel, Saki felt uneasy inside.

‘Abel, you’re never honest with your feelings. You always pretend not to. If you’re going to be like that, it’s better to be like that yellow-haired wild horse and act like that.’

Ryozo’s cheeks swelled and his eyes became sharp.

Finally, her unconsciousness stirred. Ryozo hit Abel’s pure white head with his forehead as hard as he could.

“G-gah!”

A puff of steam rose from Abel’s crown. Abel shook his head and turned it upside down.

“Hey, Saki! What are you doing all of a sudden?!”

“sorry.”

Ryozo apologized, rubbing his flushed forehead.

“mistake.”

*

“So who are you?”

I didn’t beat around the bush and got straight to the point. The squabbling coming from behind was annoying, though.

As my brow furrowed, the silver-haired woman smiled faintly. She turned her gaze from the classroom door beyond me to me.

“Between us, we’re distant relatives. So, let’s lighten up a bit. If someone saw us, they’d think we were enemies.”

I flinched. Why does he speak like this? Even the MZ generation wouldn’t speak like this.

“I’ve always just relayed news from afar, so it’s amazing to see it in person like this.”

“… … .”

“Name: Yoo Se-in. Affiliation: Foreign Press Agency. Position: Saintess.”

Foreign Correspondence and the Saint. Even for me, who played ‘Miracle of Protection M’, it was an unfamiliar concept. Even if I tried to recall, I had never heard of such a group name.

Saint. Literally a holy woman.

Why did such a person enter Joaquin Academy? And how did he know about the ‘status window’? There were more than a few questions.

‘The saint was a child like this in the first place?’

Se-in smiled faintly. Her left dimple went in nicely.

“Originally, my intervention is something like a ‘variable’. If we use a

game metaphor… a small cheat skill? So it's not right for me to intervene, and I can't intervene deeply because of the penalty of divine punishment anyway. However, it can serve as a guideline or a strategy book."

"Don't beat around the bush, whether it's a variable or a cheat key. That's who you are."

"No, I've given you all these clues, but you still don't get it? That's because you're so clueless. Those three people in the back are always suffering."

Se-in winked at me. I turned my head slightly. The yellow, sky blue, and blue hair that had been outside the door disappeared like moles.

"The sin is too great."

Se-in shook her head excitedly. My gaze was directed straight at her.

Se-in quickly elaborated.

"Since I've come all the way to the Academy, I'd like to tell you everything, but there's only so much I can tell you. If I tell you too much, I'll get a game penalty, a divine punishment. And since I'm just a human, I can't answer everything. Well, if you still don't know… … ."

Se-in clasped his hands together on his chest and took a prayer pose.

Then, I closed my eyes and recited quietly. The pure voice tickled my ears.

"May God bless you."

I took a deep breath. I had heard that voice so many times.

"… Was it you?"

A faint smile appeared on Se-in's face.

♬～♪♪♫♪

As if to replace the answer that would follow, the bell for the fifth period class rang.

A woman passed me by, her pure silver hair flowing like waves in the air.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 142

Episode 142: Armament Reinforcement

That night, I lay in bed reflecting on what had happened that day.

“…Yusein.”

Before we broke up, a word she said as a farewell.

—May God bless you.

A woman’s voice flows in every time a blessing is expressed. The mysterious tone of her voice matches that of Yu Se-in.

But with those words, Se-in left the room, saying he could say no more. He repeatedly mentioned the penalty called ‘divine punishment’.

[The Sword God’s Protection] heightened my sensitivity and observed the world, but I didn’t sense even the slightest hint of falsehood in their eyes.

‘At the end, I added that we shouldn’t meet too often.’

There are limits to what you can say to me, and you have to be careful about meeting me.

… Then why did Se-in transfer to the academy? Since it was the first time we met today, there was no way to know his intentions.

However, if you look back at the context of the story, in the end, Se-in was appealing that he was my assistant.

‘Because you said you came to help me level up.’

I tossed and turned on the blanket, then raised my upper body and leaned against the wall. A cold sensation ran down my back.

The full moon rose brightly. The angle of the moonlight shining on the window frame was slanted.

I stared blankly at the full moon, then suddenly took out a piece of stone from my pocket. It was a magic stone of immortality. It glowed coquettishly in the moonlight.

I touched the surface of the magic stone. It felt rough. What should I say, the feeling of fish scales before applying a knife? It was full of a raw feeling.

Even if it is purified, the magic stone is a condensation of magical power. This single stone is no different from a monster that far surpasses the power of a normal demon.

I stared at the immortal stone for a long time.

… But will this actually be enough to successfully strengthen Murasame? What if, even by one chance, Buralt fails?

All the hard work I’ve done during the vacation will burst like a bubble in an instant. Just thinking about it makes me shudder.

If that were true, I felt like something beyond anger would surge up. Especially since, based on my experience playing ‘Miracle Protection M’, the failure rate wasn’t that high.

Even at the highest estimate, it would be around 7%? The problem is that Buland has a history of failing at refining.

“Oh, I’m anxious.”

However… even if he was not good enough, there was no other option. I had no choice but to believe that tomorrow he would be Burnant.

“But since there is a chance of failure, the pleasure of successfully

strengthening is doubled.”

A heartbeat was pounding softly. The throbbing in my fingertips was transmitted to the stone, causing the cold stone to squirm like flesh.

I put the magic stone back in my pocket. As a Korean by nature, I can’t help but feel excited about strengthening. Gambling is this scary.

* * *

The next day at lunchtime, I went straight to Buland. As soon as I opened the door, a hot wind and the smell of sweat hit my cheek.

Next to the fire-belching chimney, the back of a large hammer could be seen being oiled.

“Sir, I’m here.”

“What… is it you?”

Bulant shook his head and sighed. Still, he stopped what he was doing and pulled out a chair for me to sit down.

Whether it was the service spirit of the self-employed or the intimidation of manners, the service was decent despite the unfriendly attitude.

“It’s been a while.”

“I wish it had been longer, but a month is shorter than I thought. Just sit down.”

Bulant cleared away the items cluttering the table. Weapon blueprints, request forms, a triangle, pencils. There was a lot of stuff.

After finishing tidying up, he went to the tea room and grabbed a kettle and a crumpled makgeolli cup.

Speaking nonchalantly, Bulant filled a glass of makgeolli. In front of a customer, and a cadet at that, he suddenly brought up a table of alcohol.

This guy is really consistent.

“Just for your information, since it’s the beginning of the semester, there are a lot of weapon requests piled up. Even if you place a request now, it could take a month or more at the very least.”

Bwullant gulped. He wiped the makgeolli off his lips with his forearm and asked.

“Yeah, what did you bring this time? Given your fierce temper, I don’t think you’d waste your vacation. What, did you bring some A-class demonic materials like last time?”

“I brought something that turns Grade A material into something like ‘something’.”

“…what?”

The glass of makgeolli heading towards my mouth stopped for a moment. I took out the magic stone and placed it on the table. Bwullant’s eyes followed the magic stone rolling around.

“This, this is. W, w, really?”

Bülant’s voice trembled without mercy. He took a deep breath and carefully picked up the magic stone.

“Isn’t this a magic stone?!”

Her pupils, which had grown twice as large, examined the crimson jewels. I nodded and answered.

“Yes, the correct name is ‘Stone of Immortality’. What do you think? Isn’t this enough to make something like an A-grade?”

“… Heh heh, right. No.”

Bulant laughed in vain with a face that said he was amazed. He couldn’t take his eyes off the magic stone like a child who had just received a toy.

“Can you strengthen it?”

“Uh- um.”

At my question, Buland hesitated. He scratched his eyebrows in embarrassment.

“I’ll be honest with you, as I’ve been a pro for decades. Strengthening weapons with magic stones? Of course it’s possible. I’ve never handled magic stones before because they’re such rare ores, but there are definitely precedents.”

Bulant continued his explanation in a heavy tone.

“… But the problem is the process of processing this magic stone. I don’t know if you know, but if you mishandle it, the magic power inside it can go out of control. It looks like a mere piece of stone now, but the resentment suppressed inside it is no joke. It seems like a derivative of a demonic beast, at least A+ grade, or even higher.”

I only played around with it once, but I immediately figured out the truth. I was inwardly amazed at his keen eye.

I had forgotten, but Bulandt was the highest-ranking blacksmith with the official title of ‘Miracle Protection M’.

“I won’t ask where you got it… … Well, it’s not like you’ll tell me anyway. Kanggeomma, there’s nothing you can’t do. You’re none other than ‘Sashimi Sword Saint’.”

A vein popped on my temple. Buland quickly gathered his words.

“Tch, it’s praise, praise! Anyway, that’s the point I’m making. Reinforcement? It’s possible. But before that, this resentment, that is, the magical power contained in the magic stone, must be suppressed through a refining process.”

“Then, can I just have it purified? Or should I leave it somewhere else?”

“There’s no one who’ll take it, and there’s no place that can do it, as far as I know.”

Buland shook his head.

“Even if it exists, it is impossible. Because if you go through artificial refining, that is, processing, the magical power loses its effect in that state. There is only one way. To suppress the resentment of the demons with human passion.”

“… … ?”

“You just need to press down on this magic power with your human willpower. To put it in simpler terms, it’s like taming a wild animal as a pet.”

I was lost in thought for a moment. I understood Bwullant’s explanation itself. Even if the evil thoughts were removed, a magic stone was still a magic stone. It was said that refining before smelting was essential.

So how? I asked right away.

“You’re saying that you suppress magical power with that mental power? How do you do that?”

“The method is not difficult. When I manifest the protection and strike the jewel with a hammer, an incredible amount of magical power will leak out. If you put your hand over it and suppress it, that’s the end of it.”

“… Did you have guardianship too, uncle?”

“Hey! You punk, do you think I just got a spot at Joaquin Academy for nothing?! … Even though I don’t have a single bit of combat ability, I’m not a hero… … .”

A gloom spread across Büland’s face for a moment. He shook off his distracting thoughts and added:

“Anyway. To sum up, strengthening and refining are possible, but I can’t suppress this thought with my mental power. If it’s the thought of an A+ or S-class demonic beast as I guessed, it’s even more so. Unless it’s a Seven-Star Hero, it’s probably impossible.”

“… … .”

Bulant held out the magic stone to me. He bit his lips with a look of regret. It seemed as if his pride as a blacksmith had been crushed.

'…hmm.'

I looked back and forth between the bulb and the magic stone and thought.

Mr. Büland shouldn't give up so easily. If you sew the first button well, the next two will be easy.

He should build up his proficiency at this point, even if it means strengthening his magic stone the remaining two times. If he does so, he will be able to expect higher results later.

I raised my head. Bülant was pouring his glass of makgeolli with a bitter expression. His pride was deeply scratched.

"mister!"

I grabbed him quickly. If I left him alone, he would quickly become drunk and pass out.

"I will tame that magic."

"Cock- what, what?"

The drunken Buland coughed. He had a look of exasperation on his face, and then frowned.

"Hey, Mom! Do you know what you're talking about? If you don't do it right, you, Mom, at that age, could lose your mind!"

Bulant shouted. Despite his fierce tone, his words were full of concern and worry for me.

I appreciate the sentiment. However, it is more important for Büland to rise than for personal feelings.

'I originally didn't plan on saying anything.'

I looked straight into Büland's eyes. He flinched and put down his

glass. A cold air lingered in the heated space.

“I defeated the demon that spat out this magic stone.”

“…I see.”

Bulant’s voice was steady, though he stuttered slightly. It seemed as if he had expected it to some extent.

“I saw earlier that you seem to be greedy about strengthening the magic stone. Don’t you think it would be a shame to just give up?”

“… … .”

“And I won’t go crazy or anything. I’m confident in my mental strength.”

In my previous life, I rolled around in shit since I was seventeen. On top of that, I worked for the Ministry of National Defense for three years and even had a ‘mental level’. How could I succumb to such trivial thoughts?

Bulant’s expression hardened for a moment, as if he was thinking about something. Then he closed his eyes tightly and bit the kettle’s spout.

“?!”

“Whoa!”

He let out a gasp after downing the makgeolli. His already alcohol-tinged face turned bright red.

Bulant looked at me with wide eyes.

“Okay, let’s give it a try. I’ll try to control the amount of magical power leaking out as much as possible.”

“Let’s light a fire in the brazier.”

Bulant raised the corners of his lips.

“First, lower the shutter.”

* * *

Bulandt busily finished preparing for reinforcement. Will there ever be a once in a lifetime opportunity like this? Armament reinforcement using magic stones.

The piled up requests were put on the back burner. The shutters were also lowered. Today's business was as good as gone.

But Büland's heart was pounding. He took a deep breath and breathed in the smoke of the forge. The hot air seeped into his lungs and raced through his veins.

Gulp – Swallowing dry saliva. Sparks flew through the forge as Bulant stepped on the bellows.

Phew.

The tremendous heat that melted iron into liquid enveloped his entire body. Hana Bulandt continued to heat the fire fiercely without any hesitation.

'This much firepower is sufficient.'

Bulant raised his hammer high. Before striking the magic stone, he turned his gaze to the strong swordsman.

"Let's get started."

Kanggeomma nodded silently. Then, Bwullant displayed his protection and struck down the magic stone with all his might.

Bang!

At the same time as the murmur of sound, a crack appeared – the immortal magic stone. Immediately, a jet-black smoke flowed out from the gap.

Ss …

Buland felt a shiver run down his spine.

A thicker fog than darkness oppressed the forge's fervor. An eerie aura eroded the mind, and shadows ate away at the vision.

"… Hehe."

An unimaginable ominousness. The strength in my grip on the hammer slowly loosened.

Kiiing.

A smooth sound was picked up from the side.

The strong swordsman who took off Sashimi's scabbard. Despite the momentum of the attack, he calmly stretched out his remaining arm.

Beep-

[Unauthorized intrusion from outside has been detected.]

[However, the opponent's level is too low for the program to work.]

[Use "Mental Strike" to suppress "Immortal Magic".]

Eventually, when my hand reached the source of the magic that consumed my entire body.

Kang Geum-ma opened his mouth in a calm voice.

"Is this all there is to it?"

… … Paaaaat!

[The Sword God's protection 'Destruction' is manifested.]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 143

Episode 143 Symbol 7: Strong Sword Horse (1)

A cold sweat formed on Büland's temples.

"Haa… haa… … ."

After desperately trying to catch his breath, Buland looked at Kanggeomma. He was holding sashimi in his left hand and placing his right hand on the magic stone.

Büland's pupils dilated blankly as the situation unfolded in real time.

Even though the evil aura that was emanating from the magic stone was visible, Ganggeomma had no expression on his face.

He lightly suppressed his magical power with one hand, as if he was stepping on fallen leaves.

Kang Geum-ma muttered, narrowing his eyes.

"There's more backlash than I expected."

"… … ."

Bwullant's face turned pale. Those vicious thoughts were seeping out between Kanggeomma's fingers.

Kkaaa …

The accompanying roar seemed to rip through his eardrums. Bulant corrected Ma Seok's feelings.

That wasn't an A-class. At least an S-class. It was a top-tier demon among them.

… But that guy accepts it leisurely, saying, 'That's a bit of a backlash,' with an expression that seems incredibly comfortable and nonchalant. I knew he wasn't an ordinary person, but I didn't know it would be this far-fetched.

At this point, it wasn't the demon stone, but that guy who was the monster? Didn't the character for devil (魔) appear in his name? It was a reasonable hypothesis.

Kanggeomma turned his gaze to Bulant.

"Sir, it is now."

"Ah, ah. Okay."

It's not over yet. Strictly speaking, it hasn't even begun.

When the sword was refined by the strong swordsman, Buland had to hammer it and forge it.

This process must be repeated tens or hundreds of times before it is reborn as a reinforced material.

Bulant raised his hunched body with a jerk. He desperately exerted strength into his fingertips. He straightened his hunched shoulders.

Perhaps this moment was the turning point for me to take a further step forward as a blacksmith.

Bwyllant opened his eyes that had been tightly shut. Thud thud – He spat alternately on his palms and gripped the hammer tightly.

A grip filled with firm determination. A thick blood vessel gushed out on Bwullant's forearm. He shouted loudly.

"Now is the time!"

"yes."

Kanggeomma took his hand off the magic stone. In response, the hammer, which had been raised high, fell with great force.

Bang-! The magic stone was struck by a thick hammer. As the roar rang out once more, Kanggeomma immediately stretched out his hand and suppressed the magic power.

Then, the iron hammer strikes the magic stone again.

It was a continuation of the same process.

Bang-! Once.

Bang-! Twice.

Bang-! Three times.

Bang-! Four times…

Even though there was no exchange of words, the two of them were in sync. A bead of sweat gathered at the tip of their chins. The embers from the brazier crackled and turned into steam before they even reached the floor.

Kkeue …

The roar of ideology slowly subsided. The blacksmith's fever soon covered the thick magic power.

Bulant raised his head. At that very moment, his eyes met Kanggeomma's.

"… … ."

The two looked at each other in silence. Bwland spoke to the boy with just his eyes.

'I think this might be the greatest masterpiece of my blacksmithing career.'

In response, Kanggeomma also smiled, revealing his teeth.

* * *

Thirty minutes passed.

Paat!

[The magic power of immortality was destroyed by ‘extinction’.]

[Immunity has been gained against external invasion.]

[“Mental Level” has slightly increased.]

A sense of relief came over me as I saw the status window appear on my retina. I was nervous that I might fail, but I succeeded. The result was right before my eyes.

The magic stone that burned with resentment was transformed into a perfect strengthening material.

‘It’s a good start.’

Only the magic stone has been refined, and full-scale strengthening has not yet taken place.

Still, the first step was done well. From now on, it all depends on Büland’s skills.

‘by the way.’

He sat down on the chair, exhausted, in a pose that was as if he was burning white. I stared at him blankly.

Until yesterday, I didn’t trust him. He had reduced Murasame, who was originally a B-class, to a D-class.

But I saw Büland’s work in person and my disbelief was put aside.

‘What kind of passion does that old man have?’

Even when engulfed in the flames and magic of the furnace, Buland did not stop hammering.

I may have ‘mental fortitude’, but that old man held on purely with mental strength.

Craftsmanship, this one word describes it.

“… Ugh. I’m dying, I’m dying.”

Bülant groaned. He stretched his neck from side to side, looking exhausted.

I handed him a glass of cold water.

“Thank you for your hard work. You didn’t have to give up business today.”

A faint smile appeared on Buland’s lips as he received the cup.

“No. I had a good experience thanks to you.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

Bwullant scratched his head and made a sullen expression. Then he shook off his apron and looked at the wall clock. The minute hand was already pointing to fifteen minutes before fifth period.

The gaze of the bewitched man came over to me.

“Class will begin. If you leave your weapons, I will reinforce them and hand them over to your dorm supervisor within this week.”

“… You said earlier that you were busy for the past month.”

“It won’t matter if I postpone the piling up requests for a day or two. I have to finish them while I’m at it. And by the way, just thinking about tinkering with the magic stone makes my hands itch so much that I can’t stand it.”

His eyes glowed hot as he looked at the magic stone. He clenched and unclenched his fists like someone itching.

That look was similar to my past self, that is, my previous life, before I cut open the tuna belly. Someone who wants to quickly prepare good ingredients. That is the craftsman.

“i look forward to.”

I bowed my head. It is right to treat a craftsman with the courtesy he deserves.

Bulandt was startled. He scratched his cheek with a face that seemed very surprised by my attitude.

Finally, he rolled up his sleeves and made a bold statement.

“Okay, I’ll make your eyes sparkle when you receive the weapon.”

* * *

At the same time, in the principal’s office.

Media sat cross-legged on the reception sofa. She looked over the documents with her eyes softly.

Across from him, a man in a black suit stands with his hands behind his back, his back straight and his posture undisturbed.

The man was a member of the Hero Association. He was a section chief who had exclusive access to the Joaquin Academy principal. The association called him Section Chief Sung.

Director Sung came to Joaquin Academy to seek permission from the academy’s director, Media, before establishing a temporary organization for the Hero Association.

The Association and the Academy. As this was an unusual partnership, there was a lot to discuss… … .

A heavy silence fell over the office. Manager Sung couldn’t open his mouth, his face clearly tense.

It was because of the advice I heard from Vice President, Richard de Murat, before leaving the association.

‘What the heck, I don’t know about anything else, but don’t get on Media’s nerves. She’s just so grumpy. When she gets really worked up, I can’t handle it. She might be holding a pen now, but back then, she was no joke. If you press the wrong button, you’ll get a blood clot. Got it?’

tyrant.

In fact, another nickname for Media was already popular within the association. The source of this gruesome naming was also heard from Mr. Changseong.

In Seven Star Heroes, the role of the wise Mediah was that of a healer. However, the concept of that position was a little different.

—The role of a healer is not to heal damage. It is to find and eliminate the 'target' that causes damage. That is the true healer.

That was crazy logic. If that's what I'm saying, then isn't it a 'dealer' rather than a 'healer'? If Gaho is a support type, then are they just lumped in as healers?

"under."

Media's eyebrows furrowed as she read all the documents. Manager Seong's shoulders also flinched.

"Association, you guys are really funny."

"What is… … ."

Media rested her chin on her hand and stared at the manager. Even though it was just that, every hair on her body stood on end. It felt like her mind was going numb.

Media said, waving the papers.

"Looking at the contents of this document, it seems that the association ultimately wants to get involved in the student council elections that will be held in October… … . Don't you think it's too obvious?"

"… If you have any requests, I will reflect them immediately. Please let me know, Dean."

Manager Sung continued to pretend not to know. Media's eyebrows sharpened. Her voice grew cold.

“’The Hero Association will prioritize the next student council and take care of it from any insolent forces.’ and ‘The Association will contribute to the Student Council President Election Management Committee.’”

“… … .”

“Yeah, the excuse is pretty good. But in the end, this is just an attempt to trick the student council members under the pretext of ‘care.’”

“… … .”

Mr. Sung couldn’t make any objections. It was a report that had been summarized and condensed over three days and nights. The media briefly reviewed it for a few seconds and briefly refuted the essence of the content.

Media flicked her fingers and tossed the papers. The papers fluttered through the air and landed at Manager Sung’s feet.

“I know the association is short on manpower. But this is a bit too much. I finally made an agreement with you to help catch that bastard Claudy. Is that just a trick to get my students?”

“… … .”

It was an undeniable truth. A true statement… … .

Manager Sung imagined himself being beaten by Media in his head.

Ominous scenes of myself with blood clots, barely breathing, and a broken tooth requiring implants…

Media quietly watched the trembling Seong Manager. She opened her mouth with a short sigh.

“I’ll give you permission for now.”

“…yes?”

Manager Sung’s eyes widened. Media clicked her tongue and

explained the reason.

“There have been so many incidents and accidents this year that I need to borrow a hand. I know it’s a bit harsh, but what can I do? It was just a rough conversation with that gorilla in Changseong. The Jeongdon Academy has to take responsibility for this.”

“Go, thank you!”

Manager Seong’s face lit up. He was glad to be alive.

Media nodded at the documents of the Sung Gwak-jang Balchi.

“Okay, and it says there, ‘The next student council president will be granted a pass to the Korean branch of the Heroes Association.’ That’s why I’m giving permission. But I still think it’s a little bit of an effort to be transparent.”

“Yes, yes. Of course.”

Manager Sung nodded quickly. The story was roughly concluded.

Heung- Heung- Section Chief Sung hummed without realizing it. As he was gathering up the documents one by one, Media spoke up.

“Oh, and I heard from Ttaktak. You guys from the association, you were following our swordsman around.”

“… … .”

“If you do that kind of nonsense again… … .”

At those words, Manager Sung froze like a statue, his back bent. He looked at Media with only his pupils rolled, in a crouching position like a shrimp.

A look of death in the form of a woman, glaring with eyes that had lost all emotion. The color drained from Manager Seong’s face.

After a suffocating silence, Mediah’s lips moved.

“… Imagine the rest.”

Those vague words were stuck in Manager Seong's heart like a stake.

Nod… Nod. Nod nod.

The bleached-out Sung Gwak-jang kept repeating his words. Then he made a promise. If he returned to the association, he would immediately order his subordinates to stop the investigation.

That woman is even feared by Vice President Changseong.

Chief Seong was not a man of great courage to defy the tyrant's threats.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 144

Episode 144 Symbol 7: Strong Sword Horse (2)

Four days have passed since I left my weapons at the blacksmith shop.

During class time, instructor Lee Won-bin's voice, as loud as a wall, echoed throughout the class.

"Today's class schedule has been suddenly changed. The details will be announced at the training center. It's 9:00 AM now… Please change into your uniforms and gather at the training center by 9:30, which is 30 minutes away. That's all."

Wonbin Lee leaves the class after saying those words.

Behind the bald head, the sound of cadets chattering could be heard.

"What? The class suddenly changed? Has that ever happened before?"

"That's right… But didn't the instructor's expression seem urgent? How should I put it, it was as if he himself had been notified this morning… … ."

The cadets moved with puzzled faces at Lee Won-bin's atmosphere, which was quite different from usual.

While changing clothes in the locker room, I too felt a slightly uneasy feeling of discomfort.

The curriculum at Joaquin Academy rarely changes during the school year. This is an institution deeply rooted in principle. Changes in the schedule are extremely rare.

‘Somehow, something doesn’t seem right.’

After changing into our uniforms amidst various thoughts, the cadets and I arrived at the training ground.

“…what?”

The people gathered in the practice area weren’t just people in our class. The crowd filled the spacious, open space-like practice area.

All classes of Seong, Yong, Lang, and Beom were gathered together.

I looked around the training ground. I saw some familiar faces. Leon, Abel, Rachel, Weapon, etc. It was the first time I saw them all together.

At exactly 9:30, the head instructors of each class entered the training ground and divided the crowd into classes.

“The pan class is this way!”

“Dragon class is here!”

“Stand on the left end of the castle~”

Among the instructors, there was a face I hadn’t seen in a long time. It was Choi Seol-ah.

“… … !”

As if she felt my gaze, she suddenly turned her head this way.

Hehe- Choi Seol-ah greeted me with a disgusting smile. Then she ran away towards the class she was in charge of.

“Everyone in the Lang class, stand in line with me.”

Under the shouts of Instructor Lee Won-bin, the chaotic atmosphere in Lang Class calmed down.

… a little later.

Before the final exams began, the senior instructor who had cursed us(?) came up to the stage. His deep voice filled the room.

“I will explain the contents of the mock exam to be held this morning.”

The eyes of the students who were shaken by the earthquake. Everyone was shocked. They called us in the middle of nowhere and said it was a mock test. They didn’t say anything.

Don’t they announce the day before the note test? But they’re holding such a large-scale event without saying a word. It’s ridiculous.

‘It hasn’t even been a few days since the second semester started.’

The atmosphere was becoming chaotic. The instructor continued his explanation as if trying to silence the students.

“The content of this mock exam is simple. You have to subdue the B + class demon ogre in a subspace.”

The cadets’ sighs erupted here and there.

Ogre. A demonic beast considered more dangerous than this class due to its immense strength and aggressiveness.

Joaquin Academy captures various demons and imprisons them in underground facility cages.

Of course, it would be difficult to get to S or A + ranks, but the monsters below that level are captured individually. The purpose was to train the cadets to develop a sense of real combat.

Ogres are among the most dangerous creatures captured alive. Their violent nature makes their attack patterns difficult to predict.

Sometimes, swinging your weapon around indiscriminately is more threatening than a technically woven offensive.

”Ogre at this timing?”

As far as I know, Ogre is a demon that is included in the second semester course. The fear and nervousness spreading across the face was natural.

These squishy first-years are guaranteed to be minced meat after one ogre clubbing.

Even if it was a subspace, I would never want to experience the experience of my body being crushed. It wasn't too much of a stretch to react with a pale face.

However, it didn't really feel real to me. A-class cow king, S-class lich king.

I've been going after only the ones with the King at the back, but they're just losers with clubs… One swing of the sword is enough.

'But apart from me, isn't this mock exam too harsh for first-year students?'

While I was still wondering, the instructor added an explanation as if he was scratching the part that was bothering me.

"Don't worry. Even though Joaquin Academy is focused on practical training, we won't send all of you inexperienced people to the Ogre."

"Each class will select one person. Resources are good. And one of those students will face the ogre. Since it's a B+ ogre, it's okay if the subjugation fails."

The cadets' faces brightened at the instructor's words. Sighs of relief spread from mouth to mouth.

"Scores will be given by subspace based on content, and scores will be given to classes, not individuals. Grading scores will be recorded."

"Of course, the selected cadets will receive extra points. And keep in mind that 'special rewards' will be given depending on the content of the expedition."

The point is this: one class representative has to subdue the ogre.

Not everyone has to shoulder the burden of risk. It doesn't matter whether you go to war or not.

All it takes is one person closing their eyes and bickering with an ogre in a subspace. Plus, if they do well, they can even aim for a special reward.

'Not bad, right?'

As I said before, the Academy is very generous with its rewards. In fact, the first midterm reward was a B-class weapon. So this mock exam reward will be no ordinary one.

In other words, even if you take up arms, it is not like you will be completely fooled. If there is no reward, it is foolishness, but if there is, it is an achievement.

While I was considering this and that, I suddenly felt a tingling sensation on my skin. And only after I raised my head did I realize the cause.

Countless expectant gazes surrounded me. The entire Lang class looked at me with shining eyes.

The meaning of these gazes pouring down on me was, of course… Then, Ryozo came up next to me and hit my side with his elbow.

"If it's bothersome, just kick me out. You don't need to be tied down by those stares. There's no reason for you to go out unconditionally. If there's no one else, I can just go out. You, Geomma, don't like being the center of attention."

"no."

I opened my mouth while the whole Lang class was watching.

"I'm going."

I drool like Pavlov's dog at the word reward.

'Korean gamer'.

* * *

Crunch!

[The test for the Ordinary class has ended.]

[Cadet ＝Zhen Tao＝'s score is… ….] [52 points.]

The male cadet from the starting class, Pan Class, was carried out on a stretcher. He had smoky eyes and was foaming at the mouth.

You can tell because he's at an age where he's hospitalized often. If he's in that condition, he'll have to eat bland hospital food for two weeks at the most. Fortunately, he's in a subspace so he doesn't have any wounds.

For reference, the order of play determined by lottery is.

Ordinary → Dragon → Star → Lang.

So it was my turn last.

I looked at Zen Tao with pitiful eyes. He was already a lower-class player, but he was really unlucky to be selected as a starter.

I looked towards the exit and then moved my gaze to the center of the smokescreen. I saw a humanoid demon with horns on its head.

Just before the exam, iron bars suddenly appeared on the road. And then the mock exam began.

Zen Tao fought hard. Although he didn't land a single effective strike, he dodged the club with skill.

But the weight class is that of a gangster. Just once, I allowed one of the ogre's normal attacks to hit me, and my waist was crushed into a '＜' shape.

'Still, it was cool to see you trying.'

-Eww!

The ogre roared with something evil. It was a Fear that only B-class

demons and above could utter. The cadets in the audience gave goosebumps.

[Next, Dragon class cadet ＝Shawn Axion＝ please come out.]

A mechanical sound rang out. A large man carrying a double-edged axe walked into the smokehouse.

“Shawn! Show me the power of the dragon class!”

“Wow! So handsome! Sean! Axion!”

Whoosh- whoosh- The Dragon Class cadets whistled in support of him. As if responding to their encouragement, Sean Axion waved his hand leisurely.

He marched like a gladiator entering the arena.

“Yeah, yeah. Just trust me, everyone!”

Sean Axion’s steps were majestic. He had an arrogant expression that said he was on a different level from the mere representatives of the pan class.

So the big boy stood before the ogre.

[We will now begin the test for the Dragon class.]

The mechanical sound that signals the start—

[The Dragon class exam has ended.]

—As soon as this was over, the veil of subspace was lifted. Sean Axion was lying down on the stretcher. His pants were dyed yellow.

[Cadet ＝Sean Axion＝’s score is… ….] [13 points.]

“… … .”

The cheering and encouragement suddenly stopped. All of the members of the Dragon Class could only look at their representative who had lost his temper with empty eyes.

-Eww!

In the midst of the silence that had descended, an ogre split the air with his club. He seemed oblivious to the fact that a battle had begun.

It was understandable. Sean rolled his eyes and passed out from the blow of the club in the air. There was no shame in being so shameful.

Ryozo, sitting next to me, burst out laughing.

“Did you see that, Geomma? It fell to the ground without even being touched by the club?”

“How is he the representative of the dragon class… …?”

“He probably threw a tantrum because he wanted to come out. Even though the dragon class is a bubble, it’s not to that extent. And Sean Axion, that guy, is originally famous for being a vassal. He’s famous for showing off his muscles and flirting with girls. … I didn’t know he would be to that extent. It seems like the rumor that he got half of the money back was true. He really is the worst. Or is he the weakest because he only got 13 points?”

“… … .”

“Rather, the performance of the class leader was several times better. Isn’t that right?”

I nodded.

“Anyway, the dragon class is too inflated. Well, next is… … .”

A dry mechanical sound cut off Ryozo’s words.

[Next Star Class Cadet = Leon Van Reinhard = Please come out.]

A new figure walked out of the entrance. A boy with blond hair that blazed like the noon sun and clear blue eyes.

Thud, thud.

As the next warrior, Leon, appeared, only the sound of his footsteps could be heard quietly.

Finally he reached the ogre.

… … !

The ogre flinched at the sight of the dimly shining blue eyes. The creature immediately began to spit out blood, making the inside of his body disappear.

-Ewww!

[We will now begin the test for the Star class.]

The ogres were the first to kick the pavement. The stands shook slightly in the aftermath of the fierce advance.

-Roktar Ogar!

Leon looks at the ogre with empty eyes, swinging his club while raising his blood pressure.

Leon's hand slowly moved down to his waist.

Srrrrung

A ray of light streamed down the blade. A sharp ray of light passed through the ogre's left side and exited in the opposite direction.

-Huh?

The ogre's face turned pale. The moment he lowered his head slightly, his upper and lower body slid apart. Blood spurted out like juice on the purple cut surface.

"…Wow, awesome."

Everyone was amazed. With one stroke of the sword, he cut off a waist that must have been 3 meters in circumference horizontally.

Leon sheathed his sword. He waited calmly for the results. The grading time was longer than before.

[Cadet ＝Leon van Reinhardt＝'s score is… … .]

Beep!

[…98 points!]

[You've broken the all-time record!]

[1st place. Leon van Reinhardt / 98 points.]

[2nd place. Meain Poison / 96 points.]

[3rd place. Siegfried von Nibelung / 95 points.]

[4th place. Media Poison / 94 points.]

[5th place. Richard de Murat / 93 points.]

[6th place. … … .]

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

The admiration turned into cheers. All the cadets looked at Leon with awe. They praised the divine status of Leon, the next warrior.

"… That's really great."

Ryozo muttered with a look of displeasure. After a moment, she suddenly tilted her head.

"But isn't it a bit strange? Leon, he killed the ogre in one go, but he didn't get full marks. Then how did he get full marks?"

"I know."

"Even if you roughly analyze the subspace scoring algorithm in your head, it's strange. Even if you assume that the shorter the time, the higher the score, isn't it a mechanism that reduces the score from the moment you take out the sword? If you swing the sword once, you lose 2 points, like that."

It was a different perspective. Even from my perspective, Leon's swordsmanship didn't seem to have any frills.

Rather, it was the perfect sword that made the past doubts about him pale in comparison.

But Leon wasn't 100 points. So, to get full points, you have to defeat the ogre faster than Leon without drawing your sword.

It's not like the sword from a martial arts novel… … .

!

'… Heart?'

In the meantime, Leon left without a change in expression. The back of his head that caught my eye was filled with a lonely emptiness.

[Next, the student of the Wolf class = Kanggeomma = please come out.]

"It's my turn."

As I was getting up from my seat, Ryozo spoke to me.

"Don't worry too much. Since Leon got 98 points anyway, 100 points is basically nothing."

"But if your hypothesis is correct, you can defeat the ogre without drawing your sword. Right?"

Ryozo was flustered and excited.

"It's just a hypothesis. And it doesn't make sense to defeat them in one second without using weapons. The upper limit for the score is just 98 points."

"There's a huge difference between a 98 and a 100. You should know that, Ryozo, since you always get 100 points on written tests."

"Are the written test and the actual test the same?"

"What's the difference?"

I made eye contact with Ryozo and declared.

“I’ll get full marks.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 145

Episode 145 Symbol 7: Strong Sword Horse (3)

At one corner of the training ground, the Hero Association's Seong Section Chief and Ha Section Chief, a subordinate employee, sat and watched the mock exam. They were both holding thick folders in their hands.

[Cadet ＝Leon van Reinhard＝'s score is 98!]

[You've broken the all-time record!]

"Wow. Even though he hasn't awakened yet, he's still a warrior."

Chief Ha, who had an innocent expression, muttered with a face of wonder. She turned her head towards Chief Seong.

"Sir! To be honest, this isn't just better than I expected, it's just far beyond my expectations."

"That's true. When they said it was the golden generation and all, I didn't believe it, but when I saw it in person, I couldn't help but be speechless. That's why I only think of Joaquin Joaquin."

"That's right. To be honest, the dragon class representative just before was far below my expectations, but when I saw Leon, I knew exactly what to do. I really respect kids who are ten years younger than me."

"… … ."

Manager Sung kept his mouth shut. Chief Ha knew that the silence meant affirmation. It was basic courtesy for the association staff to be observant.

Also, since they worked together all night, their camaraderie was strong.

Manager Seong was the type who didn't take his subordinate's jokes seriously.

"By the way, this mock test went better than expected. I'm sure our Section Chief Seong is secretly proud."

"Me? Aren't you happy at all? And don't you think about the three nights you and the other team members stayed up all night to manage this?"

"Hey~ Is it just a day or two for us to work day and night? Manager Seong did all the hard work. He even persuaded the academy director, who is famous for being strict."

Manager Seong let out a deep sigh at Manager Ha's rave reviews.

"Oh, don't be ridiculous. I became a salaryman because I didn't want to risk my life working, but then I got sent to the academy and my life became daunting."

Manager Seong rubbed his temples against the throbbing headache.

'Still, the start isn't bad… … If we keep going like this, there won't be any results.'

This surprise mock exam was the first joint event between the Academy and the Association. The presidential election is just two weeks away.

Originally, the eligibility to run was from the second year, but this year was different. Wasn't this the year called the golden generation?

Mr. Seong persuaded the head of the academy, Media, that it was a waste of resources for first-year students not to run because of the strict school rules.

Of course, it wasn't the doctor's will. He was just a messenger who relayed the words of his superiors. And although it was a nice suggestion, in reality, he was waiting for the head of the academy.

But what can you do? If someone from above scolds you, you have to scold them.

Even though he was a section chief, he was ultimately just a mid-level manager. It was his job to walk a tightrope between the Joaquin Academy and the Hero Association.

Whether it was because the sorrow and joy of such a senior manager stimulated emotions or because approval came out of the media's mouth.

'Okay. Let's go ahead with this plan.'

'Excuse me, can we really proceed like this, Principal!?'

'Yes. Anyway, I decided to leave this presidential election up to you, the association, to a certain extent. But if something happens to our students, there will be no agreement or anything.'

Although he shot it down coldly, the media also decided that it was time for a change in the academy.

The starting point for breaking the existing framework one by one is now. Media hoped to bring a wind of change to the academy that was slowly decaying.

So, here's the special reward for this surprise event.

'The first-year student candidacy for student council president' was permitted.

Although the garden only has two seats, and the candidate symbols are 6 and 7 at the end, it is unprecedented in 700 years of history.

As soon as the media's approval was given, Manager Sung and his team got to work secretly and quickly.

Moreover, as this was the first project undertaken by the academy,

the association's work capabilities had to be proven.

The hard work of day and night is right before my eyes. Manager Sung recalled the confrontation between Leon and the Ogre a little while ago.

Leon's swordsmanship cut down the ogre with a single stroke. The next warrior's growth showed a steeper upward trend than the association had expected.

'I never thought I would be able to defeat an ogre that only second-year students have been able to defeat, and that too with the highest score… … .'

This was the scene that the association's top brass wanted the most. That's why they brought up the Ogre subjugation course in the second semester.

'For some reason, the president wants that boy named Leon to become the next student council president.'

There was no way I, a mere section chief, could know what the association president was thinking. Even if I did know, I didn't think I would understand it.

How could an ordinary person fathom the inner thoughts of a human who has lived for over two centuries? Mentally, he must have long ago shed his human form and become a monster.

'… The president, vice president, principal, Chilseong. I'm sick of the differences between those monsters.'

If I get caught between monsters disguised as humans and get tossed around, I won't be able to die in my own time.

He gave up on promotion. Manager Seong dreamed of a future where he could quickly retire and receive his pension regularly.

It was when Manager Seong was touching his slightly trembling lips.

[Next, the student of the Wolf class = Kanggeomma = please come out.]

Chief Ha shouted in surprise.

“Sir! He’s coming out, Sashimi Sword!”

“ah.”

At her words, Manager Seong’s gaze reflexively turned towards the entrance.

The black-haired boy who is the talk of the town. A strange cadet who uses a sword as his weapon.

‘Sashimi swordsmanship… … .’

Kang Geum-ma walks out with thumping steps. Just his appearance makes the soccer field-sized smokescreen look like a graveyard.

Manager Sung swallowed without realizing it. Kang Geum-ma had the exact opposite impression of Leon, who was the previous person in line.

If Leon was like the noonday sun, Ganggeomma was like a crescent moon night with no light at all.

Day and night. How could two such contrasting geniuses appear at the same time?

However, the coexistence of light and dark seemed somewhat precarious. Should I say that they could not coexist? Manager Seong suddenly felt that way.

Chief Ha asked Manager Seong.

“Sir, how many points do you think that student will get?”

“But it’s worth the name Sashimi Kensei, so wouldn’t it be over 90 points? Anything above that would depend on how you do it. After all, Leon just achieved a new record.”

“Well, Leon only got one kill in about a second. To get more points than that… well, it would be practically impossible, right?”

Manager Sung shrugged and replied.

“Right. Well, if we were to set our expectations, a tie score of 98 points? But our standards are too high. Even just 90 points would be a monster. Look, our vice president’s record. It’s 93 points. And that’s also our record from our second year.”

“That’s right. When I look at it that way, it really hits home. If the 18-year-old Changseong-nim got 93 points… Oh, but the name of the person in second place is Meain Poison. Isn’t she the twin sister of the director of Hyeonhakwon?”

“Oh, that’s right. He’s also the former headmaster of the academy.”

“That’s right! But then one day, you suddenly handed over the position of principal to the current principal and disappeared.”

“Yeah. That was about 20 years ago… When Chief Ha was seven? There wasn’t much of a fuss. But he was a special person from the beginning.”

“Are you a special person?”

“If you have time, look through the Association’s secret management records for more details. You’ll be surprised.”

Chief Ha pursed his lips.

“It’s fatal! Can you give me a little bit of a heads up?”

“If you die, you too will be promoted. But let me tell you something. The ‘Poison’ family itself is a bit different. The president of the association is also from that family. Anyway, let’s get started now. Quiet.”

Wheeing.

Iron bars rose from the road. But the ogre’s condition was not good.

The bastard’s eyes were bloodshot and his sharp fangs were sharply sharpened.

Chief Ha called Manager Seong in a panicked voice.

“Chief… …! That ogre, it’s in a strange state!”

“That kid, really?”

The ogre swung his club in all directions. The iron bars cracked with each blow.

Snap!

The ogre that had broken the fence kicked the iron gate. The one that emerged from the iron bars straightened its hunched back and stood nearly 4 meters tall. It growled with all its yellow teeth exposed.

Manager Seong’s eyes trembled violently.

“Damn it! That guy got screwed by Leon and lost it. The shame of getting screwed in one go is what made him aggressive. Go berserk, go berserk!”

“A berserk!? If you’re an ogre with rolled eyes, your rank will skyrocket to A-class!”

“The mock test is stopped immediately. Chief Ha, hurry and tell the instructors to deploy personnel. Now!”

“yes!”

-Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!

The ogre blew out a blast of smoke, causing the cadets in the stands to faint.

That number was a whopping half. The rest not only didn’t faint, they couldn’t even move a finger.

“Hey, hey, wake up! Instructor, the kids are losing their minds!”

“Everyone, please stay in your seats for now!”

“Gyaaaah!”

The training grounds were instantly transformed into a crucible of chaos. The ogre ran forward, aided by the screams of the cadets.

Kookookookookung.

The ogre, immersed in madness, thumped. Heavy footsteps dug into the dirt like a stamp.

Just before the ogre swung his club, Kanggeomma flicked the sashimi.

months.

At the same time, the peer paused. The red eyes of the ogre became clouded. The focus of both eyes widened left and right.

-Oh my… … .

The ogre moved its legs with twisted steps, its eyes white and unfocused. However, unable to overcome inertia, the ogre passed by the strong sword horse.

The collapsed body continued forward without any resistance, like on an ice rink. Its broad chest and belly wiped the floor.

* * *

[The Wolf class exam is over.]

A mechanical sound that breaks the silence like breaking glass.

Manager Seong's dazed mind suddenly snapped out of his daze at the voice that was out of sync with the atmosphere. However, he couldn't say anything due to the thrill that ran through his entire body.

Manager Seong turned his head towards Manager Ha. Manager Ha was also looking at him with wide eyes.

"What was it?" Chief Ha asked, only moving his mouth.

"Do you think I know?" Manager Seong dismissed it with a look.

The two people's gazes gathered again in the middle of the training

ground.

An ogre fell behind the strong swordsman. He was clutching his chest, and there wasn't even a speck of life on his body.

'What, what is that?'

Leon showed off his quick sword skills. Everyone was amazed and cheered at his display of skill.

… But what happened just now? When Kanggeomma swung his sword handle, the ogre died instantly with his eyes rolled back.

'Heart attack?'

A look of shock appeared on Manager Sung's face. He was clutching his chest and falling. Wasn't that a heart attack?

Is it like now if we just make eye contact we'll die? What, is that an X-note? Is that like death sashimi?

Even though it's the Joaquin Academy where monsters run rampant, this really felt like something out of the ordinary.

Even at that moment, the subspace was estimating Kanggeomma's score. The time required was significantly delayed.

[Cadet =Ganggeomma='s score is… … .]

Kang Geum-ma waited for the results, his shoulders rolling around in a dazed state. Manager Seong was dumbfounded by his calm expression.

Beep-!

[… is ∞, which is immeasurable.]

[Infinity is not a number, so it cannot be converted into a score.]

[However, the record list is updated according to the ranking.]

[0th place. Ganggeomma / ∞.]

[1st place. Leon van Reinhardt / 98 points.]

[2nd place. Meain Poison / 96 points.]

[3rd place. Siegfried von Nibelung / 95 points.]

[4th place. Media Poison / 94 points.]

[5th place. Richard de Murat / 93 points.]

"… … ."

There was no room left for further surprise. Manager Sung was simply dazed.

***

"What are you doing this time? How did you do it!?"

As soon as I returned to my seat, Ryozo asked me a question. She suddenly stuck her face out as if to urge me to answer.

"You can't even draw your sword and cut down an ogre? No, I don't even know where to start being surprised. Doesn't the score seem like infinity? Doesn't the ogre just fall down? What, did you communicate with that demon? Asked him to fall down with perfect timing? Or… did you cut him down with that mental realm?"

"I did expand my mental realm to avoid pulling out the blade, but I used it differently than usual."

"… … ?"

Ryozo's pupils dilated. I scratched my cheek and explained.

"Ryozo, do you know what 'Peer' is? It's the thing that ogre screamed and spit out."

"I know. It's a type of spirit emitted by high-level demons. The principle is that it's an ultra-low frequency that allows predators to overwhelm their prey, making hunting easier, but academic opinions are still divided… … ."

“I don’t know about the academic aspect, but anyway, that pier is ultimately a pulsating sound, or wavelength, that is directly connected to the heart of the devil. If we use a car analogy, it would be the sound of the engine.”

“It’s a slightly different concept, but it’s a pretty fitting analogy. Anyway, what does that have to do with Pier and Ogre suddenly collapsing?”

“Nothing special, I just thought that if I cut the pier, my heart wouldn’t stop, and I guess I was right. Honestly, I didn’t know that the score would be unmeasurable-”

“Hey, wait a minute! Wait a minute!”

Ryozo cut off the story by extending his hand. His sky-blue eyes kept growing and shrinking.

“You mean you cut through piercing, ripples, or sounds? Cut through things that have no physical form and are invisible?”

“Ah, that’s… I can see it.”

“what?”

[Protection of the Sword God] is a protection that cuts what cannot be cut.

Nothing was an exception, whether it was sound, air, or waves.

“My protection is something like that.”

“… … .”

Ryozo, who had been staring at me with a blank expression, soon let out a deep sigh.

“Geumma, I really don’t know whether to say that your ideas are genius or that you’re crazy. It seems like the incalculable score is just right for you.”

“… Is that a compliment?”

A wrinkle formed between Ryozo’s eyebrows.

“Then, is it an insult?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 146

Episode 146 Symbol 7: Strong Sword Horse (4)

Training ground, castle class camp.

“Oh, Abel. That ogre just now, how did it die? Did I see something wrong? Or is there a special technique for swordsmanship like that?”

Rachel asked, pulling Abel’s clothes in a whining tone.

“It hurts, Rachel! Let go of it!”

Abel first pushed away Rachel’s hand that was tightly gripping his clothes. The sleeves were wrinkled by the fierce force.

Rachel stuck out her tongue and apologized.

“Oh, sorry. I guess I got too excited. Hehe.”

“Ugh, anyway.”

Abel opened his mouth with a tired look on his face.

“As far as I know, there is no such technique in swordsmanship. And that… I think it’s something different than a technique. Even you, who wields a spear, would feel that the swordsmanship that Ganggeomma uses is foreign.”

“Yeah, yeah, what should I say? It’s more like a phenomenon than a skill. I even used magic during the midterm exam before.”

“So, it’s ridiculous to apply the standards of common sense that we

previously knew to Kang Geum-ma.”

“Well, the score itself is already immeasurable, it’s infinite.”

“I was also very shocked by that. But it wasn’t just us, it was everyone who witnessed this situation… … .”

As Abel looked around, Yusain’s face caught his eye.

In the midst of the heightened atmosphere, Se-in was the only one frowning.

She stared at Kang Geum-ma, who was sitting far away, with a serious expression on her face. For some reason, her eyes were filled with concern.

“The speed of assimilation is ridiculously fast… … .”

The murmurs of the people lingered in Abel’s ears.

‘Fairy tale, speed?’

Just then, as if he felt my gaze, Se-in quickly turned his head this way.

“!”

Abel’s shoulders shook high at the sudden meeting of eyes. It was as if a thief had eavesdropped on someone else’s monologue, saying that his own feet were numb.

Abel’s face became fidgety. She rolled her eyes and avoided the dark gaze.

… But then, Abel suddenly felt a sense of awkwardness at that tired gaze.

‘what?’

Se-in stared at Abel like that and then quickly left.

Her silver hair, which fell neatly to her waist, swayed in the wind.

* * *

Ryozo kept asking questions he was curious about.

“Yes, I understand that you used the protection to cut off the pier. To be honest, I still don’t believe it completely, but I can’t pretend not to see it even though I saw it with my own eyes… So all the demons that emit piercing piercing can die instantly from cardiac arrest(?)?”

“That’s not it.”

I shook my head.

“The situation was a bit special just now. The Ogre is a beast that relies heavily on Peer. On top of that, its pulse was greatly amplified by its berserk state. In fact, if it hadn’t been for the berserk state, I doubted whether it would have been possible to finish it off in one hit, but I was lucky.”

Ryozo suddenly shouted.

“Hey! How can you just call that luck!? It was possible because you had such ridiculous skills! Even if the circumstances were just right, you didn’t catch a mouse just now by backing away, you caught a dragon!”

“Oh, Ryozo, you know Korean proverbs too.”

“Does that matter now? Even if it’s conditional, the fact that you activated the realm of the mind and made a sound at the age of seventeen makes no sense, right? You talented baka!”

Ryozo thumped my chest with a stuffy expression. I scratched my head and laughed awkwardly. Still, the dull joke brightened up the atmosphere.

Thud, thud.

I sensed the sense of urgency coming closer the other day.

The scene was now filled with unconscious cadets. In addition, Ryozo and I were the only ones in the Lang and Beom class who were still

sane.

So the sound of approaching people clearly meant that there was business here. The guess quickly became reality.

“Sergeant Kang Geum-ma.”

I turned my gaze toward the voice. A man in a neat suit was standing there. A woman was also peeking out from behind the man.

Just by looking at their neat attire, they were clearly not Academy staff. The Academy professors and instructors had many badges hanging from their uniforms.

The man handed me his business card, sweating profusely. The paper was damp with sweat.

“Nice to meet you. My name is Seong Yu-chang, and I am the head of the strategic planning department of the association, and I am on a secondment to the academy. You can call me Manager Seong.”

A handsome middle-aged man, Manager Sung, nudged me in the back with his elbow. A woman who had been hiding jumped out like a mole on fire.

“Hello, my name is Ha Na-eun, the deputy director of the strategic planning department of the association!”

After finishing her introduction, Ha-na Eun also quickly handed over her business card. Her hands were shaking so much that it was pitiful.

The way he avoided my gaze by moving his eyes here and there. He looked desperate, like someone with a disease that would kill him if we made eye contact.

I tilted my head.

“Why did the association members come to see me?”

I heard through the media that the association had established itself in the Academy. So, I wasn’t that surprised by their sudden

appearance.

But is it really okay to approach me so blatantly? It's obvious that the media would hate this kind of behavior. I was puzzled.

Manager Ha opened his mouth in surprise at my slightly stiff expression.

"Oh, that's-"

"Just a moment. First, let me check if these are real association members."

Ryozo, who was standing next to me, snatched the business card from me and examined it. She looked at it closely with her bleary eyes and then nodded.

"I checked the serial number and it looks like they are from the association. The positions and departments also seem to match."

""… … !""

When Ryozo said that, the two people's eyes widened. Their expressions were filled with surprise. Ryozo explained the situation to them.

"The first four digits are the organization number, the middle three digits are the department, and the rest are the job title. The last five digits are the personal security number."

"How about that."

"I have been trained in this area since I was young at home. I have seen countless business card templates for government agencies and international facilities since I was young."

"…her."

Manager Seong let out a faint smile.

The general reaction was that it was ridiculous, since some female cadet had figured it out by the number written vaguely in the corner.

Even I, who knew Ryozo's intelligence, was startled. No, I was scared.

Is it right for a human being who can identify a person's job by their serial number to call me a talent scoundrel or something? Even though I'm a two-legged computer.

I glanced at Ryozo. In response, she tapped her temple with her index finger.

'AlphaGo?'

Hmm- Manager Sung broke the awkward silence with a cough. He said with a smile.

"First, let me answer Sashimi Sword- no, Ganggeomma's question first. We came here to ask about the special reward for this mock exam."

"This is a special reward from the Academy, so why did the Association come looking for it?"

"We planned and administered this test, so we were given the responsibility of giving out special rewards by the academy director. First of all, the atmosphere here is not very good, so could you spare some time for us?"

Manager Sung's attitude was extremely polite. At first glance, he looked like he was twenty years older than me, but he spoke respectfully. Still, I couldn't help but be suspicious.

The concerns of the inspector and the academy director came to mind. They were very reluctant to have me and the association involved. There must be some reason.

However, apart from that, I had some personal questions. I wondered if I could ask about not only the special rewards, but also the Monolith. As I said before, most artifacts are managed under the Association.

I understand that those two people are worried about me. They treated me like family.

But in all things, my will must come first. In any case, the choice and responsibility are mine alone.

I've made up my mind. Now is the time to take the initiative.

I nodded to Manager Seong.

"Yes, let's go."

"Oh, thank you! Then I'll take you right away-"

Ring ring ring.

A loud creaking noise came from Manager Sung's pocket. His face instantly turned pale as he took out his cell phone.

"… I need to take a phone call for a moment."

Manager Sung made a short phone call and then let out a sigh as if the ground was sinking. He then spoke to Manager Ha.

"I have to go to the principal's office for this matter. Manager Ha, please explain for me."

"If it's the principal's office… surely it's the department head… … ."

Chief Ha, who must have guessed the situation, became silent. Manager Seong smiled bitterly. A shadow fell over his face.

"Don't worry about me, just take care of your Majesty."

Manager Sung left the room without any explanation. His last expression was extremely heavy.

Manager Ha, who was looking at his boss's back, tried to speak in a calm voice.

"Mr. Kanggeomma, please follow me."

"Can I come with you?"

Ryozo raised his hand and asked.

“Geumma, this kid… has a different way of thinking. I think if I intervene as a go-between, communication will be smoother.”

Isn’t this being too overprotective of me?

“I’m not a child, why should I worry about such things?”

“no.”

Ryozo glared at me. She said with a look in her eyes that said, ‘How can I let you go alone?’

Chief Ha thought for a moment and then agreed.

“All right.”

My gaze was gradually avoiding Chief Ha, but Ryozo looked straight at him.

“However, if you are not a party to the matter, all conversations must be kept confidential. Do you agree?”

“… … .”

Ryojo looked at me without saying a word. Then he met Hanaeun’s eyes and nodded.

“If you want, I can write a nondisclosure agreement for you.”

* * *

I followed Chief Ha, who was leading the way, to the main building of the academy. Chief Ha pressed the elevator button for the 5th floor.

Ding- The door opened and Ryozo and I blinked at the completely different scene.

The main building’s 5th floor guest room had been turned into the ‘Hero Association Strategic Planning Temporary Department’.

The office desks and computers were filled to the brim. At first glance, it looked no different from a company.

We arrived at the private room under the guidance of Chief Ha. So Ryozo and I sat across from Chief Ha at a large table in the middle.

"… … ."

In the midst of the strange atmosphere, Ryozo interlocked his fingers. She opened her eyes thinly and struck the player.

"Director Ha, can you explain to us why you brought us here?"

Chief Ha, oppressed by Ryojo's cold demeanor, spoke hesitantly.

"First, let me explain in detail the reason why we planned the mock exam and why we invited Kang Geum-ma."

Ryozo immediately corrected the point of the story.

"Well, I'll leave off the small talk. I had a rough idea of what it would be like on my way here anyway."

"… … ?"

Ryozo continued speaking with a faint smile.

"Ogre subjugation is originally a second-year semester course. And Joaquin Academy's curriculum doesn't change much."

"… … ."

"Isn't that strange? Normally, the 'Ogre Subjugation' isn't one person per class, but all the students participate. But this time, we only sent one representative from each class."

"… … ."

"That just felt really weird. What should I say? It seemed like an excuse to select and approach exceptional people. I think bringing them here was part of that."

"… … ."

"The reason the Association always harasses people from the Joaquin Academy is because, well, I guess I get it, judging from the way you

handed your business card to Geomma earlier.”

“… … .”

Chief Ha moved her lips as if all her secrets had been revealed. She was put on the defensive before she could say anything.

Considering that she was promoted to second-class manager at such a young age, Ha-na Eun must be an elite, but Ryozo defeated her with words and forced her into silence.

Honestly, I think the strongest person in the world of table talk is Ryozo. Staying silent and quiet will probably help him.

A smile of satisfaction appeared on Ryozo’s lips.

“So, Chief Ha, please set aside the concerns that the Association has about the swordsman and just tell me what the special reward is.”

“… … .”

Chief Ha finally nodded with a half-resigned look on his face.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 147

Episode 147 Symbol 7: Strong Sword Horse (5)

'… That's it.'

Chief Ha concluded the story with a small hum.

I just got to the point. As a first-year student, I can run for the student council president election and choose either number 6 or 7.

Originally, I was planning to sneakily make a scouting offer, but… … .

Chief Ha slightly raised her eyes. Her retina was filled with sky-blue hair.

'That girl.'

A female student with blue flames boiling in her eyes. That girl completely cut off the 'associative' approach towards Kanggeomma.

The name was Saki Ryozo, I think. Chief Ha was hesitant at first, but slowly figured it out.

Saki (咲) was a surname that proved that she was the daughter of Saki Kojima.

Surely, she would be the daughter of a monster who is both a hero of the Seven Stars and the head of Japan. Why did I think she was unusual from the first impression?

'If I had known this would happen, I would have cut it off, even if it

meant signing a nondisclosure agreement or something… … .'

It was a miss. But if I were to make an excuse, I was too afraid of meeting Kang Geum-ma alone.

I'm the one who instantly kills the demon with a heart attack, but what about me?

If you even look at them, you'll be sent to hell!

Chief Ha simply did not have the courage to look at Kang Geum-ma's face.

The basics of sales are making eye contact with the other person. It's the most basic of the basics that I've heard so many times since I was in the association training center.

But let alone making eye contact, those black eyes didn't even seem to allow me to take a deep breath.

I erased from my mind the instructions from Chief Seong to try to establish friendly relations with Kang Geum-ma as much as possible.

'I'm sorry, Manager Seong.'

Chief Ha bit his lower lip. If only he had done a good job selling to Kang Geum-ma.

Our 'Strategy Planning Department's' performance this year will be more than enough. The association's higher-ups have been paying attention to Kanggeomma along with Leon.

But company work isn't more important than life. I'm sure the manager, who's probably getting yelled at by the academy director by now, will understand.

'No, how am I supposed to talk to a cadet who can't be measured in the first place!'

While Chief Ha grumbled to himself, Kang Geum-ma rested his chin on the table.

He made a crooked expression, as if he was displeased with something.

“The reward is running for president.”

A voice as cool as a breeze lingered in the private room.

Kanggeomma tapped the table with his fingernails.

“Is that all?”

“… … !”

Chief Ha raised his head without realizing it. What is this? He’s running for president of the world’s most prestigious school, Joaquin Academy?

Originally, only second and third year students could apply, and just running for office would raise the family’s prestige.

Kang Geum-ma frowned as if to say, ‘Why are you making me suffer so much for something like that?’

He said with his eyes that such honor was worthless to him.

Chief Ha’s common sense did not allow him to understand it. But who was the other person?

A genius known as the Sashimi Sword Master. A madman who does not forgive even the slightest provocation and immediately uses his sword.

A madman is someone who has a screw loose in their head. I know this because the president of the association is like that.

They have a different way of thinking, and they feel joy and sadness in different ways than ordinary people.

So, there was no way that Chief Ha, an ordinary person, would know what part of Ganggeomma had been stimulated.

A chill ran down Chief Ha’s spine. Sweat formed on the hands he had

placed on the table.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

I don’t know what I’m sorry about, but my subconscious has chosen to apologize.

At that moment, Ryozo lightly hit Kang Geumma’s arm.

“Geumma, you really need to think about the opposing position. I told you that if you set the mood, it’ll be really suffocating.”

“ah.”

Kanggeomma scratched the back of his neck awkwardly. He seemed to have regained his composure. Only then did Ryozo let out a deep sigh of relief.

“And I have to listen to the Korean until the end. Chief Ha hasn’t finished speaking yet, but if I do that, I’ll be able to open up my mouth a lot. Right, Chief Ha?”

“Oh, yes yes.”

Chief Ha nodded with wide eyes. She caught her breath. She thought. Bringing this pretty girl was a stroke of genius.

Ryojo asked on behalf of Kang Geum-ma.

“Everything is unusual, starting with the mock exam we had today. It’s not just about running for president, but it seems like there’s something more to it. Is that right?”

“Oh, of course! It has been decided that the president elected this time will be given a pass to enter the Korean branch of the association. In other words, the president of the Joaquin Academy will be able to enter and exit the association freely at any time.”

At those words, a light flashed through his dark pupils. He was immediately disappointed by the pointless reward of being a candidate for president, but it was a different story when it came to the association membership card.

Kang Geum-ma said.

“Are you saying that I can enter any Korean branch of the association?”

Manager Ha responded quickly in a very relaxed tone.

“You can use any facility except the top secret archives. For example… … .”

“Is the artifact vault included?”

“Yes, the artifact vault is also included in the authority.”

“Let me ask you one more thing. Is there a Monolith, and is it in the Association?”

“If it’s Monolith… Ah! You mean that boulder? Yes, Monolith is an artifact managed by the Association, and it’s currently being stored in the Korean branch. Of course, there are conditions. You must do it alone, without any accompanying personnel. And contact is prohibited.”

“… … !”

The anticipation that had crumbled like ashes in Kang Geum-ma’s eyes rose again. In the midst of this, Chief Ha muttered.

“But that monolith. If you see it in person, you’ll be very disappointed… It’s called an artifact, but in reality-”

“It doesn’t matter.”

That was enough. The reward will be fulfilled when you obtain the next goal presented by the system, “The Second Fragment of 【？？？】”.

The results of this mock exam are not just a passing grade, but a clear achievement.

However, it wasn’t completely captured. Two weeks later, the main curtain remained.

Moreover, it will be different from the past when we simply suppressed things with force.

To rise to the top of the cadet ranks, one needs wisdom, information, and trickery, not just brute force.

Kanggeomma looked at Ryojo's face quietly. She tilted her head.

Kang Geum-ma's gaze shifted to Chief Ha. He spoke with a confident face.

"I will run for number 7."

* * *

… An hour later, Manager Sung returned to the Buddha.

With a face worn down by fatigue, he leaned back in his chair. Manager Ha approached him quietly and handed him a can of coffee.

"Thank you for your hard work, Manager. Drink this and cheer up."

"…Is there any cheap coffee besides this? Sweet coffee is not very good."

"I went to the cafe on the first floor earlier, and an Americano was 20,000 won. If you think about your budget, you'll have to drink canned coffee while you're here."

"The prices are high because only the rich go there… … ."

Manager Sung clicked his tongue and opened the can lid.

"What happened to the sashimi sword?"

Ganggeomma was known as the best sashimi sword in the industry because of its smooth texture.

In response to Manager Seong's question, Chief Ha brushed away his trembling shoulders.

"Don't be ridiculous. I really thought you were going to die. You were glaring at me, but the atmosphere was just…!"

“How was the sales? Did you seem to have any interest in the Hero Association?”

“That’s a bit ambiguous.”

Chief Ha poked the ball with his index finger. The left dimple went in shallowly. She reported the conversation she had with Kang Geum-ma.

“At first, he seemed to hate it. But when he got his association pass, he changed completely. He became really proactive? His eyes sparkled. He was especially interested in monoliths.”

The canned coffee heading towards my mouth stopped.

“Monolith? That boulder? Why?”

“Well? Honestly, I couldn’t ask you any more questions. Ugh… Even thinking about it now, it’s really scary. Did you have a good conversation with the principal? Were you called in because the students fainted during the mock exam?”

“… Well, that’s true too. I think there might be some trouble at Gehenna Gate.”

Gehenna Gate. It was a passage connecting Gehenna, the demon realm, and the human world.

“Huh? Nothing happened for 700 years, and then all of a sudden?”

“The academy director sensed something strange with [Poet’s Protection]. That’s why he called me to the Hero Association to ask them to investigate. Of course, it was a total disaster.”

“… Nothing will happen, right? It really, really won’t happen, but if by any chance the gate gets breached.”

“… … .”

Manager Sung shook the can as if he was thinking complicated thoughts. Then he took the last sip.

“Oh, this is no good because I don’t have the brains to eat well. Manager Ha, tell the kids to leave work early today and have a company dinner. We risked our lives working today, so we deserve some compensation. We came all the way to Wonju, so let’s go eat some Korean beef.”

“Oh! So-go-gi! Is the manager shooting?!”

“Where is my money?”

Manager Sung smiled and put the card between his index and middle fingers. The color was golden and splendid. Chief Ha flinched at the brilliant light.

“That, that, that!”

“Corporate card.”

* * *

The hallway leading to the room.

As I walked slowly, I reflected on today’s achievements.

‘I’m running for student body president.’

It was an event that made me lose my desire to hide until a few months ago. I didn’t regret it now. I just felt a little empty.

‘Symbol number 7.’

There were two choices: 6 and 7. When I chose the latter, Ryozo stopped me.

If you’re going to do it, the closer the symbol is to 1, the better. As the daughter of the lifetime prime minister of Japan, she seems to be good at this kind of thing.

But I chose number 7. 7 is definitely a lucky number.

‘Leon naturally became number 6.’

I ran into Leon unexpectedly. But then I thought to myself, could I

win against him?

I'm confident in fighting with a knife, but I'm not sure about elections…

In the regular school, Leon, now a second-year student, easily takes the position of president.

He's handsome, has a good personality, is strong, and most importantly, he's the main character. He's superior in every way.

If only he was here, I wouldn't know. The candidates from the upper grades would be strong as well. The faces that immediately come to mind are all people with solid foundations.

'Is the current chairman going to run for reelection?'

Whoever it is, as they are seniors, they will know the sentiments of the Joaquin Academy cadets well.

On the other hand, I was in a very weak position. I was labeled as a lowly special student who was treated as a lowly person, a class below the average. I was running around with sandbags hanging from my body.

Still, there was a chance. Ryozo and Weapon. These two smart people are my allies. We even had the experience of working together to set up a kimchi stew booth at a festival.

It was a bit of a hassle, but this was the only way to approach the monolith. You can't just go and raid the association with sashimi.

'I guess I need to talk more with the members.'

… After a while, when I reached the room.

"uh?"

There was a large box sitting in front of the door. I approached it and looked at it, and saw that the sender was written between the stickers.

＝Bullant＝

“They said it would take a week, but it was finished in three days.”

As soon as I entered the room, I tore off the packing tape. The chilling figure covered in bubble wrap.

It was my favorite Murasame. It had only been three days, but my lips were curled with longing. I immediately pulled out the blade.

Srrrrung-

The blade cried coquettishly. Murasame scattered light all by herself in a room where no lights were on.

The handle, the finish, the trimming – it was hard to find a single sharp point. It was a masterpiece by Bühland.

At that moment, a status window appeared in my field of vision.

＝＝ ＝＝

[Murasame (Raindrops)]

Type: Sashimi

Description: This is the ‘Dun’ sword, which was called the sword that held dew. (…….)

Specifications: “Blade length – (35▶36) centimeters”, “Width – 6 centimeters”

Traits: 「Destruction Power – (C▶B)」, 「Range – E」, 「Hardness – (C▶B), 「Growth Potential – (A▶S)」

Grade: (D▶B-)

[NEW! New features added.] ◀ (Touch to unlock.)

＝＝ ＝＝

Abilities have increased evenly across the board. Even the rank has gone up by about two levels.

‘Bullant, that old man must have been very determined.’

He smiled briefly and lowered his gaze. Even though the strengthening stats were encouraging, the main was below.

I licked my lips with my tongue and tapped the bottom phrase.

Phew-!

＝＝ ＝＝

1) 〈Power of the Underworld King〉

The king of the dead who rules over the underworld.

Borrow some of the power of the afterlife.

◈ Abilities and Conditions

: You will be able to use (1) Bend entities with this weapon within 5 minutes.

: The number of entities can be increased through proficiency and additional reinforcement.

: The entities that can be controlled do not distinguish between subcutaneous and vascular.

: However, the effect does not last permanently and the time is limited to 10 minutes.

[※ By satisfying a certain condition, the special title “Hyung-wang (冥王)” was achieved.]

2) [——(empty)——]

3) [——(empty)——]

※ Special abilities can only be granted through *magic stones*, and are activated randomly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 148

Episode 148 I also have a sense of loyalty (1)

I stared blankly at the sentence that came to mind.

〈Power of the King of Hell〉

A new special ability obtained using the immortal magic stone. To put it simply, it is to revive the enemies I have killed, that is, the 'dead'.

"and-"

I couldn't help but exclaim in admiration. I finally understood why users were muttering about special abilities, special abilities.

"At this rate, wouldn't it be profitable to burn down several houses instead of just one mid-sized car?"

It was clearly an incredible ability, although there were some conditions and restrictions attached. However, I also felt a bit uneasy.

I'm resurrecting and using the person I killed. It's like reviving a fish that was cut into pieces and turning it into sashimi.

'… Are you a necromancer?'

Apart from this ambiguous feeling, this was good news for me, a quick sprinter. In each battle, [Sword God's Protection] had a hard time finding enemies.

However, it shows weakness in one-on-many battles. The outcome

must be decided in a split second, one minute. In the end, it is a battle against time.

When the opponent decides to launch a massive offensive and hangs on, the situation is reversed in an instant.

The same goes for the undead that were thrown. Even though the group was made up of D-class undead, it was not easy to make a path to the draugr.

Even that was possible because there were Abel and Shail to watch over the rear. I would never have been able to reach the Draugr on my own.

'Even the night we purged the villains, it would have been difficult without the assistance of Nox and Al'Tair.'

So if someone could assist me, I could fight more flexibly, even if it was a corpse I killed.

It was an incomparable ability for the dungeons I had to conquer in the future. From the higher level dungeons onwards, even B-class demons would pop out like some kind of trash mob.

If you have a stallion, there is a high probability that you can reduce the waste of [Painless Protection]. Even if the stallion is a cold corpse, it is not in a position to be picky about whether it is hot or cold.

"I wish I had a chance to try out my special abilities before going to the dungeon."

I was just grateful to Uncle Bulandt for raising this special ability. He should give me a piece of paper or something later.

"The stallion… … ."

While I was moving the blade back and forth in the moonlight, the word 'stallion' suddenly brought a face to mind.

'Choi Seol-ah, what is he doing?'

It’s been a few days since the new semester started. It was the first time I saw her in passing this morning. Even during that brief meeting, Choi Seol-ah seemed to be avoiding me.

‘… What, you’re not harboring other intentions, are you?’

He’s the type of guy you can’t trust at all. He’s a villain, and he’s strangely obsessed with life and has a quiet demeanor.

Choi Seol-ah was the type of person who didn’t care about loyalty and was only interested in her own survival. The fact that she followed me around like a squirrel was probably in a similar vein.

“Choi Seol-ah is an instructor… If she helps out a bit, the election might be a little easier.”

After I put the sashimi in the scabbard, I opened the drawer. An earring sparkled strangely among the necessities.

A means to tie up Choi Seol-ah, who doesn’t know where she’ll go. It was a sign of a stallion.

As long as this was in my hands, the probability of Choi Seol-ah betraying me was close to zero. However, there was also an element of anxiety.

Most of the villains within the academy have been eliminated, but there are still enemies outside.

Who knows. Choi Seol-ah might be clinging to them. She might be looking for a way to escape the noose of these earrings.

“I guess I should go in and check while I’m at it.”

I immediately took out my phone and tapped the screen.

Knock knock.

[Me: What are you doing?]

[Choi Seol-ah: (……)]

[Me: I have something to talk about personally. Let's meet tomorrow when you have time.]

[Choi Seol-ah: (……)]

His forehead turned bright red. But he quickly suppressed his rising anger.

Yeah, it's late at night. I can't reply, right? And even if I suddenly get a reply, that's kind of weird. We're not even lovers.

Okay, after about 20 minutes.

Rollin~

[Choi Seol-ah: (Photo)]

A photo of Choi Seol-ah wearing a bloody mask was sent to me.

* * *

A dark, gloomy outskirts.

More than twenty villains surrounded Choi Seol-ah, who was chained in the center. Two large men guarded the entrance.

Step, step, step—the man in the black coat walked toward the center. Soon, the sound of footsteps stopped in front of Choi Seol-ah's knees.

Choi Seol-ah's eyes, her neck relaxed, only focused on the tip of the man's shoe. Blood trickling down her lips fell onto the tip of the shoe.

"Hey, Choi Seol-ah."

"… … ."

A gloomy voice searched through Choi Seol-ah's liver and gallbladder. When she didn't respond, the man let out a deep sigh.

"Even if you're a bat and a maggot, do you think you can betray us and get away with it? What, you think we can't catch you if you stay in the Academy?"

Bang! The shoe sole stained with his own blood was stuck in Choi Seol-ah's stomach.

"Cough."

Choi Seol-ah groaned loudly. It was a simple kick, but it felt like her insides were turning. And her insides were really hurt, because she vomited out blood.

"What the heck? Villain Gao, you're joking around. Raise your head. Even though Agor is gone, you still have some magic left. Recover quickly."

A gloved hand slapped Choi Seol-ah's swollen cheek. He grabbed her hair tightly and pulled it back.

"… … ."

"Tsk- Isn't this the kind of thing where you can't speak because you've bitten your tongue?"

The man just twisted his head back. He shouted sharply at his subordinate who was tapping away at his laptop.

"Haven't you heard from the kid who sent you the picture a little while ago? His saved name is… '★My Master★'? I don't know what he does, but you have to find him. If he hasn't come, then you have to trace him back and catch him."

"Tracking! But, this is a terminal exclusively for instructors at Joaquin Academy, so it's not very easy to break through the security. What if the other party contacts you first?"

The man clicked his tongue and grumbled.

"If you can't get through that, you're going to be buried here with this kid. Bring him in somehow."

"Yes, old!"

Haa- haa-

Choi Seol-ah was out of breath. Her lips were chapped and she couldn't speak, and her right eye was bloodshot and bloodshot. The scent of death lingered at the tip of her nose.

"Breathe, breathe. Choi Seol-ah, a traitor like you shouldn't be treated so nicely. It leaves a bad aftertaste."

A cold, mocking face appeared in the distorted vision. His strangely gaunt features gave off a chill.

A few days ago, she suddenly started receiving a flood of text messages of unknown meaning. Choi Seol-ah thought they were ordinary spam, voice phishing, and insurance text messages, so she ended up blocking them.

However, I somehow felt a rising sense of discomfort, so I reduced my conspicuous actions. That's why today, even though I made eye contact with my master, I was rude and only gave him a nod.

'Fuck.'

But it wasn't until I was kidnapped this evening that I realized what the text meant. It was a death notice from some group.

Villain Alliance. An alliance that allows villains who are close to beasts to form a group.

They sent a hitman unit, the Vendetta, to take down the traitor.

It was easy. It wasn't unexpected. But maybe it was because I was too absorbed in the warmth of the Joaquin Academy.

Choi Seol-ah momentarily forgot that she was a villain. Before she knew it, she only recognized herself as Instructor Kim.

'…shit.'

Vendetta never leaves traitors alone. He tracks them down like a hunting dog, and bites them like a fighting dog.

They don't just kill their prey. They harass their targets in a ruthless manner and then execute them. They savor their screams and

struggles.

Even among villains, he was the worst of the worst. Aside from his strength, Ventetta was a gathering place for crazy bastards who specialized in murder and torture.

In particular, this guy is the leader of Vendetta. He doesn't have a real name because he's a villain, but he's called 'Ripper' because of his skull-like appearance and notoriety.

This guy is the second corps commander's henchman, Damien, and that professor cosplay kid. But this guy's hands boasted a level of cruelty that was different from the professor's. Compared to the Ripper, the professor was a concept.

"… useless kid."

The Ripper ran his hands through my hair, his sunken eyes and sharp skull prominent.

The Ripper called Choi Seol-ah again.

"Choi Seol-ah."

"… … ."

"No, since it's Joaquin Academy, should I call you Instructor Kim? It would be great if you could tell me the truth. All the villains who infiltrated the Academy except you are dead. Do you think I can just say Inspector?"

Choi Seol-ah asked back with her lips bursting and turning blue.

"If I tell you, will you spare my life?"

At Choi Seol-ah's words, the shadows under Ripper's eyebrows deepened. There was a brief silence.

Just then, the Ripper laughed, covering his forehead.

"Poo-ha-ha! Look at how you're trying to find your own way out of all this. You're such a complete idiot, aren't you? Hey, you're going

to die here. Definitely. But if you tell me everything that happened and why you betrayed me, I'll take it into consideration. I'll just cut off your arms and legs and kill you."

"…iced coffee."

As soon as the Ripper let go of her hair, Choi Seol-ah's head dropped. She sat up straight and her shoulders shook.

Until just a moment ago, I thought this hair-raising sensation was because of the Ripper. But it wasn't. This raw feeling… … .

Choi Seol-ah's pale lips twitched. The corners of Ripper's mouth went up as he looked down at her.

Oh, man. It's broken. I thought I was having some fun for the first time in a while. That was the moment when Ripper muttered like that.

Crunch!

A single crash from the entrance. Thump thump – the sound of two lumps falling at once.

Twenty pairs of eyes turned toward the entrance as promised. At that exact moment, with a thud, two bodies with empty shoulders/bodies collapsed.

The sound of falling leaves. There is no sign of movement from the other side of the entrance. More precisely, the senses refuse to detect it.

"… Boss! I've successfully tracked the signal! But there's something strange. The signal is within 20 meters of here-"

The villain, who had been busy tapping away at his laptop, turned his gaze a beat late. The sword light pierced through the darkness and cut through his skin.

Pukak-

'What is this, boss?'

The notebook villain opened his mouth. No sound came out. His throat felt sore, as if he had a bad cold.

The laptop looked down slightly. There was a long stick stuck under his chin. It was a knife handle with a 30% discount sticker and the Daiso logo engraved on it.

‘?’

As soon as he realized the situation, his eyes opened as wide as a lantern. The pupils of the laptop rolled around in all directions, revealing the irises of his eyes.

“… … .”

“… … .”

In an instant, three life signs disappeared. Two of them had their shoulders and above slashed, and one of them was twisted with a knife stuck in his throat.

“Poohahahahahahahahahahahaha!”

Choi Seol-ah burst into laughter. Soon, Ripper, sensing something strange, grabbed Choi Seol-ah by the collar and lifted her up.

The chained Choi Seol-ah was lifted a few centimeters off the ground. The Ripper shook Choi Seol-ah, who was in his grasp. Her long legs dangled in the air.

“Is this a dog?

The magenta bangs covered Choi Seol-ah’s eyes like a curtain. A thin line was drawn high at the corner of her mouth.

“Scratch it? (You know that?)”

Choi Seol-ah’s mouth opened. Blood was sticky between her upper and lower teeth. She was smiling brightly.

Meanwhile, all of the Ventettas reflexively took off their gloves and prepared to cast.

The hitmen who had only created fear were suddenly gripped by fear.

“Everyone, standby until we determine the enemy’s identity!”

“What the hell! What the hell is this situation all of a sudden!”

Their bodies were trembling slightly. They unconsciously huddled together, their backs against each other.

Even though they were villains without humanity, they were of one mind and one heart when it came to their survival instincts.

Step by step, approaching. Soon, the intruder’s figure was revealed.

“A, sashimi sword?”

A boy with pitch-black hair and black makeup entered. It was as if darkness was giving birth to darkness.

“… Hehehe.”

Between her bangs, a light flashed across Choi Seol-ah’s pupils. The confident ring of her eyes from when she was a villain appeared at the corners of her eyes.

She took a deep breath and barely moved her swollen lips.

“Take it slow.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 149

Episode 149 I also have a sense of loyalty (2)

“Damn it, why is that kid popping out all of a sudden and acting like this!?”

Sashimi Kensei, Kang Kenma. He was a widely known cadet even within the Villain Alliance.

A cadet who has been eyed by the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn, the master of the Reaper himself. The reason for his interest was to use him as his vessel.

Certainly, Kanggeomma lived up to Kuarnim’s expectations. As a result, there were three of them at Reaper’s feet.

Two of them had their heads cut off, and one fell down with a knife in his throat. Even though it was a surprise attack, it happened in an instant. It was true that he was swinging his sword like a ghost and slicing his opponents apart.

Wheeing-

The atmosphere changed as Kanggeomma appeared. However, the shock was short-lived, and Bentetta quickly reorganized his formation. After each person took off their gloves and threw them away, they prepared to snap their fingers.

They were the Vendetta, the elite soldiers of the Villain Alliance. This was not the first time, though it was not uncommon.

And for a grown man to be a professional hitman and get beat up by a kid who can use a knife, how can he possibly show his face when he's being treated like that? To be honest, at the point where he's beating up a kid, Gao's already been seriously damaged.

What can I do? What I've learned from doing this for years is that you can never let your guard down. And since that guy is a target that needs to be captured alive, it's efficient to attack him with several people.

Hoo- Ripper sighed and ran his hand through his hair. He applied the blood on his gloves like wax and held his hair in place.

The Reaper gave orders to all of the Vendettas.

"Everyone, wake up. Line up in formation according to your attributes. You've all probably seen the skills of that bastard Sashimi Kensei in the video, so attack skillfully."

"Boss, instead of torturing that little bastard, why don't you just kill him?"

"No, if possible, capture them alive. If you're going to kill them, kill them with their limbs intact. Just think of them as high-quality goods. Make sure they don't get hurt as much as possible. It's okay if they get punctured by two or three bullets."

"ancient!"

… Heheheheheheheheheh.

Choi Seol-ah, entangled in chains and slumped against the concrete. She let out an ominous laugh like a virgin ghost. She was clearly a madwoman, revealing her blood-stained, bloodshot teeth.

"Boss, why is this kid laughing?"

"Leave him alone. He must have lost his mind. And Choi Seol-ah, make sure he doesn't get caught up in the battle. I need to take him to the Union Headquarters and personally take care of him."

"ancient!"

“Starting with those corns, I’ll have to pull out all their fingernails and toenails, okay?”

Then, the Reaper turned his gaze to Kanggeomma. His eyes were sharp and pointed. He spoke while gritting his teeth.

“You little green blob of flesh, you’ve only studied Western medicine up until now, so your shoulders are really high?”

“… … .”

The Ripper’s eyes glittered like snake scales.

“Don’t worry, we’re professionals. We’ll tear you to shreds and give you the capital. It’ll be fun, man.”

“… … .”

Kanggeomma tilted his head. Ripper, who had been speaking so arrogantly, flinched.

‘Damn, that’s seventeen?’

With those eyes that have lost all emotion, what a completely crazy kid. I’ve met all sorts of crazy people, but it’s been a long time since I’ve seen one this deadly and screwed up.

Moreover, Choi Seol-ah, who had been wriggling like a caterpillar just a moment ago, began to laugh like a light year as soon as Kang Geum-ma arrived. Those crazy bastards. The saying, “that vegetable, that meal,” came to mind.

The Ripper pulled the revolver from his waistband. Kanggeomma’s eyes narrowed slightly at that.

‘…gun?’

In the world of ‘Miracle Protection M’, firearms were not well-handled. This was because they were not very effective compared to weapons.

In a world where you can move faster than the speed of sound by

holding a weapon and manifesting a protection, why would you wear such an iron object?

Because of the smell of gunpowder, it was easy to leave traces, and the maintenance cost was also damn expensive. One bullet cost 1 million won. Because both supply and demand were low.

The best way to control guns is to raise the price of bullets, not guns.

Kanggeomma moistened his parched lips. Then he held on tightly to Murasame and Mannyeonseori.

'Are you using guns as a means of armament…?'

The villain couldn't handle the weapon. The weapon was a weapon that resonated with the hero's protection. The villain would foam at the mouth and fall down just by slightly infusing the weapon with magic power.

So some villains used firearms as their weapons. The so-called magic bullets. When fired by injecting magic power instead of gunpowder, the bullet's speed and power could be increased dramatically.

Whirlyrick-

The revolver's cylinder spun. Ripper leisurely placed a bullet into the hole and closed the cylinder. He said with a sinister smile.

"Ganggeomma, we've been studying how you fight. You're really fast, aren't you? But even a hero can be fast."

The Ripper shrugged and opened his mouth again.

"I'll tell you something before you get a hole in your forehead. The speed of a bullet that has eliminated air resistance with the magic of the empty attribute is 10 times the basic bullet speed. Since the basic rifle is around Mach 3, my magic bullet is 30 times the speed of sound."

The Ripper aimed his gun at Kang Geum-ma. He pulled the trigger with his thumb and placed his index finger on it. A smirk appeared on the corner of his mouth.

“But if possible, you should take him alive. Try to avoid him as much as you can.”

Kanggeomma snapped his sword and swung it out of its scabbard. At the same time, bang! The sound of a revolver signaled the start of the battle.

Srrrrrrrrrrr-

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

The blade pulled out a span and scattered light, and then the strong sword horse ran straight ahead.

As the wind licked his cheek like a tongue, entangled in a beautiful pit, Kanggeomma suddenly had a question.

I suddenly wondered whether the protection of the swordsman would be faster than the benefits of civilization.

Even in the midst of the confusion, Choi Seol-ah smiled calmly and played background music.

* * *

Tudadadadadak!

The villains followed the sound of footsteps and cast spells. -Water, fire, stone- and the like- were tangled together and crushed the -floor, ceiling, and walls. The already dark concrete became pitch black.

“Right! Right! Bomb!”

One gesture. The corner of the empty lot was filled with magic.

‘These kids, they’re such a good match for the subject of Billions.’

Kanggeomma intuitively realized that these were no ordinary group. The usual group of villains were haphazard and sloppy.

These guys were quick to snap their fingers to the gestures of their boss, the Ripper.

The display system was also well-organized. The talk about being a professional wasn't just empty boasting.

'It's going to take longer than expected.'

Each battle was one-on-many, not a single battle. Fortunately, the place wasn't that big. It was blocked off on all sides, so there were a lot of places to step on, so it was worth it?

Even that had to be backed up by time. I had already wasted about 20 seconds just dodging. Even considering the lead and the sword, it was a tight time.

There were 50 seconds left. I was determined to take out everything within that time. It was difficult to completely eliminate the possibility that there were hidden enemies or that they would call me.

I didn't know why they were gathered here. It didn't seem like they were having a reunion or a class reunion, but why? Suddenly, a very ominous thought crossed my mind.

… What if there was a one in ten thousand chance that they were in the middle of a ritual to summon one of the legion commanders? After all, during the uninhabited island survival training, the 5th legion commander Agor had descended without warning. A chill ran down my spine.

But at least it was confirmed that Choi Seol-ah wasn't in cahoots with these villains. She was lying there like a rag, covered in blood. If she was on the same side, she wouldn't have beaten them up like a dog on a hot day. She'll cut them all down as quickly as possible and then take Choi Seol-ah away.

'How to approach.'

We have to close the distance first. They are magicians, gunslingers, and ranged attackers, while I am a swordsman. If we lose in a street fight, there is no answer.

The swordsman used his brain to dodge all kinds of magic. Fire arrows, water awls, and thorny stone fragments scratched the

surroundings, scattering concrete debris in all directions. Sporadic explosions that erupted later.

Beep-

A ringing in my ears. In that slow time, Ganggeomma's brain, which had been spinning like a top, stopped. He somehow created a guerrilla force in the camp and attacked them all at once.

As a rule, the more well-organized a system is, the more vulnerable it is to variables. This was a little wisdom I learned during my military service in my previous life.

The total number of enemies was 16. Three teams of five each. One team obscured Kanggeomma's vision, the other team narrowed his range of action, and the last three teams focused on cutting Kanggeomma's blind spots.

〈Team 1〉

/ Ripper \

〈Team 2〉——〈Team 3〉

Choi Seol-ah

Each team took charge of a corner, forming a triangle. All three teams were solid and not weak.

The most annoying one of all was, of course, the gunman in the center. He would stand his subordinates up as meat shields and shoot them roughly. That's why I liked swords more than guns. Sword fighting is much more honest and romantic.

As the battle was going on chaotically, the gunman pulled the trigger.

Clink- Ta-ing!

Before the revolver's muzzle fired, Kanggeomma moved first. It was impossible to avoid a hypersonic bullet at Mach 30. Then, when the gunman's index finger snapped, he moved accordingly.

Ugh!

Kanggeomma shook his head to the side. The bullet slid past his cheek. The stray bullet lodged itself in the back wall.

"… … ."

A small amount of blood flowed out from the shallow gash. Kanggeomma swept his cheek. He frowned.

The Ripper was dumbfounded by that scene. Dodging the dizzying rain of magic while simultaneously avoiding the magic bullets? And that too in a situation where all four sides were blocked off?

Aside from being good at wielding a sword, he was just a guy with a crazy sense of combat. On top of that, he was sneaking up on me alone and watching me closely. Not only that, he moved in a zigzag pattern so it was hard to even get a clear aim.

However, I didn't have enough bullets to shoot indiscriminately. I had used ten rounds, so now I had ten left.

'Damn, ten million won has already melted away!'

That was when.

"Oh, shit."

… one of the villains I was casting slipped his finger. He had been flicking it so hard that he was sweating and his fingers were swollen.

Kang Geum-ma's pupils flashed. He picked up the Daiso sashimi that was sleeping peacefully in his arms and threw it like a javelin.

"100 million!"

The groan of the last horse. The villain who had been shot with a needle in the shin twitched and fell down.

! ! !

The eyes rolled towards what had been their comrades. The rushing

blade sent them to the same place as their comrades, the Jordan River.

The corpses with their eyeballs rolled back in fell apart one by one. In the blink of an eye, a gap appeared in the formation.

"…Plague?"

A faint emotion blossomed deep in Ripper's chest. And that emotion gave rise to impatience.

The Ripper, his teeth snapping, pulled the trigger like crazy.

Chilkung- bang-! bang bang bang bang-!

The cartridges ejected from the cylinder fell to the ground. Five bullets were fired randomly. Even if you read the trajectory, the speed of the bullets was unavoidable.

At that moment, Kang Geum-ma's eyes became blurry. His consciousness suddenly disappeared and his body moved by instinct.

The foot of the swordsman gently stepped on the wall. Then it bounced up towards the ceiling.

BINGLE – Just before my feet touched the ceiling, I did a half somersault in the air. Soon, my feet were stuck to the ceiling.

In that state, Kanggeomma took out a dozen sashimi and threw them at them. Occasionally, the sashimi knives would clash in the air, bounce off each other, and fall at an extraordinary angle.

Silver blades poured down like a monsoon shower.

"Ugh!" "Ouch!" "Clang!" "Ugh!"

Ventetta's encirclement began to crumble like dominoes.

… After a while, the only life left was that of a Ripper.

'… What the hell!'

Ripper cursed inwardly. His right hand instinctively fumbled for the

magazine on his waist.

“Oh, shit!”

Choi Seol-ah, who was tightly bound in chains, bit the hand. She nodded and nodded as she shouted at Kang Geum-ma.

“Choosing, choking! (It’s now!)”

“This crazy kid! I should have just killed him earlier.”

The Ripper raised his left hand and tried to push Choi Seol-ah away. But somehow a cold wind blew across his wrist. He rolled his eyes to the left.

“?”

Only a few veins of blood gushed out from the wrist where the left hand that should have been there was missing. He felt no pain. Ripper’s mind was blank.

“You, you, you, you laptop! Hey, how do you move it!”

The notebook that had been broken long ago was holding a piece of sashimi wrapped in rope. It was the sashimi knife that Kanggeomma had been holding until just now, but when did that kid get the notebook? No, how could he move while holding a knife in his throat? The notebook’s face was completely devoid of life, not like a living person.

A corpse that was once a subordinate is staggering around swinging sashimi. Is this a nightmare? The Ripper’s expression changed in real time at the insane sight.

Ripper’s right hand was tied to Choi Seol-ah, and his left hand was tied to his subordinate. With his head in a daze, Kang Geum-ma jumped down like a frog.

Wheaaaaaaaaa!

The sound of the air being torn apart. Ripper’s vision went black. In front of him, Kanggeomma raised his Eternal Frost high. Then,

absentmindedly, he swung it vertically.

west

Ouch!

The blade fell straight down from the crown of the head to the groin without any obstruction.

The gunman’s expression became blank. His once bright eyes were now emptied. His lips were curled into a Ø shape.

“Sick/sick.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 150

Episode 150 I also have a sense of loyalty (3)

The bloody battle of the moonlit night is over.

"… Oh my, I'm dying."

Choi Seol-ah groaned and sat down. She was usually a joker, but this time she was serious.

I just squeezed out all the strength I had left to bite the Ripper's hand. As a result, my strength completely drained and I couldn't even move my fingers.

Choi Seol-ah checked her condition. Her entire body was a mess. Her lips were cracked, and her right eyeball was swollen and bloodshot. Her limb bones were also in a strange position, as if something was wrong with them.

Still, the corners of my mouth twitched. My joy soared. It was a situation where I had literally died and come back to life. If not now, when would I feel joy?

Choi Seol-ah slowly opened her eyelids. A disaster that had not yet cooled down was unfolding.

Corpses with their eyes open and lifeless. The blades were stuck only in vital points such as the forehead, navel, and dantian, like dart targets.

There was a saying among the villains: if you were caught in a

vendetta, you had only two choices: take your own life, or be tortured to death. In the end, both options resulted in death.

But, they disappeared into the back alleys of the shadows in an instant. They attacked with various magics, but they were all destroyed. In less than a minute, by just one person.

Choi Seol-ah looked at Kang Geum-ma with her left eye, which was still relatively healthy. The faint moonlight illuminated his back. It was as if he had a halo. He looked like an angel or devil wearing a cloak.

Tears formed in Choi Seol-ah's eyes. Honestly, she had been begging Bentetta for her life. She had a small hope that if she confessed everything, he would let her live.

But Choi Seol-ah kept her mouth shut. Because her obsession with life had told her that the only way to survive was to die. And that judgment saved her from the brink of death.

'As expected, my choice was not wrong.'

Hehehe- While laughing softly, suddenly, sweat started running down Choi Seol-ah's spine.

Choi Seol-ah shifted her gaze to the side. The villain was holding the sashimi with his eyes wide open. His eyes were as blurry as a fish with flies around it.

At that, Choi Seol-ah's eyes grew three times larger and she was startled.

"Whoa!"

Choi Seol-ah stepped back with a step towards her buttocks. This was a villain who sold his humanity, and it was a foolish thing, and her instincts rejected it.

A corpse moving! I have never heard or seen such a strange magic.

Or is it the black magic that the Villain Alliance is secretly researching? Is that it? I knew the Alliance was crazy, but they really

have gone too far.

Whatever it was, it gave me goosebumps. Choi Seol-ah stepped back and crouched down, shivering.

At that moment, Kang Geum-ma, who had wiped the blood off the sashimi, approached the corpse. Choi Seol-ah screamed, “Oh my god!”

“Hey, Master Geomma. The corpse is moving. It might be black magic, so don’t come near!”

“Black magic?”

“I heard this before. I heard that the Villain Alliance is researching their own magic, not elemental magic. That, moving corpses could be a type of magic!”

Kanggeomma sighed at Choi Seol-ah’s warning. He didn’t like the idea of Murasame’s special ability being considered black magic.

‘Well, from his perspective, it could seem that way.’

No matter how you look at it, this was black magic, necromancy. The context wasn’t much different.

Instead of responding, Kang Geum-ma approached the laptop villain. His face was pale and his eyes were covered with a grayish film. There was dark red blood around his mouth that was wide open.

Certainly… it was a bit creepy when I saw it up close. The guy I killed was acting for me.

But that was the extent of my appreciation. This guy was a villain anyway. What good would it do to feel guilty?

In the first place, it was too far to consider ethics. Up until now, they had not hesitated to even kill. Nowadays, Ganggeomma’s creed was extremely simple.

The evildoer thinks and then kills, the villain kills without hesitation. If you feel responsible for everything, it will be difficult to survive in

this harsh world.

In the future, I will have to use this ability to fight many enemies. If it can reduce the damage to my allies, is it worth using the corpses of those enemies?

After finishing his thoughts, Kanggeomma retrieved Murasame. Only then did the notebook villain's eyelids cover his cloudy eyes. He too must have fallen into the pit of hell, hand in hand with his comrades.

Choi Seol-ah doubted her eyes. What is it? What did she see? What is it? Thoughts that started with 'what' continued to occur.

Thud, thud.

Kanggeomma twisted his toes toward Choi Seol-ah. Choi Seol-ah silently covered her mouth.

A feeling of weakness came over my body, which had been holding up well. A feeling that was hard to express spread through my entire body like crazy.

Kang Geum-ma stopped in front of Choi Seol-ah's feet. He looked down at her, who was wrapped in chains, and then immediately pulled out the sashimi.

Kiiing-

The hairs on her head stood on end. Choi Seol-ah closed her eyes tightly. The next moment, her body, which had been as heavy as lead, became lighter. She opened one eye slightly.

The iron chains that had bound my entire body were cleanly cut off. I was able to move freely.

'How did you break it?'

It was no ordinary chain at first glance, since it was filled by Ventetta. It must have been a binding magic overlapping. It was easily cut by the swordsman's sword.

Kang Geum-ma said to her, who had a confused expression.

“Take off your top.”

“… … ?”

Choi Seol-ah swallowed a sharp breath. Her pale face turned bright red. It was so sudden.

She just raised her eyes. She saw Kang Geum-ma looking at her with deeply sunken eyes. He spoke as if urging her.

“I don’t want to bother saying it twice. Just take it off.”

The lord was sincere.

“Okay, ok, ok, just wait a minute! I don’t hate it since you’re my lord, but, ah, not yet, not yet mentally prepared… …! And it still looks like this.”

Kang Geum-ma’s mouth twisted at the hesitant response. He pointed to Choi Seol-ah’s shoulder with the end of the sashimi.

“Shoulder joint, it looks loose even at a glance. If you leave it alone, you’ll have to eat with only one arm. If you think having two arms is too much, just leave it as is. Judging from your useless imagination, it doesn’t seem like you really need any treatment.”

“iced coffee…….”

Choi Seol-ah sighed briefly. She immediately lowered her head. A chill ran down her forehead where it had touched the concrete. In that position, she confessed.

“I am truly sorry for imagining such profane things, my lord!”

“That lord, lord, what’s the matter with you… how can it not be?”

A long-lived swordsman on Earth in the 21st century. The strange title of lord was very awkward.

“Then master—”

“Just call me whatever you want. Anyway, let’s do it quickly. We

don’t have much time left.”

Choi Seol-ah begged cautiously.

“… If you allow me, can I stay like this for a little while longer?”

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma was dumbfounded. He suddenly bowed and then stayed like that for a while. It wasn’t like he was paying his respects on New Year’s Day.

Kang Geum-ma nodded, thinking that he would just leave. He thought that he must have lost some of his senses due to the torture.

Above all, if emergency treatment was delayed, Choi Seol-ah would have been in a coffin +1. It was a miracle that she was still breathing.

‘Look, I’m lying face down but my body is still writhing.’

However, it wasn’t pain that shook Choi Seol-ah’s body. It was shame and embarrassment.

It’s been years since I’ve felt this way. Maybe it’s the first time since I became a villain.

… In that way, Choi Seol-ah cooled her head with the cold air from the road for a long time.

* * *

Boom!

[The protection of rebirth is manifested.]

“Kkiya-aah-ah! Okay, okay, stop for a moment! It hurts so much! I think I’m going to die! No, I’m really going to die!”

“It’ll be over soon, so stay still. Or bite that broken chain as a gag. Your tongue can’t be fixed, so keep your mouth shut.”

“Ah, ah, y, really, let me just rest for a bit—!”

Kkwaduk!

[The protection of transfer is manifested.]

“—Go… … .”

Choi Seol-ah’s pupil rolled back. She lay down and wiped the floor with her body. Her tears and snot were pouring down without mercy, but it seemed that her life was not in danger.

After the surgical operation was over, I clenched and unclenched my hand. Something felt strange. Choi Seol-ah’s recovery had slowed down considerably. Now, she was only slightly better than a growing teenager?

It was strange that the 5th Corps Commander, who was the supplier of magical power, was absent. Even his eyes were filled with guns, making him look like a human.

‘… Is it possible that the humanity that was sold to the commander is coming back?’

After a moment of commotion, I asked her.

“By the way, how did you get dragged here?”

“Ah, that’s… … .”

Choi Seol-ah, who had been swayed by the situation, explained the series of events. The story was long, but it could be summarized in a few words. Most of the words that followed were complaints.

The gist of the story is that those cold corpses are a hitman unit sent by the Villain Alliance, and their goal is to punish the traitor Choi Seol-ah.

I looked around. The sight of corpses strewn about, the heat beginning to fade. For a moment, I clicked my tongue in discomfort.

‘I thought it was a bit too much, but it was Ventetta.’

I know a little about them. They are the Villain Alliance’s retaliation

task force. They were a group that clashed with Leon once in the game.

I don't remember how the incident started. It was probably just bad guys doing bad things.

'This is starting to give me a bit of a headache.'

I frowned. It wasn't the first time a villain had been turned into a villain/run, but with Vendetta, things were a bit different. More precisely, the problem lay beyond that.

Villain Alliance. An enemy force that appears around the middle of the settlement, when Leon is in his second year. To put it simply, it is the mid-boss of 'Miracle Protection M'.

The starting point of Leon's full-scale confrontation with them was… after Leon killed Ray Shen.

The leader of the Undertaker. In the real world, she was the trigger for the conflict with the Villain Alliance.

For reference, Miracle Protection M had branching points in the middle of the story. Depending on the choices you made, the direction of the narrative changed.

However, there were some checkpoints that never changed. These were usually events that were directly related to the ending.

For example, the subjugation of Ray Shen, who became a villain, also falls into this category. Her death was the catalyst for the start of the villain alliance's movement. The prelude to this was the appearance of Vendetta.

… But when I thought about it carefully, it was me who killed Ray Shen. There was a twist in that she was used as a vessel for the 5th Corps Commander Agor. It was clear that she was Ray Shen.

'Could it be that the affair was brought forward because of the incident at Avalon Island…?'

As my thoughts continued, my expression became more and more

heavy. Choi Seol-ah spoke with a fidgety look on her face.

“My, my lord. You don’t have to worry about being labeled as a villain because of me. Since it’s already been revealed, I’ll take a break from the academy. Well… … .”

I turned my gaze to Choi Seol-ah. Her mouth was smiling faintly, but her eyes were not. Her pupils were trembling with anxiety.

“Choi Seol-ah.”

I called her name. The guy who had been mumbling with a haggard face answered quickly.

“Yes, yes! My lord!”

I relaxed my hardened expression. The scene of her biting the gunman’s hand came to mind.

Even though my whole body was tied up, the way it bit me reminded me of a guard dog.

She could have just laid there like a dead rat, but Choi Seol-ah insisted on cooperating with me. Maybe she had feelings for me.

I still wonder how she, who was obsessed with life beyond attachment, could do something like that.

There may be some reason for this. But that is why I cannot throw it away. It is the law that we must keep our allies close and our enemies even closer.

And the confrontation with the Villain Alliance is close to a prophecy that we will inevitably face. Choi Seol-ah’s role will be important at that time.

There was a long silence. I opened my mouth to Choi Seol-ah, who was looking at me with a nervous expression.

“Just stay at the academy like you are now.”

“… but if I stay.”

Parrani's trembling voice was filled with a mixture of emotions.

I shook my head.

"If the Villain Alliance has decided to target you anyway, you know best that you'll die wherever you go. And from what I saw earlier, it's only a matter of time before they track my number."

"… … ."

"Honestly, is there a safer place than Joaquin Academy? And when did someone so obsessed with life ever think of me like that?"

"I'm serious!"

"Okay."

Since it has come to this, to her who treats me like her master.

"You have a lot of work to do by my side."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 151

Episode 151 Presidential Election (1)

A few days later, in the backyard of the academy.

“… Headmaster, you’re running for class president? No, isn’t it impossible for a first-year student to run for class president according to school regulations?”

Weapon asked with an expression of disbelief. Ryozo took a look at me and answered for me.

“Back then, before the Ogre Subjugation Exam, the middle-aged instructor told me about the special reward, which was the right to run for the president election.”

I was startled for a moment. Isn’t this a violation of the secret agreement I made with Chief Ha?

… But if you think about it, it’s something that we’ll both find out. When the presidential election starts, it’ll be revealed that Nana Leon is a presidential candidate.

The fact that they talk so freely is proof of the close bond between the club members.

Of course, it was also because there was no senior in this position. Ryozo was still wary and suspicious of his senior.

The subtle tension between the two seemed to have died down, but it has been reignited a few days ago.

I didn't ask Ryozo what the trigger was. I had no choice but to believe that he had his own reason. That's how much I trusted Ryozo's judgment and intuition.

While I was lost in thought, the story of Ryozo and Weapon flowed into my ears.

"I honestly support our vice president running for president. Think about it, none of the cadets know what he's done."

"… Well, the circumstances are a bit complicated. That's not wrong."

Ryozo nodded.

"No matter how complicated the situation is, hard work deserves a proper status or reward. But the manager didn't do that. Instead, those bastards looked down on him because of his family background."

"… … ."

Ryozo was silent. The gesture also meant affirmation. Today, it was difficult to find any errors in what Weapon said.

"In some ways, this is a good opportunity. The manager is being proactive for some reason, so we should help him out. Don't you think so, Saki?"

Weapon smiled broadly. Ryozo thought for a moment and then sighed deeply.

"Yes, yes. Weapon, you're right. And let me tell you something. I've been planning to cooperate with him since the moment he said he would run."

"… … ."

Weapon looked at Saki with narrowed eyes. She suddenly flared up with a look of prickle on her face.

"What, why, why are you looking at me like that!"

“No, it’s just that. I was wondering if this was really the Saki I knew. I was wondering if people can really change this much in just a few months. I used to live on nothing but rice cakes, and I was just so sloppy… Huh, huh?”

Saki silently glared at Weapon. Weapon swallowed dryly at the sudden change in his gaze.

It was like the time when his eyes were violent towards him. That day when he was beaten to a pulp on a rainy day.

‘… They say that if you keep quiet, you’re halfway there. Weapon, you really have a knack for shortening lifespans with your mouth.’

I opened my mouth to listen to their conversation. There was one thing I had to correct.

“First of all, let me make one thing clear. I’m not running for election for the honor or anything like that. To be exact, I need the association pass, which is the authority of the title ‘student body president.’ As long as I meet that requirement, being president or anything else doesn’t matter to me.”

Saki also missed the yokan, as if she hadn’t expected this. She seemed a bit shocked by my remark.

However, I couldn’t hide my intentions from the members after coming all this way. Wouldn’t that be too much of a disrespect to those who claim to be my supporters? It would have been right to honestly state my purpose and then receive an answer.

More than anything, I hate the burdensome position of student body president. I already had a mountain of work to do outside of academics.

Therefore, I absolutely do not wish to waste time on useless political affairs. I had absolutely no intention of taking on this reluctantly. My plan is to take what I can and stand out.

With both eyes focused on me, I opened my mouth softly.

“That doesn’t mean I’m running lightly. In any case, I have to win the

election first to get the association pass. Then we can think about what to do next. That's our way, isn't it?"

Only the purpose was adjusted, and the work to be done did not change. Fortunately, the two people nodded their heads. It wasn't because I was good at talking, but because of the trust I had built up over time.

"… Anyway, we have to win this election. Now that I think about it, it's a bit tough."

Weapon scratched his head. His complicated thoughts were expressed by his messy hair.

He continued speaking with an embarrassed look.

"I feel bad saying this, but I heard that all the seniors running for president this year are very talented."

"Who is appearing?"

"As far as I know, the current student body president will run for reelection. And I'm not sure, but there's a rumor that the current vice president will run for president as well. I think they're probably #1 and #2. The rest, #3, #4, and #5, are all rumored to be third-years… … ."

Weapon's face hardened. He adjusted his expression and added.

"Actually, numbers 4 and 5 here are empty. The candidates we need to keep in check are numbers 3, 2, and 1. In particular, the current student body president who is running as number 1 will be our biggest opponent in the election."

"Oh, that guy, he's a senior who's famous for being a jerk. His nickname was "the berserker", I think? They say that once he turns his gaze on you, even if several instructors stick to you, you can't stop him."

Saki twirled her index finger around her temple.

Suddenly, her gaze lingered on me for a moment. Then Yatmak

muttered.

"… But our side is no pushover either."

* * *

At the same time, in a conference room with a solemn atmosphere, seven cadets were sitting around an oval table.

They had their legs crossed, their arms folded, or their cell phones on. Their postures were all different, but their expressions were all filled with arrogance.

"What, the president isn't here today? This is the last regular meeting of the student council?!"

The tall male cadet clicked his tongue and his disgruntled eyes were fixed on the head of the round table.

The seat of the Joaquin Academy student council president. The only chair in the dim student council room with its back to the window. It was his long-held wish.

But that position has been vacant for a year. To be exact, there is definitely an owner, but the person in question has not shown up for the time being.

He took lightly the position of chairman, which was an honor to the family just by sitting there.

That was the reason why the tall male student and current vice president, Den Range, was gnashing his teeth.

'That sacred place should have been mine, not yours.'

Greed filled Den's eyes. He would do anything if he could just get that seat.

At that moment, the female student smiled faintly, resting her chin on the round table.

"Vice President, stop looking at the chair. If you do, you'll get a hole

in it. Does that mean that seat is yours?"

Den's gaze suddenly shifted to her. Den glared at her fiercely. The female cadet's name was Sion. She was the student council president.

"Zion, you're the one who says that and registers as number 3!?"

"Oh my, you already took that seat? Why are you being so angry? And I also met the qualifications and registered as a candidate. But, seeing you overreacting like this, I guess you're very anxious."

Den's temples turned red. If only he could punch that pitiful chin in the face.

But Den only clenched his fist. Election season was just around the corner.

There was absolutely nothing to be gained by reacting to such petty provocations. It was a sensitive time, so I had to be careful about how I behaved.

When the provocation did not work, Zion licked his lips briefly. How can that man, who starts with his fists, endure this? It seems that his desire for the chairmanship is beyond imagination.

'Well, it's not just the vice president who's like that.'

Sleeping with the enemy. That phrase was perfect for the situation. Of the seven sitting at this table, five, including himself, were planning to run for office this time.

Zion turned his head back to Den. He even closed his eyes to suppress his anger. Zion spoke softly.

"Vice President, I'm sorry. Did I speak too harshly? I just wanted to tease you because you seemed so stressed out~ So, relax your expression a bit. And honestly, if you're going to be the student body president, I think you'd be better off than the current student body president."

"… … ."

Den still had his eyes closed. But one corner of his mouth slightly rose. Sion smiled inwardly. A simple guy.

“That makes sense. You’re the only second-year student in the student council, and you don’t show up at regular meetings. Today is the last student council meeting before the elections.”

“… I don’t like that either. However, it is an undeniable fact that the current president’s reign is the most brilliant in the history of the Joaquin Academy.”

An unexpected answer came out of Den’s mouth. I have to admit it, is that it? Anyway.

Zion shrugged his shoulders slyly.

“Yeah, I admit he’s capable. But the fact that the current president was called a monster, a monster, was only last year. Look at this year. The so-called golden generation has enrolled, real monsters. A handsome guy named Leon, and he has black hair. What was his name…?”

That was when.

“Strong sword horse.”

Everyone flinched as Zion spoke. It was because a voice they had not heard in a very long time suddenly interrupted them.

Zion turned his head toward the creaking door. A male cadet was standing there, leaning against the doorway that was wide open. He met his haggard, sickly eyes.

“president……?”

Zion froze like a stone statue. The chairman stared at her for a moment, then quickly looked away.

“Seniors, it’s been a while.”

The chairman entered the conference room with a slow gait. Then he sat down on the head of the table. With an indifferent expression, he

immediately got to the point.

“I’ll tell you something because it seems like everyone wants to take my place. I heard it through the association today, but this presidential election is not only for second and third year students.”

“… … !”

While embarrassment was rising in everyone’s faces, only the chairman remained calm.

“Just now, Senior Zion mentioned the next warrior, and Sashimi Sword Master Kanggeomma. Please note that two people are running. Now, since I’ve finished my presentation, I’ll be leaving now. Thank you for your hard work.”

As soon as those last words were spoken, the round table was turned upside down.

* * *

… dinner. A nice restaurant in Wonju, the city where Joaquin Academy is located.

A woman with a scar on her face cut meat with a knife. The blood seeping from the meat moistened her lips.

A smile appeared on the woman’s lips.

“Hmm~ As expected of Korean beef, the meat tastes different~ Since it’s near the academy, the chef’s cooking skills are also top-notch.”

The man sitting across from the woman was tearing at the meat like a bandit. The man’s brow furrowed as if he was very displeased.

“What the hell, this piece of meat the size of a pebble costs 50,000 won? I’m not kidding. I’m going to spill this.”

The man poked a piece of steak with his fork and turned it like a pizza.

The woman looked at him with pitiful eyes.

“Please, keep some dignity. Don’t make the people around you feel embarrassed.”

“What kind of fucking dignity do you have when you’re a villain like me? We specialize in stabbing people with these kinds of blades, not carving up pieces of meat like this.”

“You idiot, behaving like that, I wonder if you were well prepared for D-Day.”

This time, the man laughed and tapped his forehead in triumph.

“Even though I look like this, the Union recognizes me as a strategist. I came here to confirm that the Vendetta bastards were completely wiped out, and I also finished preparing for D-Day behind the scenes.”

The fork heading towards the woman’s lips stopped. Drops of blood fell from the meat suspended in midair, staining the white tablecloth.

The woman frowned and glared at the man. The thick scar bulged out and wriggled like a snake.

“You little punk, what kind of retard are you doing again?”

“Haha! Look at that life-giving spirit right from the start. You act like you’re human too, but in the end, you’re part of our department.”

“You could turn into meat depending on the content, so use your head and move your mouth.”

The man laughed out loud.

“Did you know that we have a spy in the Academy Student Council? I heard from him that for some reason, there are two false candidates running in this presidential election.”

“… … .”

“Isn’t this too coincidental? The day our union prepared for and the day of the presidential election overlap exactly.”

“What do you want to say?”

“Let’s kill two birds with one stone that day. Even if we miss one, the remaining one will be enough.”

The man stuffed two thick chunks of meat into his mouth at once. His mouth opened and groaned.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 152

Episode 152 Presidential Election (2)

The time when the purple sunset falls beyond the horizon. Dusk falls over the Academy.

The summer heat has completely disappeared, and fallen leaves have spread a carpet on the road.

Thud, thud.

I was taking a walk around the academy grounds. I usually walk like that when I need to calm my restless mind.

“Is it already fall?”

As I took a step forward, I stepped on ripe fallen leaves. It was the season when the sky was high and horses were getting fat. The night wind was chilly, and it was easy to catch a cold.

‘I wonder how Chloe is doing.’

During today’s class meeting, Instructor Lee Won-bin said that Chloe’s return to the academy may be delayed somewhat. It seems that it is not just due to the funeral of her family.

‘I hope it’s nothing serious.’

I headed towards ‘that’ bench, worried about her inwardly. My walks always ended at that place.

It’s time to organize my thoughts. Even if it’s just because of the

association membership card, is this the right choice to run for office?

I have already been involved in affairs several times. To the extent that my determination to live as background character A when I entered school was meaningless. However, all of that was directly related to survival.

This time, on the other hand, things were a bit different. This time, I took off my shoes and jumped into the affair.

Even if you don't find the monolith, your life won't be in danger. It would be better to constantly strengthen your weapons while searching for artifacts. Nevertheless, I prioritized obtaining fragments of memory.

As I gained them one by one, I was sure that I would eventually understand why I fell into this world. That was why I was confident. I also wanted to try for additional rewards.

'Once we get the Monolith, let's collect the remaining five in one go.'

As I was walking, lost in thought, the bench I always sat on came into view. And today, someone had already taken the seat. A very unexpected person.

'… Yoo Se-in?'

A picture of Sein sitting on a bench, tapping away at her phone. She was so absorbed in the game that she even wore a headset.

Se-in sensed my presence and rolled his eyes to look at me. Judging from his expression, he seemed to have expected me to come.

This area was originally sparsely populated, but at some point, people began to appear more frequently.

After Abel and Saki, now even Yusei. It seems like it's now a hotspot for major figures.

"What are you doing? Aren't you supposed to sit here? Come and sit down."

Seriously, how can that clitoris not work? Even though she's a saint. Every time she utters a word, the sound of the number of believers decreasing comes to my ears.

'Was there ever a god left in this world in the first place?'

Didn't Professor Damien(?) say a while ago that there are no more gods left? The God of Swords wiped out all the gods and ended up taking his own life.

'Then what is this god that people worship?'

As I stood there blankly, absorbed in my thoughts, Se-in knocked on the seat next to me as if complaining. It was a sudden meeting, but it was a good opportunity.

There were already many things I wanted to ask Se-in. All we had done was chat in passing in the hallway a few days ago.

From then on, Se-in seemed to be secretly avoiding me. The reason must be because of that 'divine punishment'.

Even if I forcefully asked the world, I didn't think I would get what I wanted. And it could lead to unnecessary misunderstandings.

If I were to visit the young people who are hungry for gossip, and I were to visit them one after another? Just thinking about it makes my forehead wrinkle.

I slowly approached and sat down next to Se-in. Only then did she take off her headset and put her phone away. Se-in readily opened his mouth.

"Don't worry."

"… … ?"

"I will never have a romantic relationship with you or anything. Don't worry."

At the sudden words of the saint, a look of absurdity came over my face.

The expression on Se-in's face became very serious.

"A saint is someone who has the duty to love the entire world. Therefore, she is a being who cannot love just one specific person. That is what makes a saint."

"… … .."

"I am a saint by name, so I cannot add more sin to a sinful man."

As he said that, Se-in stared at me intently. Then he smiled faintly and stepped back.

Se-in stayed like that for a while. I sighed.

It seems like she's saying that because she's a saint, she has to love everyone, so she can't love just one person.

The first words are these… … . I feel so discouraged. I tried to hide my feelings and asked her.

"I won't ask you a bunch of questions since you already said something before. Instead, just answer this one thing."

Se-in just shook his feet without saying a word. I took it as affirmation and opened my mouth again.

"You don't have to answer verbally. Just nod and answer in a roundabout way. I have one question for you."

"… … ."

Only then did Se-in nod slightly. The answer came.

"Yusein, I know you have a clear connection to the status window. That's what I'm most curious about, but you can't answer because of the divine punishment."

Nod nod.

"Honestly, I don't really care what your identity is. Why you came to the Academy. I'm just curious about one thing. What I've done and

what I'm going to do so far, is it all intentional, like the system or something like that?"

"No."

A firm answer. Se-in shook his head.

"No one dares to interfere with you, not even if it is God."

"… … ?"

Se-in shook her butt, indicating that she would not take any further questions. She turned around.

"Sword Demon, you are a greater being than you think. You just haven't found your way yet and are wandering around. If you just keep moving forward straight, your humanity will wither away… … ."

Se-in trailed off. Then, without even turning his head, he continued speaking.

"So, don't doubt what you want to do. Worrying is the part of the weak, and the strong show it through their actions."

After finishing speaking, Se-in walked away. After looking at his back for a moment, I also got up.

* * *

After parting ways with Kang Geum-ma, Se-in walked aimlessly through the night. She reminisced about their meeting a little while ago.

"That's all I can tell you… Ugh!"

At that moment, Se-in felt a sharp pain in her heart, as if it were a string. She covered her mouth and coughed.

A series of muffled coughs echoed. Blood formed on the palm of her hand covering her mouth.

The person who was looking at my hand burst out laughing with a look of disbelief.

“Ha, is this what you’re saying just because I told you that?”

Se-in looked up at the night sky. The stars twinkling sadly stared back at her like gazes.

“… … .”

“… … .”

A brief staring contest. Se-in clicked his tongue and covered his forehead.

“Hey, no matter how much you guys hate him, you still take it out on me for giving me some advice? You’re so petty that you’ll get wiped out by one person.”

“… … .”

“Enough, enough, you little punks. You’re all talk. Your heart is narrower than a mouse hole, and you’re more fearful than a newborn baby. Are you a god? You keep punishing me so often that I’m now in need of a blood transfusion!”

Se-in, who had been sulking at the sky, quickly wiped the blood off with a handkerchief. Then, as if nothing had happened, he calmly took his steps.

Her slender body twitched slightly in the chilly autumn breeze.

* * *

Recently, a rumor has been circulating among cadets regardless of grade level.

“Did you hear that? There are also first-year students running for president this year. Two of them, too.”

“Wow, that’s ridiculous. Isn’t this unprecedented? No, but no matter how great the first-year students are this year, the presidential

election is a bit different. The Joaquin Academy election isn't some kind of popularity vote."

"That's right. No matter how strong the force is or what, in the end, it's a position where you have to prove your abilities in all directions."

"… Rumor has it that this presidential election isn't just about voting."

"what!?"

"Shh! This is information that I had a hard time hearing. It's not just a simple vote, there's a competition before that. Of course, since there are two first-year students, there's a total of seven people. So there are too many, so let's narrow it down a bit."

"So what is the contest about?"

"Well, I don't know about that. Well, I guess it's because the school values practical training that they make us bicker with each other."

"Hey~ Even so, this is a contest to decide the election candidates, so why are we having a fight? I don't know, but I think it's a noble and dignified way that suits our Joaquin Academy!"

* * *

I was blankly staring out the window in the classroom when suddenly a text message came flying in.

= = = =

(From) Joaquin Academy Administration Office

[Web transmission]

(Guide) Before the presidential election, notice of the contest details.

All students registered as candidates for student body president are requested to gather in the medium conference room on the 3rd floor of the main building before the start of the 4th period today.

= = = =

As I was staring at my phone, Ryozo spoke to me.

“What’s going on? Are you getting spam texts? If so, just tell me so I can track the number and make all of your calls go dead… .”

I showed him the text without saying anything. Ryozo, who was quietly scanning the text, turned his gaze to me.

“It’s already starting.”

“Yeah. There’s still over two weeks until Election Day, so I guess they’ll be holding the contest a bit early.”

“Don’t feel too pressured. The intention of this competition is obvious even without watching.”

The day before yesterday, there was a notice that only the candidates would compete. Ryozo guessed that this was the association’s opinion.

Suddenly, two first-year students were added as candidates, so the upperclassmen of the previous years would not be happy about it.

Before the full-scale election, we will need to appease the discontent of the second and third year students. The most effective way to do this is to differentiate between the first year students and the second and third year students.

So, Ryozo’s hypothesis was that the contest was an alternative proposed by the association that hosted this election.

‘Anyway, it just means more annoying things have happened.’

When the time came, I went straight to the conference room. When I arrived at the 3rd floor of the main building, Manager Ha, who had been waiting, greeted me.

“Oh, oh, hello. I will guide you to the conference room.”

Chief Ha, who was avoiding eye contact as usual, followed her and

we reached the conference room.

Squeak.

As I opened the door, the first people to arrive caught my eye. At the same time, their cold, sunken eyes all turned to me.

“… … .”

Those people are all my competitors. They seem to have gathered some momentum, but it seems they can’t hide the hostility in their eyes.

After looking around, I sat down on an empty chair.

Just then, I felt a very faint energy on the back of my head. It was familiar yet ominous… it was magic.

I suddenly turned my head. I looked at each of the faces that had been glaring at me just a moment ago.

A man with his brows furrowed in complaint, a woman squinting with her eyes like a flounder, and a patient staring at the ceiling with his eyes wide open.

As I looked at the three people, my hands naturally went down to my pockets.

“I never thought you’d still be at the Academy.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 153

Episode 153 Presidential Election (3)

Squeak.

Leon entered the conference room amidst the tense atmosphere. It was fitting that the protagonist would appear at the end.

The atmosphere became even more intense with his appearance. If it had been tense just a moment ago, it was now extremely blatant.

The tall mulberry tree was particularly hostile. If you didn't look at it, it would clench and unclench its fist as if it was going to punch you.

Leon, on the other hand, completely ignored the glares directed at him. He walked over to me and held out his hand to me.

"How did we end up meeting again like this? It feels strange to hear that you and I are the same candidate."

I clasped my hands together with a trembling face. Unable to decide what to say in response, I nodded silently.

Leon smiled faintly and sat down at a distance from me. For a long time, he remained silent and received my jealous gaze.

'You're being so narrow-minded even though you're my senior.'

I clicked my tongue and looked around again. The faint traces of magic I had felt had disappeared.

'Did you hide your magic power in the meantime?'

To hide one's magical power so perfectly. This was no ordinary bet.

It is said that it is more difficult to collect momentum than to release it. The same goes for magical power.

This time, it won't be simple. What's more, there's a villain disguised as a cadet involved.

At this rate, I can't just stab him in the face. If I stabbed Cadet Ae-mun, things would get very complicated.

Moreover, if the opponent is skilled in controlling magical power, it would be possible to use magical power in reverse to cause confusion. Unless clear evidence is available, caution must be exercised.

I took my eyes and hands away from my pockets. After a while, Manager Seong and Chief Ha came up to the stage.

"Hoo hoo, ah, ah. Mic test one, two."

Manager Sung cleared his throat and stood closer to the microphone.

"First of all, I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the candidates who attended."

After the ceremonial remarks, Manager Sung explained the competition. He gave an introduction about the reason and purpose of the competition.

Finally, Manager Seong brought up the main topic.

"Now let me tell you about the contest. After much deliberation, our Hero Association has decided to adopt a method that follows the academic style of Joaquin Academy."

Manager Seong nodded and continued with Youngchangsu.

"One-on-one subspace duels. The format is a tournament. It's not the typical tournament concept, but for convenience's sake, let's call it a tournament. Oh, and the match content will never be disclosed to the outside, so you don't have to worry about what happens later."

Does this academy really only teach fighting? Even in the student council president candidate selection process, they do this? I was speechless.

“I have a question.”

The man asked in an arrogant, informal tone. Manager Seong’s eyebrows twitched for a moment, then he smiled and answered.

“Yes, go ahead and ask your question, Cadet Den Range.”

“You said the format was a tournament, but there are seven of us. It’s an odd number. That leaves one spot empty, but I wonder if the association is stupid enough to miss something like that.”

Despite the swearing, Manager Sung tried to maintain his composure. This damned caste system was the problem.

Even though he was twenty years older, his social status was lower than that of that teenager.

In fact, not only his status but also his power was inferior to that of the cadet. Den Range.

Den was the current vice president and a skilled player who was ranked among the strongest among the third-year students.

There were many rumors that top hero agencies were sending him love calls.

Although it was a shame that he was not as good as the current president, who was a second-year student, it was clear that Den Range was an extraordinary student.

‘… The problem is that character and ability are inversely proportional.’

However, I also took this into consideration when I was dispatched to the academy. Manager Seong answered with the corners of his lips forcibly raised.

“You are sharp. Our association also had that in mind. If we were to

give one person a bye, it would harm fairness. So, one of our people will participate as a sparring partner. However, please note that the sparring partner we put forward will not be registered as a candidate and will only participate in the competition."

"Question~"

This time, the female student with the flounder eyes raised her hand. She also spoke informally.

"The association's intention to maintain fairness by sending out a trainer is good, but I wonder how many people there are who can compete with us. To be honest, the people in the association are all just average."

"Haha, you don't have to worry about that, Cadet Zion. I'm a sparring partner who won't disappoint you. Chief Ha, from now on."

Chief Ha, who had been standing blankly behind her, stood in front of the stage with a "Ah!" Manager Seong introduced her.

"The only combat agent in our Planning Strategy Department and a talent who achieved senior rank at the age of twenty-six. This is Deputy Chief Hana Eun."

"Okay, okay, please take care of it!"

"Chief Ha is a renowned talent within our association. Of course, he is not from Joaquin, but he has blossomed belatedly through hard work… … ."

"Oh, sir! That's too much!"

This was also unexpected. That clean-looking guy was a senior-level hero. If he achieved it at the age of twenty-six, then his skills were sufficient.

'I thought Shail reached senior status at the age of twenty… … ..'

Well, since he got second place at such a young age, even if he took an elite course, his skills must definitely be backed up.

I looked at Zion, the woman I had asked about. She was glaring at Chief Ha with distorted eyes.

It seems that he didn't expect a senior-level hero to appear. That's why Zion's mouth was sealed.

A look of discontent rose in her eyes, as if her mockery was not working.

But Zion soon let out a sharp snort and turned his head away. A faint smile spread across Manager Sung's lips.

'… Even at first glance, it seems like the student council isn't normal.'

As an awkward silence flowed for a moment, the senior who had been looking at the ceiling quietly opened his mouth.

"I wonder, is there a reason why we fight in a subspace? I think we could just fight in reality. Fighting is supposed to involve some bloodshed and such. And if the content is going to be kept secret anyway, I don't think it would matter if one or two people were hospitalized."

"… … ."

At those words, everyone's eyes grew wide. They had expressions like, "What is this?" I was one of them.

Even though it looked a little painful, I thought it was the cleanest. What he said was just crazy. To the point where I thought Den and Sion, who used to speak informally, were normal.

Why do they have to spar in a subspace? Of course, it's because they're worried about the cadets getting hurt. If they make even the slightest mistake, it won't just end with them losing their limbs.

Actually, I have beaten Knox and separated Mao Lang's limbs. If only it was in a subspace, but even if those sparring sessions were real… I will leave it to the realm of imagination.

But that kid was like, "Is it okay if I shed some blood?" That one line made me think that he was the most likely villain. Even I, whose

humanity is wearing away, have never thought of such a thing.

Manager Seong, who came to his senses late, stepped in to clean up the situation. He spoke his truth while sweating profusely.

Is there anything more difficult than explaining something so obvious over and over again? Manager Sung was doing that difficult job.

The patient, or rather, the current chairman, Woojin Kim, nodded his head with a sullen expression. He didn't seem to understand at all, but he meant that he understood.

The situation was somewhat sorted out, and Manager Sung looked as if he had aged ten years in the space of ten minutes. Still, he managed to open his mouth again.

"I think everyone understands, so we will now begin the draw."

* * *

When I returned to class, Ryozo asked me as if he had been waiting for me.

"What happened? What was the contest about?"

"They're having a tournament with subspace sparring. It's not a regular tournament with a final, but rather a sparring match between pairs. Ryozo, if things continue as you said, there will be too many candidates. I guess I'll just kill half of them and leave."

At my words, Ryozoh touched her temple. She shook her head repeatedly.

"This damn Academy's method of selecting is really violent… … ? But will the tournament be successful when there are an odd number of candidates?"

"Just a little while ago, the current vice president asked the same question as you. He said there was one person missing. So the association put forward a separate sparring partner, a senior-level hero."

“Senior-level?! Isn’t that too unbalanced? There’s no way the association would have someone like that in the first place.”

“Hey, Chief. That person is the representative of the association. He’s a talented person who achieved senior level at the age of twenty-six.”

“… … .”

Ryozo was silent. Judging from his expression, it seemed like he was saying, ‘That girl who looks like a Malankaou is a senior?’

Ryozo, who had been looking confused for a moment, looked straight at me.

“I understand that much. But that’s not the most important thing. Your opponent, Geomma. You’ve already decided on that, right?”

He’ll get to the point right away. I was inwardly impressed. As expected, Ryozo’s eye for detail is sharp.

Instead of answering, I wrote down a name in my notebook, because if I said it out loud, someone might hear it.

The next moment, Ryozou’s eyes, which had been looking at the notebook, squinted. She muttered softly, barely audible.

“I’m the student council president, Zion. I don’t know if I should call it lucky or unlucky… .”

“Do you know who this person is?”

“Well, roughly. He’s the student council president and comes from a relatively wealthy family, so I’m familiar with his face. Well, he’s annoying, but that’s not the only reason. Senior Sion is famous for being extremely persistent. He’s usually a bit of a jerk, but he’s known for having a mean spirit.”

Ryozo said with a worried expression.

“Mujae is just average. He’s not strong by any means. But he has a tenacious personality that covers up that shallow Mujae. He’s even the student council president… … Maybe this type of person is more

annoying to you, Geomma.”

Ryozo crumpled up the paper with her name on it. The shadow on her face disappeared for a moment, and she burst out laughing.

“Well, I’m sure you’ll figure it out. There’s nothing more cost-effective than worrying about your own.”

* * *

… A week passed, and the morning of the competition day dawned.

As usual, I stuffed the sashimi into my bosom. When the iron touched my chest, it resonated fiercely like a heartbeat. After feeling the sound of the iron for a moment, I left the dormitory.

The competition venue was a separate building located outside the academy. The interior was a miniature version of the training ground.

To put it simply, if the training ground was an outdoor sports field, then this competition venue was a gymnasium.

The annex looked like it had been abandoned for a long time, but it was well maintained and clean.

I was standing in place and looking around when, swoosh, a new model appeared on the left side of my retina.

“hi?”

Zion smiled brightly and greeted me. I nodded reluctantly.

“Yes, please take care of me today.”

“Wow～ It’s really hard! And I’m the one who needs to be treated well～ It’s the Sashimi Sword! Aren’t you going to just finish it all in one go like last time? I wish you’d let that slide～”

It was a voice that was hard to gauge. It sounded like a compliment, but it was also somewhat teasing.

And that motionless expression. Something empty and emptiness lingered in his eyes.

“Oh my, what is it? Why are you staring at me like that! It’s embarrassing!”

Zion stepped back, keeping her distance. I stared at her and spoke softly.

“I don’t think it will end in one go.”

“You’re saying you’ll let it slide? Well, then I’m a little disappointed.”

Zion tilted his head curiously. It felt awkward, combined with his expressionless expression. I smiled faintly at this familiar feeling.

“If my senior shows all his skills, then I don’t know. I also have something to confirm in this match.”

Zion, are you a villain?

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 154

Episode 154 Presidential Election (4)

Zion's face hardened coldly.

"check……?"

It was a word that Kang Geum-ma casually said before the competition. However, as a result, Zion's expression became calm.

'… Could it be that the secret has already been leaked?'

It was impossible. Of course, since he had never once, not even by mistake, manifested since he entered the academy.

But why do Zion's pupils shake so much? It's probably because of Kanggeomma's pitch-black eyes.

Because the opaque eyes, which make it difficult to read thoughts, seem to see right through me.

After a moment of being lost in all sorts of thoughts, Zion smiled brightly. Her sour expression disappeared and she smiled brightly.

'There's no way I'd notice.'

It was a strength that was hidden for a day like today, no, just for today.

Just now it was just a threat. As that thought solidified, Zion's face brightened.

The opponent is none other than Sashimi Kensei. By now, he must be thinking to himself that he has already won the fight. In fact, it is good.

'The more you let your guard down, the sharper my knife will become.'

Huhu Zion laughed silently. And a friendly smile appeared on his lips.

She was always wearing a mask. In class, at the student council, and even at home. She was good at hiding her true face.

"Oh my~ This kid too~ Why is he acting so scary? And even though everyone knows that you're strong, you're still like that. Why are you checking with your senior? Checking with him!"

Zion said with a disgusting smile. Kanggeomma just stared at her and didn't respond.

"But I guess it's fortunate that you don't plan on finishing it all at once. After all, if you give in too easily, it would be embarrassing as a senior."

"… … ."

"Anyway, I have a favor to ask~ If possible, I'd like you to give in to me. If I say something like that, you'll be even more strict, right?"

Zion turned around. She just turned her head slightly and glanced behind her.

The sight of Kanggeomma suddenly turning his gaze away from him. Only then did Zion's arrogant expression suddenly crumple like a wicked joke.

Anger welled up in my throat and I felt like the veins were about to burst. My eyes were burning with murderous intent.

'That lowly special promotion student dares to… ….'

Zion cursed at the spot for a while and then left.

* * *

Several members of the Academy and the Association entered the annex. They stood at a distance and looked over the cadets.

The atmosphere calmed down at the senior instructor's stern voice. After confirming that all the candidates had gathered, the senior instructor opened his mouth.

"It looks like everyone is here."

After a few simple words, the rules of the contest were briefly explained. Since they had already been notified in advance via email, the candidates nodded absentmindedly.

"Then let's start right away."

Then, the first two people in line, Den Range and Abdul Samhan, stood facing each other on the stage.

[Cadets, please stand in your positions and take out your weapons.]

[Now, the competition between symbol number 2, Den Range, and symbol number 5, Abdul Samhan, will begin.]

Kwaaang!

Den rolled his feet. There was a loud noise, and the impact shattered the pavement like a sheet of glass.

Den, who had approached in an instant, swung his greatsword with one hand. One hit, two hits, three hits. He barely managed to withstand a few attacks, but anything more was impossible.

Number 5 was a member of the same student council, but there was no hesitation in the way he hit his opponent. In fact, it felt a bit excessive.

The huge blade cut off five limbs. Something pink poured out from the cut surface. Steam rose like a mist from the smoke platform.

[The first contest is over.]

In the midst of the brutal catastrophe, a mechanical voice mercilessly announced the outcome.

[Congratulations to the winner, number 2 Den Range.]

The subspace curtain was lifted. Den strode towards Number 5 and held out his hand.

“It was a good match.”

Shhh- Den smiled, showing his teeth. Number 5 clasped his hands with a pale face.

“Manager Seong, what on earth is this… … ?”

Chief Ha said incredulously. Manager Seong, who was sitting next to him, had a similar expression on his face.

He created a mess and now he calls it a good match. He deceived me so blatantly that I had the illusion of ‘was it really a good match?’

Manager Seong opened his mouth with difficulty.

“It’s probably a kind of preemptive strike. This isn’t just a duel, it’s a contest for the presidential election. It’s not about simply beating your opponent. It’s about showing off to the onlookers how unconventional you are, and even taking on an opponent who is armed… It seems to have the same nuance… .”

“… But that’s a bit off.”

Chief Ha’s face began to darken. Manager Seong quickly changed the subject.

“Now is not the time to worry about others. Chief Ha, you are the last in line for this competition. I understand that you are nervous and agitated, but please calm down.”

“…yes.”

“This is also a matter of the association’s prestige. Don’t you know? If you do well here, you might get a big bonus from above this month?”

“… … .”

Manager Ha’s expression was still not good. Manager Seong, who had been coaxing and comforting him, let out a deep sigh.

Although she was usually soft and docile, she was particularly sensitive to the smell of blood. The fact that she wrinkled her nose was proof of that.

‘… Chief Ha, this guy. I guess it’s because of his past.’

While Manager Sung was looking at Manager Ha with compassionate eyes, the second pair of sparring partners came up on stage.

[We will now begin the competition between symbol number 4 Jin Garam and symbol number 6 Leon Van Reinhardt.]

Leon’s straight sword flashed. The light was bright and stabbed the eyes four times, and then a cold sensation struck the back of his neck.

Ssung-!

The scarlet line on Garam’s neck gradually darkened. His fingers twitched and twitched. Without any time to feel pain, the fourth head fell with its eyes open.

[Congratulations to the winner, number 6 Leon van Reinhardt.]

The second duel was much more one-sided. Unlike the first duel, where at least three matches were won, it ended after just one.

Leon’s black sword was imbued with dignity and respect for his opponents. It was a clear difference from the barbaric way he tore his opponents to pieces.

It was the royal road that only gave comfort to the opponent and eliminated all other traps.

Den, who had been watching the duel, ground his teeth until they were broken. A blast of blood shot up from his jawbone. This was because Leon had instantly erased his presence.

Absurd strength and swordsmanship that borders on skill. It was noticeably faster than a few days ago. It was a growth rate that was difficult to understand.

His sharp blue eyes looked down at number 4, who was sitting across from him. He didn't shake hands like Den did. Leon just stared. Or more accurately, observed.

Number 4, who sat down and received the gaze, trembled his lips. Wouldn't it be better if he were to deceive like Den?

That was just the look in his eyes as he looked at a roadkilled animal. It was exactly that level of indifference.

Leon looked away from number 4. His eyes darkened as if his excitement had completely died down.

At the same time, Leon slowly withdrew from the troupe.

[The third competition will now begin. Symbol number 3, Ray Sion, and symbol number 7, Kang Geum Ma, please come up to the performance stage.]

A mechanical sound announced the third duel.

* * *

Zion stood facing Kanggeomma. She examined her opponent carefully with a weary look in her eyes.

The aura that Kanggeomma gave off was something different. If I were to use a metaphor, I would say it was like a sword covered in rust from blood.

In fact, we only exchanged glances, but it felt like the scent of blood was wafting to the tip of my nose. I wonder how much blood I have on my hands.

'What does that matter now?'

Zion smiled faintly. A cold ring of eyes hung over his eyes. Beyond the narrowed eyes, a pitch-black shadow lurked.

[Cadets, please stand in your positions and take out your weapons.]

Zion pulled out two daggers. His own image appeared on the iron-patterned blades, like a raccoon's.

Normally, they wouldn't even be able to cross swords and would end up being cut into sashimi. Sion knew this, and everyone in the room expected it. However, she didn't show any sign of resignation.

'If I just have this weapon… … .'

Sion sneered as she looked at the dagger. The face of Kanggeomma looking at her was strange.

I hesitated for a long time. I wasn't sure if that woman was a villain or not. At first, I was suspicious because her eyes were empty, but now that I look at it, I'm confused.

I couldn't tell if the power was well hidden or shallow. I was on guard because of Ryozo's words, but it seemed useless.

'Well, you'll know once you see it.'

Kang Geum-ma took out a pack of Daiso sashimi.

[Now, the competition between symbol number 3, Raytheon, and symbol number 7, Kanggeomma, will begin.]

As soon as the sparring began, Zion started running in a zigzag pattern with all her might. She alternated between stepping on her left and right legs.

The first step was not a fast one, but as the footsteps advanced, the speed of the footsteps increased. Eventually, the sound reached a level where it could not keep up with Zion's new form.

Den, who had been watching the duel, opened his eyes wide. He muttered.

"Did Zion have such protection?"

"In my opinion, it's probably because of that dagger-shaped weapon

rather than Zion's own abilities."

Kim Woo-jin, sitting nearby, answered calmly. Den's eyebrows furrowed sharply, but he soon turned his gaze to Zion. And he easily figured out what that weapon was.

A weapon that increases the user's speed the more they roll their feet.

Attack power, reach, durability. It was a weapon that did not excel in anything, but allowed one to achieve speeds that surpassed humans 'just once'.

However, the Hoecheon is an item that cannot be obtained through normal routes. This is because it is a 'doping' type weapon, not a 'reinforcement type' weapon that is distributed on the market.

The general weapon is one that helps the user's natural body and protection. The opposite concept is doping weaponry. It is a mechanism that artificially raises the user's limits.

So, it carries a fatal risk of permanent brain damage if not careful. And it is so volatile that it can only be used once during combat.

However, Zion is using such weapons in this competition. Also, judging from the color of the blade, it was clear that it was poisoned.

I know it's persistent, but the level is too high. To risk yourself and put poison on your weapon.

It wasn't even a violation of the competition rules. In the first place, would the organizers have ever imagined that a cadet would come up with such an idea? Den stuck out his tongue and laughed.

"… crazy bitch."

Zion's seals increased one by one, and now there are dozens. Zion reenacted the scene that Kanggeomma had shown against Nox a while ago.

As his mind was slowly being eaten away by the weapons, a deep smile appeared on Zion's lips.

Kanggeomma just stood there blankly without any response. Well, he must have been shocked since he had risked his life with his money, mind, and physical strength.

Kaang!

Dozens of thermal images rushed towards Kanggeomma from all directions. It was as if Kanggeomma was trapped in a giant soap bubble.

Zion made a surprise attack from the gap in the new type. Her face was distorted with bloodshot eyes here and there. The emotion that filled her whole was joy. She shouted at the back of Kanggeomma's head.

"Damn it! This lowly promotion… …!"

Without even turning around, Kanggeomma swung the sashimi vertically. The tip of the sword pierced Zion's chin before exiting through his crown.

Phew-

At the same time, the new forms that had surrounded Kanggeomma like a sphere burst like bubbles. Zion's eyes, which had been distorted like an evil spirit, became clouded.

[The third contest has ended.]

Kanggeomma pulled out the blade that had pierced his skull. Sion fell apart like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

[Congratulations to the winner, number 7 Kanggeomma.]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 155

Episode 155 Presidential Election (5)

The first duel was a sea of blood. My guts were overflowing and my limbs were torn to shreds.

The second was a somewhat better fountain of blood. Leon's sword's blade bent diagonally, slicing off the opponent's neck smoothly.

Of course, it was better than the first time, but until the subspace cleared, we had to watch the surging red fountain show. Manager Sung was okay with it up to that point.

I'm not a combat soldier, but I've seen enough bloody scenes to be sick of them. Now, I can finish a bowl of Seonjitgukbap just by looking at blood.

But now that the third sparring session has ended, Manager Sung is feeling discouraged.

If it had been the scene of Abigyuhuan, it wouldn't have been this shocking.

The third one was the cleanest of the three so far. Despite that, Manager Sung swallowed back a queasy feeling.

Manager Sung looked ahead with blank eyes. The smoke troupe was still before the purple subspace curtain opened. All eyes were focused on that one spot.

The new body standing in the middle of it and another body that was

messily torn apart. It was Kanggeomma and Sion.

Manager Sung shook his shoulders slightly. That black hair brought to mind the idea of blood clots.

Although he didn't know what trick he was using, Zion charged forward at a speed faster than sound. He aimed for Cognitive's blind spot and swung his sword.

But now, Zion was cooling down with a murky complexion like a fish whose gills had been pierced by a harpoon.

Manager Seong turned his gaze to Kang Geum-ma. He was wiping the blood off the sashimi. Manager Seong thought.

Can we really call that cadet a hero? If you think about it, he is the person who best fits the motto of Joaquin Academy.

He is indifferent to harming life, and his skills are second to none.

However, when I applied the word 'hero', I felt like my stomach was going to explode.

The swordsman was too mechanical. He had killed the ogre instantly with a heart attack, and this time too. His swordsmanship only cut off life responses.

'That's no longer the realm of technology.'

Manager Sung looked at the file in his hand. He had written down the hero points of the candidates so far.

『Name: Den Range ▶HP: Estimated 500.』

『Name: Leon Van Reinhard ▶HP: Estimated 800.』

『Name: Ganggeomma ▶HP: … … .』

Tok-tok- The tip of the pen made dots on the paper. While my mind was busy, the pen moved slowly.

Based on 1,669 points for Geomje and 1,653 points for Changseong,

Ganggeomma's estimated value is.

'At least 1,650 or more.'

Manager Sung felt dizzy.

… … .

Meanwhile, Kang Geum-ma looked into Zion's dim pupils. They were a dull gray. He was about to poke her head just in case, but stopped himself.

In this duel, Kanggeomma would have been a good match for Sion. With one swing of the sword, Sion would be cut in half – that would make it impossible to tell if she was a villain or not.

The plan was to strip her of all her strength and 'see her unleash her last bit of strength'…

As soon as the bell rang for the start of the duel, Sion charged forward with unexpected speed. Kanggeomma had a gut feeling. That was her true power.

But I didn't sense any hint of magic at all. Then there's only one conclusion. Zion is not a villain. Then, there's no need to look at him any further.

Kanggeomma quickly scanned Zion's new forms and quickly extracted the main body. This was because one in particular showed murderous intent.

In the end, it would just blur your vision here and there and then aim for the back of your head. It was a tired tactic.

For Kang Geum-ma, who had fought countless villains, this was nothing more than child's play.

But I was too annoyed by his eyes sparkling with greed to send him detailed information.

So he counterattacked at the exact moment Zion made a surprise attack. He stabbed upward. Zion died instantly with his head impaled

like a skewer.

However, looking at Zion with gills around his neck made him feel uneasy. Kanggeomma turned his gaze away from Zion.

His eyes, which were sweeping around the room, suddenly stopped. Where his eyes landed, the current chairman and vice chairman were sitting there.

'One of those two.'

Should I cut off the sprout now? Kang Geum-ma thought briefly and then took a step forward.

The purple curtain has opened, and the strong scent of blood has melted away in the wind.

* * *

"… Chief Ha."

Manager Sung grabbed Ha Na-eun's shoulder as she tried to get up from her seat. Perhaps because of the shock, his eyes were filled with concern.

Looking back, it was like sending a subordinate I cared about to the front line. Moreover, Chief Ha's opponent was the current chairman. He was a cadet who was famous for having a few screws missing.

Manager Ha tried to smile brightly at the worried expression on his boss' face.

"The person who was talking about bonuses to me just now is making that kind of expression? And, Manager, I feel embarrassed to say this myself, but he's a senior-level hero."

"I know… but Chief Ha, your specialty isn't combat, so that's why."

"Hey, but I'll do the basics! It's my first time sparring in subspace, so I'm a little nervous, but I'll try my best! Please cheer me on, Manager!"

Chief Ha saluted. A faint smile appeared on Chief Seong's lips. He saluted in return.

"Okay, Chief Ha. Tonight's dinner is for Korean beef just like last time. Work hard and come back."

"yes!"

Chief Ha walked briskly and confidently. She stood on the dance floor. Across from her, Woojin Kim stretched his stiff neck from side to side.

Kim Woo-jin put his barbed knuckles, which did not match his lanky physique, into his pockets. He said.

"The staff member from the association said his name was Chief Ha, right? I guess I am not very knowledgeable about 'Dalian', so I will be lacking in many ways. Please take good care of me."

"…ah?"

Contrary to the rumors, his tone was very polite. Chief Ha nodded.

"I, I am the one who needs to be treated well."

As the formal greetings were exchanged, a line formed on Chief Ha's retina. A slanted smile appeared on Woojin Kim's lips.

[Now, the competition between symbol number 1, Woojin Kim, and special number, Eunha Han will begin.]

… 30 minutes later.

[The final competition has ended.]

[Congratulations to the winner, No. 1 Kim Woo-jin.]

* * *

The contest was over. The winners, the selected candidates, were given a few instructions. Nothing else.

"That concludes the explanation. You may return to your classes or

your dorms, or do whatever you want today. Everyone worked hard. Get some rest."

As the senior instructor concluded his speech, I looked at Kim Woo-jin. He had tired eyes and a wide-mouthed yawn. To anyone who saw him, his face looked like he had just woken up.

I frowned at that peaceful look. The content of the last competition just a moment ago came to mind.

The sparring between Kim Woo-jin and Chief Ha lasted for 30 minutes. The previous three sessions had averaged about 5 minutes, so it took an unusually long time.

But during those 30 minutes, it was clearly imprinted on me what a delicious guy Kim Woo-jin was.

He wasn't as strong of a cadet as I thought. His strength and speed were above average. His protection and weapons weren't anything special either.

However, Kim Woo-jin won against Ha-na Eun, a senior-level hero.

Kim Woo-jin's fighting style was what is called a dogfight. He would rush forward with his tongue dripping until his opponent's stamina was depleted.

And he took all the hits, dislocated bones, sunken bones, all kinds of injuries, smiling.

To the extent that most of the blood scattered throughout the troupe at that time was Kim Woo-jin's.

Chief Ha, who had been leading the match with an advantage in the beginning, eventually calmed down. He was unable to avoid being beaten by Woojin Kim in the 10th minute of the second half.

'That person is the type who enjoys fighting itself.'

I looked at Kim Woojin and thought, Why, isn't there a character with that kind of attribute in every game? A crazy guy who can't use his legs in battle.

For example, a battle maniac. That's exactly what Kim Woo-jin was. And he was also the current student body president.

If you just look at his mentality, he's clearly a villain, but I really don't understand how he got into that position.

'I can't figure out what that kid is doing.'

In the official history, when Leon was a second-year student running for the student council president election, Woojin Kim had already graduated, so he was only occasionally mentioned as the former president.

'I'm a little worried.'

It was jarring. It was like a thorn stuck in my throat. It was a warning from my sharp intuition. It was an ominous omen.

In fact, I had no obligation to catch the villain. The Association had set up shop in the Academy for that purpose.

Even I found it funny that I took off my shoes and went out. Since when did I become so righteous? I don't hesitate to jaywalk if there's no car. The association employees at least received a salary, but I was paid for nothing.

But I can't ignore the situation. What I'm afraid of isn't villains. It's something beyond that.

Those who are flicking their tongues in the Demonic Realm of Gehenna and trying to invade the human world. 4th Corps Commander Permish, 3rd Corps Commander Vesna, and 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn.

They have been suspiciously quiet since the death of 5th Legion Commander Agor.

Are we just going to let this slide? That was nonsense.

The Demon Tribe may not have a strong bond, but they are a people who never forget revenge.

They are people who have been harboring the humiliation of the First World War for over 700 years, so how could they possibly overlook the death of their own people?

By now, they must be continuing to attempt to descend into the human realm to avenge themselves.

That's why we have to pull out the roots of the villains that are growing like weeds. Because the role of the villains is to help the Legion Commander descend.

I turned my head and looked at Leon. And I recalled the time when I was playing.

Looking back, the villains only appeared briefly every quarter, and Leon's main enemies were not villains, but demons and the devil.

Even that was resolved by Auditorena or another assistant who showed up just in time. Leon rarely killed villains. No, it was almost as if he never did.

First semester midterms, deserted island survival training, final exams. All the plots and secret maneuvers were carried out by villains.

"…under."

Suddenly, a burst of laughter broke out. It seemed as if someone inexplicably knew why I had fallen into this world.

'Shit.'

I left the stadium. The sky was covered with dark clouds.

The damp smell of rain filled my nostrils. My skin stung from the dreary air. It was the kind of weather that would bring a thunderstorm.

I stared up at the silent sky and quietly closed my eyes. Then I expanded my mental field as much as possible.

This is a kind of whim. There is nothing like meditation to clear away

distracting thoughts.

Ss …

The sky in my imagination was dark, whether because my eyes were closed or because it was a projection of the dark reality.

‘Still, I’m getting pretty used to the realm of imagination.’

I concentrated my thoughts. I eliminated physical intervention. I erased each and every stimulus that touched my skin.

Then, the outline of a piece of sashimi materialized within me. It freely walked through the realm of my imagination, just by my will.

‘This is the first time something like this has happened.’

Against the pitch-black background, with the blade shining pure white, I put more determination into the sashimi swinging through the air. I made the image concrete.

Soon, the sword that had been flying through the air like a butterfly aimed at the pitch-black sky. In response, I grabbed the hilt of my inner sword and lowered it.

Crunch!

The sound of cutting flowed faintly into my ears. The dim air cleared, and a warm lukewarm air lingered.

I opened my closed eyes. At the same time, my pupils contracted and became round.

The sky splits left and right. The sun comes out through the gap. Not fully understanding the situation, I just accept the pouring sunlight.

A gentle breeze caressed the back of my neck. A piece of fallen leaf landed on the tip of my nose. My gaze was drawn to the center and focused.

I was surprised again. All the fallen leaves on the road were cut artificially.

“… … .”

A realm that only appears in martial arts novels. A swordsmanship that only the best swordsmen can master. And a true swordsmanship of the heart.

“Igigeeogeom (以氣馭劍).”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 156

Episode 156 Presidential Election (6)

The election season has begun. It was originally a big issue that surpassed the Academy. But this election caused an even bigger stir.

“The rumor that the mock exam we had with the class last time was to choose a student body president candidate from among the first-year students was true!”

“Wow, this is crazy. I wonder what’s going to happen this year in this conservative Academy?”

Two first-year cadets running for election! It was an unprecedented event in the history of the Academy.

However, there was one strange thing. For some reason, it jumped over the symbols <3>, <4>, and <5>.

<1>, <2>, <6>, <7>. The candidate numbers were like this.

Why? There were unknown circumstances involved, but the cadets didn’t care. What’s the big deal? In the face of a breakthrough, small things tend to get buried.

The more unusual and novel something was, the more excited the teenagers were. They were happy to be given new gossip.

A permanent poster displayed in the center of the hallway of the faculty building.

= = = =

Number 6, Leon Van Reinhardt

– An Academy of the Cadets, by the Cadets, for the Cadets –

= = = =

A handsome man with cool features and blazing blond hair. Even though it's an ID photo, there's no separate frame.

"Wow, Leon is getting more and more handsome by the day. He really deserves the title of face genius."

"Is that all? He's already a hero who's been chosen as the next warrior. If it weren't for someone like him, who would sit in the chairman's seat?"

The female students stared at the election posters as if they were possessed. The male students frowned. They muttered in discontent.

"Oh, you idiots. If someone is a little handsome, you go, "Hell, hell~". I told you, you vote for them just by looking at their faces. Of course, elections are about looking at the policies and pledges they put forward. Anyway, these guys don't know politics, politics. And what's that campaign slogan? 'Of the cadets, by the cadets, for the cadets.' It's just abstract, and you don't know what it means."

"That's what I'm saying. What does being the next hero have to do with being the student council president? It's just a word of advice. If you're going to vote for Leon, you might as well vote for him."

The male cadet with his arms crossed gestured to another election poster. The cadets nearby looked over at poster number 6.

= = = =

Number 7, Kanggeomma.

– gap –

= = = =

“… … .”

Even though it was broad daylight, the shadows on the election poster were thick. My eyes met with the person on the poster. A chill ran down my skin. If I had seen this picture at night, my pants would have turned yellow.

Yes, that’s the impression. What’s that election slogan? The male student scanned the three posters lined up in front.

Although it was ceremonial – , , – they all had something written on them. The male student looked at the number 7 poster again.

Blank. Just two letters stuck in there. If that’s the case, wouldn’t it be better to leave it blank? Since it says blank, does that mean it’s blank?

My mind was in disarray. I couldn’t figure out what he meant. But… why did I strangely feel like I believed him?

The male student was lost in thought. And he came to his own conclusion.

Rather than say something good, I’d rather not say anything at all. That’s what I thought it meant. The person in the poster was Kang Geum-ma.

also-

“Sashimi faster than words”

—It was a comment that accurately captured Kanggeomma’s personality in portals and other places. He spoke with his sword first, not his mouth.

At first I thought it was some kind of nonsense.

Moreover, the weapon is sashimi. As if to emphasize that a master does not blame his equipment, he often used Daiso sashimi knives. That was the romantic point.

The male student stopped thinking and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

He made up his mind on how to cast his vote.

What if there were no such thing as stationery? I decided to give him strength as he walks the path of a real man.

* * *

“Hey! Ganggeomma! Are you crazy!? Who would write an election slogan like this? It’s already impossible to campaign because the school rules have changed!”

Ryozo shouted. Her index finger was outstretched, pointing to the election posters she had been handed out. She continued to speak, grumbling.

“No, if that’s the case, then just leave it blank. What’s a blank, a blank! Don’t you know that people’s hearts are swayed by such trivial things?”

Weapon intervened. Saki glared at him. Her pupils were long and vertical, like those of an angry stray cat.

“S, S, Saki. Calm down. You’re the manager. You must have some kind of winning strategy hidden inside. Right, manager?”

Weapon suddenly turned to me. His gaze was desperate, as if telling me to hurry up and say something. But I shook my head.

“I didn’t think much of it?”

“Chief!”

This time, the weapon shouted loudly. As expected, the weapon was fun to tease. The impact was excellent.

I added with a small smile.

“I’m just joking. I think it’s better to just leave out all the flashy words.”

I worked at a sushi restaurant in my previous life and dealt with politicians. One of them was a five-term congressman who said

something while slightly drunk.

… … .

– ■■, you. Do you know what the easiest way for our politicians to win votes is?

The five-term congressman said, pounding his reddened chest.

– Honesty, honesty! Those thugs who see the people as pigs and dogs will be finished in the first line. But if you don't lie, they will eventually find out.

It felt really strange to hear the word pig and dog coming out of a politician's mouth.

– Remember this! It's better to say nothing than to lie. Stay silent and you're halfway there. Has the old sage ever been wrong? ■■, you're at the top of your field like me, so don't you know that?

'Are you and I the same? I'm just a cook.'

– Oh, you. If you are too humble, you will end up looking arrogant. 'The best swordsman in the country', did you think I didn't know that title? I heard you are a well-known swordsman in this world.

'… Even if you take me on a plane, there is no service.'

– Haha, don't worry. You're getting to taste the best craftsmanship in the country, so why should you be saving money?

A few days later, I saw the congressman on the news, drop-kicking another congressman.

It's good to be honest, but it's also a problem if you're too consistent.

… … .

"… No, but that's true. What else is there to write in the blank space? Wouldn't it have been better to just leave it blank?"

Weapon said with a calm expression.

“Oh, that was a mistake. They told me to write something. They said they wouldn’t accept a blank sheet of paper. So I just wrote a blank sheet of paper. I thought they would erase it. But I didn’t know that it would end up on the election poster.”

“… … .”

Weapon lowered his head and covered his forehead. He stopped himself from saying something. He didn’t sense any falsehood in the words of the chief.

It was already spilled milk. It was a waste of time to pick it up. Quick action was important.

“Saki, you made an early voting app a while ago, right? What are the approval ratings for the other candidates at the moment?”

Saki replied, tapping away at her laptop. Her fingers moved dazzlingly on the keyboard.

“Senior Kim Woo-jin is in first place with 23%, Senior Den is in first place with 8%, and Leon is in first place with 35%.”

“Leon’s approval rating is much higher than we expected. What’s the trend? Do you think things will change a bit?”

Saki shook her head.

“I think it will probably continue like this until election day. Even if there is a margin of error, it would be around 3-4%? I think the seniors are not doing as well as I thought… … That must mean Leon’s popularity is unrivaled.”

“Leon, what about that guy, does he live his life alone? He’s the main character, really… … .”

Weapon grumbled. There was a hint of bitterness in his voice. He sighed and scratched his head.

“Well, it’s a children’s election after all, so it’s a popularity vote. First of all, if you add up the approval ratings of the three people, it’s 66%, so our manager… … .”

At that moment, a current flashed through Weapon's mind. He instinctively raised his head. He looked at Saki.

She also happened to be looking at the weapon at that moment. The two of them muttered together as if they had made a promise.

""34%?""

* * *

… Time continued to pass like that, and before we knew it, it was the day before the election.

Morning, Star class.

Abel stared blankly out the window, his chin resting on his hand. It had been a series of cloudy days throughout the election season. This year, there was no cloudless autumn sky.

Moreover, the clouds were heavier than usual today. Gray masses moved slowly. It seemed as if thunder would strike at any moment.

"The weather is not so good this fall… … ."

In the meantime, the loud noises of the female students screaming pierced my ears.

Abel's eyebrows arched. She turned her head. At the center of the noise was Leon Van Reinhardt.

'There it goes again.'

It's always been like this, but it's gotten particularly worse recently. It's because of the upcoming presidential election.

Leon's approval rating was overwhelming. He easily beat out the two current student council seniors. He was practically certain to become the next president.

'Why do they do that to him? I don't understand… … .'

The moment I tried to take my eyes off Leon, who was surrounded by

women.

“Wow!”

Someone grabbed Abel’s shoulder. There was a small shiver. Abel’s reaction was lukewarm. Instead, she glared at him.

“Rachel.”

Abel’s cold voice. Rachel took her hand away with a start. She laughed awkwardly.

“It’s just a joke, just a joke. Don’t look so scared.”

“ha.”

Abel let out a deep sigh. He had gotten used to it after doing this several times a day.

Rachel quickly sat down next to me.

“Abel, who will you vote for in the election?”

“Don’t you know the three principles of elections? They are equal, direct, and secret, so who would ask who to vote for…?”

“Hey, what’s going on between us!”

What’s going on? Rachel kept chattering away.

“Then how about this? One, two, three, and say them at the same time.”

“no.”

Abel replied immediately. He didn’t want to get caught up in Rachel’s pace. He had to break it off here.

“Hmm, I see～”

Rachel gave a strange snort. She shrugged her shoulders, pretending to understand.

“Bona Mana Number 7! Strong sword… … Huff!”

Both hands covered Rachel’s mouth. The sound of “uh-uh!” was the only sound that came out through her fingers. Rachel’s face turned bright red.

Was Abel’s grip this strong? It was suffocating. Only when Rachel’s struggling subsided did Abel relax his grip.

“Ugh, ugh.”

Rachel coughed thickly. Her eyes were moist. She wiped her wet eyes.

Abel shook his hand absentmindedly as if nothing had happened. Rachel didn’t ask any more questions.

Kururung…

The dark clouds began to shake, and a loud noise began to ring out from the sky.

“Why is the weather like this all of a sudden? It’s been cloudy for a few days, but what’s with the thunder… .”

Rachel muttered. Abel also looked up at the sky beyond the window.

It was a cloudy day for a day or two, but this time it was a bit strange, as if it wasn’t a natural anomaly but some force was at work.

Phew.

The cold wind knocked fiercely against the window. The glass vibrated as if it would break. The darkness of the sky was growing deeper in real time.

‘This is definitely… … .’

A chill ran down the back of my neck. It wasn’t just a natural whim. It was definitely some kind of omen. Such ominous thoughts lingered in my mind.

Abel looked around. The other cadets were busy surrounding Leon. Rachel was the only one who was still sane.

Abel asked.

“Rachel, doesn’t this look familiar?”

“huh…….”

Rachel nodded and looked out the window. She said, drooling.

“It seems similar to that time, the deserted island survival training.”

That was when.

-Qua

-class

-Over-over-over-over!

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 157

Episode 157: Lake of Swords (1)

…the morning of election day.

I leaned against the windowsill and looked up at the sky. It was still before dawn, but the sky was unusually dark.

Kururung.

The thunder continued to echo incessantly. That was why I woke up early. The thunder continued to shake the dawn, and I opened my eyes on my own.

“I wonder if a storm is coming.”

However, there are ominous signs that it is not simply a matter of worsening weather.

“Somehow, it doesn’t seem like the election is the issue.”

Something is going to happen. My intuition warned me so. I just don’t know what specifically.

One thing is for sure, it’s not because of the election that’s just a few hours away. The cadets just have to cast their ballots and wait for the counting to happen.

Even if I get anxious, the results won’t change. And during the election season, my staff and I did our best.

Ryozo and Weapon used their fingers to pound the keyboard hard

and launched a massive election campaign on the Internet.

It was quite a sensation online because of its effectiveness. Weapon said that some event(?) was quite successful… but he didn't tell me, the person involved.

Check it out for yourself on election day. I was a bit worried about how I would promote myself, but I let it go since the response was good.

'You must have done well since you have a tutor.'

I heard that Leon's approval ratings have risen to a level where they are neck and neck.

I rubbed my temples.

I have an ominous feeling. If I am detected by the sensitivity of [Sword God's Protection], something will inevitably happen.

But what can I do? I can't be afraid of something that hasn't even happened yet.

As before, we just need to respond immediately according to the situation.

Worrying won't change anything. I'm fully equipped to deal with most crises.

In addition, he has acquired absolute reason in exchange for humanity, a mentality that allows him to remain calm in any situation.

Unless something is really crazy, this issue will be resolved with a stick of sashimi. However… … .

Boom— boom— boom—

Thunder rings out like a drum announcing the start of war.

The white curtains fluttered like ghosts. I felt the wind with my whole body and soon closed the window. The rain that fell steadily

began to soak the soil.

* * *

The annex to the northwest of the academy is used as an election hall today.

Because it is one of the few buildings that can accommodate thousands of cadets.

The interior was no different from any other polling station: several booths with tents and students packed tightly together.

Another difference was the screen hanging from the ceiling, which was intermittently uploading the vote counting status.

There, Weapon stood blankly, staring at the screen. A pleased smile spread across his lips.

‘The manager’s approval rating is not bad.’

Weapon looked around. There were many male students with Daiso sashimi on their waists.

The line around Weapon’s mouth became darker.

You may wonder what the heck is going on, but it was all just Weapon and Saki’s idea.

Weapon and Saki made their strategy for this election clear: selection and focus.

Kang Geum-ma was a special promotion student. In any case, it was impossible to persuade the students who were steeped in the idea of chosen people within the academy.

Rather than lecture those idiots, I’d rather read the sutras to a deaf ear.

The idiots who block their ears are completely abandoned. Instead, they are solidifying the main support base of Ganggeomma.

For reference, more than half of the supporters were male students of the Tiger, Rang, and Dragon classes.

Now that the direction of the strategy has been decided, the next question is ‘how’. In other words, the method. From there, Saki did her part.

Saki had extensive internet knowledge. She discovered a fandom for the strong sword called “Sashimi Dan” among the Joaquin Academy community.

I immediately sprayed them with promotional material.

『How about all the people who voted for Kang Geum-ma in this presidential election coming with sashimi? It wouldn’t be bad to take the initiative against the arrogant nobles, right? Haha.』

It’s an absurd and somewhat childish idea. Wearing Daiso sashimi on your waist to break the pride of those arrogant bastards.

But teenage boys tend to feel a sense of solidarity in these areas.

Saki’s intention was taken seriously. The cadets, who were initially busy laughing, were moved by the continued promotion.

As the number of likes increased, it soon led to a campaign called - Supporters of Ganggeomma = Wear Daiso sashimi.

Why, when you go to an idol concert, don’t you bring a cheering tool that looks like a baton? It was a similar logic. They just replaced the idol baton with Daiso sashimi.

“At this rate, I might be able to beat Leon.”

Weapon’s eyes, which had been wandering around, stopped at the window. Water was pouring down like a waterfall. It was a day when the rain was falling so hard it was scary.

Weapon turned his head, praying that nothing would happen.

* * *

Whaaaa …

The drizzle quickly turned into a downpour. The fallen leaves covering the ground were wet and made a sloppy sound when I stepped on them.

“Damn, did a hole suddenly appear in the sky?”

Manager Sung quickened his pace. Even though he blocked the rain with his umbrella, the wind was still a problem. The strong wind broke the iron core and turned the umbrella upside down.

Manager Seong’s umbrella became a wreck in an instant. His clothes were also soaking wet and a mess.

Still, he somehow managed to get to the polling place.

Taking advantage of the gap in the roof that blocked the rain, Manager Sung shook the water off his suit jacket. Only his hands were soaked with water, but the jacket was still damp.

The wind blew coldly and his body became cold. Finally, Manager Seong took off his outerwear. If he continued like this, he would most likely catch a cold.

Tch.

Manager Sung clicked his tongue. The weather had been strange for the past few days. It was gloomy and gloomy, unlike autumn.

It seemed like it was going to rain so badly, but today, on election day, it rained so hard that it seemed like it had been waiting for this day.

“On the most important day… … .”

Manager Sung hung his jacket over his left shoulder and glanced around the area.

There has never been a disaster like this. This was just a flood.

Here and there, puddles of water were slowly swelling up and

coalescing into one. At first glance, it looked like a lake.

If the polls had started later, many students would not have been able to get to the polls.

The only fortunate thing was that the only person who was late was Manager Seong himself.

Manager Seong looked at his wristwatch.

[PM 14:34]

“By now, the vote counting will be almost over.”

The Joaquin Academy presidential election was held with voting and counting taking place simultaneously.

And the voting rate appears in real time on the screens installed at the polling place.

It was intuitive, but it didn’t look very good from an aesthetic standpoint. The sight was exactly like a racecourse for cadets.

‘If you take Joaquin Academy apart, it’s a really strange educational institution.’

All cadet voters stayed at the polling station from the time of voting to the counting, feeling joy and sorrow. During this time, outsiders were not allowed to enter.

Whether it’s the Hero Association that hosted this election, the faculty and staff of the Academy, or even the headmaster, Media.

It was a place where the cadets themselves chose their own representatives. It was reasonable to keep the intervention of adults to a minimum.

It is a day of the cadets, for the cadets, by the cadets.

But he came running right when the vote counting was over. He had to report the results to the association’s higher-ups right away.

While he was using the roof as an umbrella to avoid the blood, a woman wearing a patient gown approached him from in front. Manager Seong's eyes grew wide.

"… Chief Ha?"

The distance was far, but I recognized her at a glance. It was Chief Ha. She walked toward me in the pouring rain. Without an umbrella, she was soaking wet with the rain.

A look of shock appeared on Manager Seong's face as he looked at Ha-na-eun.

"Why are you here!?"

"… … ."

Despite Manager Seong's shouts, Chief Ha continued to cross the rain-soaked road without saying a word.

After the competition, she was hospitalized at the Joaquin Academy Hospital.

Since it was a subspace duel, there were no injuries.

First, Chief Ha shivered while covering himself with a hospital blanket.

Her boss, Manager Seong, felt responsible.

Since a senior-level hero was attacked by a cadet, the psychological shock must have been great.

In my defense, I didn't get along well with Kim Woo-jin.

Chief Ha wasn't specialized in combat and his weakness was endurance. He was an office worker.

However, since his opponent was a dogfighter, the longer he stalled, the more advantageous it was for Woojin Kim.

Besides, he is still quite young, so how healthy must he be?

But in the end, the fact that Ha-na-eun lost did not change.

Manager Seong suddenly came to his senses, breaking free from his wandering thoughts.

The important thing was why Chief Ha, who should have been hospitalized, showed up here.

The moment he was about to open his mouth to Ha-na-eun, a feeling of discomfort suddenly came over him.

… … ?

It was a day of torrential rain. In a matter of minutes, a huge pond formed, isolating the polling place like an island.

‘But how… did Chief Ha manage to get here?’

His gaze naturally shifted to Manager Ha’s feet. Manager Seong’s pupils shook violently.

“Ah, ah, no.”

Slap.

Hana Eun was walking on water. Every step she took created ripples on the surface of the water.

Slap.

Not only that. Her hospital gown was stiff, despite the fact that she couldn’t avoid looking like a wet rat. It was as if the raindrops were avoiding her.

Slap.

Ha-na-eun had already come closer. Manager Seong spoke to her cautiously.

“Ha, ha, Chief. How on earth do you walk on water? And more importantly, why did you come here in the first place!?”

“… … .”

He lowered his head so that I couldn't see her face. Goosebumps appeared on his skin. He waited, but there was no answer.

Manager Seong, who was terrified, shouted at the top of his lungs.

"Hey, boss! Speak up! Speak up!"

Only then did Ha-na-eun raise her head. Manager Seong was startled.

"You, what's wrong with your face?"

"… … ."

Her cheeks had sunken in, her eyes had lost their color, and her once soft appearance had disappeared, leaving her face haggard.

Above all, Ha-na Eun was crying.

"Manager… … ."

She spoke first. Manager Sung quickly accepted her words.

"What's going on? Explain, Chief Ha!"

Suddenly, Ha-na-eun started sobbing. She said in a wet voice.

"When I was young, I really wanted to go to Joaquin Academy. It was a place of dreams and hopes. But I couldn't get in. Still, it was my childhood dream, so I was so happy when I heard I could come here."

"… … ."

"At the time, I didn't think I lacked talent. I just didn't get in because my family wasn't very well-off… That's what I thought. In reality, I worked like crazy and became a senior-level hero at a young age."

"Yes, I know. I know very well. Chief Ha, who in the association doesn't know that you are very talented?"

"no."

The crying stopped. At the same time, Ha-na-eun smiled brightly. Her face was distorted.

“A few days ago, after the competition, I realized that people are born with a grade. I was just making excuses about my family. I was just born with no fucking talent.”

She muttered like a madwoman, blood flowing from her biting fingernails.

“I realized it again. No matter how hard I try, I can’t even reach the toes of the kids who go to Joaquin Academy. And I made up my mind. I’m going to kill them all! All the kids who were born to good parents and inherited the wealth and look down on people!”

“Chief Ha, what the hell are you talking about!”

“Shut up! What does a bastard who has lived an ordinary life know? I wanted to be special!”

Ha-na-eun’s voice overlapped several times.

“Seong Hyun-seong, do you know that? When I was in the depths of despair, ‘that person’ reached out to me. We should slaughter the people who were so discriminated against and create an equal world together. He waited patiently for me to answer. Unlike those busy whining association idiots!”

There was madness in Ha-na-eun’s eyes.

“Damn, get a grip! And who the hell is that ‘he’ you’ve been talking about all this time!”

“Vesna, Commander of the Demon King’s 3rd Army Corps.”

The smile that had filled her lips disappeared. She hummed softly.

“The lord will personally descend into this body.”

Hana Eun slowly raised her right hand.

At that moment.

= = = = = = = = = =

The raindrops that had been pouring down were frozen in midair. The world stopped like a paused video.

Seong Hyeon-seong was just flustered like a carp at the unprecedented phenomenon. Ha-na-eun smiled faintly at him for the last time.

“Manager Seong, thank you for everything. Bye.”

“Get better!”

With a desperate look on his face, Seonghyeonseong extended his hand towards his subordinate, Ha-eun Han.

But it was too late.

▶▶▶▶▶▶▶▶▶▶▶▶

The world that had been at a standstill began to speed up. The raindrops trembled thinly. Then they formed a huge whirlwind and shot upside down like a dragon ascending.

Kwaaaaang!

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 158

Episode 158: Lake of Swords (2)

Gugugugugu.

“What is this sound?”

Weapon’s ears perked up as he watched the voting trend on the screen.

At first I thought it was thunder, but the more I listened, the more I realized it wasn’t.

… this was not a sound of nature. It was the sound of something being artificially broken and destroyed.

A loud noise echoed through the election hall. The floor shook as if an earthquake had occurred.

Weapon slowly raised his gaze. The screen hanging like a chandelier began to sway precariously.

Jjikjik – There’s a noise on the screen and then PICK – The fuse blows.

“Huh? What? The screen turned off?”

The cadets who had been busy voting began to murmur. Then, one by one, they began to shake their shoulders.

I still hadn’t fully realized the gravity of the situation. It was just a reaction based on instinct.

“… What is it? Why does my body keep shaking?”

“Me too. My body has been shaking a little while ago.”

A moment of anxiety spread across the cadets’ faces. The polling place was thrown into chaos for an unknown reason.

The loud noise that had been heard little by little exploded as if the election hall was going to burst. The floor, walls, and ceiling shook violently.

The screen starts shaking like crazy and then suddenly crashes as if a thread has snapped.

It was such a sudden situation that the cadets under the screen had no time to react.

A pitch-black screen appears on the retina. This is the last scene the victims see.

Gyaaaaaaaaaaaah-

Someone screamed. A female cadet with an ashen face pointed at the shattered screen with her finger.

“A, a person… … .”

A bright red liquid seeped out from under the shattered screen. A pungent smell lingered. It was the scent of blood.

“A person is dead!”

Several cadets were killed instantly when they were hit on a large screen.

Their bodies were completely buried, but their arms were sticking out like feelers.

The Academy’s cadets were clearly candidates for heroism, but at the same time, they were still teenagers.

Someone died. The friend I was laughing and chatting with just now

was crushed like a bug.

That scene alone was enough to stop the cadets from thinking.

Fear spread rapidly and the election site became chaotic in an instant.

An urgent escape was needed. However, in the collapsed order, the cadets were just pushing each other.

The displays were tangled and jumbled. Even in the midst of all this, the earthquake showed no sign of stopping.

Weapon's head turned white. A scene like the one seen in an apocalypse movie unfolded before his eyes.

However, it wasn't this noise that was making Weapon nervous.

A hair-raising sensation, a tingling sensation running through your body, and an evil aura that pollutes your mind.

This may be why the cadets became as violent as wild animals.

Even the weapon itself had a hard time staying sane. It felt like his thought circuits were slowly being eaten away.

As I went through various things with the manager, my weapon skills also developed. That's why I was able to know.

Magic. I know because I personally experienced the magic of Mermaids and Cow Kings.

Furthermore, Weapon intuitively felt that the entity emitting this magical power was an incomparable, dimensional being.

The main axis of the Demon Tribe, the Mine Mermaid, and the Cow King Minotaur, a Class A demon beast.

How many beings are there that can reduce those two to beings worse than insects?

The inference wasn't difficult. Beings of that level were extremely

rare in this world.

“Woof!”

Just thinking about it made me gag and groan.

Weapon wiped the gastric juice with his sleeve and watched the chaos with a blank expression.

The cadets were beating and scratching each other in a fit of rage. Those who were closer to the gate were in worse condition.

He was foaming at the mouth with his eyes wide open. His mind had completely flown away due to the immersion of magical power.

I wish I could at least struggle like them.

Any weapon that still had cognition had to endure this fear intact.

Weapon shook his head and shook off his thoughts. He woke up his stiffened mind. These negative thoughts were also the effects of magic.

‘You need to come to your senses.’

Weapon turned his head sharply and looked at Kanggeomma. He flinched and shook his shoulders.

Among all the ones I’ve seen, Kang Geum-ma’s expression was the darkest. To be exact, it was rotten.

Kang Geum-ma’s eyes were calm and collected in all things. He rarely showed his emotions.

But at present, all kinds of things were reflected in Kanggeomma’s eyes.

At that, Weapon felt his heart sink.

If the manager does that, the situation will get worse. It’s like X.

Weapon grabbed his head with shaking pupils. His mind, which had been holding on well, was suddenly darkened and polluted.

Kang Geum-ma chewed and spat out the curse words.

“Shit.”

Just this one word. Is there any word that fits this well in a one-line comment?

A torrent of water rose from my clenched fist. Sweat formed on my palms.

‘This is definitely the level of magical power of a corps commander.’

Why did this happen? I have no idea.

The only warning was that it would rain continuously for several days.

The wind and rain were a bit harsh, but who knows if that’s the start of a disaster. Damn it.

What’s the use of investigating the cause in this situation? It’s a foolish waste of time ruminating at this point.

Will you consider the cause and effect of natural disasters? What an unfortunate accident. Disasters always come unexpectedly. The descent of the 5th Legion Commander Agor was no exception.

The situation was desperate. It was worse than it had been on Avalon Island.

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma took a wide look at the election field.

Kkwwwwwww-

Cadets in a state of panic scratch the walls or vomit out their insides. It was because of the Fear emitted by an external enemy.

My frail body and mind won’t be able to handle this magic power.

The upper class, seniors, everyone, regardless of gender, were all thrown into a ball.

Candidates like Leon, Kim Woo-jin, and Den Range were all just catching their breath, except for Kang Geum-ma.

‘The first priority is to calm the situation.’

We had to calm things down from the inside out. Then we could go outside and confront the enemy.

Even if the cadets escape like this, we won’t be able to recover their bones, let alone their bodies.

Even though he can’t run around outside, he’s a legion commander-level demon.

‘First, we need to calm the mood.’

Kanggeomma quietly closed his eyes. He controlled his breathing. He cooled his head and chest with mental strength.

Kang Geum-ma repeated to himself, “Keom-soo-ma, be calm and composed.” He condensed the inner self he had refined into the tips of his feet.

He glared.

[The protection of transfer is manifested.]

bang-!

Kanggeomma stomped his right foot hard on the ground. At the same time, he scattered his blessings in all directions.

Swaaaah.

A pure white light spread out like a veil from beneath Kang Geum-ma’s feet.

The light ran flawlessly across the entire floor of the election hall. A soft energy enveloped the cadets.

The male cadets who had been scratching at the wall like madmen stopped their hand movements. The female cadets who had been

grabbing each other also relaxed their grip.

The spirit of [Protection of the Sword God] is transferred to the cadets as [Protection of Transfer].

It forcibly brought up the reason of the students whose eyes were rolled back. It was the so-called sharing of senses.

The cadets who had been lost in the swamp of madness regained their senses. Their once-dazed eyes began to glow with energy. The confusion was subsiding.

Kang Geum-ma climbed to the center of the stage. Amidst the blank stares, he opened his mouth. In a calm, composed voice.

“Everyone, wake up.”

The volume wasn’t that loud. However, the voice was clearly conveyed.

“As you can see from what I just experienced, this isn’t just an earthquake. It’s a blast from the enemy outside. It must be something big, enough to send most of us into a panic.”

Kang Geum-ma continued speaking.

“I don’t know why that guy raided this place. Judging by his magical power, he must be a special monster among monsters. It’s not surprising that you’re foaming at the mouth and panicking. But—”

“… … .”

“—You are the students of Joaquin Academy. You are the next generation of heroes who have the responsibility of protecting the world from the devil.”

“… … .”

“Did you all sleep during class? You must have listened to it so much that your ears were about to burst. Heroes are those who are armed and prepared for noble battles.”

“… … .”

“But even if it’s not sublime, if you start having seizures, who are people supposed to believe? Are you trying to make fools of the masses who adore us?”

“… … .”

Silence settled deeply. Kanggeomma met the eyes of the weapon next to him and spoke.

“Weapon, you’re smart, so you probably figured out the situation without me explaining it to you, right? Contact the Academy and make sure these guys can’t move from here. No matter what you do.”

At those words, Weapon’s face turned pale.

“Chief… … . You, this time too… … .”

Kanggeomma placed a hand on Weapon’s shoulder. He smiled bitterly.

“If we continue like this, we’ll be wiped out anyway. I don’t know what’s going on, but it’s quiet for now. It’s only a matter of time before the enemy storms in here. I’ll buy some time before they do.”

“… … .”

“Weapon, instead of worrying about me, you should come up with a solution. That’s your job.”

After saying those words, Kang Geum-ma tapped her shoulder. Then he jumped down from the stage.

Kanggeomma walked towards the exit with his hands in his pockets.

The students who had been standing there blankly began to make way for him one by one.

Kanggeomma walked through the gap between the rivers that split left and right. He clicked his tongue internally.

‘shit.’

Although he didn’t show it, he was also very complicated.

I felt like a death row inmate waiting for his turn at the guillotine.

Even though he is no match for his opponent, he is at the level of a corps commander. There is no need to explain his strength.

I don’t know how the 5th Corps Commander Agor was subdued.

At that time, I was just swinging my sword as if I was possessed by something. I was also a swordsman.

But this guy is estimated to be stronger than Agor.

You have to fight that guy for 60 seconds.

It was a day of being thrown into this world and walking a tightrope, but today was truly a thorny path.

Kang Geum-ma moistened his lips that were burning. He scratched the back of his neck. His fingernails dug into his skin.

Yet he had to try to look relaxed. It had only been a few minutes since the cadets had come to their senses.

If we show weakness here, these young ones will fall into the swamp again.

If you use Gao, you will see it through to the end. Even if you have to fight a natural disaster.

Thud, thud.

Kang Geum-ma, who had reached the gate, only half turned his head.

“Don’t do anything stupid and just be quiet.”

Kang Geum-ma left. The cadets looked helplessly at the spot where he had left.

* * *

I came out of the polling place. As expected, the scenery was out of this world.

The area was surrounded by water on all sides. You couldn't see any soil. Only the annex building remained, like an island.

Above the water, eddies distorted space.

I opened my eyes slightly. The sky was gray. Lightning tore through the air, spitting out a fierce roar.

I felt a new presence. I looked to the side and saw a familiar person lying there.

"Manager Seong."

"Hey, Your Majesty… … ."

Manager Sung barely managed to answer. After checking his condition, I couldn't help but frown.

The condition was not very good. Each arm and leg was missing.

He had lost a lot of blood and his face was as pale as a corpse. The color of death was all around him.

Manager Sung moved his dead blue lips.

"Coolook, it's dangerous here. You should run away quickly."

I crouched down in front of him and asked.

"What is going on here?"

Manager Sung pointed into the distance with his remaining hand.

A figure floating in the air. It was a woman wearing a patient gown.

I narrowed my eyes to get a closer look, and then I identified the author.

"Hey, Chief?"

The body is the chief? This was unexpected. It was a case that had not even occurred to me.

There was no time to ruminate. I just watched her intently.

Ha-na-eun's eyes were clouded as if the descent was in progress. However, judging by the appearance, the descent was imminent.

As I stood there blankly watching, Manager Seong added.

"Wh, I don't know why, but Chief Ha ended up like that. Sob."

Manager Seong tried his best to explain the situation somehow.

"… That guy is not the type of person to do that. He must have been possessed by a demon. Please, please save him… …!"

He grabbed my trouser leg, sobbing. I could feel the desperation seeping through my trousers.

Even though he was the one who made himself like this, Manager Seong takes care of his subordinates first. And then this person dies.

I felt depressed, but eventually shook my head.

"Chief Ha is currently possessed by the corps commander. There is no way to save him. And the section chief is in a very bad state."

I reached out to him.

[The protection of painlessness is manifested.]

[The protection of rebirth is manifested.]

[The protection of transfer is manifested.]

"This, this is… … !"

"It's not a cure. Your body is already in shambles. But it will at least reduce the pain."

Three blessings were manifested simultaneously. Among them, the painless blessing only took 4 seconds.

Although Manager Sung will not be able to avoid death, the pain of his final journey will be lessened.

It was the last courtesy I could give to a good person.

I slowly turned around. I heard a creepy ringing sound. It was like nature screaming.

Srrrr.

The floating Hana Eun landed gently on the surface of the water.

Hanaeun's eyes, which had been tightly shut, opened. A blue light bloomed in her eyes. Her hair and the hem of her clothes swayed as if she were diving.

'I'm going crazy.'

She was no longer a person, no longer a human.

"Nice to meet you."

Its teeth opened. The voice flowed into my ears like a wave.

"My name is Vesna. I am the sister of Agor and the one in charge of the third seat of the Demon King's army. What is your name, little creature?"

"Damn, why did I skip the 4th Corps Commander and become the 3rd Corps Commander… … ."

Vesna's eyebrows furrowed.

"What are you talking about?"

"Okay. By the way, do you demons learn separately at the academy? Your speech is like some kind of beast or something."

Actually, I don't know what the hell I'm talking about. It looks like Gao's brain got eaten.

Kiririn.

I took out Murasame and the Everlasting Frost. The blade was halfway out. That should be enough for my self-introduction.

Vesna's eyes widened when she saw the sashimi.

"It was you! You knife-wielding insect! You who killed my sister!"

Vesna let out a groan.

I unfurled the hilt of the knife and looked straight at the guy.

"Fifth Corps Commander Agor also spoke plausibly like you."

[The level of your spirit rises.]

[The pressure is heightened by your words and actions.]

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

One deep breath. I let out the words.

"Until I get hit."

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

《May God bless you.》

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 159

Episode 159: Lake of Swords (3)

The entire faculty of Joaquin Academy ran towards the polling place. They were a team of ten faculty members.

The Emergency Response Team, as they were known. It was a team comprised of only the best of the Academy's instructors who specialized in combat. Except for one person, Instructor Kim, or Choi Seol-ah.

She was the team's liaison to the Academy's central office.

Thud, thud.

Footprints were imprinted on the muddy road like stamps.

The countermeasure team's tiptoe is headed toward the annex building where the presidential election is in progress.

Even the wind and rain could not wash away the sense of urgency that was rising in my mind.

Suddenly.

Wonbin Lee, who had been running forward without looking back, suddenly ground his teeth.

'Is it still far?'

About 10 minutes ago, I received a call that there had been a major accident at the polling place.

Suddenly, news broke that several cadets had been crushed by the earthquake. In addition, an intrusion from outside was detected at the polling place.

After receiving an urgent call, team leader Lee Won-bin immediately gathered his team members and quickly moved to the polling place.

'Damn, what kind of crazy bastards are these?'

Joaquin Academy's security is impenetrable. It's hard to find a loophole, and even harder to break through.

But if they had intruded by flouting that line, they were clearly the enemy. No, even if they weren't the enemy, they had to be dealt with.

This is the cradle of cadets growing into heroes. If you dare to trespass, you will pay the price.

'I'll check your faces to see what kind of people you are.'

Lee Won-bin swallowed his bitter anger. Then he asked Choi Seol-ah, who was next to him.

"Instructor Kim, has there been any further contact so far?"

"Yes, senpai. I've been trying to contact you continuously, but the weather seems to be like this… …. It looks like it'll take a little more time, or I'll have to get closer to the polling place!"

"What the heck, why on a day like today is the weather this fucking bad!"

Lee Won-bin chewed and spat out the curse words. The instructor is someone who should be a role model for the cadets.

You have to be careful with your words and actions. It is the instructor's role to scold the cadets for their mistakes.

So, it was something that he, who was supposed to be a role model, should not say lightly. It was his conviction as someone who was going to the pulpit.

That's why Lee Won-bin never swore in his daily life.

Even when I was with my friends, I never said anything rude, even as a joke. I often heard people say that I had too much of a work ethic.

But now, I didn't care about saving face like that.

Because the anxiety and worry that rose to my forehead erased all of that from my mind.

"Did you contact the principal of the academy, the media academy director, Instructor Kim?"

"Yes. I contacted you in advance before departure, and I was told that you would meet up with the association staff currently stationed at the academy as soon as possible!"

"It's fortunate that the principal is here. But everyone, don't let your guard down! First and foremost, keep in mind that the safety of the students is our goal. Do you understand?!"

"yes!"

Nine instructors nodded at Lee Won-bin's shout. Their eyes showed a sense of desperation.

They spurred on the pace. The moment the election building came into view, Lee Won-bin couldn't help but be very surprised.

A lake that surrounds the election site like a moat.

No matter how bad the weather is, this is the case. Can something like this happen overnight?

For a moment, Lee Won-bin was lost in thought. At this rate, it would be difficult to enter the election building.

I wanted to get closer even if I had to swim, but it was impossible because of the fiercely swirling whirlwind.

Not only that, but lightning kept striking, so there was a possibility of electrocution.

While he was thinking with a serious expression on his face, Lee Won-bin felt a chilling aura.

At the same time, bang! A finger-snapping sound came from the side.

In a brief moment, Lee Won-bin realized what it was. It was the sound the villain made when he casted his magic.

“It’s a surprise attack! Pfft!”

Pit – The shallow rustling sound was mixed with the sound of rain.

“… … ?”

One of the team members had a pale face. It felt like the wind had blown through his head.

He instinctively put his hand between his eyebrows. His index finger, which had been sweeping the bridge of his nose, disappeared from his forehead.

Without any resistance, my finger was sucked in so smoothly, into a hole the size of a coin that had formed on my forehead.

Only after he felt the soft touch of the water on his fingertips did he realize that he was already dead. He fell over while standing and getting rained on.

Thud, thud.

Shadows approach through the rain. There are five of them. Their faces are all hidden by the shadows of their hoods, but the smiles on their lips stand out whitely.

One of them took off her hood. It was a woman with a long sword tattooed on her face. She crossed her arms and sneered.

“What? I thought the principal would come so I made a surprise attack, but there were only bugs there?”

“That’s right. If I had known this would happen, I would have just launched an all-out war instead of a surprise attack. It was trivial.”

“But it’s still too early to let our guard down. We need to buy time until ‘that person’s’ descent stabilizes. Things will get complicated if the Sage Media comes, so let’s take care of everything here quickly. That Sashimi guy is already on site, so we need to hurry and go there.”

The woman gestured to her companions. They also removed their hoods and took up a fighting stance.

Blood vessels bulged out all over Lee Won-bin’s smooth forehead. Nevertheless, he opened his mouth in a low voice.

“I thought they were some kind of cowardly bastards, but they’re actually villains who’ve sold out their humanity. That makes sense to some extent.”

“Wow, that octopus baby, is it really that hard to catch?”

At that, Lee Won-bin’s face turned red. The raindrops that fell on his forehead evaporated into steam.

In the midst of the heated atmosphere, Choi Seol-ah’s eyebrows twitched. There were some irritating words in their conversation.

“Descent” and “Sashimi.” With just these two words, Choi Seol-ah could guess the situation.

‘One of the legion commanders has descended, and the lord is dealing with him.’

Choi Seol-ah quickly pulled out her revolver. A soft sheen flowed down the barrel of the gun that had been soaked with rain.

This is the harvest I got from the night I spent with my lord(?).

Choi Seol-ah turned the cylinder. She looked quite good.

“Senior Won Bin! We have to take care of those guys quickly and go to the scene!”

“Oh, uh. Okay, Instructor Kim.”

Lee Won-bin was momentarily taken aback by Choi Seol-ah's urgent request.

First of all, it was surprising that Choi Seol-ah was going to fight. She was always busy avoiding fighting, saying that it was scary.

Also, I wondered where the gun came from. Wasn't it illegal to bring guns into the academy?

But soon, Lee Won-bin also suddenly lifted the iron bat onto his shoulder.

I will pay tribute to the team members who died in the surprise attack and the hair that I parted ways with early, with the deaths of those guys.

"Tell them what the Bogs are."

The leader's order was given. Joaquin's instructors all kicked the mud.

* * *

A shock wave that resonated loudly. An endless barrage of attacks. The whole area was shaken to the point of being torn apart.

Kwaaaaang! Kwaaaaang! Kwaaaaang!

There seemed to be thousands of water arrows chasing the strong swordsman.

"Aqua Arrow"

It was an extremely basic magic. However, the destructive power of each attack was absurd. This was due to the incredible injection speed.

A speed that felt like twenty times the speed of sound. It took a long time for Vesna to cast her spell before a sound was heard.

Beep-

The loud noise ruptured Kanggeomma's eardrums. Hot liquid soaked his earlobes.

Kanggeomma didn't wipe the flowing blood. He just moved his feet. He held the two sashimi sticks in his hands a little tighter.

"It is avoidable."

Kang Geum-ma's body took action before his brain gave instructions.

The swordsman greatly increased his speed. It was hot. A burning pain rose up his legs as if they were on fire. Steam rose from his calves.

In contrast, the feel of the soles of my feet was soft. It felt light, like walking on clouds.

Ta-da-da-dak!

The strong sword horse ran. The tail of the hot horse stretched out like a meteor. He walked on water, not on land. White waves crashed belatedly beneath his feet.

Manager Seong, who had lost his limbs, watched the scene with a bewildered expression.

'I can't follow it with my eyes.'

Section Chief Seong was left with regrets over not being able to catch Kang Geum-ma, who had advanced without hesitation.

Even though he was a cadet known as an unparalleled genius, he had a feeling that his opponent was a stronger opponent than him.

Since I am dying, it would be right to sacrifice myself and ask for support from the Academy.

He thought it was the last thing he could do before he died… … .

'The sword master's true skills were beyond calculation.'

It just didn't make sense. Water arrows shot out ceaselessly, waves

swept across the landscape, and water whips rushed toward him like snakes.

I was avoiding all that, just with that pure speed, that speed that seemed to transcend human capabilities.

It was no longer a fight that could be read with the eyes.

Perhaps the movement of the swordsman seen in Manager Seong's eyes right now was from a few seconds ago.

"… Is this really what it means to be human?"

Vesna also let out a sigh of admiration. It was a deep, heartfelt sentiment.

Although he hasn't adapted to the original yet, he is able to ward off his own magic.

Agor's death was a shock to the demon world. A legion commander dying at the hands of a human? It was like being stung by an insect, so Vesna couldn't believe it.

When the 6th Corps Commander Basmon died, I thought it was going to be like that. He was just a worthless guy who lived by his mouth. However, Agor was a true strong man, different from Basmon. And he was a blood relative of Vesna.

That is why Vesna's purpose in invading the world was revenge. She would personally eliminate the human who killed her sister.

And the second purpose was verification. He wanted to personally verify the qualities of the vessel that all the legion commanders, including himself, coveted.

So I borrowed the body I needed right away. I lured them with sweet words and amplified the dark side of humanity.

With just a few words, this body readily accepted the offer.

I don't know the name. Anyway, this piece of trash is a disposable body.

But now it was all good. Vesna's eyes sparkled with greed. The movements of the strong sword reminded her of the 1st Corps Commander, Lycan.

'If I had that luscious body, it wouldn't be a problem for me to rule the human world alone.'

Furthermore, it may be possible to usurp control of the Demon Realm of Gehenna from the 2nd Corps Commander.

A smile appeared on Vesna's lips, but it twisted. This confrontation was not entirely easy for her either.

Papapapak!

The swordsman circled the lake in a spiral shape, slowly closing the distance between himself and Vesna.

Vesna's eyes filled with astonishment. The speed of the swordsman was getting faster than expected.

Is it even possible to achieve any speed beyond this?

Now, it's starting to get blurry in Vesna's vision. If she doesn't focus, she'll miss it.

Vesna raised her magical power to its limit. Blue streamers flowed from her fingers, and a force field spread across the lake.

Choaaaaaaah!

The lake was bubbling with water, and hundreds of water spikes were sticking out like thorny steps above the surface.

Kang Geum-ma laughed briefly.

'Are you blocking access?'

As expected, as expected, it was difficult to find any gaps in Vesna, as expected of a commander.

Moreover, since this match had to be decided in less than a minute, I

was naturally anxious.

Kanggeomma took a deep breath. He had to remain calm. The enemy was scattering magic across a wide area to block his approach. It was like admitting that they were weak in close combat.

But you can't cross this awl field. If you misstep even once, you'll be swept away by the water arrows, water whips, and water spray and drown.

Kanggeomma suddenly recalled his memories from Avalon Island. If only he could summon the same power as back then.

I could make sashimi out of that fish.

But it was a power that was permitted by a stunning combination of circumstances and environment.

No matter how hard a human being tries, it is impossible to cut through the storm. Even if that person is extraordinary.

… It was at that very moment that the woman's singing voice rang in my ears.

《Thousands of lives pray to you.》

"Please have pity on them."

Kanggeomma's hair turned white. The sound he heard was white. The pupils in his eyes disappeared.

"Show the enemy your true magic."

Soon his mind became blank.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 160

Episode 160: Lake of Swords (4)

Weapon grabbed his sweaty head.

“Manager… Am I doing well right now?”

As Kang Geum-ma said, I contacted the Academy first. And I tried desperately to calm the turbulent atmosphere at the election site.

Of course, it was impossible for Weapon to control this many people alone.

But some surprising people helped to quell the commotion.

“Don’t you remember what guy number 7 just said?! Those so-called hero candidates are possessed by Pier and can’t fight, how pathetic!”

Den Range shouted. Kim Woo-jin also joined in.

“I received a call from the Academy saying they will be here in 10 minutes. In the meantime, please refrain from showing off your pitiful appearance.”

Both of them knew that now was not the time to be competitive.

They are far inferior to Kang Geum-ma in terms of talent.

My pride doesn’t allow it easily. However, before going out, I couldn’t help but be impressed by the leadership that Kanggeomma had shown.

That's why the two of them agreed to help Weapon.

Besides, aren't they still members of the student council?

It was hard to inspire courage like Kang Geum-ma, but he could at least control the panicked cadets.

'Thanks to the current student council president and vice president, the confusion is quickly clearing up.'

Yet, instead of sighing in relief, Weapon bit his lower lip. He felt a deep sense of helplessness.

That was all he could do. Preventing the cadets from going out with the presidential candidates. That was all he could do.

You can't go into battle with the chief. Weapon was clearly aware of that arrangement.

If it's a mediocre enemy, you can give them a buff from behind. However, if it's anything more than that, you'll be a hindrance.

Still… Is it really right to just suck my thumb here? In the first place, is it even okay for me to be next to the manager?

The manager has always been able to overcome situations on his own. Rather than becoming a burden, I thought it would be more helpful to the manager to disappear into the back alley.

For a short time, Weapon was lost in countless thoughts.

Then someone slapped him in the face with all their might.

match!

A loud noise caught her attention. Regardless, Saki struck Weapon's other cheek as well.

match!

Then he grabbed Weapon's shoulder and shouted.

"Hey, you idiot! Kanggeomma trusted you and left this place to you,

and you're going to make that kind of expression?!"

The weapon touched both cheeks. His lips burst. He tasted blood in his mouth. The archer's hands were so cold.

"Weapon, what you're feeling, I'm feeling the same right now, right? The swordsman asked you to do it. How long are you going to be foolish when you're trusted so much? And how can you just do what you're told and then despair? Come up with a solution. Remember those words, do you understand? Your current attitude is betraying the swordsman's trust!"

"… … ."

Weapon stared at Saki intently, then quickly brushed his hair back. He came to his senses. A sharp pain physically caught his attention.

… But it would have been better if I had said it out loud. My brain was buzzing from the slap.

How hard did you hit him?

Weapon only sighed briefly, but did not open his mouth to say anything. If he were to say anything and get hit again, one of his teeth would fall out.

Saki said in a low tone.

"And I'll do what I can. Weapon, you and I both owe our lives to the Sword Master. And… … ."

She muttered sobbingly, talking to herself without expecting an answer.

"Because I can't just leave the person who is most precious to me alone."

"… … ?"

Saki didn't wait for the answer to come back. She stomped her feet and stepped onto the stage. Her strong will was placed alternately on both feet.

Saki opened her mouth as everyone's attention was focused on her.

"How are you feeling?"

The cadets looked puzzled by the sudden words. Saki's eyes, looking at them, turned fierce.

"You guys, you always ignored Geomma, calling him a special promotion student or something. Calling him a commoner or a noble. But Geomma didn't even react."

Silence fell on the polling place. One by one, people lowered their heads.

"You are students of Joaquin Academy, so you should know that the enemy outside is not ordinary. But that guy, Geumma, went out without hesitation."

Saki clenched her fists. Her moist eyes were a faint red.

I was angry. I was upset. Maybe it was self-deprecation or venting anger.

Even he himself, who was claiming this to them, was of no help to Kang Geum-ma at all.

I also understand Weapon's feelings a hundred times over. She also hated and loathed herself so much that she wanted to die.

But that doesn't mean I can just sit back and do nothing.

"Why? To protect you who poured out contempt and ridicule. I went out alone!"

Saki, overcome with emotion, finally collapsed and let out her final rage.

"If you have a conscience, at least pray for the one fighting for you outside. Please… … ."

Saki put both hands together in front of her chest. Her hands were trembling.

Starting with her, the cadets began to clasp their hands together. Each hand that had gathered in front of their noses contained its own will.

Support for Kang Geum-ma, a desire to live, a means to overcome fear.

So they closed their eyes and prayed. There was no specific object in particular.

I just begged, not knowing if it would be the light that would brighten the world or the darkness that would turn the world black.

Man, who had lost his way, was only looking for a transcendent being.

* * *

The voice of Vesna, the commander of the Demon King's 3rd Army, trembled.

"You, you… … ."

Kanggeomma standing still. His once black hair was now completely bleached and white.

"You bastard, have you awakened?"

Often, humans who have crossed the line have experienced changes in their appearance. This is commonly called awakening.

I know I've seen it a few times in the First World War.

There were even some among the seven disciples of the damned hero of the poem.

Blacksmith Aaron Nibelung, Shin-gung Seong Na-yeon, Geum-rang Phrygia Midas, and Yaksha Hojo Moriyasu.

The Awakened ones borrowed from some being who bestowed protection to expand the limits of their power. Naturally, there was a price to pay.

His own life. The reason why Chilgeol died so short was because of that.

Nevertheless, they sacrificed their lives in protest against the demons. They willingly sacrificed themselves for the survival of humanity.

Thanks to that determination, the scales of the two forces, the Demons and the Humans, tilted heavily toward the Humans.

They cornered the demons with their overwhelming power and eventually achieved victory.

It was a shameful past. Just thinking about it made Vesna shiver.

But since then, no Awakened Ones have appeared among humanity.

That is why the Demons knocked on the closed gates of the human world and were able to descend.

But why now?

"… … ."

Kanggeomma stood still and looked up at the sky. Without moving at all, just blankly.

Even though it was just that, my heart started pounding with anxiety. Emotions I had never experienced before were written all over my face.

700 years ago, what hero had ever given such a feeling? It was a thrilling presence.

To be exact, it was impossible to figure out. As for Vesna, she was not a being that could be chosen by anyone.

It is impossible for a being one level lower to see beyond what is above it.

The world that we thought we were walking on the same land was not the same.

Ironically, Vesna's thoughts didn't go that far.

"…Was my sister affected by that power?"

As if responding to a call, the gaze of the strong swordsman that had been hovering in the sky came down.

Sssss.

Light was leaking out of his cloudy eyes. His face was extremely still.

"What are those eyes, you little creature! It would be a great mistake to put me on the same level as my sister!"

Vesna chanted her magic with an urgent look. It was the strongest skill she could wield.

"Aqua Furnishment"

Magic that has reached the extreme of water, also known as the punishment of water.

Kugugugugugugu!

The magical power spread out in all directions. In the next moment, hundreds of thousands of precisely constructed water spears rose into the air.

Each and every one of the bars compressed by Vesna's magic possesses incredible power.

Now that I've come this far, I have to kill Kanggeomma. Even if I lose the bowl, it's not the time to feel regret.

"I will destroy you early, and cut off the buds of your vain hopes."

Vesna raised her hand. The spear tips all converged on where Kanggeomma was standing.

widely!

As soon as he snapped his fingers, the blade that had been trapping the sword in a cage came rushing in.

Papapapapapapapapang!

Hundreds of thousands of bars poured down toward Kanggeomma. The shock wave caused the lake to rise high and spread mist. The wall of the annex building collapsed, scattering debris, just from the sound of the explosion.

There was no emotion on Kang Geum-ma's face as attacks poured in from all sides.

He just raised two sashimi sticks. He didn't dodge. He just took on all the attacks from a dozen or so people.

The actions and decisions were unconscious. Kanggeomma was completely immersed in a sweet intoxication. This was because his consciousness and cognition had already flown away.

I swung the Murasame in my right hand. It deflected hundreds of bars. The sensation of it was tingling. However, without hesitation, I swung the Eternal Frost in my left hand as well. This time, too, the magic was cut down and dissipated one by one.

A single blow hit Kanggeomma's thigh. A chunk of flesh was torn off. Blood overflowed and seeped into the lake. The vital energy was drained from his body.

Kanggeomma immediately manifested [Protection of Regeneration] with a blank expression on his face. The flesh quickly tangled and healed. He continued to move his arm without even checking.

Even the act of healing was a distraction to him. He felt hazy, as if he were having a vivid dream. It was an ecstatic dream from which he never wanted to wake up.

He could cut and slice something without stopping. The pleasure was enveloping every corner of his body, but he had no time to waste on mere wounds. He straightened his back even as he staggered.

Vesna chanted her magic wildly and scattered it. The number of spears continued to increase. One, the thorns split smoothly as the blade swung.

Proliferation and suppression were happening at the same time. It was a fight beyond the boundaries of time. Space also appeared distorted and uneven.

The blade and magic collided, sending shockwaves in succession. A loud noise that shook the entire place. At that moment, the axis of the earth shook violently.

Finally, the wall of the building collapsed, exposing the inside of the election hall.

The cadets who had been praying raised their heads. The next moment, they saw a contest between magic and swords.

? ? ?

But even when I tried to look straight at them, my pupils rolled in different directions. It was a conflict of too high a level for them.

In the face of overwhelming fear, humans realize how insignificant they are, and their brain refuses to understand.

“Sword Demon!”

Saki stretched out her arms and called his name loudly. Then, without hesitation, she ran out of the polling place.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 161

Episode 161: Lake of Swords (5)

Ppop.

The sound of snow falling on the ground. I opened my eyes at the sudden sound.

– ?

It was a sound coming from my field. I looked around right away. The snow was falling and my vision was extremely blurry.

However, thanks to the cold wind blowing, the snow starts to disappear and the surroundings gradually become visible.

After a while, the view was somewhat secured, and I was surprised once again.

My breath came out in a ragged gasp. A pure white world stretched out endlessly before my eyes. In the vast plain that at first glance looked like a snowy mountain, the ridges of the mountains formed a curved horizon.

The color is whiter than white. If there is no color, wouldn't it be like this? Now we know that it is not reality.

And after the fog completely cleared, I was convinced once again that this place was clearly unreal.

Sashimi with blades half-stuck in the snow. There are so many knives

lined up that it's almost impossible to count them all.

An overwhelming scene that creates a majestic atmosphere. It is like a sword tomb. The sashimi is a gravestone, and the snow-capped mountain is a graveyard.

Thud, thud.

Contrary to my dazed mind, my feet moved forward on their own.

A situation where my body moves on its own. I am climbing a hill against my will.

– But why am I here?

I know because I've had a few surreal dreams. Dreams are usually vague in their context.

But the situation just a moment ago was still vivid in my mind.

I left the polling place, picked up some sashimi, and confronted 3rd Corps Commander Vesna.

I was avoiding the spears pouring down like cherry blossoms, waiting for an opportunity to attack. The next time I was going to attack by taking advantage of the bastard's opening was now.

Still, if we roughly infer the circumstances, the possibility of where this place is can be narrowed down to one.

…the afterlife?

How did you get attacked and die in the midst of a fierce battle? He shook his head vigorously.

No. I didn't feel that way at all. Even though all of Vesna's spells were threatening, they weren't something that could be avoided. Rather, she seemed surprised when I tried to evade them here and there.

Losing your footing for a moment and getting hit by magic and dying instantly? Still, it was strange. Even if the magic was fired at a speed

exceeding the speed of sound. There's no way you wouldn't remember it until the moment of death.

By the way, why does my head resonate like this every time I speak? Why does my body move on its own?

My head is thinking back on the situation, but my legs are moving forward diligently. Crossing the Tomb of Swords, towards the top of the hill.

The mind and body are separate. The discomfort is no joke. My hands and feet are frozen like ice, and I can't even rub them as I want.

I felt a sense of unease and anxiety at the same time. Why was I wandering around an unidentified place during a fierce battle with the 3rd Corps Commander?

At that moment, I imagined myself being struck by magic. I imagined myself being crushed by spears shot at supersonic speeds, and myself being turned into tteokgalbi and submerged in water.

Damn, I'm going crazy.

While climbing the snowy mountain, lost in ominous thoughts and without any sense of time, a status window suddenly appeared on my retina.

Phew!

[hello.]

… … ?!

My eyes grew wide. I was more surprised than I was walking through a strange snowy mountain. Of course, because the status window spoke to me. Is this what it feels like when a ghost pretends to know you in a nightmare?

[How about we talk for a moment to wake up your mind?]

[Do you accept? ☞ (Y/N)]

The status window that appears when you hum to yourself suddenly tries to have a conversation.

Has there ever been a time like this? Starting with ‘GM’, ‘God of Swords’, and finally ‘System’, they all talk to me. I’m not happy about it, but I’m getting attention in many ways.

But do I have time to exchange such questions and answers? I have many questions, but I don’t know where I am or what I’m doing. At that moment, as if reading my anxiety, a phrase came to mind.

[For your information, you are not dead. You are still struggling in reality. In fact, you have the upper hand, so don’t worry.]

He kindly relieved my anxiety. This action must mean that he really wanted to talk to me. I could feel his clear will.

I didn’t think too deeply about it.

Unlike ‘GM’ and ‘God of Swords’, didn’t I firmly believe that ‘Status Window’ was my ally?

I nodded, not physically but mentally. My body wouldn’t move the way I wanted it to, so there was nothing I could do.

[Y/N]

▲

[Thank you for accepting.]

Enough with the greetings. Let me get to the point. Where is this open space, and why am I walking on the snowy mountain against my will? Judging from the situation, I think you called me here.

[As always, you are a very impatient person. I tried to reassure you, but you don’t even believe me. Well, that’s good. Being careful is something to be praised.]

… … .

The tone of voice seems strangely encouraging. There’s also some

laughter mixed in between.

[Let me correct one thing. The place you are walking on is not a snowy mountain.]

There's snow everywhere, but it's not a snow field?

[Yes. This place is originally a lake. At the same time, it is a world where your inner self is projected. Although it is now frozen with frost, the fact that it is essentially a lake does not change.]

Hearing that, I looked down slightly. The road surface visible through the snow was opaque with a bluish tint. The entire area beneath my feet was covered in ice.

[You may not have noticed because you are oblivious, but this place has been frozen for quite some time. Every time I warned you, 'The dignity of the people is falling.' But you ignored me cleanly and swung your sword first when something happened. If a person is talking, you should at least pretend to listen.]

person?

Beep!

[This is a joke. You don't have the right to speak yet.]

… … .

The status window continued to nag. This request for conversation was just a pretext, but the main purpose was to nag.

[You became so intoxicated with the sword that you even lost your self-consciousness. Even if you defeated your enemy while losing yourself, would that lead to the result you wanted?]

I felt the eyes narrowing somewhere.

[Remember, your enemy is not others. It is you. If you continue like this, your mind will freeze like this lake. Eventually, it will become an eternal snow that never melts, and you will eventually become a machine that only swings a knife.]

A deep sigh follows.

[But fortunately, you were lucky. The ‘humanity’ that would have dried up like a bottomless pit was barely filled by those around you. And… it’s still the same now.]

lim?

Tsk tsk tsk.

Before the words could be tied, the cold wind that had been piercing my skin dispersed. Soon, the gray sky cleared up and the snowfall stopped.

I turned my head. The sun rose over the ridge and cast a glare. At the same time, a warm feeling touched my back, soft and smooth.

I shut my eyes tightly against the sudden light. Then, with great difficulty, I opened them.

Slurp.

As the snow melted, the original scenery was revealed.

A vast lake. The calm waves rippled as if caressing the infinite swords.

At that moment.

[Conditions were met through external intervention.]

[Using your suppressive power, you begin to adjust your personality.]

Jiiing.

[The person’s status rises.]

[The Sword God’s protection ‘Sim’ is revealed.]

* * *

Inside the polling place.

In the midst of the chaos, Se-in wiped the sweat dripping from his forehead.

“I really knew what was going to happen.”

In the midst of all the anxiety and fear, only she remained relatively calm.

From the beginning, the anxiety felt by the people was of a different kind from that of the cadets.

Sein narrowed his eyes and stared into the distance. In the middle of the battlefield, he saw a blue-haired man hugging Kanggeomma from behind.

“… Still, thanks to you, I was able to overcome the crisis.”

Se-in smiled faintly. The meaning of that smile was relief.

She quickly turned off her phone and disappeared into the crowd of cadets.

* * *

“Haa… haa… … .”

Her breathing was muffled. Blood flowed ceaselessly from the scars all over Saki’s body.

I barely made it by stepping on the buoyant chunks on the lake, but it was impossible to dodge the magic that was being fired at supersonic speeds.

Fortunately, the target of the magic was Ganggeomma, so he barely avoided a fatal wound, but his condition was dire.

He only avoided the vital points, so it wouldn’t have been strange if he had passed out soon.

Saki vomited blood. Only after she had poured out a lot of blood did her head cool down. Her brain activity had calmed down as the oxygen had decreased like a deflated balloon.

"… I really do all sorts of things."

Saki laughed at herself with her blue lips. She was so foolish now. To put it harshly, she was a complete idiot.

This impulsive action was tantamount to suicide. Let alone running towards Kanggeomma without being of any help.

Even thinking about it myself, I felt pathetic. But… … .

I couldn't just watch, Kanggeomma was swinging his sword and taking attacks while losing consciousness.

If she left him alone, he would never come back. That thought had brought her here.

"… … ."

Vesna stopped her ferocious attacks and watched the scene.

It was time to recharge her magical power. She needed at least a minute to raise her magical power. Vesna gathered her magical power and collected her thoughts.

He was so weak that he didn't notice the woman's approach. Just like he didn't pay attention to each and every ant crawling on the road.

The woman's presence was beyond Vesna's perception. If she had known, she would have snapped her neck with just a glance.

That girl is hugging Kang Geum-ma without even caring for my blood-covered body.

For a moment, Vesna was dumbfounded by the unexpected scene of youth, and then her temples shook fiercely.

"You little thing, how dare you interfere with my fight!"

Vesna screamed. The sound echoed throughout the academy. The cadets' bodies all fell to their knees.

"Yes, you little thing. Thanks to your misbehavior, I have come to my

senses. Now is the time to exterminate all the bugs that are bothering you."

As Vesna flicked her hand, a crimson aura flowed out from her arm. Evil magic dripped down her fingertips, polluting the lake.

Vesna rolled her hands back and forth in front of her chest. Her lips continued to chant the spell.

Then the water began to boil and become sticky like a swamp… … .

Kieeeeeeeeeeeeeep!

A giant water serpent emerged from the bottom of the lake. It was an imperfect summoning, but it was three times as big as the annex building. Her dim smile deepened.

A retinue summoned from the Demon Realm after completely exhausting their magical power. A sea serpent that devours the world.

"Jormungandr"

Vesna jumped up as if she was going to fly and landed on the snake's head. She caressed its scales and whispered to her followers.

"My child, I'm sorry to have called you all the way here from Gehenna. Instead, there is plenty of food, so eat as much as you can."

A cold smile appeared on Vesna's lips. Her vertically slit eyes gleamed dangerously.

"Working hard, working …

Jormungandr let out a monstrous cry. He opened his mouth toward the students. The wind blew in the opposite direction as he exhaled a puff of air.

"Ah, ah, ah."

One of the boys looked up at the monster with eyes filled with despair. He had given up and now he couldn't even cry. He wanted to

ignore the situation. That was when the flashes of light in his mind and reality intersected.

Kiririn- Kiririn- Kiririn-

Kiririn- Kiririn- Kiririn-

The chilling sound of swordsmanship rang out repeatedly.

"… … ?"

The male student felt something tickling on his waist. Suddenly, his gaze dropped and his eyes grew wide as if they were going to tear apart.

This morning, when I went out to the polls, I playfully put the Daiso sashimi on my waist. The blade was swinging by itself.

It wasn't just the boys.

Sashimi Dan, the supporters of symbol number 7. The Daiso sashimi on the waists of 1,457 people was beating like life.

The wriggling swords eventually slipped out of their waists. Soon, over a thousand sashimi pieces floated into the air.

"… This is?"

The cadets watched with blank expressions as if they had seen a ghost. Their thoughts were paralyzed by the phenomenon unfolding before their eyes.

"What the heck?"

The monster, who didn't know English, tilted his head with an innocent face. At that moment, a soft voice came from the side. The monster pricked up his ears that didn't even exist.

"I will win."

As soon as he finished speaking, the blades were fired like arrows of a protest, at incredible speed.

Pavabak! Pavabak! Pavababat!

Jormungand let out a howl that was neither a scream nor a roar. The creature resisted violently, but it was nothing more than a struggle.

The light beams struck Jormungandr's scales, cutting them into small pieces. Blue blood gushed out like a fountain. The more he struggled, the faster the blade accelerated. The monster had to take the sword strikes that were coming in such a chaotic manner.

Kieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep!

Jormungand's mother wavered feebly like a candle in the wind. The ground shook as the monster writhed on the blade.

Vesna, who had lost her cynicism, sank down on the snake's head. I stroked my baby's forehead and called its name longingly. Push- Sticky blood spurted out and stuck to its face.

"baby……!"

My heart pounded for a moment. The side of my face felt tingly.

Ki-ki-ki-ki- Vesna twisted her stiff neck. Her pupils shook uncontrollably as the earthquake struck.

! ! !

Amid the twisted axis, a black new shape approaches.

With his eyes shining wearily fixed here, he walked with an arrogant gait, his hands in his pockets. His once pure white hair had now turned pitch black.

Ttukbuk.

The sound of footsteps echoing through the hall of fame.

Ttukbuk.

Black hair hung in the moist eyes. The cadets' faces were filled with joy. Someone who couldn't hold it in any longer burst into cheers.

“With every strong sword!”

Hope began to spread around that one word.

On the other hand, Vesna’s face became as dead as a death after a series of shocks. She had a gut feeling. If she touched the wrong thing, she touched it hard.

I just turned my gaze for a moment. What is this sudden change in atmosphere and this sudden unidentified ability? With just one gesture from Kanggeomma, the swordsmen rip Jormungandr apart.

Just then, a sharp blade flashed across her retina. Her last words were, “Ah.”

Pavabak!

A storm of blades swept over Vesna, and the whole scene was reflected like a mirror in the lake.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 162

Episode 162: What is a Hero?

“Didn’t you all eat lunch? Why are you all so clueless! Look at your movements. I can see your legs. Move your feet quickly and diligently, let’s do it!”

“practice!”

A shout came from the woman in the lead.

“I know you’ve worked hard, but the situation is urgent. I’ll take care of it once the situation is over. For now, let’s focus on moving.”

“yes!”

The emergency response team answered at the top of their lungs. They were clearly exhausted, but they ran as fast as their calves could.

They followed the woman like a morning cadet guiding a cadet. They didn’t even have time to wipe the blood off their uniforms.

Lee Won-bin somehow vividly recalled the old days of Latte. He learned the teaching method of turning students into students from this person.

The fight with the villains had just ended. The result was a victory for Joaquin Academy.

The factor was neither numerical superiority nor the results of

consistent training over time.

While the team members were all moving diligently, Lee Won-bin glanced to the side.

A woman running with the hem of her black robe fluttering. She was Media, the head of the academy and the immediate superior of the emergency response team.

Her expression was distorted into a fierce grimace. Her teeth were chattering, and her eyes showed urgency. Lee Won-bin sank to his knees.

‘I never thought the situation would change with the appearance of the academy director… ‘

Yes, the tense fight quickly came to an end with her appearance.

Of course, Lee Won-bin and his teammates also fought hard. Even though the odds were against them, they fought bravely.

However, the villain pups were much stronger than expected. Despite being uncooperative villains, they attacked with considerable teamwork.

Not only that, even when viewed separately, it was an extremely difficult enemy.

As the standoff continued, the situation became more unfavorable. As the situation was getting worse, Media fell vertically from the sky.

She clenched her fist and hit the ground with her right hand, and knelt down on her left knee. Dust rose up around her. It was a scene reminiscent of the Terminator.

Right then, one of the villains who had been tearing things apart had his face shriveled up like a pancake without even being able to be surprised.

Immediately afterwards, the villains responded immediately. Their rebellion was fierce. They cast all kinds of magic and attacked Mediah alone.

And they were helplessly crushed by the force of the media. They fell helplessly and miserably into the fires of hell at the fist of the tyrant.

'The skills you showed me earlier are not at their peak… … .'

Even the principal has a twin sister who is stronger than her. Wanli Meain Poison.

Lee Won-bin swallowed dry saliva without realizing it. What on earth happened to the Poison clan?

Strength is a pain to talk about. As a descendant of ancient people, they live hundreds of years longer than ordinary humans and maintain their youth. Just like the perceived lifespan of humans and dogs is different.

Although he is a school director who has lived for nearly 70 years, his actual age, or in other words, his physical age, is around 20.

Even my appearance was altered to make me look older. Even so, I still looked like I was in my mid-twenties.

"Wait a minute, stop!"

Media stretched out her arms and pushed her subordinates back. Several instructors, unable to overcome inertia, buried their noses in the mud. Among them was Choi Seol-ah, who was panting.

Kugugugugugugugugugugugu… … !

The earth is shaking. The heavy rain seemed to have subsided, but now the ground is shaking.

The instructors were unable to hide their bewilderment at the sudden earthquake. The ranks lost their balance and collapsed, and they soon fell to the ground.

Only Media stood alone and cast her gaze in the direction of the election building in the distance.

Kieeeeeeeeeeeep!

A huge new shape towering high in the sky appeared before her eyes.

“…Jormungand?”

Media’s eyes shook violently. The monstrous snake that should have been coiled in the magical Gehenna suddenly appeared within the Academy grounds.

Only then did the composure I had been trying so hard to maintain start to crack. This was because the seriousness of the situation had become apparent.

Jormungand is a monster that cannot be handled alone. It looks like a demon beast, but it is a demon classified as a demon.

At least if Ttak Jikna and Gorilla Murah join, there is a chance of subjugation.

If you rush in alone and blindly, you’ll only end up with a bite.

“Shit!”

Media bit her lip. Her white upper teeth were stained with blood.

The most important thing is the safety of the cadets. However, once the punitive war begins, the cadets will inevitably get caught up in it.

That one point really hurt my heart. It was the reason why Media hesitated.

She herself lived long enough, but what sin did those children have? All of this was the result of her own shortcomings.

There have already been casualties, so we can’t allow the damage to increase any further.

Moreover, as the head of the academy, would you be afraid to throw yourself at that monster?

He has a duty to protect the Academy from outside forces. To do so, he can fight to the point where his bones crumble.

I learned that here at Joaquin Academy too.

Now that I have become the principal of the academy.

That's what it means to be a hero, as he teaches his students.

'then.'

Media clenched her fists and placed them at her sides, then stepped on the ground. Then, she thrust the dragon power she had in both hands into her danjeon.

[The poet's protection is manifested.]

[The protection of the oath is manifested.]

[The protection of openness is manifested.]

Greenish irises flowed out of Mediah's eyes. Steam rose from all her muscles. She bared her teeth and shouted.

"Shout!"

As soon as I shouted, my thighs and calves swelled to about five times their size.

He leaps forward in one breath and smashes the tongue-licking snout with his fist. Media said with a bloodshot face.

"I'll deal with that guy, you secure the safety of the cadets!"

Just before the media that had given orders to the instructors took their steps, Choi Seol-ah felt a familiar aura.

Yogurt?

She lifted her head from where she had been quietly resting on the ground. Her eyes immediately sparkled like beads.

"My lord!"

"Master?" Everyone, including the principal, raised their heads. A silence mixed with shock began to spread across the room.

Kieeeeeeeeeeeeeep!

Silver lines are etched into the snake's scales. Pier crumpled with a scream.

Media's face, which had been as hard as stone, relaxed. She squeezed her eyeball. Then she opened her eyes again. Her green irises had widened even more.

Jormungandr flinched, his body undulating like laundry as he tried to dodge here and there. The bundle of blades pursued him relentlessly, stripping the snake of its skin.

…thud!

The giant that had been howling for a long time came down. Media, who was staring blankly, thought.

As expected, it's obvious who killed Jormungand without me having to tell you.

* * *

Saki blinked. She stared at the back of Ganggeomma.

The sashimi spread out like a peacock's tail behind Kang Geum-ma's back. It was a strange and mysterious sight at the same time.

The blades that floated in the air crushed the enemy with a single wave of the hand. In addition, they brought down a monster so large that it could block out the sun.

The monster's death was a good thing for Saki. After all, she had come this far and her reasoning was not working. The only thing on her mind was the safety of the strong swordsman.

Saki looked at Kang Geum-ma's back again. His black hair was fluttering pleasantly in the wind. Suddenly, tears welled up in her eyes.

"… You're back."

Kang Geum-ma looked back. His colorless expression was now filled with emotion. He smiled faintly.

“Thank you. Thanks to you, my head has cooled down a bit. When I finish this work, I’ll buy you a whole box of rice cakes.”

“… … ?”

“Something expensive.”

After leaving those words, Kang Geum-ma looked straight ahead. He stared at the enemy with narrowed eyes.

A faint groan was heard from ahead. Vesna could only twitch her hands and toes, unable to move.

The battle was almost settled. So it was time to wrap things up. Kanggeomma slowly walked towards Vesna.

As he approached, Vesna was overcome by a chill. Destruction was imminent.

I gave it my all. I charged with vision magic and summoned the most evil retinue.

But all those numbers were meaningless, and he himself was dying. At the hands of that monster that was gradually getting closer.

Humans fear the demons. The reason is very simple. We are far superior to those insignificant creatures who huddle together like a herd of rats.

It is a natural and ingrained instinct that the strong prey on the weak.

But why, while the beasts live in a land overflowing with milk and honey, we, the strong, are driven into a barren and devilish realm?

Vesna was furious at this situation that was against nature. So she would kill all the humans and then take over this fertile land.

Moreover, when He opens His eyes again soon, the human world will be filled with sorrow.

A bloody future was naturally drawn in my mind. Just imagining it made me smile, until I met that crazy person.

Damn it.

Kanggeomma stood about seven paces away from Vesna. His low-set eyes looked down at the 3rd Corps Commander.

An unknown emotion touched Vesna's soul. She screamed.

"You look at me with those eyes, you insignificant little bug!? No matter how strong you are, human! He will return and dye this land crimson… …!"

"hey."

Kang Geum-ma's single word cut through the seizure like a knife. He said, picking his ear.

"Don't you know that villains who talk the most die the most miserably? Your younger brother was quiet and died relatively peacefully, but in one blow."

"What, what!?"

"And the 'him', 'him' thing. You're so below standard that you're just bragging about your backside, and it sounds like you're calling him a bug or something."

"Oh, oh, oh, how! How dare you! Aren't you afraid of him!"

"I'll think about that when I get there."

Kanggeomma lifted his hand from his pocket. Thousands of sashimi were pointed at Vesna like the muzzles of guns.

"asleep."

The blades cast sharp shadows, covering Vesna's face in silver. Then, as if waiting, Sashimi lightly fell down. A few screams were heard, but they died down after a while.

… When the surroundings were filled with blood, a pile of meat that was hard to recognize sank to the bottom of the lake.

One, two swords flying through the air.

They began to stick into the water like tombstones, as if mourning the cadets who had fallen victim to the disaster.

The setting sun pushed away the clouds. The cold wind that had been blowing disappeared and my skin felt warm.

Although the cadets each had different expressions on their faces, their thoughts flowed in the same direction.

The special promotion students that he had casted contemptuous glances at. Kang Geum-ma went into battle without pushing a single one of them.

It wasn't that he was hoping for recognition or understanding. I guess he just did it because he had to.

The sight brought to mind a word. The cadet pondered for a moment whether this word could fit so well.

I looked up. The sunlight was pouring into Joaquin Academy. My eyes were stinging.

He closed his eyes and opened them. The cadet, who might be a boy, a girl, or both, couldn't take his eyes off the lake.

I looked at the hero standing there quietly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 163

Episode 163 K-Hero (1)

TV, newspapers, and YouTube were all covered with stories from that day.

『[Breaking News] Academy Director Media visits the Joaquin disaster victims' families and asks for forgiveness.』

『[Breaking News] Vice President of Heroes Association schedules visit to Korea to pay respects to bereaved families.』

『[Responsibility] Joaquin Academy and the Hero Association. The people ask. Where exactly is the responsibility?』

In the beginning, most of the articles were based on rumors. This was because the Joaquin Academy and the association were reluctant to comment, saying only that they were still investigating the truth.

The reason the Joaquin Academy and the Hero Association did this was not because they wanted to hide the truth. They intended to make it public as soon as the situation was sorted out.

There is a priority for everything. In order to manage the cadets' mental health, the announcement was postponed to a later date.

Several friends die at the same scene, a giant monster I've never seen before appears, and the 3rd Corps Commander Vesna appears.

I witnessed vividly things that made me wonder if everyday life was possible. On the same day, at the same time, all together.

People who have been exposed to fear and shock need time to calm down. This is especially true for teenagers whose mentality is still not fully developed.

Even though they are students of Joaquin Academy, if they were ordinary people, their brains would have already been damaged by PTSD and they would not have been able to live a normal life.

So the Joaquin Academy kept quiet about the incident as much as possible.

Of course, this was possible because I obtained the consent of all the cadets present.

To be honest, I was surprised at the cooperation of the cadets. Those arrogant noble children just kept their mouths shut.

Those guys with zero social skills? Did they all become more mature because of this incident?

'I guess people have to go through hardships to become tough.'

Nevertheless, the truth was slowly being revealed on the Internet.

Well, the world is like this these days. It would be impossible to completely cover up an incident like that these days.

The reporters worked hard to gather information, sweating profusely as they ran around.

… journalists scattered the truth they had arrived at, each in his own way.

『The archipelago was surprised and the continent was shocked… The hero of the Joaquin disaster, Sashimi Kensei.』

『Sashimi Storm, Kanggeomma. Is he truly a god?』

.

.

.

I threw my phone away. I covered my burning face.

“please…….”

Why is it that shame and embarrassment are mine? For the first time since I fell into this world, I wanted to cry.

* * *

Affiliated hospital of Joaquin Academy.

【No. 313】

As I was examining the sickroom, a sound came from beyond the door.

– Then order it.

– What?

– Silverweed, Honorary Firefighter.

It seems like a drama… … .

Just hearing the lines makes my fingers curl like squid.

This guy’s tastes don’t really match mine. What can I do? I have to respect him.

Ahem.

I deliberately coughed loudly and then knocked.

“Ah, yes… …! Come in!”

The sound of the TV suddenly turning off. I carefully opened the door and went in, and Manager Seong greeted me.

I pretended not to see the remote control that was slyly hidden under the blanket.

“Hey, Sword Master! What’s going on!”

“… … .”

Manager Seong’s face was so haggard that he looked pitiful. I waved my hand when he tried to get up from the bed.

“I came to visit you in passing. And please stay still. The surgical scar will burst. I know because I’ve been hospitalized many times.”

“Oh my, don’t say that. The person who saved my life has come to me in person, so I can’t just sit still.”

A gentleman who has crossed the Jordan River twice is like that. I shook my head with a stern face.

“Who will take responsibility if someone you consider a savior gets hurt? Just stay still. Otherwise, I’ll call the doctor and run away.”

I know it’s rude to be rude to an adult, but I felt like I was really going to get in trouble.

This is Manager Seong who underwent major surgery a few days ago. To be honest, he seemed hopeless, but a dozen or so medical staff members worked together to save him.

Even the doctors boasted that they had actually resurrected the dead.

He said he still has several surgeries left, but fortunately he survived the near-death experience.

I checked on Manager Sung’s condition. The sense of loss on his face must have stemmed from emotional wounds.

Because the subordinate you cared about turned out to be your enemy within. You must be incredibly disappointed.

That doesn’t mean Manager Sung should feel guilty. He’s a good person. That’s enough.

“Ah, yes. If you say so… … .”

Manager Sung leaned back on the bed, where he had been lying down. I placed the canned fruit I had bought on the table and sat down next to him.

“How are you feeling?”

“As you can see, other than some minor injuries, I’m in good health!”

Manager Seong smiled mischievously.

“You lost your arms and legs, but you only had minor injuries? That’s a bit of a joke.”

“If you work in a hero-related field, injuries like this are not uncommon. Actually… I chose an office job, even though it paid less, to avoid such things… … .”

Manager Sung, who had been talking loudly, trailed off. Soon, he smiled and shook his head.

“In preparation for such an event, the Association provides a prosthetic hand made using one of the artifacts.”

Manager Seong suddenly hit his knee and said.

“Ah! If there’s anything you wish for, please let me know, Master Sword. This is something I’m saying on the level of the association. Aren’t you the hero who saved me and the other cadets during the recent Joaquin disaster?”

“Honestly, I was lucky.”

“Haha, you call that luck. I still remember that scene vividly. Suddenly, a slashing sword appeared and whoosh- you slashed the enemy and saved us! Your Majesty the Sword Master is fully qualified to demand compensation.”

It’s exactly as Manager Sung said. At that time, I slaughtered my enemies by floating thousands of sashimi into the air.

While doing so, he even uttered the awkward line, “I won.”

When I look back on that time, my face naturally turns red.

What's the difference between me and this old man who watches cringey dramas?

Rather than being respected for my tastes like this gentleman's, I held my head in the face of the enemy.

I wiped my face at the sudden, embarrassing emotion that welled up in me.

'Why did you really do that?'

Now, the level of the mind dominates even actions. Who knew this would be more dangerous than the wear and tear of humanity… … .

… Anyway, after that, I couldn't manifest the Igi Sword again. I tried several times but it didn't work.

In the realm of imagination, only the image of the sword was drawn, and the real sashimi did not move at all.

It seems that certain conditions must be met, and it is not difficult to guess the clues to the conditions.

[The swordsman's protection, 'Sim (ᄉᆞᆷ)', is manifested.]

I guess I'll have to show up to use the sword.

I don't know how to make it manifest again. But I'll figure that out in the future. I'll think about it little by little.

I looked at Manager Sung again. He added with a bitter expression.

"… Chief Ha, didn't that guy plan this incident? Our association deeply sympathizes with that. So we can only thank you, Inspector. You personally took out the association's mistake."

"okay."

"The truth will definitely be revealed. But before that, we have decided to give the sword master a proper reward. No matter how

great a hero is, there can be no freeloading. There must be a proper reward."

This statement is wrong. I had my own harvest.

Jormungand's Poison Fang. The teeth of the demon are a special type of reinforcement material even among the highest grades.

However, since it was obtained from the Demon Realm Gehenna, it was a difficult material to obtain in Miracle Protection M.

But luckily, I ran into the guy, defeated him, and took care of him.

I have just left Murasame and Dokni with Bwuland.

There happened to be a hospital on my way, so I stopped by. In other words, I took what I needed. It wasn't unpaid.

By the way, Jormungand's body oxidized to dust after a while. It was an incomplete summoning and the environment changed drastically. His body probably couldn't handle it. I tried to get the scales, but I didn't have enough time. It was a shame.

'Conservative… … .'

I thought about it briefly. Since it has come to this, I will ask for what I wanted.

"Actually, there's only one thing I've always wanted. To access the artifact 'Monolith'."

Manager Sung's eyes became puzzled. He asked back.

"But isn't that the same as what you've already achieved, Mr. Geomma? If you become the student council president, you'll naturally be issued an association pass."

"That's what I don't like. All I want is the student council membership card, without the student council president."

He said he wanted to throw away the shell and eat the flesh. To put it more bluntly, he said he didn't want to be the student body

president.

“Is it possible?”

Only then did Manager Sung swallow, as if he understood the meaning of the words. After a while, his parched lips opened.

“It is possible. It is possible.”

“I thought it wouldn’t work because the response was so lukewarm.”

“What surprised me was that the demands were so simple. The higher-ups had even agreed to readily accept material demands… Your Majesty, you are truly imaginative in many ways. Should I say you are transcendent?”

It wasn’t an incomprehensible reaction.

Wouldn’t I be greedy? I’m not the type of person to sacrifice my own interests for shame.

But I’m satisfied with this. There are people right in front of me who have lost a lot in this incident.

Manager Sung, who had lost his limbs and subordinates, didn’t feel like asking for anything from someone like that. Even if it was compensation offered by the association.

And later on, there may be something else that the association needs. It is right to compromise on greed and plan for the future.

Manager Sung touched his chin with his remaining hand.

“To sum it up, Mr. Geumma, instead of giving up your candidacy for the presidency, you only want the association pass?”

“Yes. If I got the highest number of votes, please give my seat to the next person.”

Manager Seong nodded after making up his mind.

“Okay, I’ll handle it that way. I’d like to do more, but since you’re

refusing, I feel a little embarrassed.”

He smiled awkwardly.

“You, sir, take care of yourself. I’ll add more, then. Anyway, I’ll be going now.”

The story was concluded. The moment I was about to leave the hospital room.

Almost paradise～♪ More dazzling than the morning～♫

A ringtone came from behind me. It was coming from Manager Seong’s cell phone.

That guy is really serious about dramas.

Manager Sung answered the phone with a red face. This time, I tried to pretend not to hear him and was about to leave when he suddenly called me over.

“Your Majesty, please wait a moment!”

I shook my head without turning around.

“I didn’t hear anything.”

“Oh, no. That’s not it! Could you please transfer the call?”

“Huh? Who?”

Manager Sung silently pushed the phone in. I picked up the phone tremblingly. And then a voice like a wall rang in my ears.

[I’ve only heard stories about this from my nephew. This is the first time I’ve heard it in person! I’ll be going to Korea in a few days, so I’ll get to see it in person, haha!]

“Who are you?”

[I am the vice president of the Hero Association. My name is Richa and my last name is Murara.]

“… … ?”

[If it is difficult to pronounce, just call it Changseong.]

* * *

…same place, same time.

Saki was wandering around the third floor hallway of the hospital. She was pacing around in circles, then leaned against the windowsill.

“ha.”

Saki tilted her head back, feeling the cold air from the glass against her back. She stared at the ceiling.

“Really, why am I doing this?”

That day, Saki was also injured in the Joaquin disaster. She was torn here and there and bled profusely.

However, unlike Manager Seong, Saki was in good health.

The weapon and the swordsman at the scene simultaneously manifested healing powers. Thanks to that, only traces remained. Even that was no longer visible.

Still, I had to get regular checkups. Since I had received magic with my whole body, I had to check the progress. That’s why I stopped by the hospital today…

Saki lowered her gaze and stared at the door of hospital room 313. At that moment, the door creaked open and Kang Geum-ma came out.

“Hey, Ryozo. Why are you here?”

Ryozo just rolled his eyes without saying anything. He didn’t have any good excuses.

I was waiting for you to come in~ Why are you acting so foolish?

… If you’re going to talk like a stalker, you might as well bite your tongue.

Ryozo's pupils spun like a whirlpool. Kanggeomma, who had been making a puzzled expression, glared at him.

"Oh, it's the day you get your physical."

Ryozo took the words in stride.

"Uh, uh, yeah. Right."

"You're doing well. I feel relieved."

Sing- At that smile, Ryozo felt something melting.

"Oh, by the way. Geumma, what's going on at the hospital?"

"I came to visit Manager Seong. Because of that, I got involved in some unexpected troublesome matters… … ."

Ryozo was puzzled and then turned around.

On top of waiting, he was also curious about privacy. It was bad. He was putting himself in danger.

His legs were trembling. Ryozoh lowered his head. He could not bear to raise his face.

Kang Geum-ma, who had been watching Ryojo intently, readily opened his mouth.

"If you have time, let's go to the supermarket together."

At that suggestion, Ryozoh raised his eyes slightly. Kanggeomma scratched his cheek and said.

"I promised to buy you some yanggaeng."

"…ah."

"I don't eat sweets, so I don't know what tastes good. And it's best to choose your own favorite foods."

Ryozo stared intently at Kanggeomma. I had forgotten. That guy, Kanggeomma, has a sharper memory than I thought… … Ryozo

wiggled his fingers.

“Can’t we have something other than Yanggaeng… … ?”

“It’s not Yanggaeng? Then, what is it?”

An awkward silence lingered in the hospital corridor. The setting sun gently settled on the shoulders of the two people.

Ryozo answered quietly.

“Geumma… the kimchi stew you make.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 164

Episode 164 K-Hero (2)

A quiet hallway. The sound of two people's footsteps and one person's heartbeat could be heard faintly.

Again, again, again.

Only when the door of the Ganggeomma came into view did the emergency lights above Saki's head turn on.

'How did things turn out like this?'

It took me so long to pull myself together.

Why, why! Why did you suddenly start mumbling about wanting to eat kimchi stew?

Is it because I've been watching so many YouTube videos about Ganggeomma lately? Because they're always spamming me with thumbnails with the letter K on them? Is that why you suddenly started talking about kimchi?

What's even funnier is that I didn't say that completely unconsciously.

It was a line that came from the boundary between consciousness and unconsciousness, so it was even more confusing.

Besides, a little while ago, when I entered this dormitory, the headmistress looked at me with a strange look.

Saki tried to ask something back, but the warden lowered the shutter as if he hadn't seen anything. The warden's gaze wouldn't leave her mind.

'No! I told you to listen to the Korean until the end! Why! It's always the other person who makes up the words!'

Didn't the academy's rules clearly state that "dating is prohibited"?

It was also funny that men and women could freely come and go from the dormitory.

No matter how much freedom the cadets are guaranteed, shouldn't there be at least some minimum regulations?

'Even though I think like this, in the end I too… … .'

Haa- Saki sighed, frowning.

Okay, we've come this far. Let's be a little more honest with ourselves.

Because it was my first time going to a men's room, I was nervous.

Let's think about it. Kang Geum-ma is a level 0 person with no sense of humor. Except for the occasional 'reward', he is indifferent to desires, unlike a teenager.

What's the probability of something happening with him? It approaches 0.

My pride is hurt in that regard… … .

Saki, who had been following behind, suddenly looked at Kanggeomma's back.

'Ganggeomma, I don't think he would treat anyone to a meal privately… and I don't think he would let anyone into his room.'

A flash of electricity flashed through Saki's mind. Then, she would be the first in all of these things. A smile appeared on her lips.

At that moment, Kang Geum-ma's steps stopped. Saki, who suddenly came to her senses, also stopped abruptly.

"They're all here, here they come."

"Ah. Ugh, yeah."

Kanggeomma asked just before turning the doorknob.

"It'll be a lot smaller than your dorm. Do you want to just go out and buy something to eat right now?"

Saki shook her head stubbornly.

"It's okay. And our dorm is unnecessarily large. It's strange that the cadet dormitory is that big."

"If you don't mind."

Squeak-

The doorknob was finally turned. Saki swept her chest and calmed herself down.

As she entered the room, Saki instinctively looked around the interior. As expected, the room was not very large.

Roughly 5 pyeong? However, because it was so well organized, it felt more spacious.

All items, including pillows, blankets, textbooks, and introductory books, are sharply angled.

The men's room had socks strewn across the floor, and I imagined myself as a squeamish bachelor.

'Oh my – look at this kid. He should clean up a bit and live!' After lightly reprimanding him, he cleaned up a bit too.

I thought so… … .

Saki let out a sigh of relief. This was much neater than her own room.

There wasn't a speck of dust, and I didn't smell anything at all. It was literally a clean room with no color or smell.

It was because Kang Geum-ma worked in the kitchen, the front line of cleanliness. Not to mention the fact that he had dedicated three years to the country. The habits that had been ingrained in him over the years had continued into this life.

Kanggeomma gestured to the bed as Saki, who was wandering around like a meerkat, walked over.

"Sit over there."

"…Can I sit on the bed?"

"There is a chair, but it's too hard to sit on. By the way, I just washed the blanket yesterday, so it's fluffy."

"No… That's not what I meant… … Anyway, thank you… … ."

Saki, who was sitting on the bed, quietly turned her gaze towards the kitchen.

The sight of Kang Geum-ma carefully examining the ingredients he bought at the mart.

"It seems like there are no issues with the expiration date or freshness."

After finishing his inspection, Kang Geum-ma rolled up the hem of his shirt by an inch. He held the sashimi, revealing his solid arm muscles.

Saki stared at the scene, lost in thought.

It is certainly a small and simple space, but it still has a sense of satisfaction that fills my heart.

It was completely different from my home, which was dirty and spacious and stuffy and suffocating.

'house…….'

During the vacation when I didn't return to Japan, there wasn't even a word from home.

You probably don't even care whether your daughter comes home or not.

I felt better now that I was abandoned by my father. It was a chain of conflict that was wrong from the start.

When Saki was thirteen, her father said something to her while stroking her head.

– In this world, if you are not the best, you will be forgotten in history. Look at me, even though I am the head of a country, I am not neglected when I am with my senior, the sword master. I do not want to pass on that humiliation to my children. At least I want my children to reach the top. However, I do not intend to force my children to achieve what I could not. Even if you lack the qualifications, at least show them that you can reach Chilseong. If even that is impossible, I will find it difficult to embrace you as my son. I, as a father, do not have the time for that, third child.

My father never called me by my name. When I was little, I just thought it was because I was strict.

But as time passed, I couldn't help but realize its true intentions.

Saki Kojima tells you that you don't call worthless children by their names.

Kanggeomma quietly watched Saki with a complicated expression. He called her name.

"Ryozo, you can't eat spicy food. I'll make the kimchi stew a bit more bland than the one you make at a festival."

Ryojo nodded silently. Then he quickly turned towards the window.

The sky was dark. In the middle of it, a faint moonlight was shining, and it spread across her cheek.

The sound of the chopping board reached my ears. It was really

pleasant to hear.

Ryozo hoped that this sound would not end in just one minute.

* * *

My kimchi stew made Ryozo scrape the bottom of the pot with his spoon.

It seems that the spiciness was killed and the sweetness added with sugar suited his taste.

I laughed silently at him. When we first met, Ryozo didn't even put anything else in his mouth except for yokan.

But, as I watched that kid scraping the pot clean, it was hard to hold back a smile.

And another funny thing is that they serve Korean food to Japanese people.

In my previous life, I was a Japanese food seller targeting Koreans, but it was the complete opposite.

It was a very new experience. I feel like I have contributed to the globalization of Korean food. Should I say that I feel a little patriotic?

After everything was over, I seriously considered opening a Korean restaurant.

… … .

I rubbed my face. Yes, this kind of exhilaration is good. Up to this point, it's proper patriotism.

But if you go any further, it becomes nationalism. From there, it becomes uncontrollable. I felt a sense of crisis.

I don't know what Korea's status is on Earth, but in this world, it's already enough. It's overflowing.

As I said before, it is the world's second largest country and the

country where Joaquin Academy is located.

But here's where they put me in a set.

Korean + Joaquin's Cadet + □□□

The ripple effect of the combination was too strong.

The thumbnails patched together with that combination and the comment section constantly looking for 'host~!' The nationalism that reached a lethal dose was madness itself.

'I'm going to go back.'

I was suffering without being able to resist. The magic of the legion commanders was cut down well. But I was helpless in front of the images. I wish I could cut them down like magic.

'… I wonder if I can ring the bell?'

If you can cut and slice anything, why not make a YouTube video?

I've even tried cutting off a peer and giving an ogre a heart attack. It wouldn't hurt to try.

match!

I hit my cheek. You're cutting YouTube videos into sashimi? I'm so upset that I'm thinking of something that doesn't make sense.

I'm sure my mind is completely crazy. If this continues, I'll be looking for a partner soon.

"Why are you slapping yourself like that?"

Ryojo asked, slowly taking off his rubber gloves. Since I cooked the meal, he said he would do the dishes.

Before responding, I glanced at the sink. Oh, I guess I'll have to wash those dishes again.

Well, there's no way a Japanese princess could have washed dishes. But it was better than Chloe, who broke plates.

“It feels like there’s a bug on my cheek.”

“It’s so cold outside, how could there still be bugs? And bugs don’t come to a clean room like this. There’s nothing to eat.”

Naturally, Ryozo sat down next to me. A new wrinkle appeared on the bedsheet.

There was a moment of breathless silence before she asked an unexpected question.

“Geumma, what do you want most in life?”

I turned my eyes and looked at Ryozo. Several emotions were floating in her eyes.

Emptiness, sadness, anxiety.

All the emotions I read were negative. I don’t know why Ryozo has such a dreamy expression.

One thing I noticed for sure was that she was asking herself this question. And the underlying meaning was that she was asking for advice from me.

‘Because that’s what you want… … .’

Looking back, I was so impatient that I didn’t plan for the future at all.

At least that’s what I dreamed of at the beginning of the first semester. It was ‘peaceful, safe, and smooth.’

Of course, now it’s all gone. The reason is obvious. It’s because I kicked it with my own feet.

And the political situation has long since become twisted like a twisted pot, so we cannot just ignore it.

Anyway, I also got involved in the narrative. I felt like a supporter who helped the hero Leon from behind. I actually did that several times.

… But then what happens after the Demon King is defeated?

Right now, it's like I've been running my life with only three years left.

However, I will remain here even after the end of World War II.

'What should I do from then on?'

Ryozo's question, thrown out without thinking, led to a long period of thought.

"Sorry. I was so out of the blue. It just seemed like you, Geomma, were too greedy for anything. I was wondering if there was something you wanted."

At that moment, Ryozo waved his hand in a still atmosphere. I opened my mouth briefly.

"family."

"… … ?"

"I don't have parents. But things don't happen just because you wish for them. So, I literally just want them."

I was serious. I have never felt the warmth of a family in my entire life.

It may be natural to some, but what I long for more than anything else is family.

Ryozoh's eyes blinked and then opened wide. Her face turned bright red.

Did I stare at you too much? As I was thinking that, a faint voice leaked out.

"Just make a family… … ."

"hmm?"

Ryozo quickly got up from her seat. She ran towards the Dododo

door.

“That, that! Talk to me again in three years when you’re an adult!”

With those words, Ryozo disappeared with his sky-blue hair fluttering.

I stared blankly in that direction and then shook the bed.

Rollin~

At that moment, the phone lit up.

[Manager Seong: Mr. Geomma, I have prepared a schedule for you to go to the Korean branch of the association tomorrow. And Mr. Geomma… a bit of a difficult situation has arisen.]

Knock knock knock.

[Me: What if you’re in a difficult situation? Like you can’t access the monolith or something?]

[Manager Seong: That… You spoke with the vice president this afternoon, right?]

[Me: Yes. It was a cliche like, “I want to buy you a meal when you come to Korea later.”]

[Manager Seong: Yes, but after Mr. Geomma left, the Vice President contacted me separately. He said that he wanted to see the real man quickly after discussing the sword.]

I’ve never had a sword fight before? Changseong, is asking that gentleman to have a meal like a verbal sword fight?

[Me: That aside, if you rush the schedule, when are you talking about?]

[Manager Seong: He is expected to arrive in a few hours.]

Rollin~

[Manager Seong: He even added that he wanted to be the guide for

Mr. Geumma's visit to the Korean Association. I tried to stop him, but it wasn't enough. I'm sorry. ㅠㅠ]

Talk.

[me: ?]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 165

Episode 165 Unintended Luck (1)

The next morning.

As I came out of the dormitory, a red sedan was parked at the entrance. It was so well maintained that it was shiny and sparkling.

It was an appearance that did not fit with the place where the dormitory fees were the cheapest. The eyes of the students passing by stopped at the car at least once.

‘Who’s taking it?’

Curious stares. But I could guess whose car it was because of the gold-plated license plate. I remember seeing it in the Miracle Protection M setting book.

A gold-plated license plate. As far as I know, there are only a few places in Korea where you can freely test drive that car.

The President and the Seven Star Heroes. Since the President would not have attended, the latter is obviously the possibility.

Jiiing.

The darkly tinted car window rolled down. Through the gap, a woman wearing stylish sunglasses was visible. She lowered the sunglasses with her index finger and placed them on the bridge of her nose.

My gaze met with the green ring of eyes. It was Media. She smiled brightly and waved at me.

“Geumma, over here! Get in quickly!”

“… … .”

I was momentarily taken aback. Last night, Manager Sung sent me a text message saying that someone else would take me to the association instead of him. Who would have thought it was the principal?

I should have noticed something from Manager Seong’s strange way of speaking.

Somehow, the text seemed to drip with caution. I didn’t know you would hide such a secret.

‘Manager Seong?’

Even without that, when we arrived at the association, Chilseong Changseong volunteered to be our guide. The one who took us there was Chilseong Sage.

How did things get this big? To exaggerate a bit, it’s like two presidents are interfering with my personal affairs.

No, my international status is higher than that of the president. Anyway, it’s excessive. I feel suffocated by the burden.

ha-

Let’s think positively. The subspace portal is not for personal use. It takes about an hour and a half by bus from Wonju to Seoul.

If you take that car, it’ll take 40 minutes. That’s because there’s a separate lane for state guests.

It may seem absurd, but there’s nothing we can do about it. I emphasize this, but this world is strictly a class society. Democracy is romantic here. Damn it.

I clicked my tongue. Then I slowly approached and climbed into the back seat. As soon as I got on, the media's warm welcome began.

"Oh my, our swordsman. It's been a few days since I've seen you~! Do you know how much I've missed you?"

"Keep-keep-"

Media pinched my cheeks with her index fingers. I bit her hand.

"Director, I understand for now. Let's talk after we leave."

"I'm so happy to see you. Sir, please let's go."

Inside a car driving on a bumpy road.

Media and I talked about this and that. The beginning wasn't anything particularly important.

In short, it was like, 'These days, you're really causing a stir, Sword Master!?', 'Sword Master, I don't know how grateful I am to you.' She praised me until her lips were dry.

However, Media's raised tone felt subtle to me. She was trying hard to hide her feelings now.

As the head of the academy, Media has a special sense of duty. She always grumbles to me, saying, "My salary is low," "There are no benefits," and "The workload is murderous," but she cares for her students more than anyone else.

But a few days ago, a bunch of cadets died. The guilt and pressure must be weighing heavily on her shoulders.

I stared at Media. Through the black glasses, I could see the black fatigue that had settled under my eyes. It was proof that I hadn't slept for days.

The world admires her as Joaquin's academy director and the sage of Chilseong.

But she is also a human being after all, suffering from guilt and losing

sleep at night.

After a while, Media's eyes suddenly became deeply fixed. The driver who was driving closed his ears. The atmosphere in the car became very solemn.

Media folded her hands and took a deep breath. She asked me in a low voice.

"Actually, I should have asked you this first… That time you dealt with me… Was it by any chance the 'level' I was thinking of?"

"Yes. At that time, I introduced myself as the 3rd Corps Commander Vesna. And as someone who has dealt with her in person, I think it is true."

"…omg!"

The fierce reaction to my words came from the front. The knight's appearance was reflected in the rearview mirror. His face was bleached white and his hands holding the steering wheel were covered in cold sweat.

"under……."

Media gently massaged her temples. Her expression was feminine. Because her expectations and the testimony of the person involved were exactly the same. She added.

"The cadets didn't know who the enemy was at that time. Not even the instructors. Honestly, if they saw a corps commander who they had never seen before in their lives, would it make sense? They would just think of him as a formidable enemy."

"That's right. And it would be less shocking for the cadets if they didn't know exactly who the enemy was."

When I nodded my head, Media's eyes widened. Then she gently stroked my head.

"How can a child be so mature? He really acts like an adult. But, Geommaya, if things have gotten this bad, it won't be hidden no

matter how hard you try.”

“That’s true… … .”

“So, the Academy and the Association will work together to organize this fact and then make it public. What kind of enemies you faced for the cadets, and who they were. That way, people will be alert.”

Media took her caressing hand away and gently took hold of mine.

“Also, I got a call from Ttaktak a while ago, and he said preparations are almost finished.”

“Ready? What?”

“How can a young person be so absent-minded? Of course it’s about your Chilseong succession!”

“… … !”

Hiccup-!

The driver began to hiccup. Media continued talking.

“We’ve already subdued the 5th Corps Commander Agor and the 3rd Corps Commander Vesna. We should keep pushing forward while we’re at it. Everything will probably be ready within two months. The reason I’m going to the Korean branch of the Association today is to discuss with Gorilla. Of course, that includes other matters as well.”

The knight heard so much in this cramped space that he felt like he was going to vomit.

The hands holding the steering wheel trembled. The driver rolled down the driver’s window. The wind blew across his sweat-soaked face.

… In the meantime, the golden license plate entered Seoul.

* * *

A vehicle pulled into the Korean Association branch. The waiting agents quickly opened the car doors.

A straight leg stretched out through the crack in the door and stepped on the carpet. The agents all bowed toward the leg and saluted it.

“Welcome to the Korean branch of the Association! The head of Joaquin Academy, the sage of the Seven Stars, Media Poison!”

Media stood up straight. The sunglasses that caught the midday sunlight shone sharply.

Bam

The next moment, the door on the other side opened. The agents shouted again.

“Welcome to the Association’s Korean branch! Kang Geum-ma, a cadet of the Joaquin Academy and a hero of the Joaquin Incident!”

“… Yeah, well.”

Kanggeomma stood next to Media with a bashful expression. He asked Media in a whisper.

“Do you really have to do it this way?”

The hospitality was so grand. It was as if they were going to give me a flower necklace. Media answered.

“That’s because the Hero Association is originally conservative. People in government originally follow orders strictly. Well… that’s not the only reason though.”

That was when.

Knock, knock – the road vibrated with the sound of footsteps. The agents cleared the way without saying a word.

Media’s eyes narrowed slightly. She muttered something barely audible.

“You’re here.”

Kanggeomma raised his head. He saw a new figure approaching from afar, showing off his presence. A man with a dignified appearance and a beast-like face. It was Richard de Murat.

“Hahaha, I can’t believe how many years it’s been since I’ve seen you. How have you been, Grandma?”

Changseong laughed loudly. Media stood in front of him, her shoes clicking.

“Hey, gorilla.”

“Why, Grandma?”

Changseong tilted his head with an innocent face like a child.

“I…….”

Hoo- Media exhaled deeply. She took a short breath.

“…I told you not to call me that!”

Love liquid!

Media fired a sharp scream at the regime. The fist tore through the air and landed in Changseong’s lower abdomen.

Boom! The sound of a crash echoed like the sound of a drum. The aftermath of the collision sent a fierce gust of wind blowing.

‘what?’

Kang Geum-ma found this situation absurd.

Is it a greeting between the Seven Star Heroes to immediately throw a punch? It wasn’t even a fight between friends. The stone floor cracked and the wind blew back. It was definitely an attack with a murderous intent.

While everyone’s eyes were wide open in shock, Changseong spoke with a bright smile.

“You’ve gotten older, too. It used to feel like my stomach was turning, but now it just hurts a little.”

As he spoke, blood ran down his chin. Media snorted.

“Oh, you’re bluffing. It’s been a while since I last saw you, so I gave you a little kick, but do you think you can handle it? And you haven’t slept in a few days, right? Gorilla, your abs are as soft as pudding, aren’t they?”

Changseong’s smile turned a little redder with blood. The pain came a beat later. My internal organs were hurt. Changseong touched his stomach and tried to look calm.

“I’ve been slacking off on my training lately, and this is what’s going on. Kukuk- Still, you seem to be in good health, considering you’re sitting at your desk. Don’t worry, hal… … .”

“will do?”

“…media.”

Only then did Media turn around, creating a cold wind. Kang Geum-ma, who was watching the scene, had a look of worry in his eyes.

Was it really the right choice to succeed Chilseong? If greetings were like this, I seriously hesitated.

While everyone else was unable to do anything, Kanggeomma met Changseong’s eyes.

“It’s so nice to see it in person!”

Changseong approached him in a hesitant manner, despite his excited expression. Although he didn’t show it, it seemed like he was in a lot of pain.

“I wanted to see you so badly that I cancelled all my plans and came running here! Since I’m here, let’s all have lunch together first.”

Changseong offered to shake hands. Media roughly slapped his hand away.

“Don’t be so harsh. Your job, Gorilla, is to guide the swordsman to the Monolith. Besides, while the swordsman is doing his business, there are a few issues that we need to discuss among ourselves.”

“Hey, I was thinking that we guys could have some meat together and strengthen our friendship.”

Changseong whetted his appetite. Media growled and threatened.

“Are you a bandit? Are you just trying to eat meat? And do you think I don’t know that you’re just using food as an excuse to gently wrap our swordsman around? That gorilla got involved in politics and turned into a snake.”

“Mediah, I know you care about your students, but sometimes I wonder if you’re overprotective.”

The media harshly dismissed it.

“In order for something like the Joaquin tragedy to happen again, it’s better to be overprotective. That’s why, in these times, no one can approach my students. Even if they are comrades who died together in battle. That’s my duty as the headmaster.”

“… Heh heh.”

Changseong scratched the back of his neck hesitantly. Media took off her sunglasses. Her haggard eyes, which had been up for several days and nights, glared at Changseong.

“You and I both have our own share of debt for this disaster. Remember, today is the day to talk about responsibility. It’s not the day to eat meat and drink.”

“Oh, right. Sorry.”

Changseong took the lead with slumped shoulders.

“Follow me. I’ll take you straight to the monolith.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 166

Episode 166 Unintended Luck (2)

The guide, Changseong, continued to talk in a rambling manner.

“The Seoul branch of the Association is the second largest in the world. Why? After all, Korea is a country that plays a pivotal role in the hero world. It may not be a large country, but its influence is by no means weak. And I also have a lot of affection for Korea. I was also Joaquin’s student. Anyway, the Seoul branch stores nearly half of the artifacts that are appropriate for its size. One of them is the monolith you are looking for.”

Kanggeomma looked at his back and thought, “He’s a big guy, but his tongue is really long. He talks more than most teenage girls.”

Media was initially annoyed by Changseong’s ramblings, but soon stopped. She just let him babble on. Still, this was an improvement.

“We’ve arrived.”

Eventually, they arrived at the door. It was a huge door that took up an entire wall in height and width. It was made of machined titanium and prevented unauthorized access.

Changseong nodded to one of the agents accompanying him. The agent quickly put his thumb into the fingerprint recognition device.

Profit.

The titanium iron door opened as if splitting in two. Changseong

gave orders to the agents who were following him.

“You guys wait outside.”

Kanggeomma looked around the interior as he walked slowly. There were numerous objects placed inside the glass case. He could tell at a glance that they were valuables.

‘The atmosphere is very sci-fi.’

The floor was filled with smoke mixed with a chemical smell. It was specially processed oxygen sprayed to prevent damage to the treasures, Changsung explained.

Kanggeomma nodded to Changseong, who was very proud. Changseong smiled with satisfaction and continued to guide him.

After walking for 5 minutes, a dolmen was right there.

‘…That’s a monolith?’

The stone was very large and imposing. But that was all. Kanggeomma couldn’t hide his bewilderment, and Changseong noticed and added.

“Hahaha, that’s as expected. Didn’t Manager Seong say that? On the outside, he just looks like a rock.”

“I heard. I thought it was a metaphor… but it’s a real stone, so I’m a bit confused. To the point where I doubt if it’s an artifact.”

Changseong answered Kanggeomma’s words.

“Don’t worry, it’s definitely an artifact. The association’s researchers have been investigating it for years and have concluded that it’s an artifact. Don’t be too disappointed. Look, do you see these charcoal drawings? They contain a complete picture of how our ancestors lived.”

When I looked closely, I could clearly see that there were patterns carved into them. They were pictures depicting primitive life.

“Not only that. The person who drew this is the only surviving ancient person… … .”

Changseong stopped talking and glanced at Media. Her cold green eyes were staring at him.

Media folded her arms and said nothing. Changseong coughed loudly. He suddenly patted Ganggeomma on the back.

“Anyway, that’s all for my guidance. Media and I will go up to the reception room. If you need anything, just call the agent on the intercom over there.”

Kang Geum-ma was puzzled by this cheerful favor. It wasn’t that he was offended. Quite the opposite.

Still, what is curious is curious. Why is Changseong so kind?

As the media said, were you trying to gently coax them into coming to the association? Kanggeomma didn’t seem to think so.

Even when I looked at his face to read his thoughts, Changseong just laughed heartily.

Come to think of it, Changseong didn’t even ask why he approached the monolith. He was curious enough to be curious.

Even if it’s a reward, how could you leave it in a place full of ghosts, knowing what they’re going to do? Isn’t it something you can just turn around and sneak away with?

Before the two disappeared, Kanggeomma asked Changseong’s broad back.

“We’re just meeting for the first time, so why are you doing this to me? Even if it’s compensation, if I were left here alone, what would you think I would do?”

Changseong turned his head halfway. The corners of his mouth went up like a hero.

“The weak don’t question the actions of the strong. You are far

stronger than me. So I just follow my beliefs.”

“… … .”

“I know what you’re thinking when you ask that question. I wonder how I can trust you and leave you in this treasure vault. But what’s the big deal? Compared to the thousands of lives you’ve saved, you little beasts are nothing but useless. So do what you want to do. The old ones will leave now, hahaha!”

The laughter that bounced off the titanium only stopped when his back was hidden in shadow.

After the two Chilseong people disappeared, Kanggeomma looked in that direction for a while. Then he approached the monolith again. Then he looked closely at the picture carved into the stone and muttered.

“It’s an ancient mural depicting a hunting scene… … .”

Kang Geum-ma narrowed his brows. The more he observed the painting, the more he realized that it was not a simple mural.

The appearance of the hunter and the prey were similar. The only difference was that the hunter had wings on his back, while the prey did not. It could not help but be a very repulsive picture.

Kang Geum-ma hesitated for a moment and then extended his hand. His eyes were filled with anticipation, separate from his appreciation.

Will the status window pop up like it did during ‘The Sword Master’s Long-Awaited Wish’? I thought so as my palm touched the cold, rough stone surface.

= = = = = = = =

[NEW! A surprise quest occurs.]

We are reading someone’s memories from the mythical era.

[※ It is possible to obtain the second fragment of memory of 【???】. Total number of acquisitions (1/7).]

[※ This quest can be cleared just by looking at it.]

[※ However, additional rewards cannot be obtained when moving the body.]

= = = =

Would you like to accept the quest? (Y/N)

[????Time left until acceptance – 0:03]

= = = = = = = = =

I was momentarily dazed by the status window that appeared. Just looking at it, it was clear? Back then, I had fought with myself, but compared to that, it was unexpected luck. To put it in common parlance, it was a piece of cake.

Oh my gosh… … .

But then, a rush of emotion seeped through my fingertips and into my ears. A voice like a wail possessed by evil.

At that moment, Kang Geum-ma's head shook reflexively in confusion. The pent-up emotions were stabbing his spine like needles.

… … !

Kanggeomma was so startled that he almost pulled his hand away. However, his mind started to dizzy before his thoughts could catch up.

(Y/N)

▲

* * *

Seoul branch reception room.

"For now, our academy will organize it like this and distribute it to the press… I don't think reporters will have to worry about news stories for a while. I'm dying."

“Instead, let the Hero Association handle the rest. Please take care of it until then.”

Changseong received Media’s words with a solemn expression.

Media, who had placed a stack of documents on the table, let out a short laugh.

“Gorilla, how did you get so smart without me noticing? Are you the guy who used to sit behind you one or two times during your cadet days?”

“The human brain is also a muscle. If you train your body consistently, your intelligence will naturally increase!”

Media shook her head. She had been up all night for several days, and her stamina was running low.

“… It was my fault for saying that. By the way, earlier you… almost said something about my ancestors, right?”

“I, I’m sorry about that. Stop being so careful with your words. I’ll be more careful in the future.”

“Fine. I didn’t intend to keep it a secret forever. Everyone around me already knows this. But I wanted to tell you with my own mouth.”

“… … .”

“I am a descendant of a human race that has been punished by heaven.”

* * *

Phew.

A cool breeze blew. The rice swayed like golden waves.

The harvest of grain was in full swing among those wearing tanned leather.

They were cutting rice while holding crudely made tools: iron tools,

swords.

Although from a modern perspective it was something between a sword and a sickle, the ancients simply called it a sword.

It provided convenience to the ancient people. It helped in the easy harvest of crops and improved the quality of hunting. Thanks to this, the task of survival was solved.

All of this was the advancement brought about by the sword. Until a few years ago, the ancient people bowed deeply to the sky and prayed and prayed. They worshipped the heavenly beings, hoping that they would receive even a little rain. Their lives were a shackle that ended with one prayer after another.

The sword liberated the ancients from such worldly shackles. They were able to lead a moderate life with their own hands. So, there was never a day when a proud smile left their lips.

Now, there is no need to pray to heaven anymore. The passive attitude towards life has changed to an active one.

In this way, the celestial beings were quickly forgotten by mankind.

And it didn't take long to realize that this was the beginning of the end.

.

.

.

A young girl wove flower buds, twisting them tightly into a crown. It was a wreath she made for her father who was coming back from hunting.

"I bet Dad would like this too?!"

The girl, who had finished preparing the surprise gift, looked around her surroundings. The harvest was in full swing. The adults were picking up the ears of corn that they had cut with their own tools.

“Hehehe. Today too, rice and meat side dish～”

As I watched, I felt full already. A bashful laugh came out of the girl’s mouth.

… Kuuung

At that moment, thunder rumbled through the clear sky. The girl suddenly raised her eyes. And her bright eyes grew wide.

“yes?”

A man was standing in the cloudless sky. How could he be floating in the air? Then she noticed something else. He was standing proudly in the air, his feathers fluttering.

The man standing tall had wings on his back. They were a pair of pure white feathers. Suddenly, I remembered what my grandmother had said.

Until my grandmother was her age, there were beings that people were looking for, and their representatives would occasionally show up… … .

“Angel!”

A sudden thought occurred to me and I clapped my hands.

Who would have thought that I would see that angel! The unrealistic sight was so amazing to her. She was too young to discern right from wrong.

She opened her eyes again and decided to capture the angel’s appearance.

“Wow, it’s really pretty.”

The girl let out a sigh of admiration without realizing it. The more she looked at it, the more breathtaking its beauty became.

But, for a moment.

Ss …

The number of angels that had been one began to increase one by one. Five, six, seven. The girl gave up counting when the number exceeded the number of fingers. She just stared blankly up at the dots that were multiplying infinitely.

Eventually, the shadows cast by the angels covered the entire wilderness. Only when the sky was completely filled did the adults tilt their heads back.

“I, that’s… … !”

The village elder shouted. He was terrified, his face turning pale. Fear seeped into the staff he held.

Why are you doing that? As the girl tilted her head, a voice rang out in her head. She covered her head with a soaring headache.

“It’s a shame.”

The sound was heard in fragments. The agents of the stars. Their voices were one and whole.

“In the end, this generation will also end in failure and be immersed in the devil.”

Phew oh my

The horn blew. The angels lowered their posture.

“Oh, stars.”

Countless wings flapped as if they had made a promise.

“We will carry out the divine punishment.”

The ivory feathers caught the light and then immediately fell apart. They flew at a speed that was too fast for the eye to see, sweeping across the ground. In an instant, the land that had been yellow with ears of wheat turned dark red.

The girl looked around with a puzzled face.

The heads of women harvesting rice fell off lightly like rice seeds. The men who went out hunting had their sides torn open and their entrails spilled out. The wings of angels were soaked with human blood and they flew heavy.

Anyone who saw this sight would also meet the same fate.

"… … ."

A red wing swung in front of her. The girl let go of the flower crown she had been clutching. The winged monster opened its mouth.

"You are young. But don't worry. The stars have promised not to touch you again from the next generation."

The angel raised his hand, which was entangled with entrails and blood.

"So close your eyes, little failure."

The girl did not cry. Only her eyes sparkled like porcelain, inorganic glass.

Tsk-

Just then, a tongue-clicking sound was heard from behind. My gaze naturally turned to that spot.

"How can I just stay still like this? Tolerate touching a child, even if it's just an illusion?"

A man with black hair and very strange clothing. He was the only black man in the middle of the pure white hell. He pulled out a short, long blade.

"And these guys are angels? Damn, even if you hit them well, they're just pigeon chicks acting as God's agents."

Kiririn, there was a creaking sound. At that moment, all the angels wiggled their eyebrows. All eyes were focused on Kanggeomma.

Kiiing, the blade filled with anger cried out louder. Kanggeomma closed and opened his eyes.

The sword is the will to live made of iron, and it is a human tool that contains the pioneering spirit.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

It is also a weapon for killing enemies.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 167

Episode 167 Unintended Luck (3)

Kanggeomma put the half-pulled sashimi back into the scabbard. He shook his head as he counted the number of angels. There were too many, two sashimi sticks wouldn't do it. Kanggeomma swore.

"A hundred chickens again? Why are there so many pigeons?"

In fact, even though they were belittled as pigeons, it was clear that they were formidable enemies. I didn't lose my composure to the point of denying even that fact.

'What is the power these kids are wielding?'

They didn't use magic like mines. Instead, they wrapped white energy around their arms like bandages.

Were there such beings in the game settings? Kanggeomma, who was lost in thought for a moment, quickly gave up his thoughts.

'That's not what's important.'

Who cares what powers the pigeon chicks wield? I have witnessed them wreak havoc with their vicious slaughter.

Angel? Plague. Compared to these guys, the pigeons that were flocking around Seoul Plaza were angels. Kang Geum-ma licked his dry lips with his tongue.

The additional rewards are gone. Still, I will get the second fragment,

which is my main goal, so I will take that as a small consolation.

‘It’s a shame, though.’

He couldn’t just watch this outrageous massacre. He knew that it was all an illusion. But Kanggeomma was still genuinely angry.

I watched a fragment of human history as a third party, which made me even more angry.

Kanggeomma felt rage towards those who were annihilating humans simply because they were pursuing their own lives, and towards the beings above them.

“… … .”

Suddenly, his gaze turned to the side. A small child was staring at him, her soul gone. A girl with mint-colored hair and irises that sparkled like green. Kanggeomma smiled faintly at her.

“Hey kid.”

“Huh, huh?”

Fortunately, it seems that the quest has been patched to Korean. Kanggeomma knelt on one knee in front of the girl and sat upright. He lowered his gaze and stroked her head.

“What is your name?”

“Messer… … .”

Kang Geum-ma smiled once more.

“Listen carefully, Messiah. From now on, just do as I say. Got it?”

The smile of the black-haired man brought back the life that had been lost from her eyes.

“Jump over there.”

As he spoke, Kanggeomma nodded toward the pile of rocks on the hill. The little girl had short legs, so she wouldn’t be able to run far.

At least those rocks with a roof would be her bunker.

Messder, who had been quivering his lips, nodded silently. He intuitively felt that it was right to follow this man's words.

'Oh, right.'

Just before leaving, Messder picked up the wreath that had fallen on the floor. It was blood-splattered and unsightly. It was originally intended to be given to his father. However, it was a gift that had been lost to the winged monsters.

Messer fiddled with it with her clumsy hands. She hesitated for a moment, then placed the crown on the old man's head before her eyes.

"I'll give you this."

"uh……."

Kang Geum-ma was embarrassed. But he immediately smiled. He smiled.

"Thank you, I'll use it well."

"What is your name, sir?"

Kanggeomma responded calmly to Messers words. It wasn't because he had time to spare. It was simply because the enemies showed no signs of moving yet.

The pigeons just stared with deep-set eyes, like monkeys in a zoo.

"I'm Kang Geum-ma. And I'm not an old man. … Technically speaking, yes, but biologically, I'm still a teenager."

"How old are you?"

"Stop asking and run away quickly."

"Everyone else is dead anyway except me. I don't care if I die here. So I won't move until you answer me."

The child is too young to fully grasp the situation, Kang Geum-ma replied with a sigh.

“Seventeen.”

“Huh, you’re three years younger than me?!”

“…what?”

A little life came back to Mesda’s face, which had been paralyzed with fear.

“Ganggeomma… … .”

After chewing over the name, Messer immediately ran away, knowing that any further conversation would be a nuisance to the old man.

Messers turned his back on the scenes where the elders, neighbors, and parents had disappeared one after another. She was the only ancient person who had barely escaped original sin.

‘I will never forget any of this.’

Messer ran. He didn’t stop even though his feet were scratched and bleeding.

‘I have to remember so that people in the future will know what happened that day.’

Something peeked out through her tightly shut eyebrows. Only then did the tears she had been holding back burst out.

The angels saw each other. They shared thoughts and could communicate without using their mouths.

Archangel Uriel spoke on behalf of the group.

“What are you?”

“… … .”

Kanggeomma didn’t respond. He pulled out the blade a span and

looked at it intently. The sharpened iron was crying sadly.

That was when.

[Hidden – The history of the world's good is rewritten with the Crown of Flower as a catalyst.]

[Location – Code. A temporary increase in rank is possible with Ancient's catalyst.]

[The program uses the suppression force to re-adjust and synchronize the current location Code. Ancient.]

Jiiing—

Archangel Uriel urged.

"You asked the wrong question. I'll ask again."

"… … ."

"Who gave you that power? Tell me the name of the unclean one who gave you that power, that power that is so wicked. The one who gave you that power that blasphemes the stars in the sky just by existing."

"… … ."

"If you don't intend to answer, I'll have to take out your brain and find out."

"Gugugu, you're really whining."

The bloody silence shattered like glass.

"Who gave it to you? I don't know, damn it. If I knew, would I be going through all this trouble looking for artifacts?"

「… … !」

"Okay, I'll tell you what I do. I was a fisherman until recently, but I've changed my occupation now."

The human tools that were scattered everywhere rose into the air. Swords with teeth like saws, they looked so crude that it was hard to call them swords. However, their number was comparable to that of angels.

Kang Geum-ma said.

“I’m the owner of a chicken restaurant, you little birds.”

[The Sword God’s protection is removed.]

Kwakwakwakwang!

As thunder rumbled, swords swept through the air at invisible speeds.

The scattered blades struck the angel’s flesh. Limbs were torn off. Golden blood splattered in the air like batter in a vat of oil.

Kkaaaaaaaaaaaaah… … !

Incessant screams and a lingering smell filled the wilderness.

The angels tried to run away, but they could not avoid the iron swords that they had to face. The point of the sword meant the death of the angels.

… and so, for one minute, human tools crushed celestial beings.

Corpses without wings were falling like a drizzle.

A strange phenomenon in which an unknown being alone overpowers a group of angels.

If this scene were to be passed down to future generations, it would be called this.

They say it’s divine punishment.

* * *

[【???】’s second piece, ‘The Surviving Child’ has been acquired. Total acquisition count (2/7).]

-Pfft!

＝＝ ＝＝

『A child survived in the midst of the punishment that soaked the earth with blood.

A cursed child. A human not chosen by the stars. The many stigmas that call her.

However, her legacy has made a great contribution to human history, and in fact, it continues to do so.

Later, the child depicted the Day of Judgment on a huge stone.

In order to leave a false judgment, I also engraved a wish to see the favor I received that day again.

And that was the foundation for the birth of the true human sword, the beginning of letters.

＝＝ ＝＝

[Sudden Quest: Achieve the Ancients' Memories!]

Beep!

[※However, you failed to obtain additional rewards. (……)]

[… … .]

[… … .]

♪♬♩♫♪

[NEW! Complete the hidden quest 'The Only Survivor' to receive a true reward.]

[▷ You can now manifest the 'Protection of Vehicle Power'.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Thank you for your effort.]

* * *

Changseong picked up a stack of documents and banged them on the desk.

“The story is almost concluded. Thank you for your hard work, Media.”

“It’s okay since the usual workload at the Academy isn’t that different. … I’m tired because I didn’t sleep for a long time, but I feel relieved, so I’ll go and get some sleep.”

Media massaged the area around her eyes. Changseong’s expression as he looked at her was somehow bitter.

“You’ve had a hard time even at this age. When I was younger, I was worried that I’d be killed by the demons, but these days, I’m more afraid of the disease I’ve contracted. Oh, of course, unlike me, you’ll live much longer, haha! In human terms, aren’t you still around twenty years old?”

“Can you stop treating me like an outlier? I’m just an ordinary human being, I just live longer than other people.”

“Can living for hundreds of years be considered normal… … .”

Media’s brow furrowed. Changseong quickly changed the subject.

“By the way, can you tell me how your ancestors survived the punishment from heaven? I was guiding Kanggeomma to the Monolith, and I suddenly became curious.”

“You must have heard it from your father at least once. He’s your direct supervisor, so I think he must have told you about it.”

“It’s been a while since I’ve had a conversation with the president.”

“Why? You always followed my dad’s lead.”

“He’s currently living in seclusion. It’s been about three years.”

“Again? You’re over 300 years old, and you’re finally getting dementia?”

“It’s been 50 years, so it’s about time to take on a new identity. Isn’t that the tradition of the Poison clan? And the chairman is also in his early middle age by ancient standards.”

“But still, can’t you tell your daughter what to do? She disappears without saying a word. My sister also disappeared a long time ago after giving up her position as the principal of the academy, and now even my father? Oh my, this damn house.”

Media’s sigh was low. She opened her mouth again.

“Anyway, I don’t know exactly about the origin of Poison. It’s been passed down in such a vague manner. The only thing that has been passed down without change is that a human suddenly appeared and stopped the divine punishment.”

“What kind of human being… … It’s hard to imagine that there is a human being who can block divine punishment.”

“It varies depending on the record, but the most likely theory is that the disaster was simply humanized. That’s usually how myths and legends work. Something suddenly appears and destroys everything, and someone suddenly saves them. And then they’re usually deified. It’s probably along the same lines.”

“Whether it’s a myth or a legend, it’s thanks to them that the ancients’ lineage is maintained.”

Media shrugged her shoulders as if it was none of her business.

“If the legend is true, my ancestor was born with great fortune.”

Beep beep beep

The extension phone rang. Changseong, who had asked for Media’s understanding, picked up the receiver.

“Hey, what’s going on?”

[It seems that the swordsman has finished his business.]

Changseong turned his head while holding the receiver. He met her languid eyes. Media nodded.

Changseong brought his mouth close to the receiver again.

“Go down right away.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 168

Episode 168 Monolith: Isolated Rock

“Were there any additional requests from Kang Geum-ma?”

In response to Changseong’s question, an employee standing in front of the treasure house’s main gate answered.

“Yes, he just said over the intercom that it was over. If there was anything that felt awkward, it was that his voice sounded a little sad… … I think it was just my worries.”

“I see. If you had asked for even one treasure, I would have gladly handed it over. Did you really stop after seeing the monolith? You really are a special friend. Is this how you usually are?”

Changseong turned his gaze to Media. She responded with calm eyes.

“That’s how it is with Geomma. He has no material desires at all. He doesn’t act like a child, and he’s rather plain.”

“That part reminds me of the Nibelung when I was young.”

“Zigg and I are a bit different. Tteuttak grew up without any lack of things since he was little, so he’s not interested in those things, and Geomma, what should I say… … . It feels like he’s more focused on other things than material things or fame? Whenever I see him, I feel anxious too. That’s why I feel like I need to be more by his side and take care of him.”

Media trailed off and then shook her head.

“Enough with the talk, let’s get in first.”

“Okay.”

The monolith began to appear in the sight of the two people who entered the report room. The strong sword horse standing in front of it was also visible.

Even though he felt someone was there, Kanggeomma only looked at the monolith. Media cautiously tried to speak to him.

“What happened… …?”

“Oh, no. It’s okay.”

Only then did Kang Geum-ma take his eyes off the monolith. He then looked at the woman who was looking at him with a slightly surprised expression. He remained silent for a long time.

Hair and green eyes as fresh as the new green leaves of spring. It overlapped with the little boy I had a brief conversation with. A faint pity filled Kanggeomma’s eyes.

‘Messer.’

He thought it was just a quest and impulsively embarked on it. And as a result, history changed. The scene he experienced was not an illusion. The status window that appeared after clearing it was proof of that.

‘Hidden – Crown of Flower is a catalyst to rewrite the history of good in the world.’

If only additional compensation had been given, he would have definitely regretted it. In any case, didn’t he distort history? When you touch the past, a time paradox occurs where the future becomes unclear. The so-called time paradox from science fiction movies.

So, when you think about what kind of great incident this will trigger, any kind of compensation is useless. Whether it’s countless honors, gold and silver treasures, or spirit-level protection, all of those things lose their value.

It may have been an atrocity. Wasn't it a situation where politics was greatly distorted? But even history was distorted? The butterfly effect is something that needs no explanation.

However, there was not a single bit of regret in Kang Geum-ma's eyes. Instead, he showed a satisfied expression.

Kanggeomma walked leisurely behind the monolith. Pictures with a contrasting atmosphere from the front were revealed.

It was a mural depicting cows and sheep grazing in the pasture, and a series of processes of cultivating a garden. Something was written in crooked letters on the corner.

Pictures that give us an idea of how the little girl lived the rest of her life. Her footsteps are engraved on this stone.

Kanggeomma sighed deeply inside. Even though it was a short meeting, the aftertaste was very strong. Was it because of the sense of kinship? One day, I myself was suddenly dropped into an unfamiliar game world. Although the outcome was a little different, the situation was similar. Loneliness.

Kanggeomma suddenly looked at Media. Then he smiled briefly. If that bratty brat had grown up, he could imagine what he would have looked like.

'You must look a lot like the beauty in front of you.'

The descendant of the child who lost everything has become an adult who cherishes youth. He is a strong roof that protects Joaquin Academy. He is kind to not only me but also all the students.

Although the child may have lived in loneliness, his descendants live in rich relationships.

Kang Geum-ma felt a faint sense of irony. But at the same time, the bitter smile turned into a gentle grin.

Kanggeomma, who had been silently examining the monolith, suddenly asked Mediah.

“Director, what does that writing on the corner over there say?”

“Of course, if you please!”

Media reacted violently. She looked around the corner with bleary eyes.

“The form is primitive, but… the skeleton itself seems to be ‘rune’… … .”

She was one of the most intelligent people in the world. Poison had a family history of exceptional talent in letters and linguistics.

“The grammar is simple, but the system is well organized, so interpretation is possible.”

While Media was looking at the text, Changseong, who was stroking his beard, interjected and spoke.

“… But was this originally written? I don’t think it’s possible that the association’s researchers didn’t discover such a long text.”

“Ah, come on! Be quiet, gorilla! Since it’s been a while since you asked me to, concentrate!”

Pack- Media’s gaze, which had been glaring at Changseong, shifted to Kanggeomma. She smiled kindly as if nothing had happened. Changseong scratched his cheek as if he felt a little embarrassed.

After deciphering it, Media recited the contents.

I was jealous that the old man had disappeared without a word, so I wanted to convey the message somehow, and in the process, I created something called ‘letters’.

Before my father passed away, he told me many times that I was smart, and I guess it was true.

I’ll have to keep refining it, but isn’t it pretty good so far?

.

The twentieth spring since my uncle left.

You know what? Honestly, when I was first left alone, I resented you so much?

Oh, of course I feel deep gratitude to you, sir. You saved me from that winged monster.

But I wish I had left a word of tidbit before I left… … Looking back, I must have left the flower crown I made behind. Seriously, I'm making fun of myself!

Now that I think about it, I don't want to see you at all. Huh!

.

It's the fiftieth spring since the old man left. Have I grown taller? Of course, not as tall as the old man, but now I can look down on a decent field of grass!

But now that I remember, you said you were three years younger than me… … ?

Why have I been calling you uncle all this time? To my younger brother!

.

One hundred and second spring.

Hello, little brother? I mean, I've been thinking about it for a hundred years, and it suddenly occurred to me that you might be from the distant future.

Is it a woman's intuition? After that judgment, I stopped waiting. I just hope that this letter reaches my younger sister in the distant future. But if I were to be a little greedy…

.

The three hundred and fifth spring.

Last winter was particularly cold. Every time it happened, I felt sad to be alone. Do I have to live this long…?

There were many times when I thought about giving up on living, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. My brother, you saved my life. So I'm going to live as long as I can.

.

The three hundred and forty-seventh spring.

The three hundred and ninety-first spring.

The four hundred and twelfth spring.

The four hundred and seventy-sixth spring.

.

The five hundredth spring.

Did you know that today is my five hundred and twentyth birthday?

These days, I don't really think about how hard things are. Rather, I feel happy to be alive. Now, I just want to live for a thousand years.

… but if I live that long.

… … .

Will I ever be able to reach the future where my uncle exists?

While listening to Media's voice, Kanggeomma looked at the traces engraved on the monolith.

The handwriting gradually became more refined as time passed. Each letter contained reflections on life and struggles.

"Just do one of them, you idiot… … ."

Kanggeomma muttered to himself. The bird had a hard time holding back his moans.

At that moment.

-Pfft!

[The status of the person has risen greatly.]

Kanggeomma closed his eyes and rested his forehead on the rough stone surface. Then he kept pounding on it.

It's been a long time since I've felt this emotional.

If only there were no eyes to see, I would have cried out loud.

* * *

After finishing our business, we left the Seoul branch. Despite the media's persistent attempts to stop us, Changseong came out to greet us.

Just before getting into the car, Changseong asked to shake hands and said.

"I'm sorry I sent you away without even offering you a single meal. I didn't really do anything for you either."

"… … ."

I stared at the thick hand and then grabbed it. I answered in a calm voice.

"Let's do it next time you come to Korea."

Both Changseong and Media were startled by the refreshing acceptance.

Even the proposed creation was met with a surprising reaction. Changseong, who was momentarily dumbfounded while shaking hands, smiled with his teeth exposed.

"Hahaha, that's definitely true!"

After receiving numerous greetings, Media and I got into the car, and the black sedan took off right away.

I looked out the window for a moment and then turned my gaze to the side. I saw Media dozing off.

Slap.

Soon her head settled on my right shoulder, silently offering me her shoulder.

The driver, who had been watching through the rearview mirror, also slowed down to an appropriate speed. The exhaust noise became quiet.

Thanks to that, Media was able to sleep soundly without waking up until they arrived at the academy.

* * *

Lancelot Company. This company is considered by far the best among existing hero agencies.

“Haa… haa… … .”

A man was sprinting down the marble-paved hallway. It was All Mute’s secretary, Kane.

Kane finally caught his breath when he reached the door that said Training Room. He opened the door without even knocking. It was against Western manners, but he didn’t have time to think about that now.

“Ellie!”

All Mute, who was shaking a 220-pound dumbbell, just looked away.

“what’s the matter?”

“You, do you remember the sashimi sword you saw at the festival?”

Olmute nodded with a bewildered expression at Kane’s words.

“Of course I remember. This time, the foreign press kept reporting that we had to confront the demons that suddenly appeared during

the Joaquin incident. If you just read the articles, it's almost like he was the reincarnation of the hero of the first era."

"Hey, Ellie! Is this the time to praise your competitor?"

All Mute wiggled his eyebrows.

"competitor?"

"If you and I fight over the Chilseong seat, are you competitors or are you colleagues?!"

"What should I say again?"

When the lukewarm response came back, Kane shouted.

"Is this the time to exercise? I just got a call from the White House. If you don't become the next Chilseong, Ellie, they're going to vote on a bill that's going to hit our company with a tax bomb!"

"What's so strange about paying taxes? It's like paying all the money you haven't paid before."

"Are you kidding me? The amount I have to cough up is a whopping 300 million dollars! 300 billion won! Our company's quarterly sales! What if all of that was confiscated? Can you imagine?"

All Mute lifted and lowered the dumbbells, and asked absentmindedly.

"Paying taxes is a natural duty as an American citizen."

"… … ."

"And you know, I'm not that interested in the Chilseong seat. It's because the White House keeps nagging at me, but it's natural for someone worthy to sit in that seat. Sashimi Geomseong, he's the hero of the Joaquin disaster."

Yes, All Mute is this kind of hero. A straightforward personality that knows how to accept others without reservation.

That's why the public is attracted to her, but on the contrary, it's a headache for the agency.

Honesty? That's good. But in this society, everything comes down to money. But a star who lacks business spirit… … It was no different from insulting the capitalism of the United States.

'Now that it's come to this.'

Kane slumped his shoulders, frowning, and mumbled as plaintively as he could so that everyone could hear.

"Yeah… If that's what your doctor says, then there's nothing we can do. But the 'citizens' who were excited that the next Chilseong would emerge from their home country are all being fools, you know."

"… … ."

"And do you think the company is doing this for money? It's all reflecting the wishes of the 'people.' They sincerely hope that you, who are all mute, will become Chilseong."

Thud- a dull sound. The dropped dumbbell rolled across the floor and hit Kane's foot. Kane glanced at All Mute.

Her complicated feelings were completely reflected in Olmute's eyes. She stood still for a while and then said.

"Book a flight to Joaquin Academy."

Kane tried to erase the smile that was about to appear.

"When?"

"As soon as possible."

"OK."

Kane immediately called and arranged for a private jet to be ready.

'I'm sorry, Ellie. I know it's petty, but this is the only way for the company to survive.'

The only beast that can provoke the noble hero All Mute.

It was her extraordinary patriotism and nationalism.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 169

Episode 169: Master! Here's another bowl! (1)

The United States. The superpower that reigns supreme in this world as well as on Earth. Vast land, overwhelming resources, and infrastructure that has everything. The United States is the leader in all aspects.

But the path for the United States to become number one in the world was very difficult because its competitors were so powerful.

The only country that can form a two-party system with the United States. It is Korea, my roots from my previous life, and my motherland in this life.

You may wonder. Even though 'Miracle of Protection M' is a domestic game, how can it be on par with the US? If the gap with reality is too big, it actually harms the sense of immersion. Any setting that is too excessive is bound to be criticized.

However, this is a game world overflowing with fantasy elements. Heroes, monsters that cannot be defeated by tanks, and superhumans who fight with their bare hands. If you combine weapons and protection, you can easily create a martial arts novel. And the country that produces the most such heroes is Korea. According to the setting, it is because the soil contains profound energy.

The users didn't ask questions that deeply. The vast majority of users are Korean, and it's a fantasy world anyway. If it's plausible to that extent, it's acceptable.

In any case, the United States has a remarkably low rate of producing heroes, even compared to other great powers.

Even though there's All Mute, there aren't any notable American heroes other than her.

If it weren't for All Mute, America would have long since fallen out of the hero society. That's how much we depended on her.

Of course, it wasn't like the heroes were fighting each other. They were having friction with each other in a situation where there was a public enemy, the Demons? It would be a disaster.

But isn't it also said that human history is the history of war?

Even on Earth, people don't shoot each other with nuclear weapons. It's the same. Heroic power is a means to show the national power of a country and maintain the confrontational aspect.

In this world, it is difficult to have a place in the international community just because you have a lot of money. So the United States has a different strategy. If Korea raises heroes, the United States buys heroes with its money.

And they built their own unique system called 'Hero'. They carried out marketing that branded the heroes while not being eliminated from the hero society.

It was a symbol of wanting to extract a lot of benefits from the large sums of money spent on importing the products. This country can truly be called the epitome of capitalism.

…and now, this moment.

I am feeling anew what kind of country America is.

"It's a blank check."

An American man who introduced himself as Kane hands me a check.

"Would you like to become a hero for our Lancelot Company?"

I was just out to the mart to do some groceries and they asked me to become a hero. What is this situation? I looked around, wondering if they were filming YouTube.

There was no camera or any other sign. I put the green onion I was holding down and asked in a stern voice.

“I don’t know how you found out, but wouldn’t it be against the agreement for the Hero Agency to approach a cadet?”

Kane responded with a capitalist smile.

“Originally, that would be the case. However, we at Lancelot Company cannot delay any longer. We simply wish to quickly treat you as you deserve. Agreement? The atmosphere has been tense recently, hasn’t it? With the air of war starting to circulate since the Joaquin Incident, we cannot afford to worry about such trivial matters.”

Kane continued speaking, his mouth licked with saliva.

“And if Mr. Geumma is willing to join us, our VIP from the United States can personally contact the Joaquin Academy.”

“… VIP? Who is that?”

“I don’t want to mention your real name, but can I say you’re the person who lives in the ‘White House’?”

The White House? No, is it okay to have this conversation at the grocery store?

“We at Lancelot Company promise to give you the best treatment, Mr. Geumma. Not only that, we will also issue you American citizenship without any procedures. Oh, and… … .”

Kane kept talking like that. If I tried to get away, he would tell me about even more special privileges. They were all extraordinary privileges. I was dumbfounded when I heard them. At this rate, I thought he would buy me an island if I wanted.

‘I smell a scammer.’

It was around this time that suspicions naturally arose.

Hot.

Suddenly, someone appeared from behind and grabbed Kane's shoulder. Kane flinched for a moment and turned his head.

"…Who are you?"

"I'm the manager of that guy, Geumma."

Weapon answered with his brow furrowed. Kane also looked displeased.

"I can hear you overstepping the line. And you must have seen what happened to all the kids who tried to trick Geomma."

Weapon spat out the words before Kane could even open his mouth.

"Why do you keep beating around the bush about selling the next Chilseong seat in exchange for a blank check?"

Description: Speed Weapon is here to help.

* * *

Meanwhile, in the principal's office, two women are sitting across from each other at a reception table.

"…Ellie, are you talking about that right now?"

Media's face, which had been silently listening to the story, distorted into a hideous grimace. She glared at Olmute with sharp, sharp eyes.

"You want to recruit Kenma to your agency in the United States?"

All Mute returned the blow with his back straight.

"Yes. Sashimi Kensei, considering his skills, it would be inefficient for him to stay at the Academy any longer. It would be much better for him to receive professional care and treatment in the United States. Even the White House considers Kang Kensei to be a national force."

Boom! Media's fist smashed the armrest of the sofa like a piece of tofu. The fist trembled on the shattered piece.

"Ellie, do you know how much you are insulting me when you say that? Your skills are so outstanding that you want to manage the swordsman directly in your agency? Are you kidding me? Do you dare to deceive me?"

"… … ."

"I know that none of these words are your intentions, but they are ultimately those of the Lancelot Company and the White House."

"… … ."

"Lancelot Company? The White House? They want the 'next Chilseong'. They want to push All Mute as much as possible, and if they feel like their position is being pushed back, they'll just pay for and recruit Geomma. Do you think I don't know that? What the White House wants is for an 'American' to sit as the next Chilseong. Even if that's not All Mute, or you. Right?"

The green eyes of Mediah burned brightly.

"But what really pisses me off is that you're acting as a parrot for such trivial things. Tell me, Ellie. Is that what the Academy taught you? Where did you go from being such a straight-forward cadet to becoming a messenger of such words?"

Olmute, who had been frozen like a statue, finally ground her teeth. She raised her head fiercely.

"I… didn't mean to say something like that! But this much, the people desperately want the next Chilseong to come from the United States!"

All Mute confessed in a loud voice.

"Didn't the principal say that a true hero should act according to what the public wants? I have never disobeyed him. It's just that my methods are different from when I was a cadet. Because I know now that there is no such thing as teenage romance in this world!"

“What are you misinterpreting? You’re saying that the method has just changed? Do you really want to get beaten by love for the first time in a long time?”

“How long are you going to treat me like a child!? I know it’s true, but I’m the one who is predicted to succeed the sword master. That means that my military power is on par with that of the current Chilseong heroes. And don’t you remember that time when I was beaten by the headmaster’s love and had to be treated for two months!?”

As a sense of shock filled the principal’s office, Media soon relaxed her fist. Then, she suddenly threw her words out the door.

“Let me in.”

At the same time, the door opened and the clanking of shoes resounded.

“…Mao Lang? Why are you here?”

All mutes have blank faces.

“It’s been a while~”

Mao Lang, a former academy classmate of mine, waves her hand and greets me.

Media said, putting her hand on her temple.

“Ellie, I called you when I heard you were coming to Korea.”

Mao Lang smiled and added.

“You ended up having an unexpected reunion? I didn’t mean to overhear, but Khan, you seem to have changed so much.”

All Mute’s eyebrows were twisted as if they were twisting. Mao Lang looked at her intently and muttered to himself bitterly.

“That’s why I was so jealous of you, but in the end, you got infected too. Just like me… … .”

Mao Lang quickly wiped away the bitter smile that appeared on his lips for a moment.

“Director, may I make a suggestion?”

Media nodded. Mao Lang smiled and continued.

“I think that in times like these when opinions are at odds with each other, it’s best to compromise in the most Joaquin Academy-like way. Fighting with words only hurts feelings and doesn’t lead to an answer.”

“The Academy-style?”

All Mute tilted his head diagonally. Mao Lang narrowed his eyes and opened his mouth again.

“Of course it’s subspace sparring. What else do we learn as cadets besides fighting?”

“… … .”

“You’ve even fought in subspace, so what else would the White House or your company’s higher-ups say? Then, Khan, you’ll have a reason to say, ‘I did my best.’”

After hearing Mao Lang’s proposal, Olmute was absorbed. At first glance, it seemed absurd. He came to persuade me and suddenly had to have a subspace duel.

But if you prove yourself on the spot, things will be easy. The recruitment of Kang Geum-ma was just a word from the company.

To be honest, this was also what Olmute had been prepared for. Although he is a person who knows how to acknowledge others, it is not like he has no pride at all.

Whenever I compared myself to the strong swordsman around me, my throat got stuffy… … .

‘If I win, America’s prestige will be strengthened.’

Mao Lang sneered as All Mute pondered.

“Khan, I think you misunderstood. What I meant was that after you get beaten up by Kanggeomma, you should know your place. You can’t beat him like that. Even if you hold out, you’ll only be able to hold out for 20 seconds? If you use all your abilities, you’ll be able to hold out for about 50 seconds.”

A mocking laugh. Bloodshot eyes appeared on Olmute’s temples. She immediately contacted Kane.

“Are you with Ganggeomma? An uninvited guest suddenly showed up while you were doing business? Persuade him and bring him to the training ground.”

[@#$&*… @#%$%]

“Why, why?”

All Mute said, stretching his neck from side to side.

“To make the world tremble and China tremble.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 170

Episode 170: Jumo! Here's another bowl! (2)

While Weapon and Kane were engaged in a fierce argument, Kane suddenly received a phone call and cautiously asked after the call.

"Excuse me… Sir Sword, could you do a subspace duel with Mr. All Mute… … ?"

What kind of nonsense is this? When I showed my displeasure, Kane quickly added.

The reason, of course, is unknown to me. However, Mr. All Mute really wants to have a duel with Mr. Sword. I will compensate you so that you won't be disappointed. I frowned at these words.

Her companion noticed that she was accompanying him, as it was written on Kane's business card from the beginning as 'Manager of All Mute'.

But then you came out of nowhere and started talking such strange and fancy stuff and now you want me to fight All Mute because you're going to give me money? Are you crazy?

And I'm not a mercenary, so if I get paid to fight, do I have to complain? That doesn't make any sense.

Still, as expected from Lancelot Company, the amount was enormous. 1 billion won for one subspace match. It was a huge amount of money for a teenager. It was hard to refuse.

But aside from the monetary offer, I don't want to point a knife at someone like Ammon. She's a total stranger who has no contact with All Mute. There was no reason to fight her.

Only the reporters will be happy because they have more firewood. And the unnecessary attention I get is a bonus. If you calculate the profit and loss, it is a clear loss.

'I guess I'll have to send you back because you're so scared.'

If you blow my life away once, I'll tremble and run away. I don't want any more trouble.

"Let's do it, manager."

The weapon next to him spoke in a loud voice.

"This is probably a duel to decide who will be the next Chilseong. I think they had a bit of a stalemate while talking to the academy director, so they changed course in a hurry."

Weapon is one of the few people around me who knows that I am the successor to the Sword Master. That may be why there was more truth to what I said.

The weapon continued to speak.

"If I were to explain it in a way that would convince the manager, it would be even more annoying if you refused to spar. The media would be full of articles criticizing you."

Come to think of it, that's true. There's no way the United States, which is good at manipulating public opinion, would hide such bait. They'd go around talking about it and blabbering on about it.

'If that's the case, then maybe we should just nip it in the bud with one fight.'

But I still didn't feel like it. After my level rose, I wanted to avoid unnecessary fights as much as possible.

But, at that moment.

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

[EVENT! A sudden event has occurred.]

Use the protection of the next level to truly educate your opponent!

◆ Rewards:

1) You can find out the ‘location’ of the third memory fragment of 【???】.

2) You can increase your proficiency in the protection of the next power.

◆Conditions:

1) The more thoroughly you defeat your opponent, the steeper your skill level will increase.

[※ This is an event where consent is voluntary.]

[※ However, if you refuse, the acquisition of the third memory fragment may be somewhat delayed.]

＝＝＝＝＝＝＝＝

Well then, what.

There’s no need to think too deeply.

* * *

This subspace training is being held in a quiet atmosphere. It is not long since the Joaquin disaster. However, if another major incident like this happens, the Academy’s image will be bad. That is why only the people involved are present in the training hall.

Kanggeomma looked at Olmute. The tight-fitting costume with the American flag on it really popped out. The sight of her doing gymnastics here and there while wearing that outfit and loosening up her body. He sighed inwardly.

‘Wouldn’t it look cool wearing those clothes?’

I thought about it from the beginning, but it was a design that crossed the line. If it was cosplay, then I guess it would be okay, but since it was a functional suit, it felt doubly uncomfortable.

What if I had fallen for the blank check and signed a hasty contract? A costume with the Taegeukgi on it? A name like Kimchi Warrior? Just thinking about it made me shiver.

Kanggeomma sighed and picked up the sashimi. Just yesterday, Buland had sent Murasame, who had just finished strengthening.

Srrrrung-

The pure white blade reflected my face perfectly. As I looked at it like a mirror, my mind became clearer. My favorite character was evolving day by day. A smile spread across my face without me realizing it.

It was a sparring match where the back was pushed, but it wasn't bad as a performance test. Kanggeomma took his eyes off the blade and looked at Olmute again. To be exact, he looked at the weapon she was wearing.

A pair of bracelets worn on each wrist. The twins' rings, a special weapon even among S-class weapons.

It also went perfectly with All Mute's Blessing [Blessing of Blocking]. It was a perfect example of the compatibility between the user and the weapon.

As I stared intently, Olmute turned his gaze this way. She said, rubbing the bridge of her nose.

"I sincerely apologize for the sudden request before the sparring. I heard you declined, but if you change your mind, you can always ask for money."

Kanggeomma trembled at the extremely polite tone. He had expected a murderous expression on his face, but instead he looked apologetic. Kanggeomma nodded appropriately.

"I was flustered, but I don't want to fight you in a price-based

manner. And you probably have your own circumstances. Let's both do our best."

Only then did Olmute smile faintly. Then he fixed his expression and became cold and serious.

"… Then I will truly do my best without any consideration for circumstances."

All Mute muttered coldly, his eyes filled with anticipation.

[The subspace curtain will now be deployed.]

[May the protection of the hero be with you.]

Phew.

An artificial air current enveloped the distance between the two people. Olmute squeezed his eyes shut and opened them.

And immediately the protection manifested.

Sssss.

In the eyes of All Mute, the pupils disappeared for a moment, leaving only the irises. The blood vessels around the eyes formed like spider webs.

Protection of Blocking. A protection that takes away one of your senses: sight, hearing, smell, touch, or taste.

At first glance, it seems like a curse rather than a blessing. However, when you give up one sense, the other four senses are amplified.

The more you block yourself, the stronger you become. That's why Khan Elizabeth was called All Mute.

Khan gave up his 'sight' in this duel. It's okay if you don't see, because your hearing is expanded to the extreme to detect your surroundings widely.

It didn't stop there. She clapped her hands together, clapping her

bracelets. The ringing sound of the bells rippled through the air and quickly wrapped around the sword.

"… Huh, white eyes and twin rings? It looks like Ellie has made up her mind."

Media, who was watching the duel, laughed in vain. Mao Lang, who was sitting cross-legged next to him, answered.

"That's right. Twin's Link, a weapon that makes the opponent give up the senses that you blocked. But Khan, this guy doesn't have normal senses, so giving up sight isn't a weakness. Rather, it's a buff. On the other hand, the opponent… … ."

"Humans rely on sight for over 90 percent of their biological functions, so if that were suddenly taken away from them? You could practically say they're incapable of combat."

After cutting off what she was saying, Media turned her gaze to Kanggeomma. He was standing there blankly. His eyes were clouded, so it seemed that his vision was also blocked.

Mao Lang asked, untangling his twisted legs.

"Principal, doesn't this person's aura look a lot different than usual? He already had a stoic expression, but when he stands there like that, it's definitely."

There was no movement on Kang Geum-ma's face. It was so frail that it was hard to believe that he had been deprived of his sight for a moment.

"Yeah… It's like using the realm of imagination in reality… … That's the feeling."

Media replied, drooling.

On the other hand, Kanggeomma felt a sense of foreboding. It was similar to the dream he had the previous time where the God of Swords appeared.

"under."

A short laugh escaped from the gap. All stimuli were blocked. I couldn't tell if I was standing or sitting. But there was not a single ounce of anxiety in my head. On the contrary, I felt refreshed, as if I had been breathing air.

Kanggeomma closed his eyes. He tried to collect his scattered senses without opening them.

Things that can only be perceived when the eyes are not visible. When external intervention becomes shallow, new stimuli are presented from within.

Touch, even the breeze brushing my cheeks prickled like needles. Smell, the smell of the earth was thick, as if my face was buried in the sand. Taste, the taste of cellular tissue lingered in my mouth. Finally, hearing… … .

Kwakwakwang! The scene of the ground being crushed was stuck in my ears. The all-mute sound of the ground being kicked changed into a clear scene.

The swordsman didn't move. This sound came from the future, not the present.

The protection of the next power. The ability to cross the time line for a split second. It was a protection gained through the Monolith.

[Secondary Protection Proficiency – 8%]

Kanggeomma took a stance. His muscles prepared the optimal movement for the future he had glimpsed through his eyes. It was truly strange. It was like grading an answer sheet. He could make a judgment without having to choose.

Kwakwakwang!

The sound of the explosion once again. The reality and the future interlock at one point.

The swordsman lifted the sashimi he had caught from below upward. The blade, moving at high speed, drew a diagonal line instead of a straight line.

It was a strange sight. Even if I had predicted the attack, it seemed premature. It was just a sword swing into the air.

however.

Olmute, whose feet had just left the ground, stumbled. She managed to stop in the middle with great difficulty, using her legs. She immediately felt her left side. It was empty. Her left arm seemed to have been eaten by something and disappeared.

All Mute's eyes opened wide.

'Uh, how… … ?'

He was planning to aim for Kanggeomma's temple with his left fist. However, before he could even get close, his left arm, which had been holding his intention, was cut off. How should he accept this strange phenomenon, what should he say? His mind was also bleached as white as his eyes.

[Secondary Protection Proficiency – 12%]

At that moment, the sound of footsteps telling me that this was reality.

All Mute tried to step back. Kanggeomma lightly swung the sashimi. Then, his feet felt like they were tied to the ground and he couldn't move. He didn't have any strength.

A moment later, his upper body tilted. Only then did Olmute realize that both his ankles had been cut by the sword just a moment ago.

[… … 15%]

I tried to scream. A silver line curved and my throat gave out. Instead of a voice, blood belatedly burst out of my throat.

[… … 17%]

Before the person concerned could even form an intention, his limbs were cut off one by one. He was even deprived of his freedom of thought.

Kanggeomma wasn't a mind reader. If he had been such a guardian, he would have accepted it.

All Mute saw the figure approaching with brisk steps. The pressure caused his brain to stop working. Even though he had lost his eyesight, the shape was clear.

I was aware of Kanggeomma's strength. Didn't you see his fight with Mao Lang?

At that time, it was a swordsmanship where the process and result were reversed. But, how is it now? He swings his sword before even forming an intention. It's as if he's looking into the future.

All Mute's eyelashes fluttered. The tingling sensations transmitted information from the scene to his brain.

The sword demon is coming.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 171

Episode 171: Master! Here's another bowl! (3)

All Mute's secretary, Kane, was dazed. He blinked his wide-open eyes several times.

The shock was so great that my head was spinning. Was this a dream? I only had vague doubts. However, the cold sweat that had formed on my nose reflected reality.

He strained his eyes and looked at the smokescreen. Olmute was lying there with her limbs cut off. Kanggeomma walked towards her.

In order to finally conclude this unfinished duel, he approaches the already helpless Olmute.

At that sight, large beads of sweat ran down his cheeks. He shouted without realizing it.

"Ellie!"

As if responding to that sound, Kanggeomma turned his head. Cold, piercing eyes stared at him. At the same time, he felt as if an invisible hand was tightly grasping his heart. Kanggeomma spoke with a murderous look in his eyes.

Quiet.

Kane's focus blurred at that muted word. He scratched at his throat as if something was stuck.

“Crash… … .”

With a short groan, Cain fainted. Just before his consciousness completely flew away, Cain thought. The rumor that he had caused the ogre’s heart attack was true.

Mao Lang’s face also became shocked when he saw Kane, who had fallen down. His legs, which had been crossed arrogantly, naturally became polite.

After the sparring, Mao Lang went to see Olmute and tried to mock him by laughing out loud. That was the only reason he came all the way from China.

But then I really felt like doing that. It had to be something. Mao Lang looked at Jiang Jian Ma. His lips were as dry as a seaweed.

‘Now you’ve become a real monster.’

Kang Geum-ma had not developed since the time he had sparred with her. That was evolution. If I were to draw a graph, I could picture a straight line rising at a 90-degree angle in my head.

‘If I had fought the current Kanggeomma… … .’

A chill ran down my spine. My pupils shrank. Then my lungs contracted and expanded repeatedly. My stomach rumbled and my throat tickled.

Hiccup! Mao Lang covered his mouth. His hands were trembling. If Kang Geum Ma’s eyes were to turn here, he would not be able to avoid looking like Cain.

Mao Lang no longer regarded Jiang Jian Ma as a fellow human being. It was a sword-wielding monster.

Mao Lang bit his tongue to hold back the hiccups. It would be a big deal even if his tongue was cut off. It was better than becoming a victim of a monster. Shiver shiver.

In the midst of the crucible of fear, Kanggeomma soon came close to Olmute. He looked down at the results of his creation.

All Mute's life responses were shaky and weak. If there was a living corpse, it would be like this. In short, it was just horrific. My eyebrows furrowed.

'I didn't intend to go this far.'

It was because I was temporarily blinded by [Protection of Blocking]. If I had been able to see, I wouldn't have been so disoriented. In fact, I felt like I had taken excessive measures to increase my proficiency in [Protection of Charity].

'I have to finish this right away.'

Kang Geum-ma lifted the sashimi with that determination.

At that moment, Olmute spoke, only moving his lips. Blood gushed out from his severed vocal cords.

"Please… save me… … ."

All Mute forgot that this was a subspace duel. He was so immersed in fear that his cognition had flown away.

Even though she was the strongest hero, she was also human. When a human faces death, their minds tend to become tangled.

Sashimi, who was aiming at Olmute's forehead, stopped. Kanggeomma scratched his head with the bottom of his sword handle.

"I don't know what you're saying because I don't speak English."

"… … !"

"But it still sounds like you want me to finish it quickly."

An earthquake struck All Mute's pupil. He tried to stop it by raising his hand in a hurry. But he had no arms. This sword demon had taken all his limbs.

Urgency and fear were intertwined. All Mute flailed around. Kanggeomma softly consoled her.

“It’s okay. It won’t hurt if you finish it in one go.”

Kanggeomma spoke like a dentist. But to Olmute, it looked different. He looked like a Japanese chef about to stab a gill. Olmute let out his usual scream.

“FUCK!”

Oh, right. This curse word was universal. Like the Korean word ‘shit’.

“swear word?”

The reaction was immediate. Kang Geum-ma’s arrogant expression distorted violently. Koreans, the land of courtesy in the East, do not tolerate rudeness. The sashimi that had stopped in midair began to move.

A sparkling liquid formed in Olmute’s eyes. The moment tears of repentance flowed, a blade struck his head.

Bam!

All five senses of All Mute were completely blocked. The price for swearing was death.

* * *

“Are you coming to your senses?”

At that sound, Olmute’s two eyes opened. She glanced to the side and sighed.

“…Mao Lang.”

“But you still have the presence of mind to remember my face? After the duel, my eyes rolled back completely, so I thought I was really dead.”

Mao Lang giggled and sat down on the hospital bed. She asked, tapping her foot wistfully.

“So, what are your thoughts on sparring with Kanggeomma?”

All Mute couldn't answer right away, because he hadn't completely made up his mind yet.

She held the quilt for a long time and then unfolded it before speaking.

"It was a monster. I couldn't even guess at the level of the strong swordsman. I thought there might be some possibility before I met him, but it wasn't. I couldn't even draw out his sincerity."

"… … ."

"If it was only the lack of force, I would have thought of overcoming it. But the depth of the conflict was so deep that I couldn't even see the bottom. To be honest, it was just an overwhelming difference, so if I were to list the reasons for my defeat, it would be endless."

Mao Lang stared at Olmute, who was mocking himself calmly.

Khan, who grew up without knowing defeat. She, who had been suffering from an inferiority complex since childhood, was defeated today. At least she thought she would show herself to be better than him.

Mao Lang groaned quietly inwardly. Then he tried to sound triumphant as he spoke.

"Right? I told you that I wasn't treated unfairly during the festival. After that incident, I was treated with all kinds of contempt by the hero society. Oh my. Anyway, you should know since you've dealt with me. Kanggeomma was a monster, not me. Do you admit it or not?"

"I admit it."

Khan nodded obediently. Mao Lang's face turned pale at his indifferent response.

Khan said with a blank face.

"And I never thought of you as weak in the first place."

"… … ?"

A question mark spread across Mao Lang's eyes. Khan asked as if something was strange.

"You were second to me during your cadet days. Second to me at Joaquin Academy. That means a lot. If you had trained consistently, I probably wouldn't have been able to guarantee victory."

Mao Lang bit his lips as he listened to the argument. He had come to make fun of him, but instead he was being praised.

Mao Lang roughly tousled her hair. After clearing her mind of distracting thoughts, she opened her mouth again.

"So Chilseong has completely given up now?"

"Yeah. I've lost this much, so I can't be stubborn any longer."

"What's going on, you patriotic girl? I thought you were going to challenge me again, representing the United States of America."

"If the opponent had been cruel, I wouldn't have given up until the end. But that sword… no, that swordsman is the hero of the Joaquin tragedy. It's not right to be stubborn toward someone like that."

"But then, wouldn't the White House or Lancelot Company quietly tease you? Even if you're a Sashimi Sword Master, there's a high chance that they'll ask you all sorts of questions, saying that you couldn't beat a single cadet."

Mao Lang's voice was full of concern. Olmute's expression seemed somewhat surprised. When he was a cadet, he would only scold me fiercely, but now that he is an adult, he gives me advice like a friend.

It must have been because a consensus had been formed that he had been 'defeated by the strong sword demon'. It was a strange feeling. He even felt a little gratitude towards the sword demon who had mercilessly beaten him.

A smile appeared on Khan's lips. Then he shrugged his shoulders slyly.

“Put all those people in front of Kanggeomma. They’ll probably fall over just by making eye contact, like Cain.”

“Phew, why are you joking when it’s not like you? When a serious person says something like that, it makes me feel really uncomfortable.”

“This is American stand-up comedy. Come visit America later. The food and facilities are no joke.”

“Huh, you’re the one who’ll be addicted to food when you come to China?”

Outside the hospital room where the conversation was in full swing, Kang Geum-ma, who was about to knock, stood there for a moment.

“It’s a class reunion, so I don’t think it’s right to interrupt.”

He just placed a basket of fruit in front of the door and quietly left.

* * *

[Location of the third piece of 【???】: Pertinax Secret Auction House.]

[Tip: As you proceed with the auction, you will naturally find out what the third fragment is.]

I lay down on the bed and looked at the status window before closing it.

“…Why is it in a place like that?”

Pertinax’s Secret Auction House. I was a user at the time, so I knew the general inside story.

A huge trading floor created by groups of cancer cells. It is large in scale and they say they have everything for sale except for the items that are not there.

As the ominous word ‘secret’ suggests, it did not sell commonly available items. The auction items were only disgusting things that

were too much to even mention.

There were even rumors going around that the Villain Alliance executives were attending in hiding their identities. It was hard to emphasize how shameless this place was.

I already shudder at the thought of crime. It was a very uncomfortable thing to go to that den of such men on my own two feet.

But if it's a bit unpleasant, you can just close your eyes and attend. The problem was something else.

The Pertinax Secret Auction House is a membership-based operation. In short, you need a membership card to enter. Of course, I, a good citizen and teenager, don't have that.

'Damn, I just got my association pass and now I have to get an auction house membership card too?'

Moreover, since the location is an auction house, it means that I have to bid on something. There's no way I have that much money. If I had known this would happen, I would have quickly received 1 billion as a subspace training fee, damn it.

There are two problems to solve.

First, somehow get a membership card. Second, prepare the amount to bid.

The only good thing is that I was able to save up the living expenses that an unknown sponsor sent me, penny by penny.

Of course, it's infinitely lighter than the wallets of those participating in the auction.

This 500 dollars of dirty money is more valuable than the dirty money of criminals.

I looked up at the ceiling and came up with a plan. First, I needed a membership card. Since I didn't know how to get one, I had to think of someone who might be around me.

“… But, are there any people around me, who are Academy students, who are involved in such underworld?”

As I was muttering like that, an electric current suddenly ran through my temple.

There is just one person. I got up and made a phone call.

Tutu – Click.

A loud clattering sound comes from the other end of the phone. It looks like the call was answered in a hurry.

[Hey, hello. What are you doing out this late at night?!]

“Choi Seol-ah, do you have a membership card for the Pertinax Secret Auction House?”

I paused for a moment, then ordered more.

“It would be better if you also have savings.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 172

Episode 172: Pertinax Auction House (1)

“You can bring one person with you if you have an auction house membership card? Is that possible in a secret auction house?”

[Yes, even if this is a secret auction house, in the end, you have to constantly attract new customers.]

“It seems that existing members also act as intermediaries to bring in new customers.”

[Yes! That’s right.]

Even if it’s a secret auction house, you have to attract customers consistently. You have to keep generating profits. Money is what the underworld likes the most. A regular supply of money is essential to them.

But then again, a dilemma arises where advertising cannot be done openly.

That is why they probably chose the ‘referral through an acquaintance’ method as their recruitment policy.

[But are you really going to the Pertinax Secret Auction House? There are a lot of bad guys there… … . They don’t pick and choose their customers. Murderers and all, even villain executives often come here.]

I knew it, but hearing it directly was absurd.

“No, then what can we do at the national level? Why not just leave it alone?”

[As far as I know, the government secretly approved it. For example, casinos are places for gambling, but they just leave it alone! It’s similar. If you pay a bribe, the higher-ups will hush it up. In the first place, high-ranking officials often visit there.]

The Pertinax Secret Auction House is a location that only appeared in one episode in the game.

But the detailed settings were added like extra flesh, so there was no separate den of bugs. It was disgusting.

It’s the same here as on Earth. Even in the midst of the public enemy known as the Demon Tribe, rotten humans are scattered about.

It was a moment when I realized anew that this world was reality.

Huh- I let out my rising anger with a sigh. Let’s calm down for now. If I keep this attitude, I think I’ll take out the sashimi as soon as I enter the auction house.

‘忍, 忍, 忍, 忍, 忍… … .’

I calmed my racing heart and continued the call.

“What I asked earlier, how much do you have in savings?”

[… My pockets are really empty. As I said before, if you add on the low salary of an academy instructor, life insurance, taxes, etc., the money that falls into my hands is… … .]

Choi Seol-ah made an excuse. I calmed my voice and urged her.

“If you have a Pertinax membership card, it means you have some money.”

[… that, that, that.]

Even though it was over the phone, I could clearly see his pale face. I continued to push forward.

“And you, a person with no money, are showing off your luxury goods on Instagram? You just bought a new Roy Vuitton bag. Do you think that’s worth it for an instructor’s salary?”

[That’s with Bitcoin…]

“Don’t you know that if an academy instructor holds a coin or holds a part-time job, it’s embezzlement? You’re lying all the way. You, it’s all dirty money.”

[… … .]

There was no answer. Silence meant affirmation. Soon, a moist, sobbing voice flowed in from the other side.

Even though it seems like she has regained some of her humanity, Choi Seol-ah is not the type to shed tears of repentance in this situation. This is hypocrisy. These are crocodile tears.

‘I still haven’t gotten rid of my villainous habits.’

I clicked my tongue. Choi Seol-ah’s tone became more humid. She started to squeeze the juice openly.

I was going to give him some mental education again, but he soon started shaking. He was just threatening me too much, so it was time to calm him down a little.

Anyway, this time, I need Choi Seol-ah’s help. If you keep nagging her, she might become uncooperative. Even loyal dogs sometimes get angry.

For reference, I treat Choi Seol-ah like a pet dog. Then, I can roughly figure out how to treat her.

I spoke in a tone somewhere between hard and soft.

“You told me before that you wanted to be an instructor until retirement. To do that, you have to spit out all the money you earned. Think about it, are you sure you won’t get caught for that money? If you get audited or something, you’ll be fired from the academy without a doubt.”

[Ouch, that's true.]

"So at this point, you're just going to dust yourself off and leave. And the reason I'm even saying this is because I saved your life. How can someone who has several life insurance policies and mutual aids not spend that much money on me? On the person who saved their life?"

[… … .]

The sound of gurgling. The silence flowing through the airwaves.

Choi Seol-ah squeezed her eyes shut as if she had made a big decision. She nodded with force in her eyes.

[Yes, I understand. I will consider it a way to clear my name of the bad past and donate the 1 billion I have saved to my lord.]

"I know there's more."

[Two, two billion!]

"… … ."

[Hey, twenty-three billion!]

"Go to the auction house to bid, and tell the truth. If you don't want to get your tongue cut off."

Kiririn- He peeled off a span of sashimi and made a sound with the blade.

[Three billion… … .]

Choi Seol-ah, you were so rich, weren't you? What did you do in your old days? Whatever it was, you had plenty of ammunition.

I got both the "membership card" and the "bidding fee" in one phone call. The corners of my mouth went up involuntarily.

Unless it's the third piece of the one-of-a-kind diamond in the world, three and a half billion won would be enough.

You're lucky.

[… Hey, there's something I'm curious about.]

"What is it?"

Choi Seol-ah asked cautiously. I readily accepted with an excited expression.

This is Choi Seol-ah, who showed her determination to win three billion. She can answer any questions you may have.

[Is this your second life, my lord? No matter how much I think about it, you don't seem like a teenager… … .]

Click.

I hung up the phone right away. I looked up at the night sky, feeling slightly uneasy.

"That's why quick-witted kids are like this."

* * *

It was Friday, the day before we left for the Pertinax Auction House. We had a travel club meeting for the first time in a while.

The place was Starbucks, and as always, I ordered the cheapest espresso.

Weapon was praising his bravery with excitement.

"When the manager was having a hard time at the mart, I showed up and said, 'Wait a minute, what are you doing? You have to tell me everything.'"

Ryozo chewed on those words refreshingly while sipping on a yokan dolce latte.

"Hey, Saki! Are you listening to me?"

"No? You're not listening at all? And Weapon, you were such a fan of All Mute, so why are you so happy that you lost so badly to Kenma?"

"… … ."

Weapon became dumbfounded by Ryozo's counterattack.

He, who was drooping, gave a sympathetic look to his senior. The senior responded with a soulless smile.

"Wow! As expected from Weapon! Oh! You've completely turned the mart upside down. Seriously! The best helper!"

"If that's the case, then don't comfort me, senior!"

"Sorry. Was it too obvious?"

Senior Hana stuck out her tongue in a cute way. Weapon, who had a sad expression, moistened his lips with coffee. It tasted unusually bitter.

Ryozo took a sip of his mug and glanced at me furtively.

She pulled up a chair without making a sound. Then she whispered softly.

"I was thinking of buying you some Korean sushi to repay you for the kimchi stew I bought you last time. Are you free tomorrow?"

"Sorry. I have a prior engagement."

I awkwardly scratched my eyebrows. Ryozo's cheeks puffed out like balloons.

"I've been so busy since the Joaquin incident that I really need to take a number and meet up."

Ryozo, who had been grumbling with his puffy face, soon let out a deep sigh. His swollen cheeks also became thinner.

"Now that I think about it, you've been to the academy director and the association before. You must be tired from being called here and there every weekend. I guess we'll be at the same place tomorrow, too."

"Ah… It's similar. Anyway, thank you. You're the only one who worries about me."

Ryozo's chin took on a pinkish hue.

"Ahem. I don't know what happened, but take care. If anything comes up, feel free to contact me anytime! There may be things I can help you solve remotely!"

* * *

A day passed. I got into the car driven by Choi Seol-ah and went to the city where the auction house was.

The destination was 'Geodam', a city that does not exist on Earth. The motif was exactly the place that appears in the Bat-Man comics.

… I drove along the road for a few hours following the navigation. The lanterns flickered like fireflies on the damp road where there was only darkness.

After a while, a red-light district that stopped the steps of those walking along the street was revealed. The alley where pleasure and entertainment were concentrated showed off colorful neon lights. This was my impression.

'This sucks.'

Even at first glance, nobles steeped in corruption roamed the streets. They all hid their faces behind masks or hoods. But the rotten stench that emanated from beyond them could not be hidden.

The tainted air seems to penetrate my skin. My sense of smell is so developed that even such an ugly sight makes me feel sick.

Choi Seol-ah parked in a suitable spot. Just before getting out of the car, she handed me a hooded mask. It was a mask with a bird's beak.

"You must wear a mask from here on out. It's not really required, but your highness is a famous person and your impression stands out."

I nodded and put my mask and hood back on. When I looked in the mirror, the crow was gone.

At that sight, Choi Seol-ah laughed faintly and put on a mask herself.

It was a squirrel mask with a ribbon.

After we finished preparing, we walked to the auction house. And we arrived at a nondescript building. I had imagined jewels adorning every corner, but the exterior seemed even more refined.

At first, I thought I had come to the wrong place. However, when I saw the long line of people waiting in line, I knew I had come to the right place. We also joined the line.

I suddenly asked Choi Seol-ah.

“Why is the important auction house like this when all the other buildings are so fancy? It looks so old.”

“That’s because this was originally the birthplace of Pertinax, the emperor of the underworld 200 years ago. He said that he asked that his birthplace be used as a dark auction house after he died.”

I’ve seen all sorts of strange people. Isn’t he the emperor of the underworld, or a middle schooler who’s been consumed by the Black Flame Dragon?

While we were waiting, Choi Seol-ah explained about the underworld. It wasn’t very informative, so I nodded appropriately.

The number of people standing in front of us noticeably decreased and it was finally our turn.

At the entrance of the auction house, a man wearing a rabbit mask greeted us. He put one hand on his chest and bowed his head.

“Welcome to the Pertinax Auction House. Excuse me, but may I check your membership card first?”

Choi Seol-ah held out her membership card. Her gesture was unnecessarily elegant. The rabbit looked closely at the membership card and bowed again.

“It has been confirmed, Mr. Squirrel Gongdu.”

Squirrel Gongdu? I instinctively turned my gaze to the side. Choi

Seol-ah turned her head in response. She whistled as if embarrassed.

The rabbit tilted its head at the subtle atmosphere.

“What is the relationship between the gentleman here and Mr. Squirrel Gongdu…?”

“I don’t ask about my companion’s privacy. I guess the Pertinax Auction House doesn’t even manage its employees these days?”

Choi Seol-ah cut off those words sharply. The rabbit waved his hand and protested at her cold tone.

“That’s not true. It’s just that there have been some ominous rumors going around lately about shadow guys stirring things up. That’s why the auction house policy has changed a bit.”

“how?”

“We do not ask about the identity of your companion, but he or she must be at least a close friend of yours.”

“For example?”

“If not, a close relative must be a family member. If there is a problem, we will check your identity record.”

Simply put, the companion’s role is not to attract new customers, but rather to act as a guarantor.

The man said, scratching his rabbit mask.

“But, as a result of the membership card search, I couldn’t find any other family members in Mr. Squirrel’s personal information. I kept searching, but… there are no siblings either.”

As the situation was going in a difficult direction, Choi Seol-ah smiled wickedly. She wrapped her arms around my right arm.

The moment my arm touched her skin, hives appeared. My instincts rejected it.

Choi Seol-ah spoke calmly, leaning a little closer to me.

“This is my husband. We filed for marriage today and came here for an outing. Squirrel Gongdu, Crow Do-ryeong. Doesn’t the picture look pretty?”

“… … ?”

I glared at Choi Seol-ah with wide eyes. Choi Seol-ah’s arms, which were crossed, were trembling. She was already crossing the line, so she was going all out.

“Or maybe I should just show you some naked scenes here? That would be great. Instead, bring the auction house manager as an onlooker. We should all see the good stuff together. Don’t you think so?”

The effect was great. The man quickly put the mask back in place, which had been tilted crookedly, and the situation was resolved.

“I’ve been rude several times today. Please come in, Mr. Squirrel, Mr. Crow.”

We entered the auction house, arm in arm.

With names that sound like they came straight out of a fairy tale, like Squirrel Gongdu and Crow Doryong… … . Damn.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 173

Episode 173: Pertinax Auction House (2)

Choi Seol-ah's body trembled as if her cell phone was vibrating. I glared at her profile. I could feel her pale complexion behind her squirrel mask.

Choi Seol-ah, who had been walking timidly, suddenly stood in front of me. Then, she immediately bowed and apologized.

"I'm really sorry! I couldn't think of anything else, so I digressed."

"I'm not angry, I'm just a little confused. What can I do when the auction house policy suddenly changes?"

It's not that it wasn't true, there was no reason for Choi Seol-ah to be so scared. Rather, she deserves praise. She used her wit to somehow make a stand.

But if I cross the line here, I don't know. It's a habit that comes from my body and I start using the knife first.

I said with a sigh.

"And why would someone who has done so many bad things up until now tremble just because he lied once? Back in the day, there was the villain Gao."

"…My, my lord!"

"You have a humidifier in your eye? Stop squeezing. And please, let

go of this. How long are you going to hold on to it?"

"Oh, sorry. It's too comfortable."

Choi Seol-ah slowly uncrossed her arms and smiled awkwardly.

She hummed a tune and walked ahead, her invisible tail wagging.

I chuckled. It felt like I was walking a dog.

So we passed through a dark passage like a cave and soon entered the main stage of the auction house.

'oh…….'

I was a little impressed by the spacious interior. It was a space that seemed to show what 'wealth' really was, completely different from the boring-looking exterior.

I looked around the interior, which was gilded on all sides. It was very splendid.

But looking at the authors who filled the room, my eyebrows furrowed.

They each held a glass of champagne and greeted each other with their eyes.

Although they were adorned with gorgeous luxury items, they could not look so dirty. It was because of the conversation they were having.

—It's been a while, Magpie Desert. I hope you've been well.

—Haha, I am honored that you are worrying about me, Wild Horse. By the way, what did you come to the auction house to bid on? I am looking for a new pet or slave today… … .

In the conversation, I could smell the rottenness. I wanted to silence that mouth right away. But I had to hold back.

This auction house is a place that is on the border between legal and

illegal. If you lose your temper and use a knife, it will be hard to control.

The main enemies are the Demons and the Demon Beasts, but they are all the same human beings. Even if they are scumbags wearing human skulls, they cannot be harmed without permission.

Kill, but avoid murder as much as possible.

If you just cut down people as you please, many people around you will be in an awkward position.

Moreover, there is a family that punishes such people. If you invade their territory, order will be disrupted.

'I can't help but feel like shit.'

As the two were furrowing their brows in displeasure, Choi Seol-ah, who was walking ahead, gestured.

"Is the middle row okay? That's a good spot. The items you want will be immediately visible there!"

I nodded and followed Choi Seol-ah to sit in the middle row.

There was a tablet PC at each seat.

As I was looking around, thinking, "What is it?", Choi Seol-ah explained.

"When you find the item you want, you can just write down your bid on the tablet. Why do you use a tablet? There are so many people! Isn't it to make things go faster?"

For me, who imagined people holding pickets and shouting out prices, it was a refreshing shock.

Actually, I have experience with auctions in my past life. However, it was not this decadent atmosphere, but a Busan-style auction.

In my previous life, I often bid on live fish at the fish market at dawn. I didn't even use pickets, I just used hand signals and shouts.

I looked over the tablet and left it to Choi Seol-ah. I still don't know what items are being bid on. I guess the status window will tell me when the time comes. I'm already feeling uneasy, and I don't want to get upset for no reason.

As time passed, the seats became almost full. It seemed as if all the corruption in the world had been gathered together.

My expression crumpled as I thought about being in that kind of place too.

'You should bid on what you want quickly and leave. If you keep doing this, they'll actually take out the sashimi first.'

I closed my eyes and crossed my arms. I also closed my ears. While I was silently waiting for it to start, I felt a presence. It was strangely familiar.

I slowly opened my eyes. When I turned my gaze, a man approached me. Even though there were so many people, the man's presence stood out.

It was because of the mask he was wearing. It was a black bird-beak mask, just like mine.

"If there is no seat next to you, can I sit down?"

He came up to me and asked me. His voice resonated dully inside the beak.

I nodded. The man bowed his beak politely and sat down next to me. If crows were to greet each other, this would be how they would look.

'Something feels familiar… … .'

While I was feeling strange and glancing at the crow next to me, a man who appeared to be the host came up on stage.

He was dressed in a ridiculous attire of a clown mask and a splendid suit of gold thread.

The clown stood in front of the microphone. He introduced himself, spreading his arms wide.

“Hello! Honored guests who have visited our Pertinax Auction House! First of all, I am Pertinax 9th generation who will be hosting today… … .”

In contrast to his flashy attire, his speech was very frivolous.

Even the jokes I said were all vulgar. If I had told them outside, they would have landed me in jail.

The audience seated there burst into laughter. This was so damn vivid and realistic that it gave me goosebumps.

“I know you’ve been waiting a long time, so I’ll stop talking! Now, let’s start the auction with the first item!”

The clown nodded toward the back of the stage. The next moment, I doubted my eyes.

A female lion appears with her neck and feet tied in shackles. Her skin is covered in so many scars that you can barely see her bare skin. You can tell how much abuse she has suffered.

But the reaction was amazing. The participants started booing the clown. The reason was that the product was too ordinary.

The clown said with a mischievous laugh.

“Okay, calm down, distinguished guests. Shouldn’t you listen to the end of the Korean? This item may look like a lion, but it’s actually a D-class Chimera Cat!”

Only then did the shouts of rebuke die down. The clown continued with a smiling voice.

“Not only that. As a thoroughly trained demon, he listens very well to humans. Furthermore, since he is our main enemy, there is no problem with morality. The bidding price will start at 50 million won!”

As soon as the introduction ended, the numbers on the screen skyrocketed. At first, the bids that had been moving only slightly in the back seats soon began to change in the front seats.

The sound of fingernails tapping on tablets from all sides never ceases. They are filled with greed to have it at all costs.

Madness was reflected in the eyes of the human behind the mask. A scoreboard appeared in the clouded pupils of the demon's hand.

I was silent. A dark red malice, worse than that of the devil, rose from everywhere. The air was sticky.

In this way, the atmosphere in the auction house continued to ripen.

The clown host wittily adjusted the atmosphere when it felt overheated. His characteristically light-hearted wit played a part.

The participants were holding their stomachs and laughing. On the contrary, my patience was running out. If this continued, I felt like my surging murderous intent would burst out.

"Are you okay, young man?"

At that moment, the crow man sitting next to me called out to me. I looked back at him. I had heard this tone of speech before.

The man faced me. Our beaks were pointed at each other as if they were about to touch. He smiled faintly.

"It's been a while."

"Your Majesty… … is that right?"

"You're slow to notice. I recognized you the moment I saw you. I never dreamed I'd see you again in such an ugly place."

Al'Tair, the head of the Auditore clan, laughed heartily.

"So, what brings you here?"

I answered calmly.

“I came here because I really needed something. I heard that it can only be found here. What brings you here, my lord? Do you have any interest in coming to a place like this?”

“I’ve been coming here every day lately because of work. I don’t feel comfortable in places like this. On the contrary. Isn’t my job to clean up the people here?”

“okay.”

Altair shrugged his shoulders and looked around the auction house. He focused his gaze on the stage. The auction was slowly drawing to a close.

He spoke softly.

“Do you know that? Of all the animals, humans are the only ones who buy and sell animals. In all my years of living, I have never seen an animal uglier than a human.”

“… … .”

“If you think about it differently, that’s what often drives our family to do assassination work… … Oh, sorry. That was such a boring story.”

Altair scratched his beak awkwardly. He changed the topic.

“By the way, what are you bidding on?”

“ah…….”

That was when.

“Attention, distinguished guests! Today, it is time to introduce the masterpiece of our Pertinax Auction House!”

The host raised his voice by tightening his lower abdomen. Some participants’ lips rose as if they had been waiting for this.

“This product is… … !”

The clown artificially intensified the tension. He brought out the kimchi-like feeling to the max with the space in his words.

It was a typical stage production. As cliché as it was, it was also a method that always worked.

The lights illuminating the stage suddenly went out. Then, all the lights in the auction house came back on at once.

The audience's eyes were all focused on the stage. At the same time, a sadistic smile appeared on their lips.

A girl with transparent skin was dragged out, her body completely bound with restraints.

But I can assure you that it was definitely not human. I have never seen anyone with such keen ears.

"Thank you for waiting! This is probably the most unprecedented item in our auction house's history. A humanoid baby dragon!"

Wow wow wow wow wow!

The auction house suddenly became a madhouse.

I, on the other hand, froze in place.

[The third piece of 【???】 has been discovered.]

* * *

"These guys have totally crossed the line."

Al'Tair clicked his tongue and shook his head. I never thought they would actually capture a dragon and put it up for auction. The anonymous tip I had received a while ago was true.

Dragons are the highest class of demons. Normally, even if several heroes cling to them, they are no match for them. However, capturing them is several times more difficult, which is even more painful to say the least.

How did they bring them here? There was only one way. They were kidnapped when they were still young, before they could even develop cognition.

He was indeed a vicious and inhumane beast. However, as the head of the Auditore family, I have seen him since long ago. There are many such ugly people.

The owner looked at the screen with bewildered eyes.

The bidding prices soared with unstoppable momentum. Human malice was measured in numbers and piled up.

‘I guess I should go out soon.’

Although it was an auction house with a government-affiliated relationship, it was difficult to turn a blind eye to this. It could easily lead to major friction with the Demon Tribe.

To cut the trigger for the sake of order. That was the assassin’s job.

As he was about to give a signal to the lionesses who had infiltrated the auction house, the owner glanced to the side.

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma stares at the stage without moving an inch. He looks calm, as if he doesn’t have any emotions.

However, despite that, the party leader was as hard as a rock. Because he had read the emotions that Kanggeomma was feeling.

Anger that crossed the threshold. Some people belittle Kanggeomma as a villain. However, the owner who saw the truth clearly could say for sure.

Kanggeomma is a sage. Sometimes his eyes wander and he swings the sashimi, but even that does not lead to wrong results. Even if the process is violent, his intentions are always right.

Regardless of the reason why Kanggeomma visited the auction house, the owner was certain that his intentions were not impure.

He put his hand on her shoulder. Kanggeomma turned his head towards me. The owner smiled faintly.

“I feel that way too. But cool your head a bit. It would be troublesome for a man who will sit on the throne of Chilseong to get involved in something like this.”

“… … .”

Kanggeomma was silent for a moment. He understood what the master was trying to say.

I was going through a lot of internal conflict. Even if it was just to get a piece of information, trading a life was against my beliefs.

That is also why we have remained silent and not written down a bid price until now.

In that case, it would be better to join the party leader and then approach the dragon.

As Kang Geum-ma’s hand naturally tried to touch her bosom, the owner of the house smiled and stopped her.

“You shouldn’t use a knife that was used to kill a cow to kill a chicken.”

“but.”

“Isn’t this the reason our family exists? If you just sit there and do nothing, you just have to act.”

“Acting… …?”

The lord signaled by snapping his fingers without saying a word.

In response, shadows began to move in places where the light could not reach.

Sssssss.

The host noticed the change, was startled, and took a few steps back.

The shock spread like an infectious disease to the participants, as there were few who did not know who the red eyes and the red-eye were.

“Ah, ah, Auditore!”

The clown announcer urgently pulled out his walkie-talkie. It was an immediate response. He hired mercenaries to prepare for the shadow guys.

The Pertinax auction house fell into chaos in an instant.

Al’Tair suddenly bows his head to me and asks.

“Your Majesty, what should we do?”

…is that what it meant?

I was inwardly impressed. The owner and I were wearing similar crow masks. To others, it would look like we were one and the same.

This is how it turned out, Auditore will take responsibility for this incident while covering up my existence. And this is a gesture to match the rhythm. It seems like the fact that he put me forward as the head of the family was just a whim of the head of the family.

“What should we do with these corrupt people?”

Al’Tair asked again. If it comes to this, we have no choice but to adapt it to this play.

I crossed my legs arrogantly and clasped my hands on them, imitating the weight of the lord I had seen over his shoulder on the night of the purge.

“Aditore.”

“Yes, my lord.”

I commanded in a cold, calm voice.

“Eradicate corruption.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 174

Episode 174 Pertinax Auction House (3)

These people unfold their wings with crow masks at their center. Their blood-red eyes flashed in the shadows of their hoods.

The House of Order, Auditore. They raided the Pertinax auction house.

One, Pertinax IX had known for a long time that the shadowy men had been poking around in the city of Godam lately. Rumors spread quickly in the underworld.

At first, he sent someone to get money from Auditore. The person returned with only a head and no body. It was a clear reply that there would be no conversation.

I knew they were a family of losers, but it was a rejection that was as sharp as a knife.

What if that happens? We should change course. Rather than losing sleep over anxiety, we should respond with the same violence. Pertinax IX decided to hire mercenaries.

However, a bunch of mediocre actors were no match for Auditore. Since he was spending money, he had to hire the right guys.

The 9th contacted the Villain Alliance. And the Alliance readily accepted the Auction House's offer. They even gave away some of the villains who were doing well within the Alliance as mercenaries.

That easy acceptance was unexpected. I thought he would reject it at least a few times. But it was done in an instant. The union demanded a large sum of money, but the 9-year-old paid it without a word.

I heard later that the Villain Alliance was also having a hard time because of Auditore. It was because he was caught by Elder Claude.

Auditore doggedly pursued the Union, gradually eating away at its strength.

The Ventetta that went there to catch the traitor Choi Seol-ah was also annihilated. There was almost nothing to know about the truth. It was just torn to pieces? Judging from the body, it was the work of one guy.

So at this point when the foundation of the alliance was shaking, cooperation with the Pertinax Auction House was a sweet offer.

The front and back of the yard were already swept clean. I had to make money to make up for the loss.

There was mutual understanding. There was no reason for the wicked to refuse that one.

The auction house now has a strong supporter in the form of the union, and the union now has a goose that lays golden eggs in the form of the auction house.

And now, the opportunity has been created to confirm the solidarity between the two groups.

Kwakwang!

Dozens of villain mercenaries kicked down the door and rushed into the auction house.

The leader of the mercenaries, Can, looked around the auction house. He had received the radio transmission, so there was no need to explain the situation in detail.

“Oh, shit. You barged in while I was having a nice dinner. What the hell.”

Phew- Phew.

Can spat out phlegm and rubbed it with the sole of his shoe. He looked ahead with narrowed eyes.

A crow mask sitting leisurely in the middle of an auction house. The author must be Al'Tayr, the head of the Auditore clan.

I had heard rumors about him, but when I actually saw him, he was truly worthy of being called the strongest assassin. Even from a considerable distance away, the murderous intent he exuded was so strong that it made my throat burn.

'This won't end quietly.'

Can gave orders to his subordinates without showing it as much as possible.

"Everyone, move as you've prepared for this situation. We have the upper hand in numbers. But don't let your guard down and focus on attacking the remaining barges. Those bastards' 'protection of the crow' is particularly annoying."

The men nodded. They prepared for battle by putting their index fingers and thumbs together.

"9-year-old gentleman, since we have discussed this with our superiors, we will do what we have to do. However, the lives of the participants are not our concern, so we will fight without caring. Do you understand?"

At Can's words, the 9-year-old was lost in thought. If a bloodbath were to break out, the participants would definitely be involved.

Most of them will probably die. The probability that none of the guests will die is close to zero. So then… … .

Pertinax IX, who was pressing his eyes tightly, spoke in a dry tone.

"I hope that no one survives, whether a participant or a shadow."

Suddenly the can burst into flames.

“I guess I was too harsh on you, 9-year-old. That’s right. If even one of you survives here, rumors will spread around the neighborhood that the Pertinax Auction House is joining hands with the Union. After killing everyone, they’ll just throw the blame at ‘Aditore’.”

“If you don’t say it indirectly… Yeah, that’s what it is.”

“As expected, you’re the one who has a place in the underworld. Yes, if you’re going to handle something, it’s right to do it cleanly so that no one gets hurt. I was originally thinking of getting paid extra, but I like your attitude. I’ll handle the participants as my own service.”

The can bared its teeth fiercely. The nine-year-old grinned back. Malice rose darkly between the two.

At that moment, Can was about to shout to his subordinates in a voice full of joy.

Sgung- thump.

The can’s temple hit the wooden stage floor. Gravity was acting from the side, as if he were lying sideways on a sofa.

…what is going on?

The confusion didn’t last long. The scene that came into his sight was a headless body spurting blood. Can realized that the body was his.

Can rolled his eyes, which were slowly relaxing. A girl looked down, wiping the blood off the blade. Her pupils were so empty that they looked like the eyes of a fish.

Only then did the back of my neck feel hot. The pain had come too late.

Can groaned inwardly, but the sound only lingered in his mouth.

The assassin girl muttered with her cloudy eyes that had become cloudy.

“Once I finish this… I can return to the Academy.”

Chloe gripped the hilt of the sword in her hands. She drove the blade into his head with all her might.

Pok. There was a sound of a pumpkin being stabbed, and soon Can's vision went dark.

* * *

Starting with Chloe, the assassins placed their hands on the hilts of their swords. Then, they all simultaneously activated [Raven's Protection].

Illumination- Auditore disappeared as if he had melted into the space. The next moment, the assassin's sword struck the enemy from the blind spot of perception.

The situation was one-sided. Auditore pushed the enemy back with great momentum. The sounds of death erupted sporadically.

… Kkaaaaaaaaaah!

The assassin's blade doggedly aimed at the villain's hand. His fingers were cut off like corn stalks.

Before he could scream, another sword flew in the opposite direction and pierced his flesh.

The assassins slashed at the villains without any fuss, as if they were one. They peeled off the skin of their enemies as if they were tearing off a piece of wrapping paper.

The villain emptied a handful of the steaming contents. The assassin eventually decapitated him.

To the onlookers, it looked like a scene of slaughtering livestock. It wasn't something that could be called a battle.

It was a necessary procedure, even if it was a bit drastic. The life force of a villain is much more tenacious than that of a human.

So, after boiling the life response of one of them, I had to move the target.

After the night of the purge, Auditore thoroughly analyzed and studied the methods of dealing with villains. Then, he applied them to actual battles. He achieved the result of minimizing damage while greatly reducing the Union's power.

'oh…….'

I was amazed. Villains transform into villains/villains without lifting a finger.

For me, who was always running wild on the front lines, it was not only uncomfortable, but also boring. The Auditore family's power had increased by leaps and bounds.

Chloe's growth was particularly remarkable. I don't know what kind of training she received during the vacation, but her strength has improved greatly. The villain's body was helplessly torn apart by her sword.

'I'll have to be more careful when Chloe returns to the Academy.'

… A short while later, the enemy was annihilated. Only traces of resistance were left as reddish stains on the auction house floor.

"Ma, mama, nonsense, ah, no… … !"

Pertinax IX's face turned dead as a corpse. His knees hit the stage floor with a thud. He threw off his clown mask and vomited out his insides.

It was difficult to endure this tragedy that occurred in an instant with my mind clear.

While the clown was looking at my vomit, Kanggeomma approached with brisk strides.

Black hooded assassins escorted him as if he were their leader, like the leader of a flock of crows.

Kanggeomma crouched down in front of him. He stared at the head of the bastard who was shaking while his hands were on the floor.

“My lord, is there something you wish to find out from this person? Just give the order. Your shadow will use any means necessary to make you confess.”

At that time, Al’Tair politely spoke to Kanggeomma. Kanggeomma’s performance as the head of the household was not over yet.

Kang Geum-ma hesitated for a moment and then shook his head.

“I don’t want to get my hands dirty by doing that. There’s no point in finding out anything from this guy anyway, so just behead him.”

“Now, now, now, just a moment! Lord Auditore!”

The clown grabbed hold of his trouser leg with a look of desperation. Then he started pounding his forehead against his own vomit like a mortar.

“If it’s money, I’ll give you as much as you want! No, if it’s not enough, I’ll hand over the entire Pertinax Auction House. Of course, that includes all of the members’ personal information. So please… … !”

“I have all the members’ personal information?”

“… … ?”

The 9-year-old raised his gaze without realizing it. The crow mask showed the screen of his smartphone. It was indeed full of information about the members of Pertinax.

“Ah, ah, no.”

The 9th generation was more panicked than when the mercenaries were destroyed. How did the information that had been double- and triple-secured end up in the author’s hands?

Even Al’Tair was genuinely surprised that he didn’t know this. That was information that even Auditore’s intelligence could not obtain for a long time.

Kang Geum-ma quietly stood up after staring at the 9-year-old. He

turned around and cast his gaze in the other direction.

A group of masks looking at the stage with tense faces. The corrupt and depraved ones are wearing masks and observing the situation.

You didn't kill a single one. Well, just because they participated in the auction isn't enough of a justification to kill them.

I chuckled. I was reminded again that the Auditore family was a family of order.

But I'm not like Auditore. I may not be able to kill those scumbags, but I can expose their faces.

When the blood clot was in full swing, I asked Ryozo to hack into the auction house network, because I suddenly remembered her words that she could help me remotely.

Ryozo grumbled that the security was unnecessarily thick. Then he quickly stole all the information and sent it to me.

'Ryozo's hacking skills are also improving day by day.'

I handed the smartphone over to Al'Tair and gave him instructions.

"The identities of those present. Announce to the press the details of today's auction."

"Oh, yes yes."

Al'Tair nodded with a trembling face. I stood in front of the clown again. I looked down at him on the floor and opened my mouth.

"Pertinax IX, I know that you don't just trade in demons and beasts. You also secretly buy and sell people."

"… … !"

At my words, the 9-year-old looked like he was wondering how he knew that.

It wasn't anything new to me, since the auction house episode of

‘Miracle Protection M’ was about digging into the inside story.

The 9-year-old muttered with his soul-empty eyes.

“Well, how much background check have you done… … up until that point.”

With this, all of this guy’s evil deeds have been exposed. If it had come to this point, he could have been executed outright without any leniency. It would have been refreshing.

“I will take care of the interest.”

Al’Tair himself raised his sword. The blade struck the neck without mercy. Whew. The clown’s head rolled off the platform.

Al’Tair clicked his tongue and wiped the blood from his blade. He should have tortured him and sent him away, but he held himself back because there were too many eyes watching him. Instead, it would be a good idea to kill all of his limbs.

The lord turned his head to the side. In this chaotic situation, Kanggeomma was releasing the baby dragon from its bonds.

“After dealing with the sinful life, save the sinless life… … .”

The lord was terrified. It had been decades since he had last seen such a thing.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 175

Episode 175: Pertinax Auction House (4)

The curtain has fallen on the Pertinax Auction House commotion. The villains have been slaughtered. The ruler, Pertinax IX, has lost his wicked head.

The remnants who had been hiding behind the stage were also dragged into the hands of the assassin. They were drooling yellow saliva and rubbing their hands frantically. They begged for their lives.

“Please… save me… … !”

Auditore presented them with well-sharpened blades.

Ssung!

Auditore’s work was extremely thorough. He cut off the neck as if it were a piece of fruit. They packed the heads of dead enemies into their bundles without fail.

The participants knelt down and bowed their heads like sinners. Auditore carefully checked their identification information while removing their masks.

“Sob sob. Of all days, Auditore would come knocking on me, damn it.”

“Be quiet. If you don’t want to get your throat cut.”

“… … .”

Knox rebuked him in a dry tone. The participant simply sobbed softly, his expression filled with humiliation and misery.

Among them were high-ranking officials and celebrities. These are names that will be featured prominently in tomorrow’s newspapers.

Even celebrities who could never become famous no matter what they did will become superstars tomorrow, in a bad way.

Participating in the Pertinax Auction House wasn’t illegal, but there was no benefit to being exposed. The more famous and high-ranking one was, the more so.

Moreover, wasn’t the Demonic Clan a commodity today? Strictly speaking, it wouldn’t be strange if they were charged with aiding and abetting crimes.

Even if the judgment of the law passes them by, they cannot avoid the social death sentence. Nevertheless, they sighed in relief, at least inwardly.

Because it’s better than a villain waiting in front of me to get his throat cut.

“Dude, fucking shit… … ! You vicious assassin bastard… … !”

Ssung!

The history of the Pertinax Auction House has come to an end. Clean and uncluttered. It happened in just one night.

* * *

Crunch.

I removed all the restraints on the baby dragon. It was bound with rusty shackles, but these weren’t the usual handcuffs.

Otherwise, how could you capture a dragon, even if it is a baby?

I guess it has the property of suppressing magical power. However, when I put sashimi on it, it snapped like a thread.

I looked at the dragon carefully.

Although its name was clearly a dragon, its appearance was exactly like a human's, although its ears were sharp and extended like an elf's.

"Grrrr… … ."

The dragon growled and hissed. It glared at me with narrowed eyes. Its gaze was filled with hostility and ferocity.

I thought the rebellion would be fierce, but it wasn't as ferocious as if they were going to devour me.

A stray cat soaking wet from the rain is wary of people. It must have been kidnapped by humans and persecuted for a while. Compared to that, its reaction was quite docile.

If I were her, I would have run wild as soon as the chains were off. I would have cursed the humans who made me like this.

'Which one is the demon tribe, huh… … .'

Feeling a little empty, I approached the owner and spoke.

"My lord, could you please reserve a place just for me and the dragon?"

The owner blinked once at my words, then nodded.

"Well, it's been a while since I've been with the previous lord, and I just felt a longing for him, but it's time to return to reality. Okay, I'll make sure to get back to you right away."

"thank you."

"Shouldn't the thanks be here instead? Something that could have ended awkwardly was resolved neatly thanks to you. Anyway, please leave for about 30 minutes. After that, I have to continue the

investigation. I'm sorry."

I smiled faintly.

"That alone is enough consideration, Your Majesty."

The lord responded with a bright smile. And without any explanation, he gave orders to the assassins. He told them to clear out those in the auction house immediately.

Auditore carried out the order faithfully and quickly. They tied the onlookers up like sausages and dragged them outside.

I told Choi Seol-ah to go out too. She pouts and timidly protests. She says she wants to stay by her master's side or something. When I scolded her with my eyes, she immediately left the place.

… Silence fell on the once noisy auction house. It was a silence that would bounce off the walls if you made a sound like "Ah-."

Only then did she stop in front of the dragon again. She cringed reflexively.

I frowned in pity and crouched down in front of him. I got down to his eye level. And then I spoke softly.

"sorry."

"… … ?"

The dragon tilted its head. It wasn't because it didn't understand the meaning of the words. It was because it had been taught through begging that it was able to speak human language.

But why? Why is this human wearing a crow mask apologizing to me? The humans I've met so far have been so arrogant. Aren't they a species that is far from apologizing?

'Why is this person like this?'

While the dragon's mind was in turmoil, Kanggeomma reached out his hand.

Once again, the dragon curled into a ball. Its eyes were shut tightly. Its heart sank.

As expected, humans are humans. Just like any other guy, he'll lull you into letting your guard down and then commit violence.

But the dragon couldn't even fight back and just trembled because the memory of the abuse was imprinted on its skin.

…however.

A warm feeling enveloped my whole body. It's been a while since I felt this cozy.

The dragon opened one eye slightly as his mind became hazy from drowsiness.

In an instant, her eyes opened wide. The wound that the crow human's hand had touched was healing.

[The person's status rises.]

Kanggeomma had no time to check the status window on his retina before he manifested [Protection of Regeneration]. He silently devoted himself to the treatment, forgetting his purpose.

His appearance was very similar to that of an old doctor who used to wear a bird's beak mask.

* * *

[You have obtained the third piece of 【???】, 'Dragon with Torn Wings'. Total number of acquisitions (3/7).]

-Pfft!

＝＝ ＝＝

"She flew through the sky, showing off her wings.

But that symbol was ruined by wrong people.

He who helps her restore herself will become the ruler of heaven.

I will borrow those wings and reach the place where the stars shine.

Ah, lead us there.’

＝＝ ＝＝

♪♬♩♫♪

[NEW! Complete the hidden quest ‘The Dragon Who Regained His Wings’ to receive a reward.]

[▷ It is now possible to manifest the ‘Protection of Communication’.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Tip: Use the Blessing of Communication to talk to the other person. You might get a clue about the fourth fragment?

※ Additionally, her name is Hontail. If you call her by her nickname, ‘Hon’, you will be able to build intimacy quickly. (＞▽＜) Hon is cute(……)]

* * *

I’m still young, but my neck already feels sore. When I look at the status window, I sometimes feel my blood pressure soaring.

… This one, starting with the additional reward [Protection of Communication], is telling you to openly talk to the dragon. Especially the last words left me speechless. It was like a pervert.

‘No, is it right to tell me to talk to the dragon right away?’

Yes, it was an unconscious act to treat her. Her skin was damaged by the human-made shackles and her body was trembling pitifully.

So, without any reason or purpose, I manifested [Protection of Regeneration] and [Protection of Transfer]. I have had many experiences in treating others.

But conversation is a different matter. If I start talking, will they even

respond? It seems far away.

I felt embarrassed and turned my head towards the dragon, that is… Horntail.

She was looking around my body with curious eyes. The hostility that had been burning in her eyes just a moment ago seemed to have somewhat subsided.

‘Is it because he’s a puppy? He’s so gentle.’

But I hesitate to speak to her out of the blue. I treated her, but I am also human. I feel a sense of responsibility, whether I know it or not.

Moreover, my thoughts were not yet in order. As I obtained each piece, I began to doubt whether the Demons were really the main enemy.

In the second fragment, those who slaughtered the ancients were angels.

Now that we’ve reached the third one, humans are in the position of complete villains.

At this point, the flow of thoughts will naturally lead in a different direction.

【???】’s memory seems to emphasize that my main enemy is not the Demon Tribe.

‘Looking back, I remember hearing the words ‘Show me the true devil’ when I was dealing with Vesna.’

Little by little, 【???】’s thoughts are beginning to take shape. Of course, it would be nice if they gave us some definite clues, but they don’t seem to have the heart to do that, so we’ll just have to figure it out like we are doing now.

After contemplating, I stared at Hontail. She must have sensed my gaze as she quickly turned to look at me.

“Ugh.”

She backed away on her butt, making a cute sound. No matter how I looked at her, she looked like a girl my age… … . But her behavior was definitely childish. The complete opposite of Messder.

While I was hesitating, it was she who opened her mouth. She bowed her head. She awkwardly paid her respects in a human way.

“I know.”

After I manifested [the protection of communication], I answered.

-There’s no need to thank me.

“to……?!”

Her eyes grew as big as lanterns, as if she had seen an alien. I sat down next to her, embarrassed.

-What’s your name?

I already know the name because of the tip article. But I asked again. It was the first time I saw you today, so what would you think if you knew the name?

“It’s a horntail… … .”

– Then, can I just call you Hon? It’s a bit difficult to pronounce.

The soul nodded slightly.

My conscience was pricked. I knew how to deal with the other person’s boundaries. Even if they called me a coward, I had nothing to say.

As I was sleeping, the soul opened its mouth and wiggled its fingers.

“How do you speak magic? Judging from the fact that you don’t seem to have any magical power at all, you seem to be human… … .”

-Yes, human. Mare… somehow got used to it.

“…ah.”

Hon looked a little disappointed. Was it because I was wearing a mask? Was it because I was a member of the same tribe?

“Anyway, thank you for treating me. I’m a bit taken aback because this is the first time a human has done something like this for me, but I know you’re not a human with bad intentions. Dragons can tell the truth of words from the moment they’re born.”

—… … .

The young dragon’s words were so eloquent that it made him look pale. Then suddenly, Messdar came to mind.

Even ancient people had a different concept of age than modern humans. If that’s the case, then the common sense gap between dragons and humans is indescribable.

I looked into her eyes. Her gaze had become much softer. In that brief conversation, it seemed that Hon had become convinced that I was not a bad person.

I stared at the soul for a moment and then took off my mask. Thinking about it, I realized I had never revealed my name or face to him.

As soon as my face was revealed, the lips of the soul trembled. Silence flowed. For a moment, no words were exchanged.

“iced coffee…….”

Suddenly she caressed my cheek. The tears that had formed wet her thin eyelashes.

“You’re back.”

I was left in that state by the sudden action. You came back? What do you mean? My mind, which had been like a blank sheet of paper, began to fill with countless questions.

That was when.

Bam—

The door to the auction house opened. I rolled my eyes and looked in that direction. And then my body froze.

"…Geumma Army?"

Oh, something went wrong.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 176

Episode 176: Pertinax Auction House (5)

A chill lingered in the overheated auction house, as if it were a lie. With the appearance of a girl, Chloe.

Look at it-

The already bloodshot red eyes. The blood vessels are dangerously lined around the irises, centering on the red eyes.

How can someone have eyes like that? Those eyes that glow with murderous intent are truly worthy of being called yandere.

'What happened to your promise to vacate the seat for 30 minutes, Your Majesty…?'

I inwardly scolded Al'Tair. Then I lowered my eyes slightly.

As expected. He is holding the Japanese sword in his right hand tightly.

The white blade of the sword must have turned red from drinking its fill of blood. It's been a long time since I've seen you, but you don't seem to have any intention of greeting me properly.

In his left hand he held an ominous bundle. The bottom of the cloth was damp.

A thick liquid drips down. The contents are… what she just cut off and captured herself. The villain's head.

Actually, it makes no sense for me to be trembling at Chloe now. Even if her powers had grown explosively, she would be no match for me.

It's unfortunate, but that's the reality. But when Chloe goes into that 'mode', I get nervous. I think it's PTSD. Their first meeting was so intense.

'shit.'

Chloe stepped forward, her feet moving as if time had stopped.

Only then did Hondo sense the strange air current and turn his head. Hon looked back and forth between me and Chloe, then tilted his head in a cute way.

"Why is that person doing that?"

—… … .

Am I the only one who feels this sense of crisis? I don't mean to blame the soul, but I think it's worth being alert.

Why does it seem like I'm the only one who reacts to those murderous eyes?

It was the same with Ryozo before. Am I being sensitive or are they being insensitive…?

But I was about to say something back to that innocent face. Oh, I really have something to ask her.

'You're back.' There must be some meaning to those words. Let's first deal with this situation and then talk some more.

I stood up, holding my knees. I didn't seem to have any intention of talking to the other person, but I had just acquired the [Blessing of Communication].

In that case, I should make good use of that protection. I plan to use it to pierce her ears, which are closed and immersed in murderous intent. Otherwise, I will have to show my skills.

I took a deep breath and activated [the Blessing of Communication]. I was determined to knock on whatever it was.

-Chloe.

"… … ."

I called his name. His steps didn't stop.

-I think there has been a misunderstanding.

"… … ."

His footwork had become a bit more nimble. A katana in his right hand, a bundle in his left. An alarm went off in his head, telling him that this combination was extremely dangerous.

Even if you manifest [the protection of communication], it won't work. In other words, it means that the other side is refusing communication itself. They don't want to hear or say anything.

Tadadot.

Chloe jumped high into the air. She leaped so high that she could almost touch the ceiling with one leap. She launched herself off the ceiling.

If I were to put into action the phrase "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee," it would be exactly that scene. I groaned.

'I'm going crazy.'

Now that it has come to this point, I cannot avoid a collision. I must respond, even if it is a bit excessive. That is the moment when my hands went into my pockets.

Wedge!

Suddenly, another figure rushed towards Chloe from the side. It was Knox. Appearing like an electric current, he swung the Hongryundo at his younger sister without hesitation.

Chloe, sensing the surprise attack, also swung her Japanese sword.

Chaeng! The swords interlocking in the air of the auction house. The owners of those swords were all family.

Knox chewed his lower lip.

'I came in just in case.'

While I was briefly looking around somewhere else, Chloe entered the auction house.

The reason was that the person wearing the crow mask looked like Kang Geum-ma.

Knox knew this fact all along, but kept quiet.

Because I know better than anyone that Chloe's eyes turn when she sees Kang Geum-ma. Moreover, my younger sister is very thirsty because her return to the academy has been delayed. That's why I hid the truth.

But Chloe knew by smell that the crow mask was a swordsman. She kept twitching her nose and finally… … .

He's not even a dog, and he can tell who someone is by their smell. Even my little brother had the talent to make people shiver.

Knox looked at Chloe again. Her eyes were hollow, like hollow shells.

In this situation, it was impossible to do it moderately. Chloe had been repeatedly developing her combat sense during the vacation. As expected, her potential and experience were combined, and she was reborn as a formidable assassin.

If Chloe doesn't take this seriously, she'll end up suffering.

Knox shook the Hongryundo boldly again. It was the same moment that Chloe swung her sword.

Whoosh! The two sword blades that seemed to be entangled tore through the air. Both were illusive attacks that had manifested

[Crow's Protection].

However, their intentions were different. Knox wanted to avoid a direct hit on his brother.

Chloe, on the other hand, was a distraction to hide the secret. Tch, Chloe clicked her tongue.

Immediately afterwards, she rolled her waist and tightened it. And using that elasticity, she spun around. She charged the sword with acceleration and struck. She struck without stopping.

Kaga River!

Knox received the two Hongryun swords by crossing them in an X shape. To be exact, he held on. Even though he buffered them, his hands felt numb.

The pressure from each and every blow was no joke, as the speed at which it could be attacked was impressive.

Even though I've lost my mind, isn't this really an intention to kill?

Even in this moment of confusion, Chloe regained her rotational power and continued to attack. It cut down on her left and right vision, and in a blink of an eye, she was suddenly stabbed from behind with a blade. It was an attack full of anticipation.

Knox opened his eyes wide. He reduced his thoughts and prioritized action.

The siblings' swords clashed ceaselessly. Inside the dark auction house, scenes that seemed to have been cut and pasted together from a movie film appeared one after another.

Sparks flashed and blinked in the air like car taillights. Occasionally, a silvery line appeared on the ground.

Buck! Buck! Buck!

The two swordsmen played together as instruments, almost like background music. The siblings danced on a stage that resembled an

opera house.

It was a fierce battle, just without any bloodshed. If things continued as they were, neither of them would be able to finish the battle. Furthermore, as the battle intensified, it was Nox who was on the defensive.

Of course. Chloe, whose reason had flown away, was planning to completely finish off her opponent. Knox's goal was to subdue his younger sister, who was much more difficult.

Regardless of skill, it was a fight where Knox was at an overwhelming disadvantage.

'I have to step forward.'

I put my hand on the handle of the knife, leaving my soul behind.

But at that moment.

"stop!"

A loud roar shook the room. Finally, the siblings' swords stopped in front of each other's necks.

A bead of sweat pooled at the tip of Knox's chin and fell onto the blade below. The sweat washed away some of the thin layer of blood on Chloe's sword.

It took a moment for the excitement of the fierce battle to subside. The brother and sister, who had been aiming at each other in that position, eventually put away their swords.

"Haa- haa-."

Knox took a deep breath, his hands on his knees. He ran his hand over his chin. A puff of sweat dripped down his face.

He straightened his back unsteadily and looked up. Chloe's eyes gradually came into focus.

'… Looks like you've come to your senses.'

Only then did Knox take a deep breath and look back. The Auditore members, led by the lord, entered.

The master looked around and then sighed deeply. Then he wiped his face and shook his head.

“I thought you were quiet for a while, but here you are again. How long are you going to keep annoying this old man until he’s satisfied, Chloe?”

Chloe blinked her hazy eyes. Then she collapsed like a puppet with its strings cut. Knox caught her sister. He looked down at his exhausted sister in his arms.

After all, he must have used up all his potential, but he must have felt exhausted. He would not be able to move a finger for a few days. Knox hoped so inwardly.

The situation has calmed down.

The owner spoke to me with an awkward smile.

“I never would have guessed that you would have come into the auction house while I was away for a moment. You must have looked like an eyesore.”

I shook my head.

“No. Knox should be praised more. He showed up at the right time and ended the situation. If I had intervened, the situation would have escalated.”

“My lord!”

At that moment, Choi Seol-ah came running out of breath. She barely managed to hide herself at the dangerous moment, but then appeared with a worried expression.

Choi Seol-ah fidgeted as she narrowed her eyes. She rolled her eyes and avoided eye contact. It seemed like she was being stung.

‘But even if he were there, I don’t think the situation would have

gotten any better.'

Above all, he had no stamina to complain about. Just looking at Chloe in yandere mode makes me feel like Jin is getting sucked in.

I looked at the soul next to me. She was sitting there blankly. The expression on her face that she had shown me before was a blank expression.

It's going to be hard to have any more conversations with him.

But it feels so awkward to say goodbye to my soul like this.

In any case, we need to get a clue about the fourth fragment from her.

If you just let the soul go like this, things will become very troublesome.

Should I take your soul like a stray cat? Strangely enough, there was no provision in the dormitory rules that said you couldn't live with anyone.

Perhaps Miracle Guardian M Game Company didn't think that far.

However, apart from her long ears, she is a typical teenage girl. Despite her shabby appearance, she is also pretty.

I was shaking and shaking.

'It won't work.'

What would happen to my image if I stayed in the same room with a kid like that?

Because useless stories might be going around among the cadets. It's dizzying to even imagine.

… before that.

"My lord, what are you planning to do with that little dragon?"

In response to my question, the master stroked his beard and thought

about it for a moment. After a moment of hesitation, he answered.

“Actually, I’m a little worried about that part too. Normally, I should have sent it back to the Demon Realm, but the route it came through was through an auction. If the Demons find out, they’ll be up in arms. They could even use it as an excuse to say, “That’s right.”

The owner said it as if he was in a difficult position. It is exactly as he said.

If the demons nitpick over this, things could easily get worse.

The worst case scenario is that they invade using this as an excuse.

The Demon Tribe has already lost two of their legion commanders. They must be reorganizing their formation right now.

Humans put the Demons up for auction? It was like pouring oil on a burning house.

“Then, how about this? After getting the principal’s permission, we’ll manage that dragon at the academy. Under the guise of a cadet. After all, its appearance isn’t much different from a human’s. And after talking to it for a while, I’ve found that it’s not a demon that would harm humans.”

The owner’s eyebrows furrowed at my opinion.

“You communicated with the demons?”

“Yes. I happened to obtain a blessing that allowed me to converse. Anyway, my point is that the Academy secretly manages dragons.”

The owner, who had been listening quietly, nodded.

“Hmm. Now that I hear it, it’s not bad. No, I wonder if there’s a better direction. Joaquin Academy is an extraterritorial jurisdiction. And because of the recent events, security has become much tighter. Now, there’s no room for crime prevention. However.”

The master looked at the spirit once and continued speaking.

“I think we need someone to act as a guardian. That way we can convince the principal.”

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about that.”

“… … ?”

I silently turned my gaze toward Choi Seol-ah.

The moment our eyes met, an ominous look appeared on her face.

* * *

Not long after finishing his conversation with Kanggeomma, Al’Tair received a phone call. It was a Swiss international number.

“Yes, Your Majesty. The situation has been roughly settled.”

[You’ve worked hard. The long journey that started from Claude has finally come to an end.]

“Haha, what a struggle. It was just by chance that I was at the auction house… … .”

Al’Tair explained in detail what had happened. The swordsman on the other end of the receiver listened with astonishment.

[… I knew something like that would happen. Why on earth was Kang Geum-ma there?]

“I didn’t ask that. It was just because he was there that things ended smoothly. Isn’t that the only thing that mattered?”

[Well, that’s true. Or I can go and ask him myself sometime soon.]

“Directly? Then surely… … ?”

The owner seemed to see the corners of the mouths of the phone callers and the inspectors going up.

[That’s right. Since the preparations for Chilseong’s succession are almost complete, I should also return to the Academy. In exactly one month, the succession will take place at Joaquin Academy.]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 177

Episode 177 Ghost Story (1)

A few days passed. I received private tutoring from Ryozo to catch up on my academic progress.

It's because I've been so busy lately that I've neglected my studies, which are my primary duty as a cadet.

Not only me, but Chloe, who returned to the academy, also joined the tutoring.

"… Manager, you're guaranteed a job after you graduate. Is that all? You can just pass the Hero Agency or any other agency without any special procedures. Your very existence is just a passing resume."

I agree with Weapon. Even today, I was flooded with calls from unknown numbers. Even major agencies are now just trying to contact me blatantly.

I completely ignored them. If it had been a few months ago, I would have thought about those suggestions.

It's not that I hate money. I like money, whether in my past life or this life.

But recently, I've changed my mindset. I've decided to be a little more faithful to my cadet life.

There aren't many days left for us to enjoy our hahahoho academy life like this. If we do well, it'll be two and a half years. In the

meantime, I wanted to live a life like a cadet as much as possible.

After that, the Great War of Inma was scheduled. And the ominous future was becoming increasingly clear.

Half a century ago, the 6th Corps Commander was defeated by the old Chilseongs, and recently, the 5th and 3rd Corps Commanders have been beheaded one after another.

But even so, the Demon Tribe remained silent without a word. This was because the gate connecting the Demon Realm and the Human Realm was still intact.

The gate is destroyed at the same time as the Demon King's resurrection, which becomes the signal for the start of war.

Honestly, the power of the two legion commanders, Agorna and Vesna, seemed to have been diminished.

If we had faced those two in the Demonic Realm of Gehenna, it would have been difficult to guarantee victory.

The reason I was able to kill the 3rd Corps Commander Vesna by myself was because I was a very capable sergeant.

It's not that I'm being humble. On their home ground, Gehenna, the legion commanders are truly overwhelming beings.

There is a reason why the demons, who only follow the logic of power, are so obedient.

Moreover, even now that three legion commanders are absent, the two remaining legion commanders are currently ruling the entire Demon Tribe.

By the way, I heard this from Media, but the place where Chilseong faced off against the 6th Corps Commander Basmon was near the Gehenna Gate.

As it was located close to the base, it is said that it drew out power to a level similar to that of the Demon Realm.

If you do that, it makes sense that three of the Chilseong died.

If not for that, the Chilseongs in their prime would not have fought day and night for a week.

‘It’s strange that he had such a hard time against Basmon, the weakest of the legion commanders.’

In other words, it is also evidence of how strong the legion commanders are in the Demon Realm.

The remaining legion commanders will just wait for the time to come, for the Demon King to rise again and destroy the Gehenna Gate.

‘But now that I think about it, how much of a monster was the hero of the first dynasty who invaded the Demon Realm and sealed the 1st Corps Commander Lycan?’

No matter how much he was a friend, it is completely incomprehensible from a common sense perspective.

‘It wasn’t for nothing that the devils started having fits whenever the story of Balor Joaquin came up… … .’

The hero of the poem is a great man shrouded in mystery.

Training of seven disciples, blocking of the passage through Gehenna Gate, and establishment of Joaquin Academy.

All the major milestones in human history are the achievements of that nobleman.

Meanwhile, his appearance and subsequent actions are unclear. This may be the game company’s intention to block the reappearance of Balor Joaquin.

If he, a great man from 700 years ago and a super munchkin, reappears, the story ends there.

He must be a mythical figure who exists only in the setting.

“Sword Demon, are you listening to me?!”

Ryozo’s loud voice broke my thoughts. She tapped the textbook with the lead of her pencil.

“Are you going to get a perfect score on the written midterm exam by looking away like this?”

“I don’t plan on getting full marks.”

“Once you start, you should aim for perfect scores! If you have that kind of half-assed mindset, you’ll end up in second place like Weapon.”

Weapon exploded at Ryozo’s nagging.

“Am I always second because I wanted to? I also want to be first in writing! And Ryozo, you always sleep around, so why are you always first?”

“Tell me how I study?”

“… … .”

Weapon’s face became quite serious. It was too much pride to nod. But more than that, he was curious about Ryozo’s study method.

The weapon groaned and reluctantly gave in. Ryozo shrugged his shoulders slightly and said.

“Preview and review.”

“… … ?”

Weapon’s expression became stern. Ryozo added with a sneer.

“Oh, I forgot the most important thing. Just study the textbook. Listen carefully to the professors’ lectures.”

“… … .”

“And you always say things about me sleeping face down, but I still listen to the lectures. Among mammals, dolphins sleep with half of

their brains alternately. It's similar to that."

The veins on Weapon's temples became thick. Then they soon sagged. This was because he knew that those words were not just sarcasm.

However, the ending was ridiculous. He compared himself to a dolphin. And it was Saki, who was famous for being smart. Weapon felt ambiguous.

"… … ."

I looked to the side as I watched the two chatting. Chloe was busy scribbling something in her notebook.

However, I wasn't diligently writing down Ryozo's words. That notebook with the teddy bear stickers on it.

I know what it is. It's a diary. One page is filled with the words, "I love you."

It was the so-called love note. To me, that was scarier than the DeX note.

Chloe returned to the Academy the day after the Pertinax Auction House incident. She was so happy that she jumped up and down like a rabbit.

The club members welcomed Chloe. I also welcomed her without hesitation. I vividly remembered her running towards me with a knife that day, but I let it go. It wasn't the first or second time.

They've been filming horror movies since their first meeting, so what can't they do?

'The roles are Chloe is a ghost and I am a human.'

Suddenly feeling someone's gaze, Chloe smiled awkwardly and hid her notebook. Then she wrote down Ryozo's lecture in another notebook.

'If you do something else blatantly, the other person won't even notice.'

Or maybe [the protection of the crow] was manifested.

Whatever it was, it was clear that studying wasn't on Chloe's mind.

"This part is especially important. There's probably a 90% chance that it will come up. Even if the questions are descriptive, each professor has their own question pattern. Professors who have analyzed the depth of the magic circle usually… … every three years."

I thought Ryojo, who has a languid personality, would just get to the point, but he explained it with sincerity. He didn't even miss the faintly visible words written in the corners of the textbook.

He pretended not to hear the weapon and secretly wrote it down on his cell phone.

… And so the two-hour tutoring session ended.

"Let's stop here for today. Let's have the next study session tomorrow after school."

Ryozo, who was covering the textbook, added.

"Oh, and tomorrow at 5th and 6th period, the Human Love and Gaho Aesthetics class will have a high percentage of grades, so Chloe and Gumma, don't fall asleep and focus."

"Thank you. You worked hard."

"Yes~."

Only then did Weapon get up from his seat. He grumbled, messing up his hair.

"Then I should go to Gaho training. If I want to survive in this damned practical academy, I can't just take notes, okay?"

"Come to think of it, Weapon, where have you been going after school lately? Was it the training room?"

Weapon shook his head at my question.

“No, the music room. I’m armed with instruments.”

Yes, it was a recorder.

The weapon continued to speak.

“The training room is a bit too sweaty, so that’s a bit much. Instead, there’s a music room in the Aaron Annex on the southwestern outskirts.”

“If you go to the southwestern outskirts, it’s completely remote. There aren’t any buildings around.”

Ryozo tilted his head. Weapon asked back.

“There are a lot more people looking than I thought. I practice alone in the wind instrument room, but the piano room is always crowded. I saw it by chance yesterday through the hallway window. The female students were lined up in front of the piano, waiting for their turn.”

“Waiting for your turn? You don’t usually take out a number to play the piano. In this day and age when there are so many apps that can act as musical instruments on your pad?”

The weapon clicked its tongue like a stick.

“Hey, Saki, what do you know about musical instruments? There’s a difference in tone between electronic sounds and real instruments. No matter how much the times change, we can’t keep up with that.”

Ryozo’s eyebrows rose into a frown. But soon he waved his hand as if he was annoyed.

Meanwhile, Chloe kept tilting her head with a puzzled expression.

“It sounds a bit strange. The Aaron Annex was closed last year. They said they were doing renovations because the facilities were too outdated.”

Weapon shook his head as if he was talking nonsense.

“No way! I just told you. There are a ton of people! And Chloe, how do you know that?!”

“My older brother Knox is a sophomore. I heard last year that the Aaron Annex had closed down. I remember it clearly because Knox liked to go there because it was quiet. And… … .”

Suddenly Chloe stomped her foot on the floor and opened her mouth with a stern face.

“In the first place, the music room is only on the second floor of the main building.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Ryozo and I turned our gazes to the weapon. His face began to turn ashen.

* * *

“Black hair.”

The one who chanted was a man in white on the altar. He was covered with white cloth all the way to his feet, and he was like a ghost, without any form, only a figure.

Below the altar was a gray-white world where all life had disappeared. It was a place, a bottomless pit that was like a phenomenon.

The deer-headed demon bowed deeply and appealed to the man.

“This, this is all my fault for not being able to stop it. Ha, but I just couldn’t imagine the impious thought that the monarchs would fall into the hands of humans. Father, please show mercy.”

The man in white turned around very slowly.

Kookookookookookookook.

The slightest movement shook the whole area. The only thing that escaped the effects of the earthquake was the altar where the man in white stood.

Damn it.

The man's feet stomped down the stairs. The demons who had been gathered in disorder bowed their heads at once.

"Do you want mercy?"

The man spoke. His voice was almost hollow, revealing nothing.

"Tell me, if I show mercy to you, can you show mercy to me in return?"

"… … !"

"Compassion is something that only those who are above the heavens can bestow. However, I am also nothing more than a tiny creature beneath the heavens. So why do you ask for mercy from me?"

The man in white stopped in front of the deer's head.

"I ask."

The man who had been looking down at the demon tribe opened his mouth again.

"Was the man who killed my brothers a being of the opposite sex?"

The deer's head rose without my knowledge. I saw the majesty of the great one. Behind his head, the black sun was greedily sucking up the light of the world.

All the demons shed black tears as if they had promised.

"Ah. Kuarn, the master of Gehenna-"

Swish.

At that moment, the deer's head disappeared as if it had been swallowed up by space. It was as if its very existence had disappeared, leaving not even a single trace behind.

The man, the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn, looked up at the sky. He stared blankly at the black sun with his eyes that were only

wandering around in emptiness.

“The day we meet again is not far away, my lord.”

The black sun simply apocalyptic.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 178

Episode 178 Ghost Story (2)

A cloudy noon for autumn.

Abel looked up at the sky, his chin tilted crookedly.

The weather is so humid here that I'm reminded of the major incident from a few days ago. The Joaquin disaster, the tragedy of the Academy and, paradoxically, the day when Kang Geum-ma became a hero.

Abel, who had been dazed, soon slumped down on the desk. She just turned her head slightly and looked out the window.

The pure gold pupils contained a gloomy gray landscape. The color seemed to reflect my current state of mind.

"ha……."

Abel, who had been staring into space, soon let out a deep sigh. She was depressed. This was also the result of the Joaquin disaster.

Abel had a lot on his mind around that day. It was because of the rumors about Kang Geum-ma, that Saki and him were dating. It was already a given among the cadets who witnessed that day.

However, Abel, who had lived with Kang Geum-ma for a month, was curious.

Kang Geum-ma-da, who came out on a date wearing an academy

tracksuit. Who is that guy dating? It was like the sound of a dog eating grass.

But my heart still felt cold, because I couldn't come to a definite answer about the relationship between the two.

In that situation, Saki jumped without hesitation. She couldn't do that.

Abel was very disappointed in himself. In the undead dungeon, Kanggeomma had saved his father, while he himself was bound by fear and watched the bloody battle.

That was what was hurting Abel the most. It had been several days since he had been unable to sleep at night due to his sense of guilt.

At that moment, a shadow appeared in front of Abel, who was lying down. He knew who it was just by the presence he felt. Rachel.

"Abel~ Ja~?""… … ."

It was somehow quiet today. Abel closed his eyes tightly and pretended to be asleep.

Rachel stared at Abel's pure white palanquin. Then she muttered to herself in a weak voice.

"I can't help it if I sleep… …. I just found out that Weapon is going somewhere with Ganggeomma tonight."

At that moment, Abel jumped up from his seat.

"Tell me more."

* * *

Since long ago, there have been ghost stories in places called schools.

For example, a statue of a book reader moves at night, or a woman's sobbing can be heard in the third stall of the men's restroom.

As always, ghost stories are always in the form of 'Kadera' that just

floats around by word of mouth.

Until elementary school, it might have been a little scary. However, by middle school, the number of students who seriously believe in it has decreased significantly.

What about high school students? Except for a very small number of people who were deeply interested in the occult, few believed in it.

At that age, you become numb to the surreal and start focusing on reality.

As we age, we tend to become more cynical about ghosts and such.

Because I realized that the scariest thing of all is humans.

Ghost stories are nothing more than obvious nonsense without any clear evidence or actual experience. I have always believed that way.

'but…….'

I lay in bed, thinking of Weapon's face. It was pale and completely thoughtful.

It was probably the most terrifying thing I've ever seen. In fact, if that were all there was to it, I would have been okay with it.

Weapon is a coward by nature. He is a thug who acts like a swindler, but his nature is more delicate than anyone else's.

Still, I was feeling a strong sense of discomfort now.

It was because of Ryozoh and Chloe's reactions when Weapon said that he seemed to be caught up in a ghost story.

The expressions on their faces became somewhat heavy. Then they talked with pretended serious faces.

I was dumbfounded by him. He's seventeen years old. He'll be eighteen in three months.

Yeah, let's say there are ghosts. How could there be no ghosts when

there are monsters like demons running rampant?

The part that I found most fascinating was our status. We are students of Joaquin Academy. We are the next generation of heroes who have the duty to fight against the Demons.

But you're afraid of ghosts? I was at a loss as to how to react.

And it was hard for me to follow the flow of the conversation as to why we decided to go to the Aaron Annex that evening.

I checked the time on the wall clock. It was just before 6:00 PM, thirty minutes before my appointment with the club members. If I didn't hurry, it would be a little tight.

"At this age, you need to train your courage?"

I got out of bed with a bitter smile on my face. Honestly, I still don't understand why I reacted that way.

Even if you see a ghost, can't you just wipe your feet and go to sleep?

However, Weapon didn't seem to have any intention of doing so. He insisted that he had to go to that place and take the ghost off. That was the only way to go in this world.

'… I, who was born a different person, have no way of knowing.'

Then I told my members that I would go to the annex with them. Everyone was happy. In particular, Weapon's face, which had been blue and dead, brightened.

This is the weapon that helped me out in the recent election. I didn't give him the corresponding compensation. All I did was go with him to the psychic spot.

After I finished preparing to go out, I stood in front of the desk. The sashimi was strewn about in a mess.

"We're not going to a dungeon, we're going to a haunted house, do we really need it… … ."

The thought was short. I grabbed a few things and left the room.

“Ganggeomma! Over here, over here!”

When I arrived at the Aaron Annex, Weapon greeted me. Ryozo and Chloe were already there. I took out my phone and checked the time. 18:15.

‘I was in a hurry, but they already arrived.’

As I approached the entrance to the annex where the members were waiting, a very old stone building came into view.

It wasn’t a metaphor, it was a building that was really on the verge of collapse, so much so that it seemed like it was still in use until last year.

It was said that the building had been in use since 700 years ago when the academy was founded, so the traces of that time were clearly visible.

I muttered blankly.

“Wouldn’t it be more of a twist if the ghost didn’t come out there?”

It was autumn, and the building was covered in a bluish shade even at sunset. Even the evening air was chilly enough to make you shiver. It was a textbook example of a haunted house.

‘But Weapon, that guy is so timid that he used a place like this as a practice room?’

After tilting my head for a moment, I joined the group.

We gathered together and checked our belongings. A walkie-talkie and a headlight. We could have done everything with just a cell phone, but we all brought them anyway.

Just a few hours ago, I was so scared I could barely move… … It looks like I want to set the mood right.

“I think we’re ready, so shall we go in now?”

Weapon spoke with a clear face. My subordinates and I nodded.

Squeak-

Even the sound of the door opening was ominous. We stepped into such a place.

* * *

… 15 minutes later, people started gathering one by one at the entrance of the Aaron wing. It was Saki, Weapon, and Chloe.

The minute hand pointed to exactly 30 minutes. A question mark appeared on Saki's face as she looked at her wristwatch.

"It's time, why isn't that guy coming?"

"That's right. Has the manager ever broken a time promise? He usually comes first, but I don't think he's ever been late."

"Just wait, I'll call you."

Tutu— Beep!

[You are currently in an area outside of the calling area, so you cannot connect (……)]

Weapon looked at Saki.

"Where are you, Manager?"

"… I can't get through because I'm out of the calling area."

"Out of range? Then where is it? Joaquin Academy's infrastructure is all state-of-the-art, so there's no place where you can't get a phone call. The Wi-Fi is also very strong."

"… … ."

Saki turned her head towards the annex without saying a word. It was old, but it was well-maintained to the point that it belied its hundreds of years of history.

As Chloe said, it seemed like it would be usable if the interior was just renovated a bit. However, Saki frowned at the indescribable strangeness.

At that moment.

I heard footsteps from afar. They were the footsteps of two people.

Saki quickly shot her gaze there. The next moment, her face became astonished.

“Abel and Rachel… … ?”

Saki’s eyes widened as she saw the two people approaching her. Weapon, who was next to her, explained with an awkward expression.

“Oh, that’s it. I called. I think four people is too few. It’s a place where ghosts appear. At least six people are needed to feel secure!”

Saki looked at the weapon that spoke like that with pitiful eyes.

Soon the two arrived at the entrance to the annex. Abel looked around like a meerkat.

Saki looked at Abel coldly and then blurted out a word.

“Ganggeomma isn’t here.”

“ah…….”

For a moment, disappointment flashed across Abel’s eyes. Then he quickly shook his head.

“I, I just followed Rachel.”

Abel insisted. Saki responded to his excuse with a short snort.

Rachel joined the conversation with a loud laugh.

“When did you two become so close? Even when you were in the same class, you were uncomfortable with each other! I guess people are meant to be apart, nyah!”

* * *

The inside of the annex was pitch black, if not dark. Even though the sun was still setting outside, it was difficult to see even an inch ahead.

It was fortunate that the members brought flashlights. The small light on the cell phone screen would not have been enough.

Squeak, squeak.

The worn wooden floor screamed with every step I took. Ironically, it was this noise that told me I was moving forward.

'It's so dark, but they're doing well.'

I slowly followed the members who were in the lead. I stared blankly at their backs.

The members just walked in silence, relying only on the light of their headlights.

… But how come they keep moving forward so quickly?

Even if it was a weapon, Saki and Chloe also moved as if they knew the geography well.

Even though I had my spirits up high with [Protection of the Sword God] and [Protection of Transfer], it was difficult to gauge the direction. It was because of the stuffy, sealed feeling, like being locked in a sealed room.

There was another strange thing. As soon as I entered, there was no conversation. Even though I was very nervous, it was very quiet.

I asked Weapon, who was leading the way.

"Weapon, how much further do we have to go to reach our destination?"

He illuminated the steps ahead with his headlights.

“Just go up the stairs you see over there and then just take a few more steps.”

Weapon answered without turning around. In a dry tone without any hint of height. The look of excitement he had shown was nowhere to be found.

“Oh, really? It’s faster than I thought. I want to finish quickly and go back.”

“Yes, I do. It’s so scary here, I have to leave quickly.”

As my eyes widened slightly, Saki and Chloe added their words. They also didn’t look at me.

Giggle.

I stood still. The steps of the members also stopped.

Only then did Weapon ask.

“Why, Black Magician? What’s wrong?”

“under.”

I laughed out loud. Why didn’t I notice this sooner?

“Weapon, you’ve been calling me ‘Geomma’ for a while now. Have you ever called me that lately? You always call me ‘Chief’.”

“… … .”

“Not just you, but Ryozo and Chloe, all of you. What are your identities?”

A terrible darkness and silence hung over the hallway. The flashlights they held flickered intermittently.

“I don’t know about anything else, but I fucking hate being lied to.”

“… … .”

Kiririn.

I took out the sashimi. A sound of black noise was drawn out from the darkness.

“If you don’t want to get stabbed, turn your head this way right now.”

The members all turned their heads in unison. Crunch – the sound of a broken neck. Their bodies were fixed straight ahead, and only their heads, which had been turned 180 degrees, were facing me.

Faces covered in blood. The corners of their mouths were torn horribly to the ears.

The bastards raised the corners of their mouths a little more. Their upper and lower teeth were connected by a sticky layer of blood.

The bizarre scene shook the very core of my soul. The men opened their mouths with distorted smiles.

“““Am I pretty?”””

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 179

Episode 179 Ghost Story (3)

“Should we go in first? Given the manager’s personality, I think he’ll just come in when he gets there.”

After waiting for 20 minutes for the swordsman, everyone nodded in agreement with Weapon’s suggestion.

“I brought this, but will I need it?”

Just before opening the door to Aaron’s wing, Abel waved the flashlight he had brought.

Weapon shook his head and answered.

“No, it’s not really necessary. Even though this building is this old, there’s an automatic sensor that turns the lights on. And if they don’t, the light from your smartphone will be enough.”

“Ah… Then I brought it for nothing.”

Abel licked his lips in regret. Rachel snatched the headlights away and spun them around in her hands.

“But just in case, I think it wouldn’t be bad to have something like this? It’ll liven up the mood a bit, nyah!”

“… In my opinion, that looks the most useless thing to you, Rachel. Your hair is shiny yellow.”

They entered the annex and followed Weapon. He grumbled that he

didn't want to take the lead.

But I had no choice but to stand in front because of the four women's cold stares.

Anyone would have felt the same way if they had been stared at in an instant with cold eyes.

From the front, the procession was Weapon, Saki, Chloe, Abel, and Rachel.

As they were climbing the stairs, Saki, who was walking right behind Weapon, opened her mouth.

"Weapon, where is the place where you saw the ghost?"

"The piano room is in the middle of the hallway on the third floor. The soundproof booth where I practice is at the very end of the hallway. So it's a structure that you can't help but see when you come and go."

"In the middle of the hallway… … By the way, I'm just asking now, but are the kids you saw really ghosts? They could just be kids like you who like the facilities here and use them."

The third in the line, Chloe, answered Saki's words.

"Probably not a typical cadet. I asked Knox before coming here today, and he said that cadets are restricted from entering this annex due to safety concerns. Even though it looks clean, the building itself is hundreds of years old."

Abel, walking second from behind, added.

"Well… we also sneaked in at night so as not to be caught by the instructors. If there were a dozen or so people coming and going like Weapon said, there's no way the Academy wouldn't have known."

At that moment, a faint laughter flowed from behind Abel. Abel did not think much of it.

It's Rachel's prank. She was excited before she even entered.

‘It’s a video even without watching it.’

At best, he’s probably trying to scare you by turning the flashlight upside down and sticking his tongue out.

The scene was drawn in Abel’s mind. Rather than bothering him by reacting, ignoring him was the answer.

Abel walked, looking only at the back of the person in front of him, Chloe.

Nyahhhhhhhhhhhhh… … .

The pranks continued for several minutes. Usually, if Rachel ignored them once, she would say, “Not funny, huh?” and not continue.

Pot-tied, Rachel gave up just as quickly as her tension rose.

But now she’s quite persistent. Rachel has also realized that giving up too quickly won’t turn her back on herself.

‘Yeah, is this how it comes out?’

I haven’t been able to sleep well lately and I’m on edge. I guess I should give you a sharp word.

Abel, who had been catching his breath, turned around quickly. The next moment, her eyes widened.

“…uh?”

Rachel, who should have been at the very end of the line, disappeared.

Where did it go in the middle? No, that can’t be.

Just a moment ago, I could clearly feel a presence behind me.

The basic skills of an inspector include detecting movement, so that you can read the opponent’s movements in advance or prepare for a surprise attack.

He trained every single day without fail. Abel was more confident

than anyone else in his stamina.

Even if there had been a momentary mistake, it was unlikely that such a distinct presence would have been missed.

So where is Rachel? Abel turned his head forward urgently.

“Guys, Rachel is missing… …!”

Abel swallowed the words he was about to say.

I was dumbfounded, unable to believe what was happening before my eyes.

“Yes, why are you there?”

The third person to take Chloe’s place. Her blonde hair, braided into two pigtails, was captured in the retina.

“Rachel, you, you, when did you come in front of me?”

“Sorry. Abel, I thought you were going too slow, so I asked Chloe to switch seats. Right, Chloe?”

Suddenly, Chloe’s voice flowed in from behind.

“Yes, that’s right. Ms. Rachel said she wanted to go forward, so I changed it for her. So, go ahead.”

Chloe poked Abel’s back with her finger, urging him on, as if she didn’t want to give him time to think.

“Right, let’s go, let’s go.”

“Yeah, I should go. Hurry up.”

The two people in front, Weapon and Saki, added a word each.

Everyone created an atmosphere where Abel was seen as a strange person.

Abel stopped in his tracks. Then he put his hands on his hips and dismissed it.

“What are you guys?”

The air cooled in an instant. Rachel turned away and tilted her neck.

“Stupid Abel.”

Rachel’s voice. She started to pour out her words.

“You were hiding among the cadets that day and couldn’t even come forward, so why are you suddenly acting so bravely now? If you had acted like you did then, you wouldn’t have lost the player to Saki.”

“… … .”

“Kang Geum-ma was closer to you, Abel. Think about it. We lived in the same house for a month. But look at how you are now. You’re so full of pride that you can’t even go to class.”

“… … .”

“Don’t you secretly think that you’re better than other girls?”

“… … .”

“Ah, our crippled and pitiful Abel. Abel, a hypocrite who tries to look like a selfless person on the outside. Abel who asks Shail about basic cosmetics, saying that appearance is just a decoration. Abel, a coward. Abel, a leech. Abel… Abel-”

“Poohaha.”

Abel burst into a light laugh. The mouths that had been babbling for a while suddenly closed.

“You guys in their guise. I know you’re trying to pull my hair out, but it’s refreshing to hear you point it out in such a detailed way.”

Slurp.

Abel’s hand, which had reached down to his waist, soon drew his sword.

She held the sword upright in front of her chest. She saw her own

reflection in the blade.

All the contempt and ridicule they poured on her. It was so obvious that she felt completely naked. But there was a smile on her lips.

Abel opened his mouth.

“I was always a coward who received help from Kang Geum-ma, but couldn’t step forward when he was in danger.”

“… … .”

“But you guys made a mistake. We Nibelungs always humbly accept our shortcomings. And we improve immediately. But you point out my mistakes one by one, so I can’t thank you enough.”

Abel held the raised blade to the tip of his nose and closed his eyes.

Hypocrite, coward, and entitled.

I admit all of that. And at the same time, I reflect on it.

That cycle will soon become growth.

Abel opened his eyes slightly.

The current location is in the middle of the second floor hallway. Before they knew it, the four of them were far apart.

He was glaring at me as if he was going to kill me, with bloodshot eyes streaming down his face.

Bloodshot pupils gleamed dangerously in the center of their darkened eyes. The group of ghosts had borrowed the scars of their friends.

Abel felt a chill run down his spine. The hairs on his spine stood on end.

Taking the initiative with that murderous visual? That was foul play.

The men held weapons in both hands. They were kitchen knives, weapons that appear formally in horror movies.

‘Their weapons are also swords.’

It wasn’t a ghost, it was a fellow swordsman. When I turned the idea around like that, the fear seemed to go away.

Moreover, there is a guy who has consistently only used a sword as his weapon.

Compared to that, I wondered if their kitchen knife could even properly peel an apple.

Abel chuckled. Thinking of Kang Geum-ma washes away the lump in his chest.

“Dieee …

Ghosts ran through the hallways, screaming curses. Their knives wielded their cleavers, their arms flailing as if their joints had dislocated.

‘I have to kill the ghost.’

Abel thought calmly as he stared at them. His eyes sank deeply.

‘If it was a strong sword… … .’

Abel put the sword back in her hand. She held the hilt tightly and took a low stance.

He slumped deeply and felt heavy, as if he had a rock on his back.

Right knee bent, left foot extended back. Unstable center of gravity.

It was a posture that seemed like it would collapse if even a single gust of wind blew. But that precariousness was the key to the explosive leap.

Abel once disguised the swordsmanship of someone he was jealous of.

The footsteps came closer. About twenty steps away. The ghosts extended their cleavers in a twisted orbit. It was a truly ghastly

offensive.

“ha.”

Abel let out a hot breath through his clenched teeth. A long puff of breath. Swish—the train spewed steam.

Abel opened his eyes wide. Immediately, his foot burst through the pavement of the hallway. A silvery line stretched across the hallway like a pair of bars.

Ssung!

Abel was maintaining his posture at the vanishing point of the hallway.

Tak. The moment the tip of the sword collided with the scabbard, the ghosts were torn to pieces like radish chips.

* * *

I cut down all the ghost bastards I came across, destroying dozens of them.

But even so, these kids, instead of decreasing in number, kept growing bigger and bigger. While bursting into bizarre laughter.

Nyahahahahahahahaha!

At first, there were three of them: Saki, Weapon, and Chloe. Then I killed them all with one sword.

But I made a huge mistake. I blurted out, “Did you hurt me?”

Not to be dismayed, ghosts poured out from all directions.

Piano room, art room, ceiling.

Anyway, it appeared in all the places where ghosts are expected to appear.

The new characters that appeared were also bizarre.

With a kitchen knife in his mouth, crawling on all fours on the ceiling, or pounding the floor with his head, it was a complete ghost gift set.

If you look at them individually, their power was just so-so. They were like C-class demons. However, they came in droves, so it was quite troublesome.

If it were to turn into a war of attrition, I would be at a disadvantage. Coincidentally, I could only manifest [Protection of the Sword God] for 60 seconds.

So, I planned a plan and hid in the third stall of the men's bathroom. It was not a good place to retreat to in terms of strategy. The other places were full of ghosts.

I sat on the toilet and collected my thoughts.

'First, let's hurt all those bastards… No, it's something we can't deal with.'

I concluded that this haunted den had similar characteristics to a dungeon.

After cutting down a few of them, I got the feel for them. Those guys running around in the hallway, making noises, were closer to demons than ghosts. That was the taste.

I tried to escape through the window, but the glass was scratched.

Once you enter, you cannot leave until the raid begins. This is also a characteristic shared with other dungeons.

Let's put aside why there's a dungeon in the academy. That's not what's important right now.

If this place shares the characteristics of a dungeon, there must be a strategy for conquering it.

The problem is that I don't know that, because back when I was playing, there was no event like 'Hometown of Legends'.

‘If I just knew the strategy, I think I could overcome it.’

Usually, in times like this, Sakina Weapon and I would brainstorm solutions instead.

As I was reflecting on their importance, an exclamation mark flashed in my mind.

I immediately brought up the status window and activated [Protection of Communication]. Then, I started talking to him out of the blue.

– Hey, give me a hint.

[… … .]

He was silent as if buffering had occurred. I guess it was too much.

I thought it would be useful because it provided a lot of information in times of emergency.

‘It’s useless when it really matters… … .’

Phew!

‘… … ?’

* * *

[Tip: Find the core of the ‘Horror Maison’ and destroy it. Then you can escape.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[I don’t believe you. Sigh]

* * *

“Central.”

It certainly seems that the strategy isn’t to completely wipe out all

the ghosts.

I wish he had told me the location of the core, but no matter how many times I called, there was no response.

‘That’s annoying.’

But thanks to that, I got the hang of it. First, I think about the location of the center here and then I move.

but…….

Why is it so quiet outside?

I don’t watch horror movies often, but I know what this silence means.

A bathroom, a sudden silence. Has there ever been a set this perfectly constructed?

First of all, I am hunched over the toilet. So I can see the pink shoes standing neatly through the crack in the door. The pointed toes are pointed right in my direction.

I slowly raised my head.

A tall monster with its head poking through the doorway, almost touching the ceiling. A hideous smirk hung at the corner of her mouth.

“Peekaboo? Found it.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 180

Episode 180 Ghost Story (4)

A ghost covered in thick makeup peeks out right in front of your nose. It's a situation that would make even the most courageous person frown and shiver. Kanggeomma was also startled.

Although the 'mental calm' quickly calmed my heart, it was not enough to make me feel uneasy.

This shock, which was greater than expected, could not be completely erased. If you frighten them openly, they will get cold feet.

But that was it. Coolness quickly set in.

The enemies I've faced so far have been incredibly strong.

Every time I did that, I felt a chill run down my spine, so this was enough for a while.

"You're suddenly surprising people and making a fuss."

Kanggeomma ground his teeth fiercely. Then he thrust Murasame into the guy's left cheek.

The blade that had dug into his cheek protruded from the other side.

Originally, I was planning on swinging my arms and cutting off the head. But the space was too cramped.

Kkiyaaaaak!

The pink-shoe ghost let out a scream. Her heels tapped the bathroom tiles with a flourish. The noise of her creaking and stepping echoed widely. It was only a matter of time before the attention of the ghosts running wild in the hallway was drawn to her.

As expected, footsteps thumped outside. There were dozens, if not thousands. Their footsteps were filled with urgency, as if they were all desperate to take a dump.

Kang Geum-ma chewed the curse words in his mouth.

‘Damn, there are only three bathroom stalls, but dozens of people come here.’

While stabbing the ghost’s face with his sword, Kanggeomma quickly corrected his plan.

After escaping from the men’s bathroom where they were stationed, they re-plan their operation.

‘First of all, this ghost lady who trespassed in the men’s bathroom.’

Peeping. Even if he was a ghost, this guy committed a crime. He should be punished accordingly. Perverts especially.

Kanggeomma pulled down hard on the hilt of his sword. The quick sword smoothly cut off the jawbone.

A purple tongue with a white coating dangled from the empty lower body.

bang!

Kanggeomma kicked the door with his foot. The ghost fell out along with the door and crashed into the urinal. A stream of water shot up high from the broken urinal.

The pink shoe ghost groaned as her jaw disappeared.

At the same time, she regretted it. She never imagined he would be such a tough guy.

Soon, Kang Geum-ma came out of the toilet stall. He grabbed my shoulder and spun me around. Then he stood in front of the urinal and looked down.

“If you need to use the bathroom urgently, you should go to the stall next door. Why are you peeking at the stalls that people are in? And it was wrong for a woman to go to the men’s room in the first place.”

Kanggeomma scolded him in a voice full of weariness. The ghost snapped its claws as if it was throwing a tantrum.

“Kueeeeek!”

Kanggeomma nodded to avoid the attack and then swung his Murasame.

Crunch!

The headless body slid down the urinal with a slurp.

“And get into the habit of knocking on the door before you go to the afterlife, kid.”

At that moment, a phrase appeared before my eyes.

[NEW! A new ability has been unlocked by achieving the special condition for Hades’s power, ‘Slay (50) or more (Ghost) attribute entities.’]

Phew!

= = = =

〈 Power of the King of Hell 〉

◈ New ability

: You can use an unlimited number of ghost attribute entities with this weapon.

: The effect is not permanent and is limited to 10 minutes.

: Current number of creatures you can have, total (32).

= = = =

“… What is this?”

I looked at the status window with wide eyes.

I don’t think I was more surprised than when the shoe ghost poked its face through the crack in the door.

The power of the King of Hell. I haven’t used it since the battle with Benteta.

It wasn’t very practical since it could only hold one entity.

However, it is said that the taboo has been lifted for the ear attribute only.

This side was already vulnerable to constant attacks.

That’s why I prefer individual matches or preliminary matches.

But this new ability could also give you an advantage in a war of numbers.

Just before I hid in the bathroom, there was a map of the building posted on the hallway wall. I glanced at it just in case.

So I have a rough idea of the structure of this building in my head.

Looking back, there was something clearly unique about this building.

Each classroom had its numbers written like an apartment, 101, 102, 103… It was unusual, if anything.

‘Usually it’s called an art room, a woodworking room, and a music room.’

But there was something else that caught my eye. It was the fact that the 4th floor had been replaced with the character for death (死). In addition, the Chinese characters for room 404 were written as ‘死靈死’.

At the time, I was wondering what was going on, but after communicating with the status window, I figured it out. Room 404, the ‘center’ of this dungeon is there.

I thought about it during the break. I’m currently on the second floor. But even so, it’s a yard where enemies are pouring out.

What about the upper third and fourth floors? There was a high possibility that they would be swarming like bees.

I was wondering how to prepare for it, but at that moment, the special conditions for [Power of the King of Hell] were unlocked.

‘You’re lucky.’

If you farm enough, you can enjoy this part comfortably.

If the time limit of 10 minutes is exceeded, you can fill the number by hatching several birds.

The essence of K-mobile games, ‘automatic hunting’, in reality!

I felt my heart pounding. My hands felt strong.

My tired body began to feel energized. It was because of the resonance of the word ‘automatic hunting’.

I need to cut down more ghosts, but I already have thirty of them.

If you work hard, you can quickly reach three positions. The more allies you have, the better.

“Here it is!”

Just then, a gang of ghosts rushed into the bathroom like a tsunami.

The men glared at Kanggeomma with their eyes wide open.

The number was roughly fifty. The tangled ranks resembled a skein of thread.

On the other hand, Kanggeomma stood alone, staring at the group of growling ghosts. A meaningful sneer spread across his lips.

“If we get rid of them all, we can fill up about a hundred.”

Kanggeomma threw his body towards the ghosts without hesitation.

Footprints were imprinted one after another on the wet bathroom tiles. Pat pat. Accompanied by the soft sound of water.

The ghosts’ pupils contracted at the sight of the gods running towards them. Do you think this situation is funny? They just overlooked it.

How scary it is for Koreans to face farming…

* * *

The sound of a ghostly wail echoed throughout the haunted house.

Kkaaa …

Humans who were obsessed with farming slaughtered ghosts. It was a sight where the roles of humans and ghosts were reversed.

Ghosts fell one by one from the thoughtless swing of the sword.

Kanggeomma wiped the blood off his sword and looked around.

Corpses filled the hallway. There was no room to step.

But he didn’t look very satisfied.

‘I’m still hungry.’

These were words that represented my current feelings.

After finishing hunting on the second floor, Kanggeomma walked up to the upper floor.

It was still too early to feel full. Murasame and Mannyeonseori also agreed and cried bitterly.

He went up to the third floor to fill his hungry stomach.

* * *

Unlike the second floor, the third floor was extremely quiet.

There was just a well standing in the middle of the hallway.

It was like a scene copied and pasted from a horror movie.

Kanggeomma showed a look of regret. He had come up because there was a lack of game, but the upper floors were in a drought.

Is this exactly how a farmer feels during a famine?

That was when.

Ki-ki-ki-ki.

A hand suddenly appeared above the well, veins forming like spiderwebs on the pale skin.

The owner of the hand slowly crawled out of the well. She was a typical virgin ghost.

She came staggering forward with her head thrown forward.

“All along, my name is Ma, Mama, Malsuk… … .”

She introduced herself without being asked in a hushed voice.

“You, dear. You’re handsome. Be my, my love’s husband.”

“Plague.”

The virgin ghost opened her mouth wide. The inside of her mouth was pitch black, almost empty. Ink flowed out of every hole.

“Haha, you’re so lonely alone!”

The virgin ghost welcomed her with open arms like someone who had found a life partner. Kanggeomma looked at her with an indifferent expression.

“He looks like he’s about to become a mid-boss.”

I was a little disappointed, but I hit the jackpot. Even though his

speech seemed a little awkward, the magical power he gave off was extraordinary. I guess he could be a B-class demon.

If the second floor was about quantity, the third floor was about quality.

If you qualitatively strengthen it with virgin ghosts, it will be reborn as a more solid army.

Kanggeomma laughed softly. Then he raised his hand. It was time to check the results of farming.

Kookookookook.

The road shook. The virgin ghost who had just emerged from the well staggered. She quickly regained her balance and looked at Kanggeomma.

“You, you, what have you done?”

Kang Geum-ma replied.

“You said you were lonely.”

“… … ?”

“You’ll probably regret saying that.”

The next moment, the virgin ghost felt an indescribable thrill. A pressure so great that it made her eyes tremble was squeezing her breathing.

Oh my gosh… … .

A tangled, tangled moan came up the stairs. There must have been at least a hundred demons. They gathered behind Kanggeomma.

With a single gesture, the ghostly horde formed a line as if they were followers of that human. All of their movements were under the control of the strong swordsman.

The virgin ghost hesitated and took a step back. But it was already

too late. Kanggeomma waved his hand and gave a signal.

“You are lonely. Make sure you are not alone.”

“Okay, okay, wait a minute… … !”

Ghosts swarmed like a tsunami into the narrow hallway.

The virgin ghost, Malsuk, jumped back into the well from which she had escaped in a panic.

There were countless questions running through her head, but she had to run away for now. The important thing was survival.

‘I can’t die again as a virgin!’

But the ghosts were sucked into the well with a loud noise.

Malsuk blankly looked up at the group of outsiders streaming into her hideout. Then she ended up getting caught up in it.

A scream burst out from deep within the well, and then it stopped.

Malsuk passed away without fulfilling her long-held wish.

Only then did Kang Geum-ma start walking slowly. He was heading towards the stairs on the other side of the hallway.

The evil spirits who had completed their mission also crawled out of the well and followed him. Malsuk was among them.

Thud, thud.

A long line of people. The human at the head was escorted by hundreds of ghosts.

His strides and gait seemed to match his. The will-o’-the-wisps lit up the path he was taking in the darkness.

The Night March of a Hundred Ghosts. Ghosts roam the nine heavens.

The vanguard was a human named Kanggeomma, who was the King

of the Dead.

In order to put an end to this horrible nightmare, and to end this particularly long night, I led the ghosts imprisoned in the Bokmajeon forward.

As he walked, he muttered a phrase that suddenly crossed his mind. It was a phrase that came to mind when he obtained the immortal stone.

“Listen to the voices of the dead, and they will open the gates of the underworld and answer your call.”

Kkwwww! Kkwww!

The ghosts let out an eerie roar.

It was a night greeting announcing the procession of the King of Hades.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 181

Episode 181 Dragon (1)

“What, why is there nothing?”

Those were the words I blurted out as I entered the last floor.

Even though I had been farming so diligently, I couldn’t feel any movement from the top floor.

Only pale moonlight streamed through the window into the hallway.

For a moment, I felt a sense of emptiness. I had worked so hard to create this army of ghosts… … .

It didn’t take more than a minute, but I was running around quite a bit. However, if I try harder than that, I’ll end up with a bigger belly than stomach.

In that case, I would have just grabbed the sashimi and ran towards the final boss.

The reason I’ve been creating an army of ghosts is like insurance. To put it simply, it wasn’t a necessary virtue.

‘I made it because I was excited, but damn.’

I glanced around the fourth floor with a clear sense of disappointment, and then realized why I couldn’t feel anything in the hallway.

First of all, there was only one door. Across from me, a classroom

with the Chinese characters 死靈死 written on it.

He greeted me and the ghost army with an ominous aura.

‘If the corridors were the main field up to the third floor, then this top floor seems to have a slightly different configuration.’

If you think about it, it wasn’t all in vain.

Even in Buffalo Dungeon, the area in front of Cow King’s room was quiet without a single demon.

The calm before the storm, right before the main curtain, is usually calm. It was a kind of device. Because the silence can maximize tension.

This one had a more substantial production than one where random guys just popped out.

‘Even in the Undead Dungeon, it was incredibly quiet before encountering the Draugr.’

A smile of relief appeared on my lips.

But, just in front of the final boss, I laughed… … .

After living in this world for nearly two years, I think I lost my mind at some point.

If you look at it positively, it means that I adapted well in my own way. It wasn’t bad.

Kkwwwww! Kkwww!

As if in sync with my mood, a roar erupted from behind. A thunderous roar just before entering the battlefield.

Looking at it this way, it was definitely a sorcerer. This also didn’t feel so bad.

I trudged along with the ghost army on my back. It was a boring march that made me yawn.

However, I must never let my guard down. It was a principle I had deeply engraved in my heart. I have survived until now because I have kept to it.

I raised my senses and scanned the area ahead. Nothing was detected.

I turned off my guard because the guys behind me would take care of it.

After running through the 200m or so hallway without any trouble, I arrived in front of the classroom where I expected the final boss to be.

【Death, death】

The blood-red door showed signs of corrosion and wear here and there. I pushed the door open, feeling its rough texture like sandpaper.

The sound of rusty metal. A terrible stench came into view, and beyond that, a wide, dark red-colored cavity.

Thump, thump.

In the middle of it all, a huge heart was chained and pulsating. In addition, the space was filled with standing ghost knights.

The number is roughly three hundred. They were guarding that heart as one army.

The eyes of the Ghost Knights lit up like flashing lights. They let out a sinister shout.

The next moment, the Ghost Knights created a hazy-shaped scythe and held it in their hands.

“her…….”

A hollow laugh escaped my lips. I know what kind of people they are.

The Angel of Death who harvests the dead. A-class demonic beast, Grim Reaper.

In particular, the scythe they wield, Death's Scythe, is a vicious magical weapon that can take ten years of life from a person with a single successful hit.

Even during the playing days, the horse riding club was more famous than those guys.

Among users, it was called 'Time Gang', or 'Sigang' for short.

The users were shaking in fear at the sight of the horse that was almost a semi-instant death.

But those guys were the ones in charge of this nightmare and the ones guarding the core.

While the undead were considered low-level demons, the Grim Reapers were powerful even when viewed individually.

If I had come naked, I would have had no chance of winning. I am sure of that.

but…….

I laughed. It wasn't because I had a screw loose in my head. I was just dumbfounded by this incredible coincidence.

I thought that this is why people are so obsessed with insurance.

I muttered to myself as I watched the men approaching me with scythes in their hands.

"One attack grants you ten years of life."

Oh my gosh… … !

The ghosts surrounded me like a protective shield, as if they were not allowing any approach.

Snap. I snapped my fingers.

At that moment, the ghosts took a stance as if they were about to leap like leashed beasts. Growling – their teeth bared whitely.

I continued, scoffing.

“Then it’s useless against those whose lifespan has ended.”

‘Tak.’ The sound of skin rubbing against skin echoed through the room. At the same time, my troops charged toward the enemy lines.

Kwaaaaang!

The two camps clashed in the center of the common. The thousand-footed march shook the common.

That sound was the signal for the start of war.

The Grim Reapers swept their scythes like pitchforks, their ivory-colored blades cutting through the ghosts, then cutting them again.

They were as fierce as a well-trained army. They moved so mechanically that it was hard to believe that this was a sudden war. The scythes they swung had only one purpose.

‘Protect the core.’

So, I used my scythe to block the ghosts approaching my heart.

However, the course of the battle did not go as the messengers had intended.

No matter how hard I cut, the ghosts kept attacking me.

“Kueeeeeeeep!”

The ghosts ran wild like hunting dogs. They bit and tore at the effective blows with their whole bodies.

Their power was no match for that of the Reapers. They only had the advantage in numbers, but were inferior in everything else.

Still, this side had its own way.

The Grim Reaper shook off the enemies that had stuck to him like mosquitoes and stabbed them against his own body, almost like he was harming himself.

The ghost dodged the scythe with animalistic movements and thrust its teeth in again.

My army consists of ghosts who have long since died. So they can confront the sickle that cuts off their lives without hesitation.

There was no reason to avoid a dirty fight that would lead to death.

It eats away at your stamina with multiple light attacks rather than one heavy attack. And the reason for this has been revealed.

The messengers have switched from offensive to defensive. This is proof that my army has seized the opportunity.

The ghosts, taking advantage of their momentum, launched more agile attacks, roaring and trotting like wild horses under the spell.

They infiltrated the enemy lines and broke their ranks.

Ghost vs. Grim Reaper.

I quietly watched the battlefield of the extraterrestrial beings. I enjoyed hunting automatically with both hands in my pockets.

Kuung… … !

The last messenger fell. Only then did I take my hands out of my pockets and walk away. Towards the heart that was beating alone.

Slurp.

Now it was time to wake up from the nightmare.

* * *

[NEW! Complete the hidden quest ‘Horror Maison: The Nightmare Created by Joaquin’s Disaster’ to receive a reward.]

[▷ ‘Protection of Communication’ has been upgraded to spirit level.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Tip: Once only, you can cross the time line and talk to one of the characters from the past, present, or future.

※ Please use it carefully, as this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Don't regret it later, okay? (…….)]

* * *

"ah."

The five people who had been standing blankly at the entrance to Aaron's villa simultaneously let out exclamations.

They were breathing heavily, as if they were opening their eyes from a deep sleep. They were panting even though they were outdoors.

They were like that for a long time, like people who had just come out of a confined space.

It was a feeling that was hard to describe. A gloomy night wind blew between them.

It was Weapon's voice that broke the strange silence.

"You, you guys… aren't… ghosts… or are you… … ?"

Everyone nodded to the question that implied much.

Everyone's faces were pale. They were sweating profusely despite the chilly weather. This was due to the strange phenomenon they had all experienced a little while ago.

Suddenly, Weapon turned his head forward. His hand was holding the doorknob of the annex.

"What the heck!"

Weapon was startled and quickly distanced himself. A rare harsh curse came out.

But no one said anything. Rather, those strong words spoke volumes about the state of mind.

In fact, if I had my way, I would have kicked the door open wide.

They stared silently at the entrance to the annex. It was a neat building, but its appearance was truly hideous.

I was possessed even though I hadn't even entered the scene. It wasn't just a dream. Could it be that all the shock and fear that filled their faces were a lie?

It was a vivid nightmare, but it was hard to tell when it started. In that sense, it was similar to a dream.

Squeak-

Suddenly the front door opened. Everyone froze like statues.

Only Abel managed to muster up the strength to place his hand on the hilt of his sword.

It wouldn't have been strange if something had come out of that haunted house. They held their breath and stared at the entrance.

Damn it.

A foot stepped through the crack in the door. Abel pulled out the blade a span. Her eyes glowed coldly like the blade of a sword.

After a long silence, a voice came from the door. It was a familiar voice.

"Is this why you told me not to experience haunted houses? It's so tiring."

The one who opened the door was Kang Geum-ma. He slowly walked out with a tired look on his face.

Everyone was dumbfounded at the sight.

The heightened tension suddenly crumbled. Three out of five people collapsed.

Honestly, I was confused as to whether this was a scene from a dream

or not. But when I looked at that face, I felt relieved.

That would be the case, since he was a strong swordsman. The psychological stability was more important than the anxiety that it might be a dream. His guard was slowly starting to let down.

After a while, Saki got up, her body wobbly. Her clothes were dirty from sweat and dirt. She approached Kanggeomma without caring.

“Geumma, what were you doing in there?”

Kang Geum-ma scratched his cheek. Then he responded with a complex and subtle expression.

“Exorcism?”

* * *

A few days passed. The members and I talked about that day several times.

First of all, ‘why’ did something like that come about within the academy? There were many opinions exchanged and plausible hypotheses and evidence were extracted.

A dungeon is a space where magical power is concentrated. The more worn, dark, and damp the environment, the more magical power is concentrated.

And the Aaron Cottage fits all those criteria: it’s old, it’s shabby, and it’s on the fringes of the fringes.

So, ‘how’ did magic permeate the Academy?

The clue was found in 『Horror Maison: The Nightmare Created by the Joaquin Phoenix Disaster』.

That day, 3rd Corps Commander Vesna released her magical power to the critical level.

The remaining magical power floated through the air on the wind and gathered in the Aaron Villa.

Moreover, the election site where the disaster occurred is in the northeast, and the Aaron Annex is in the southwest.

If the wind mixed with magic power blows, it is a straight position that will be completely exposed.

‘I don’t know why it ended up in a ghost den, but… … .’

I lay in bed and stared at the ceiling, thinking back on the rewards from the Horror Maiden dungeon.

-Only once, you can cross the time line and talk to one person from the past, present, or future.

A phrase that came to mind as the level of protection of communication increased.

Gaho, who was thought to be used only as a substitute for an interpreter, dropped a meaningful message. He even added a request.

-You only get one chance, so use it wisely. Don’t regret it when it comes.

As you said, I couldn’t just use it. For example, I could use it on myself three years from now to get an answer to the question, ‘Is humanity ruined?’

Without thinking too deeply, this was an absurd ability.

‘I need to think more about when to write it and who to write it to.’

Rollin~

A sharp dial tone rang out on the phone. It was a text from Choi Seol-ah.

[Choi Seol-ah: My lord… There’s a dragon you entrusted to me before… … .]

I entrusted my soul to Choi Seol-ah. I told her that I, a man, could not take her in, so she should be fed and given a place to sleep.

Choi Seol-ah whined that she was more comfortable living alone. I showed her the sashimi with a kind smile. Then she nodded readily and took care of it as if she was caring for her soul.

So, I receive reports on the state of my soul from Choi Seol-ah once every four days.

“Why does this guy speak like this in modern times?”

Then the LCD screen lit up again.

[Choi Seol-ah: I think something big has happened… … .]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 182

Episode 182 Dragon (2)

…what?

‘Something big happened to Hon?’

I stared blankly at my phone for a moment. Then I left the dorm and headed straight to Choi Seol-ah’s house.

Instructor Joaquin’s residence.

I knocked on Choi Seol-ah’s door. I felt something inside, but there was no response.

I rang the doorbell. It was still quiet.

‘Open the door and go in.’

I always carry a master key with me. It’s just a minor security measure, like a door lock.

Slurp.

As soon as the sashimi was taken out, a loud crashing sound was heard.

Then the door opened wide. Choi Seol-ah came rushing out, looking embarrassed.

“My, my lord! Oh, what is it!”

“I came running because I heard something happened to Hon. Anyway, what happened? Did you get caught raising a dragon around here? I warned you to be careful.”

“Oh, no. That’s absolutely not it! It’s just… … .”

Choi Seol-ah mumbled the end of her sentence. I grabbed the door that was open about an inch and pulled it open.

“Ah-kong!”

Choi Seol-ah fell over and hit her buttocks. He passed her and quickly entered the room.

“Just a moment, my lord! I have privacy too!”

“go away.”

It was when I was leaving the begging behind and trying to look around the room.

I felt a presence coming from the kitchen. I put on my shoes and strode briskly towards the kitchen.

“… … ?”

The first thing I noticed was the messy kitchen. Next, I noticed a soul sitting on the floor with a chair thrown around.

The sight of him munching on sausages. My expression changed strangely. The soul that met my eyes suddenly stood up from its seat.

“Huh, huh? Why back then?”

I manifest [the protection of communication].

I started talking to a dragon with a piece of meat all over its mouth.

-Is it delicious?

“… … .”

Nod… nod… … .

* * *

Dragons are depicted as powerful and mysterious beings everywhere.

A good being who bestows blessings on humans or weaves legends by giving back to the protagonist.

Or an unknown creature described as a calamity that brings destruction. That is a dragon.

So, in this world based on the Miracle Protection M, which faction is it between good and evil?

I can only give an ambiguous answer to that question.

To conclude, dragons are classified as demons.

It is not difficult to see that their home is the Demon Realm.

However, it is difficult to conclude that ‘dragons are the enemy of humanity’ based on that alone.

Because there were very few cases of damage from them.

There was even a rumor going around that if they ever encountered a human, they would just pretend not to see them and pass by.

A non-aggressive demon race. In that respect, they clearly differ from other demon races who frequently kill humans.

‘It wasn’t for nothing that the pigs who participated in the auction house tried to harvest the dragon without fear.’

To begin with, dragons were a very small number and were reluctant to be exposed.

They just lived their own leisurely lives.

A truly strong person does not necessarily show off his power.

They were not involved in the First World War 700 years ago either.

I was just observing the war from afar.

Some say that the aggressiveness has been weakened because the beings are so overwhelming.

There is no need to exercise force since there is no force to threaten.

But the whole world knows.

That they are by no means a peaceful race.

That was something the legion commanders were clearly aware of.

All legion commanders are transcendent beings.

However, dragons that are united as a species are comparable to that.

Even if the two forces had clashed, the result would have been mutual destruction.

So the legion commanders did not come near the dragon's territory.

In response, even though the Demonic Realm was under the control of the legion commanders, they remained silent.

In this way, a non-aggression pact was naturally concluded between the two sides.

But the end of their uneasy cohabitation was slowly approaching.

Another great war broke out three years later.

This was because it was unclear which side the dragon would join.

It was the same during the playthrough. When Leon builds up friendship with them, the dragons give strength to humanity.

The opposite case was obvious. He would turn his back on humanity and join the Demon King.

Or, it could be a case of assistance, like 700 years ago.

In the future, no one knows whether the dragon will be on the side of the demons or the side of humanity. Not even the dragons themselves.

However, it was clear that this uncertainty would change the course of the world.

* * *

"… So what you mean by big trouble is that it was just a lot of money for food? Are you kidding me?"

As I frowned, Choi Seol-ah suddenly thrust the receipt into my hand. She insisted with a tearful face.

"Not just that, just that! Look at this. The money that was sucked into that dragonfly's belly in just a week!"

1 million won… … .

There certainly were a lot of them. There wasn't any grass at all, and they were all meat.

I turned my head towards the soul. She had her face bowed down like a sinner. As I looked at her, something felt sad.

I turned my head again and looked at Choi Seol-ah. She flinched as I furrowed my brow.

'But I eat it sparingly.'

If you're poor, that's what happens. But Choi Seol-ah has a lot of money. And it's all black money earned through illicit means.

On that topic, can't you even buy this much for a hungry kid? It's much better to go out and eat than to burn 3 billion at the auction house.

If you have the money but save money on food, you look petty.

'Of course, spending 1 million won in a week is amazing, but… … .'

The soul is a dragon. It now has the appearance of a delicate human, but its true nature is that of a phantom beast floating in the sky.

Rather, it feels like the dragon ate less than it should. If the spirit had

been determined, the grocery section of the mart would have disappeared.

A dragon's diet is often compared to that of an elephant.

Soon I let out a sigh. I feel too shameless to criticize Choi Seol-ah.

Even though she has a lot to say, she is still taking care of the soul. And… … .

Overall, the condition of the soul has improved significantly. The fat on the sagging cheeks and the improved hair quality reflect the state of nutrition.

Even though she whines, it seems like Choi Seol-ah is taking good care of her. I guess it would be okay to throw her a carrot once in a while.

I said to Choi Seol-ah.

"I know how hard it is. To be honest, it may be hard to communicate, but taking care of a child is not easy."

"Your Majesty… praises you?"

A strange light appeared in Choi Seol-ah's gloomy eyes. I continued to praise her.

"You even bought me new clothes."

"How did you know that?!"

"The tag is dangling over there. Take it off. Anyway, I know you spent a lot of money on this and that. But I'm not asking you to live with me forever. It's a month at most. After that, I'll take responsibility and do something about it. Until then, just keep doing what you're doing now."

"Okay, I understand!"

Choi Seol-ah had a big smile on her lips. She was smiling like that, which was quite annoying. Maybe it was because of her

physiognomy.

“And didn’t I tell you to call me Hon? Why are you calling me Yonggary Gwijaengi instead of a nice name? It’s not because of how I look, it’s childish. How would you feel if someone called you Bora-dol? Call me by my name from now on.”

“Hehe, yep!”

He was whining so much just a few minutes ago, but now he’s all smiles after hearing a compliment.

‘Is it simple or stupid?’

I was going to whip him, but I stopped. I guess he’ll do better next time since he’s motivated. That’s all I need.

I approached the soul and sat down in front of it. I thought I would take this opportunity to talk to it again.

Clue for the fourth fragment. The status window said that it could be found through the soul.

-Son, you can raise your head now.

“yes…….”

I spoke without filtering because I was in the process of manifesting [the protection of communication].

—I told him something sharp. So don’t worry and eat it. If he says anything else, tell me directly. I won’t end it with words then. He often doesn’t listen, but when I hit him, he listens.

Only then did Hon cover his mouth and giggle at my honest words. On the other hand, Choi Seol-ah tilted her head with a puzzled expression.

There is quite a bit of fun in talking in front of the person involved.

—You still don’t remember what I said before, ‘You’re back.’

“Yes, actually, I unconsciously said those words at the time. But I still remember how I felt at that time! What should I say? Should I say it was very hazy?”

—That’s fine. I’ve been curious about this for a while, but dragons only reside in the Demon Realm, so how did they end up in the Human World? They had to go through the Gehenna Gate.

The soul answered with a nod.

“Oh, you didn’t know. Our dragons can cross the Gehenna Gate at any time!”

—… A dragon? Why?

Although he didn’t show it, I couldn’t help but be very surprised.

Dragons are some of the strongest beings in the world. It’s amazing that they can freely travel between the Demon Realm and the Human Realm.

In other words, humanity was always exposed to the threat of dragons, without the person responsible knowing it.

“You said that 700 years ago, you made a pact with our chieftain and our ancestral hero. It was on the condition that we would not participate in the First World War.”

It was a wise decision. Even if he was the hero of the first century, it would have been impossible for a demon tribe to be joined by a dragon.

The soul continued speaking.

“We accepted the offer and became the only species that could pass through the gate.”

This is a pact that is possible because the dragon has a neutral disposition. It is also a part that gives a glimpse into Balor Joaquin’s will.

I will not turn the dragon into an enemy even if it means taking on

the burden of risk.

“But since my power is greatly reduced compared to the Demon Realm, I have to take on a human form in the human world. Of course, it’s not exactly the same, so I have to be careful about my actions.”

Ah, so that’s why you became a nobleman in Yonggari. I understand.

-I know how you came to the inheritance. What about the kidnapping?

Suddenly, the soul’s body twisted like a twisted egg. She lowered her head and spoke as if squeezing it.

“… He said he’d give me food if I followed him, so I followed him and stopped.”

—… … .

Falling for an old trick that even a preschooler wouldn’t fall for. This is the moment when your fantasy about the fantasy creature, the dragon, is shattered.

“That’s because I starved for two days straight! I, I’m not some naive dragon who would just say hello and move on!”

The soul waved its hands hurriedly as if it were embarrassed. It was the typical attitude of a person whose feet were numb.

—… Okay. Then, what business did you have in the last place? Even if you could come and go freely, you wouldn’t have come to take a walk. From what I’ve heard, it seems like the dragon side has its own procedures.

“that.”

The expression on her face was frozen as ice. She opened her mouth heavily.

“I came to destroy my fallen younger brother, Basilisk, with my own hands.”

At that moment.

＝＝ ＝＝

[NEW! A surprise quest occurs.]

Defeat the evil serpent, Basilisk, with Horntail!

[※ It is possible to obtain the fourth memory fragment of 【???】.
Total number of acquisitions (3/7)]

[※ Additional reward – Fallen Dragon’s Magic Stone.]

＝＝ ＝＝

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 183

Episode 183: The Strongest Snake (1)

Macguffin. A word that refers to a device that motivates the story but has no background or explanation.

There are such MacGuffins in ‘Miracle Protection M’ as well.

No, to be exact, more than half of them can be said to be MacGuffins. It is only natural that MacGuffins are scattered around due to the convenience of the game company.

The unclean snake, the Basilisk. It was a demonic beast that only functioned as a quest boss, and its background was uniquely shrouded in mystery.

… Well, that’s usually the case with S-class demons.

I only found out about the cruel nature of the Lich King Draugr when I came here. I didn’t have much information about the vicious Manticore either.

But among them, the one with the most bait is probably the Basilisk.

That was because the race of that demon was ‘snake’.

Snakes are unconditionally part of the Demon Tribe in Miracle Protection M. The Jormungand from before was also considered a Demon Tribe, and dragons are also considered to be a superior group of snakes in a broad sense.

In that sense, the Basilisk was a contradiction in itself. The name itself was the negative ‘snake’. Nevertheless, it was classified as a demon beast, not a demon.

There were many discussions among users about this, but there was no proper consensus. The conclusion that was eventually reached was that it was the aforementioned MacGuffin.

Anyway, since it was a S-class demon beast that was comparable to or even superior to the Demon Tribe, it was set up so that it became a MacGuffin due to some mistake during production. I thought the same thing.

“A dragon is not a dragon when it hatches from an egg. At birth, it is called ‘Imugi.’ After hundreds of years of asceticism and training, a Yeouiju is created within the body, and only then can it transform into a dragon.”

I listened to the soul’s explanation, and sighed inside.

I once heard a tale about a snake that couldn’t become a dragon and became a monster that eats people.

‘I never thought that tale would be the motif for the dragon.’

Anyway, to summarize the soul’s explanation briefly.

No matter how much of a snake it is, one that has not evolved enough cannot even be included in the ‘same’ demon tribe.

The spirit continued to speak. In Korean, not in magic words, so that even Seol-ah Choi could understand.

“Actually, Basilisk was a child who was designated as the next Dragon Lord since the Imoogi era. There was no dragon in the clan that could match his innate magical power.”

The reason why dragons are considered special among the demon race is because of their enormous magical power. This is due to the racial trait of accumulating magical power in their bodies simply by breathing.

But even among those dragons, Basilisk was the best. If he had grown up, wouldn't he have become the strongest dragon lord in history? Hon cautiously expressed his opinion.

"… I'm not saying this just because he's my younger brother, but he really had outstanding qualities."

"Huh? If you were so great, why didn't you ascend to the dragon level? That doesn't make sense."

At Choi Seol-ah's sarcastic question, Hon let out a small sigh. His expression was something like, 'Did you just listen to the explanation?'

For 'Instructor' Choi Seol-ah, Hon went over the key points one by one like a teacher.

"The important thing in transforming into a dragon is not strength. When an imoogi reaches a certain age, it must be locked in a so-called 'snake den' and live a life of asceticism for about a hundred years. During that time, it only eats mugwort and garlic. By not eating any meat, it shaves off its wildness, and when it expels toxins from its body with these two spices, pure magic power gathers in its body in the form of a bead, which is called a Yeouiju."

"… … ."

"Even after becoming a dragon, you still have to be careful about your actions. If you do something wrong, the Yeouiju will crack. For example, indiscriminate massacre… like wiping out an entire species, things like that."

It means that all your hard work to become a dragon can be ruined by a single mistake. This explains why dragons are reluctant to kill.

"… But even though the Basilisk was so strong, it couldn't overcome the ascetic life. Right?"

Hon nodded to my words.

"Yes, that's right. My younger brother had high expectations of himself, so he was arrogant. It would have been impossible for him to

stop eating meat and survive for a hundred years on mugwort and garlic. But Basilisk wanted to become a dragon, and the strongest one at that. So he tried to ascend to the dragon in a different way."

"Was there another way?"

Hon shook his head with a dark expression.

"If there were, there would be no reason for us to waste a hundred years. However, my younger brother thought that he could obtain pure energy from outside, not inside. Without having to become pure himself, by consuming humans with pure energy… … ."

She stopped talking and closed her eyes tightly. She stayed like that for a moment, then she barely opened her mouth.

"So my younger brother came into the world. He was coiling around people and enticing them to eat better energy. But my clan just stood by and watched… … . Because of the killing… they were afraid that their Yeouiju would be contaminated. However, they couldn't leave me, their family, alone."

Her last words were her true heart. Her determination that she could not just stand by and watch even if the Yeouiju was cracked was also evident.

Perhaps the swordsman didn't see Draugr in the same light? Then and now, there is a twisted family history.

However, Abel's father, Orion Nibelung, did not wish to become a Draugr. What about Basilisk, on the other hand?

A monster filled with nothing but greed to become a dragon through wrong means.

Moreover, Basilisk is a S-class demon. The Association has branded it as the worst demon in human history.

"… … ."

The conversation paused for a moment and silence followed. Surprisingly, it was Choi Seol-ah who broke the gloomy silence.

“But, how can a noble like you defeat such a strong demon all by yourself? I don’t think it’ll work.”

Perhaps because he had been bullied, or perhaps because he was offended by being called a nerd, Hon did not respond. Whatever it was, he seemed to be thinking a lot.

Choi Seol-ah started to chatter in a teasing tone, as if she was a sly person.

“And even though you came here with such great determination, you were kidnapped by humans. You’ll never be able to subdue your younger brother like that. That S-class demon isn’t even your family’s name.”

“… … .”

“I am an academy instructor myself, so I have some knowledge. I know how monstrous a beast the Basilisk is. It is so strong that the Association has formed a large force to capture it.”

“But, but!”

Before I could ask what was wrong, it was Choi Seol-ah who looked back at me.

“Master, can’t we just send him back to his hometown?”

I stared at Choi Seol-ah. Whenever I saw that expressionless face, I sometimes felt the urge to slap her. But for now, I decided to let it go.

She was beating around the bush about helping the soul.

Choi Seol-ah showed altruism. She was a former villain. This was the first time something like this had happened. Like a snake shedding its skin and ascending to become a dragon, has she finally become human?

But the small amount of suspicion that had been rising was completely swept away by Choi Seol-ah’s subsequent words.

“If we stay together for just a few more weeks, I feel like my bank

account will really be empty. Hehe."

"… Anyway. The me who expected it is a cripple."

I pressed my heavy eyes shut and collected my thoughts.

A chance to obtain the fourth fragment and the magic stone in one breath. It wasn't a matter of gain or loss. It was a necessity, not a choice.

I opened my eyes that had been closed for a moment. I looked at the soul for a long time and then said.

"Let's go together."

To catch a snake.

* * *

After three days, Choi Seol-ah and I prepared ourselves.

Originally, I had planned to take the club members with me. However, after thinking about it for a few minutes, I shook my head.

The purpose itself was to subdue the Basilisk. As Choi Seol-ah said, it was an S-class beast that the association had to organize a unit to capture. It was an extremely irresponsible idea to take teenage members on such a journey.

However, I had no intention of deceiving them. I just wanted to prevent the worst. Choi Seol-ah was enough to take the risk.

As the promised day approached, Choi Seol-ah kept throwing a tantrum, saying she wouldn't go. As someone who is very attached to life, she must have been scared when she actually tried to go.

So I gave him a choice: die before he goes, or die when he gets there. Choi Seol-ah chose the latter.

After completing the arduous preparation process, today is finally the fifth day.

At the appointed time, we met in front of the Academy Warp. By the way, this trip will take you to Warp. This was possible because Choi Seol-ah's status was an instructor.

Before boarding the warp, I checked the condition of the party members. Choi Seol-ah looked haggard, as if she had not slept well. As expected, I turned my gaze to the side. Soul. Her eyes, which had started this journey, showed a firm determination.

"Let's go."

I walked towards the warp first, and Hon and Choi Seol-ah followed me.

As soon as my feet passed through the warp, an incredible pressure pressed down on my entire body.

Wooooow.

The feeling of being sucked in by the vanishing point, which appears to be a white dot in the distance. Just when I was about to lose my mind, my body straightened up.

I opened my tightly shut eyes. And for a moment, I was lost in thought at the scenery unfolding before my eyes.

In the middle of a vast plain, a volcanic-like volcanic terrain. The smell of sulfur was so strong that it stung your nose. Red lava was boiling all over the place. It was a hot appearance that contrasted with the dreary atmosphere of the Undead Dungeon.

'You're here.'

We arrived at the Broken Isles, the place where the Basilisk is coiled in the Human Realm.

After a while, the space behind them shook and vomited out Hon and Choi Seol-ah. The two people who were thrown out with a thud barely managed to keep their balance and stand.

A beat later, they also looked at the dungeon in a daze. They looked as if they were at a loss for words due to the intimidating

appearance.

The soul that soon came to its senses pointed in one direction.

“I feel a familiar magic there.”

A passageway that looked like a snake’s mouth was visible. Anyone could tell that it was the entrance to a dungeon.

“Over there… … .”

Her complicated feelings were clearly expressed on Hon’s face. She looked in that direction for a while without saying a word, and then took the lead.

Footsteps that were like a seal on the semi-liquid road surface. Choi Seol-ah and I followed along silently.

* * *

Inside the dungeon.

As we entered, a static atmosphere greeted us.

It was much larger than I had expected. The road was as winding as a snake, making it very easy to get lost.

But we moved forward without a hitch. It was thanks to the spirit of the one who was tracing back the magic power that we were guided from the front.

‘Choi Seol-ah too, each of them is secretly carrying out their assigned roles well.’

So what’s my role? Of course, it’s to subdue the Basilisk.

However, the ‘trait’ of Basilisk that I heard from Hon was bothersome. If that’s true, then it’s not a good match for me.

‘If you just look at compatibility, it might be more difficult than the legion commanders.’

It was a moment when I was clicking my tongue and scratching my

head.

Suddenly, Choi Seol-ah, who was walking next to me, started swearing.

“crazy…….”

I also looked at the same place. The stone statues that filled the entire area. It was an eerie sight just to look at.

Because Choi Seol-ah and I knew the true identity of those stone statues.

All of those statues are heroes who were sacrificed to the Basilisk’s evil eye.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 184

Episode 184: The Strongest Snake (2)

Choi Seol-ah's shoulders began to tremble slightly.

'This… all of it?'

There were human stone statues scattered all over the place. Their gestures and expressions were so vivid that they seemed to have been alive just a moment ago. It seemed as if their sad screams were still ringing in my ears.

As she walked between the stone statues, Choi Seol-ah's face turned pale. She walked around indecisively.

Ten, twenty, thirty, fifty… … When it passed a hundred, Choi Seol-ah gave up counting. The number of victims was just too many.

Choi Seol-ah called out urgently.

"You little punk! Are you saying that all of this was done by your little brother?"

Hon turned his head back halfway. His half-revealed expression was thick with sadness. She was equally shocked by the tragedy that her younger brother had created with his own hands.

She nodded heavily.

"… Yes. That's right. All of them have been affected by the Basilisk's ability, the 'Eye of Petrification.'"

The magic eye is extremely rare even among the demon race. Those who possess it are able to use 'special magic'. And Basilisk opened its eyes early. Unlike my sister Hon.

"I already knew that from you before I came here! No, but what is this, it's on the level of mass murder!"

Great power always comes with a price. The amount of magical power required to use the Ma-an was almost murderous.

Most demons will completely lose their magical power and die after using it two or three times in a row.

Even the Demons call the Eye of Maan, "the eyes have eaten their master." Those who have opened their eyes are treated specially, but they are not objects of envy or jealousy.

So, the person who opened the door used the Ma-an as a finishing move because it had a fatal weakness. If there was no such risk, the Ma-an would be no different from an invincible weapon.

But if you can handle that enormous amount of magical power consumption, it would be possible to use the ultimate attack as if it were a normal attack.

The soul looked at each of the stone statues one by one. Then it opened its mouth again in a complicated voice.

"I didn't know it would be this bad… … ."

"Hey, you little punk! What if you didn't know?! You said that the number of times you can activate the Demon Eye is five at most! Judging from the state of the statues, it looks like twenty people are frozen at a time?"

Choi Seol-ah shouted at the hazy tone of her soul. It was something that would make her go crazy and jump. Let's say she'd come this far. If she had run away, she would have had to embrace the cold blade with her flesh.

It's said that love is the degree of hate. Whenever that nobleman made a pitiful expression, I felt a strange sense of pity. That's why I

pretended not to win. At least my life was guaranteed if I was with my lord.

But as I walked, my anxiety grew. I would survive since I was with my lord. But would I be able to escape with my limbs intact? What if one of my body parts was petrified?

Of course, there would be no specific treatment, and the only way would be to cut it off before it spreads throughout the body. With a flash of a sword, I would bid farewell to my limbs that were turning to stone.

Choi Seol-ah's upper and lower teeth clashed ceaselessly like castanets. She wanted to live with two arms and two legs until she died.

'Should I run away now? Wouldn't it be better to get stabbed in the stomach and be hospitalized than to be disabled?'

At that moment, the lord placed a hand on her shoulder. At the same time, Choi Seol-ah's body trembled as if she had been electrocuted.

Kang Geum-ma looked at her without saying anything.

"… … ."

"lol."

Choi Seol-ah pretended to zip up her mouth and groaned. I have overstepped my bounds. Please save me! She gave her earnest eyes to her master.

"You're an adult, so please listen to me when I speak."

"Nod, nod!"

Only then did Kang Geum-ma withdraw his hand and his sword. Hon watched the scene with curious eyes.

Hon is a dragon with a keen eye. The fact that he quickly learned Korean is proof of this. Therefore, he has a vague idea of how human society works.

‘Humans are faithful to their age culture.’

The Demons only followed the logic of power, and did not give preferential treatment to those who were older. The reason for this was because of their long lifespans. Since everyone lives for nearly a thousand years, what’s the big deal about living a few more years?

On the other hand, humans are respectful to their elders. When I first came into the human world, I was impressed by this. At the same time, I found it very attractive.

‘Human life spans are short, so we respect those who have lived long lives.’

If that’s the case… … .

The relationship between these two people had a strange corner. It was clear that Kanggeomma treated Boradol poorly even though he was only ten years old. Not only that, if he said something to Boradol, he would immediately spread his murderous intent. Then Boradol would immediately become a scapegoat.

Only the strong have a say, and the weak just nod. The sight was reminiscent of the ecosystem of the demon tribe. The titles were also somewhat strange. Boradol called Ganggeomma, “Lord, Lord.”

However, after some time, Boradol would start to grumble again. As if fulfilling the saying that humans are forgetful creatures. And then he would meditate again. He would repeat that precarious tightrope walk.

‘Isn’t that enough to enjoy it?’

Sigh. A smile appeared on Hon’s lips. Thanks to the chemistry between the two, the air that was cold and hard like a stone statue became much softer. In addition, he felt a sense of satisfaction inside.

You always nag me for eating meat!

* * *

I suddenly asked the soul a question.

“You said that the Eye of Stone is the ability to turn anyone who looks into it into stone? So does that mean I can just close my eyes and fight?”

“That’s not realistically possible. The petrification target isn’t just living things. It can also solidify things like the ground, lava, and even the wind. If you close your eyes and fight, your little brother will probably come out and manipulate the terrain. Like impeding your movement.”

“…ah.”

He sighed briefly. It was the Eye of the Stone, the ability of the opening.

[Protection of the Sword God]’s attribute, like Ma-an, was an ability related to the eyes. You need to swing your sword along the red line drawn on the target to get the full effect.

So I tried to fight based on my experience with All Mute. He manipulates terrain. A chaotic battle naturally came to mind.

‘But, hon, how was she going to deal with such a younger brother?’

While thinking like that, the soul walked and made a battle plan.

“However, you won’t be able to use your abilities right away. No matter how much magical power you have, you’ll definitely be overwhelmed. At that time, I’ll transform into a dragon and cast my magic, and you can provide support fire from behind.”

“Turning into a dragon? That would mean freeing yourself from restrictions.”

“Yes, that’s right. It will probably drain most of your magic power, but that’s the only way. It’s no match for any other dragon. Fortunately, the Basilisk relies heavily on its magic eyes, so it can’t use any other magic. I’ll emphasize this again, but you guys are behind… … .”

“Phuhat!”

Out of nowhere, Choi Seol-ah burst into laughter. A strand of hair stood up like an exclamation mark on the crown of her head. Then, her eyebrows arched gently.

"…What's funny?"

"No, it's just that. You're the first person to ask your lord to be your supporter. It's so funny that I can't stop laughing."

Choi Seol-ah said, wiping away the tears that had formed in her eyes. Hon just blinked his wide-open eyes.

"Hey, you little punk, have you ever seen someone put a demon in a cardiac arrest with a sword?"

"… … ?"

"Whether it's the Eye of the Stone or something else, our lord can cut them all down with a sword! Right?!"

Choi Seol-ah suddenly looked back at me. I turned away from her eyes that were asking for my compliment. Then she became sullen and muttered something.

Praise… praise… praise… … .

"… … ."

Ignoring even that, I spoke to Hon again.

I had many questions about the Maan. Among the demons we will face in the future, there will certainly be many who have opened their eyes.

If you take this opportunity to build up your knowledge about it, it will definitely be useful in the future.

"Son, if I listen to you, it seems like the Stone Eye is the strongest among the demon eyes. Is that right?"

"At present, my younger brother's magic eye is the strongest, but there is another strongest magic eye in history."

Even the Eye of Stone alone not only turns the target into stone, but also bends terrain. But there was an eye stronger than that? To be honest, I couldn't imagine it.

"The Eye of the Gori. It is said to be a legendary eye that can twist the future and the past, eternity and infinity, structure and interpretation 'just once.'"

Because there is birth, there is death, and because what existed must be destroyed, something new must fill the gap. In this way, everything in the world has a structure of infinite cycles.

And the power to change only the results without touching the cycle, that is the magic eye of the ring. It was an ability that was difficult to understand at first.

Is it because it is so counterintuitive, like the Eye of the Stone that turns everything into stone? Just hearing the explanation made me wonder why it is the strongest in history.

But if you think about it carefully, it was a truly shocking ability.

In simple terms, it was possible to re-establish the proposition $1+1=2$ as $1+1=3$. The more I thought about it, the more absurd it became.

The evil eye that goes against providence. Even the soul that explained it said that it was not just an evil eye, but something closer to a divine eye.

Who on earth was the owner? When I asked Hon, the answer came right back.

"The one who opened the gates was Ouroboros, the first Dragon Lord. However, he transferred his power to a human 700 years ago and then passed away."

"Isn't the Ma-an only usable by the Demon Clan? The raw material is magic power."

"As I just said, the 'Gori's Eye' is a bit different in nature. Since it is a power comparable to the divine eye, the price is not magic power,

but one's own life. Therefore, even a human with no magic power can use it without any problems. Of course, our Dragon Lord only transferred it and passed away, so it must be a human who surpasses him."

"A human superior to the Dragon Lord? Has there ever been such a human?"

"… Yes. There was only one person in history. The only human who even Ouroboros showed awe."

He looked a bit taken aback by my barrage of questions.

"It's a name that everyone knows. Whether you're a demon or a human."

A name that everyone knows. A chill ran down my spine for a moment.

The mouth of the soul opened again.

"Balor Joaquin."

"… … !"

"There are still many stories about why Ouroboros-sama handed over to the first hero. It is understandable, since he gave a rare and precious item to humans. However, it is said that the great Dragon Lord had no regrets. In fact, it is said that he left these words on his deathbed."

There are a lot of hints in Miracle Protection M. These are hints that have been spread beautifully among users without ever being revealed whether it was the game company's intention.

If I had to pick the most representative ones, they would be the true nature of the Demon King and the abilities of Balor Joaquin.

The former will be revealed naturally towards the end. The latter, on the other hand? There was a high chance that it would never be revealed.

But somehow I… … .

It seems like I'm the only user who knows about the game's biggest macguffin.

'The hero of the poem had the power of the devil's eye?'

In the midst of my confusion, Hon relayed the farewell message of the first Dragon Lord to me in a reverent voice.

"Balor Joaquin was determined to prevent the inevitable destruction that was to come. He set out on a journey to a faraway place to find the answer, and to do so he needed the Eye of the Ring… … ."

Before Hon could finish speaking, a poisonous aura spread out from the front.

Sssssss.

The sound of something slippery on the floor. Everyone's eyes turned forward.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 185

Episode 185: The Strongest Snake (3)

Choi Seol-ah's ears perked up. The slippery and rustling sounds were slowly approaching. There were also cracking sounds here and there. She could tell just from the two pieces of information reaching her ears.

It was the sound of a snake slithering across the ground.

How nice it would be if it were a small rattlesnake, but that's just a fleeting hope.

A look of shock came over Choi Seol-ah's face. Every time 'it' moved, a small earthquake occurred. The ground wouldn't shake unless it was of a certain size.

At that moment, the tip of her nose felt tingly. Choi Seol-ah quickly pinched her nose with her index finger. Then she slowly lowered her gaze. The greenish fog that had spread down to her knees was melting the leather of Louis Vuitton's shoes.

The sight of luxury goods turning into a hanger. Choi Seol-ah's expression was astonishing, but soon turned bright red. The fear that had been dyeing her hair just a moment ago was instantly pushed away by anger.

"This, this… you little snake!"

Choi Seol-ah, her eyes rolled back, pulled out a revolver. Just before her index finger could pull the trigger, Kang Geum-ma covered her

mouth with his hand and covered it.

“Quiet.”

“But, but. My lord, I waited in line in the early morning breeze just to buy this! It’s a limited edition and costs 30 million won! How could I not be angry when this is a complete rag?!”

Even though her mouth was covered, Choi Seol-ah shook her feet with a look of indignation. Her shoes were riddled with holes, as if rats had eaten them. Her toes were wiggling inside.

Kang Geum-ma frowned. Then he clicked his tongue and dismissed it.

“If your life is worth only 30 million won, then get out.”

“… … .”

“And the guy who says it costs a million won a week to get married burns 3,000 won on shoes? That won’t do. When you leave, I’ll have to re-educate you.”

“My lord, my lord! Mercy… …!”

At that moment, the monster swimming on the floor revealed itself. It was a huge brown snake. Its body was so big that its head touched the ceiling, and its coiled body resembled a hill.

It was like a rat that encountered a snake.

A snake flicking its tongue. As it snorted, a long stream of green smoke came out.

The long, vertically slit eyes swept across the three people. Choi Seol-ah slowly put away the revolver she had drawn. It was clear that even if she hit those thick scales with a lead bullet, it would not even make a scratch.

However, the snake did not rush in. It simply tilted its head and observed the human as if it was curious.

It was the first time that a human had come face to face with him

and not run away immediately. However, if he made up his mind to move, the distance would quickly be shortened.

Choi Seol-ah clenched her teeth.

‘I have to run away at this timing.’

She rolled her eyes sideways. Unlike herself, who had turned pale, her lord looked indifferent. As always, always, always.

It was a boring reaction that made the person who was trembling feel embarrassed. When on earth will that person become embarrassed?

‘Still, I wish I could see my master’s bewildered expression someday… … .’

A pervert’s sadism dyed one side of his chest pink.

‘No, no!’

Choi Seol-ah immediately shook her head to clear away her distracting thoughts.

When you’re a villain, you often get scolded for not being able to fix your bad habits. If this intention is discovered, it’s certain that the smell of a fragrance is scarier than the smell of poison.

Choi Seol-ah suddenly fixed her gaze on her lord. Her lord was assessing his enemy with narrowed eyes. His pupils, half-submerged in his eyebrows, were filled with weariness.

Then the lord spoke to the nobleman.

“That guy isn’t a basilisk, is he? He’s just big, but he doesn’t look like much. A B+ at best?”

The lord spoke as if he were grading the meat of a giant snake. The startled nobleman nodded his head in a trembling manner.

“Yes. It’s the first time I’ve seen it, but it’s probably a subordinate of the Basilisk. Judging from the size of its body and the way it spits out venom, it’s probably just a gatekeeper that blocks approach.

However, it's definitely not an easy target. The venom will become thicker as you get closer, and by then, not just your clothes, but even your bones will melt."

"So you're saying I should just kill that snake without getting near it?"

Kanggeomma replied while scratching his chin. Hon looked bewildered at his indifferent tone.

"In theory, yes, but there's no way to defeat such a large demon from a distance… …!"

"You can't get stopped by the mid-boss. And if he doesn't come, you have to make him come."

Before he could finish speaking, Kanggeomma took a step forward. He walked a few steps towards the snake, activated [Protection of Communication], and opened his mouth.

-Get out of the way.

… … ?

The green irises, which had been torn apart, gathered more vertically. The snake's eyes blinked like traffic lights. Kanggeomma spoke again.

-If you don't want to get wet, just get wet.

The snake reacted to the provocation of scratching its insides. Its green eyes turned red. It went berserk.

"Ssaaaa …

The bastard's piercing mouth filled the entire room. At the moment when his gaping mouth was about to rush in for a bite, Kanggeomma knocked Murasame down. Choi Seol-ah shouted in a thrilled voice at that scene.

"Sir, no way. You can see that, my lord?!"

The lord's secret technique that instantly killed a berserk ogre.

"Death sashimi!"

At the border between imagination and reality, a blade flashed white.

Crunch.

The snake's body struck the ground as the irises, which had been tightly closed vertically, opened up.

Kwakwakwakwang!

The snake squirmed as if it had static electricity and wiped the floor with its scales. The stone statue that had been caught in the air caused debris to fly in all directions. The hem of the soul's clothes fluttered.

"Ugh. What's going on all of a sudden… ."

Hon raised his arm to block the flying rocks. The wind laden with rock dust covered his retinas, making his eyes sting. Nevertheless, he strained his eyes and barely managed to open his eyelids.

"Eek!"

The soul fell backwards in shock. The lifeless eyes and the absent-minded gaze met. The pupils became translucent gray-white. The soul stared blankly at itself inside. Only the tongue, forked in a Y shape, flowed out of the snake's mouth. It died instantly without shedding a single drop of blood.

My head was pounding. Why? How? Question marks appeared and disappeared randomly. It was not enough to interpret the situation with only perception and senses. Then suddenly, Boradol's words came to mind.

'Hey, you little punk, have you ever seen someone put a demon in a cardiac arrest with a sword?'

Ki-ki-kik. The stiff head turned forward as if it was petrified. The blade that had been shining smoothly slipped back into the scabbard.

Kanggeom-ma let out a small breath. Even in the lava zone, white breath rose.

Kanggeomma turned around. To his eyes, the human looked much bigger than the snake that had been dragged down. It was a wondrous presence. The murderous intent that pierced his skin also played a part.

He opened his mouth as the poisonous fog cleared.

“Let’s take a break here.”

“… … .”

“I have to eat too.”

Hon nodded silently. He had been walking for nearly three hours. It was time for a rest.

… It was an offer they couldn’t refuse anyway. So the three of them lit a fire right next to the snake.

* * *

Knock, knock.

The fire was just right. Kang Geum-ma seasoned the three pieces of Korean beef he had prepared with salt and pepper. It was beef bought with Choi Seol-ah’s card.

He placed the seasoned meat on a stick and placed it over the fire. Soon, the fat began to sizzle and a delicious smell began to waft out.

Since I expected a forced march, I had to eat one meal inside the dungeon. Even though I was supposed to be fighting S-class demons, I couldn’t skip a meal. I would fight better if I had a full stomach.

He had dealt with all sorts of people. He realized that even the strongest people wouldn’t be able to provoke him, and that there was no need to get anxious. It was more helpful to not think about anything.

However, it was not something he could do alone. His party members also had to keep their wits about them and help him.

Basilisk is an S-class demon. It has a petrifying eye that is extremely difficult to defeat. Choi Seol-ah doesn't know, but it can only be defeated if the dragon spirit is with it.

So I spent some money and bought some tuple beef. I wanted to recharge my energy and spirit.

Pan-hee.

Two people staring intently at Hanwoo from both sides. Their worries seem unfounded. Especially, the eyes of the soul looking at the meat were sincere. The way they flared their nostrils. They didn't even try to miss the smell.

The tense atmosphere was melting away like meat fat. As smoke filled the room instead of the poisonous fog, Choi Seol-ah noticed and asked.

"I… … . My lord. It may be a little late to be worrying about this, but what if the demons smell me if I give off such a strong smell? I'm sure you have thought about it, my lord."

Kanggeomma replied while rolling the meat.

"Oh. So, either look at the meat or be anxious. The soul next to you will also be anxious."

"Ah, yes. Sorry, hehe. By the way, how much is this Korean beef? The marbling looks like flowers, and it seems to cost more than a few pennies."

"100,000 won per piece."

"Oh! You spent some money?! Oh my, as expected, you're a big spender! Wow, wow!"

Choi Seol-ah raised her thumbs in unison and shook her head. Kang Geom-ma glanced at her from the corner of his eye.

‘Hey, don’t you know that I bought it with my own money?’

Because I bought it after stealing the wallet from the soul. Kang Geum-ma’s clan was Seori Kang.

Choi Seol-ah, who still didn’t know the truth, scratched her temple awkwardly and looked at the wood fire again.

After a while, Kanggeomma distributed a piece of ripe Korean beef to each of them.

“Eat.”

Forks and knives were a luxury. You had to hold them with your hands and eat them. That added to the charm and whetted the appetite.

“I will eat well, my lord!”

“I will enjoy the meal.”

Hon and Choi Seol-ah bit into the meat. Their jawbones felt tingling. They stayed like that for a few seconds.

Tears of emotion flowed down the cheeks of both people and fell onto the meat surface. This was the taste of meat, no, the taste of emotion.

I didn’t add any seasoning other than salt and pepper. So what is this shocking taste?

The right amount of saltiness to whet your appetite to the limit. The degree of ripeness was perfect, so much so that it felt like it could be chewed with just your gums rather than your teeth.

Hon and Choi Seol-ah looked at each other as if they had made a promise. They were still holding onto the meat in their mouths.

‘That’s crazy. Isn’t it, you little punk?’

‘My dragon life, I may have lived for this moment, Mr. Boradol.’

There was a lot of conversation through their eyes. Soon, they were competing with each other and gnawing on the meat. Choi Seol-ah was biting her lip with her plump cheeks.

“Sir, you’re crazy. Seriously! No, how can it taste like this when there was only salt and pepper? Don’t you plan on opening a meat restaurant? You’re just going to rake in the money?! Wow, this is really great. Why can’t it taste like this at home?”

“When you’re hungry, even eating dirt tastes good. And are wood fires and gas fires the same?”

Even though he said that, Kanggeomma smiled faintly. The surroundings were dark. In the middle of it all, the warmth of people and fire warmed the air.

But even a ray of light in the darkness attracts flies.

Sssss. Sssss. Sssss.

Shadows cut through the darkness, drawing curved paths. The jaw that had been moving frantically stopped. The laughter stopped.

Choi Seol-ah turned her head slightly. Goosebumps ran through her body. At a glance, it seemed like there were hundreds of snakes surrounding her from all sides.

They weren’t as big as snakes, but they were about twice as big as humans. Choi Seol-ah’s lips, glistening with oil, quivered.

“My lord, my lord, my lord!”

“Don’t be so excited.”

Kanggeomma didn’t react much. He looked around with indifferent eyes and quietly walked towards the snake’s corpse. His eyes were calm, without a trace of anxiety.

“The snake cubs know the smell of Korean beef. Everyone in the dungeon has gathered.”

Kanggeomma was chewing meat. He had been looking forward to

this situation.

Soon, his right hand touched the snake's scales. Kanggeomma spoke heavily. His eyes flowed black.

"Get up."

A light flashed across the murky eyes of the snake. It slowly raised its massive body, which was as big as a mountain. The strong swordsman spoke as he tore at the flesh.

"They're getting in the way of my meal. Kill them all."

As soon as the master gave the order, the snake snorted loudly. The venomous wind instantly obliterated hundreds of snakes.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 186

Episode 186: The Strongest Snake (4)

Easy, easy.

The poison sprayed like gas engulfed the snakes. Hon, who was watching the scene, almost lost sight of Hanwoo.

'… What, what is this?'

For a dragon, there is nothing more disrespectful than looking away from meat right in front of you. But wouldn't anyone else have a similar reaction if they saw this?

The spirit slowly raised its head. The snake that had died instantly was showing off its majesty with its body erected.

Playing dead? No. There wasn't even a hint of magical power. It was clearly a corpse.

And one more thing.

Why was the snake, which was his enemy, wiping out his own kind? Hon did not understand a single thing about this situation.

She lowered her head again. In the place where her eyes met, Kanggeomma was standing next to the snake. He was chewing meat and watching the scene with a calm face. His expression did not change even in the face of screams pouring in from all directions.

Choi Seol-ah patted the 'soul' that had become a face from which the

soul had left.

“Eat quickly while the lord deals with them. They’ll probably leave as soon as they’re all dead.”

“… Both you and Mr. Kanggeomma. How can you be calm in this situation? Am I a strange dragon for being surprised?”

“Look at this little bastard. He speaks so fluently now that he’s got a dialect. Okay, if you’re not going to eat meat, hand it over to me.”

Choi Seol-ah stretched out her greedy hand. The spirit quickly fell away from the clutches and stuffed the meat into her mouth. Ah! Even so, the taste was amazing.

Is it because it is top-quality Korean beef, or is it because of the chef’s skills? For a moment, I feel like I’m going crazy.

As if his eyes were becoming hazy, he suddenly shook his head.

“That trick of trying to steal the meat by asking questions! Why have you been feeding me sausages every day while leaving such delicious meat behind?!”

Choi Seol-ah clicked her tongue. She had no choice but to finish eating her beef.

“Tch. I fed him and put him to bed, but he’s complaining about the side dishes… … . Is this why they say raising children is useless?”

Hon felt a slight sense of guilt. Just a few weeks ago, he had been grateful for even a piece of bread, so how could he have sounded so full? And even though he had been nagging her here and there, it was true that Bora had taken care of him.

Hon chewed his lower lip and then opened his mouth with difficulty.

“I appreciate that, but… … . Please answer my question first. What is that power and why are you so calm?”

“I don’t know exactly, but it seems that my lord can revive an enemy he has killed.”

“T-What is that! Make sense! Even our Dragon Lord said that it would be impossible!”

“Hey, you little punk. Do you still think our lord is on the same level as the Dragon Lord?”

“… … .”

Hon was speechless at the retort that asked something so obvious. Choi Seol-ah shrugged and continued.

“I understand your reaction. I felt the same way at first. That’s why I asked, but it seems like you don’t have the heart to answer. What should I do then? If the lord tells you not to ask any more questions, you should just stay still. So, you and I just do our own thing, and don’t bother the lord.”

Choi Seol-ah sucked her fingers. Even her fingernails were soaked with that ecstatic taste.

While the demons around him were being swept away, he was licking his hand calmly. Hon watched his reckless behavior blankly.

Choi Seol-ah smiled broadly at her.

“And the reason I can be calm? That’s because of course… … .”

Choi Seol-ah nodded in the direction ahead instead of saying anything else. Hon’s gaze also followed Choi Seol-ah.

The demons have become so soft that even their bones are rotten. In the middle of them stands Kanggeomma with a static expression.

“The safest place in the world is with the lord.”

Choi Seol-ah stared at Kang Geum-ma’s back for a long time. Her eyes were filled with infinite trust.

“That’s why I’m calm. Of course, my life is often threatened by my lord. At least I won’t be killed by the enemy. If you feel that your life is in danger, you should stick close behind your lord. Do you understand?”

* * *

The demon's attack was over. After looking around, it seemed like no more enemies would pop out, so we tidied up and moved on.

Actually, I was thinking of riding the snake like a bus. It was romantic and I didn't have to worry about mobs. However, after exactly 10 minutes, the snake turned into a corpse again.

It was a shame. I even gave the snake a name of my own.

Namely, Todogas. The idea of spraying poison gas reminded me of 'that guy'.

'Good job, Todogas.'

Leaving behind a small regret, I moved my legs diligently. Of course, before leaving, I did not forget to prepare the materials. I put scales and a few pairs of fresh fangs in my backpack.

Thud, thud.

Thanks to the efforts of Todogas, the path has been completely cleared. There are no obstacles blocking the way. If we continue like this, we will soon reach the location where the final boss is.

'I guess I should do some maintenance before I go in.'

There was no problem because everyone had their own equipment. The important thing was mental armament. In particular, Choi Seol-ah, who had become extremely lax, was very annoying. If she moved one bit, she would turn into a decoration in the dungeon.

So, I called out to Choi Seol-ah, who was walking beside me. To explain the roles and guidelines for behavior after encountering the demon.

"You don't want to be a stone decoration here, do you?"

Choi Seol-ah nodded. Her purple hair was so fierce that it became disheveled.

“Then listen carefully to what I say. After you enter the dungeon, you… … .”

* * *

… After walking like that for three hours, I finally reached the gate that seemed to be the entrance.

The front door was cracked like a broken window, and lava was seething through the crack. At first glance, it looked like a red snake was wrapped around the door.

“ah.”

Only then did Choi Seol-ah realize it. Beyond this, a S-class demon, Basilisk, was waiting for its prey. A chill ran down her spine.

When I look back, I wonder why I came here. I admit that the nobleman is upset. But why did I have to accompany him? I was his babysitter for a few weeks, and now he’s risking his life on the gambling table.

Although I said that it was safe to be by my lord’s side, in real life, variables can arise at any time. Moreover, my lord has entrusted me with an important mission.

The burden felt as if it weighed a thousand pounds on my shoulders. But on the other hand, I felt proud of myself. I felt like I had finally been acknowledged by my lord.

‘You can do it, Choi Seol-ah. You can do it!’

Choi Seol-ah slapped both of her cheeks. Then she looked at the nobleman.

The soul stared intently at the gate. The crimson of the lava seeped into his face, but it could not completely hide his pallor.

The nobleman had a childish look to him, but his eyes were always sunken. His eyes sparkled when he ate meat.

‘The kid has this look on his face like he’s seen everything in the

world… ‘

As I looked at it, I couldn’t help but sigh. For some reason, my chest felt itchy. It was a strange feeling that was both unfamiliar and familiar.

Choi Seol-ah tilted her head repeatedly and then quickly gave up on the thought.

At that time, Kanggeomma summoned her and her soul.

“As soon as you enter, the battle begins. Hon, you should refrain from turning back into a dragon as much as possible. From what I’ve heard, it seems like you’ll face a strong backlash if you shed your human form.”

“still…….”

“I’m not saying you should never do it. In an emergency, what else can you do? You have to fight as Dragon-type. But think of it as a last resort and save it as much as possible.”

The soul that had been in agony for a moment hardened its expression.

“all right.”

“As you are family, Basilisk will pay attention to you. Choi Seol-ah and I will most likely not be considered humans. We will exploit that timing. Choi Seol-ah, just move as I asked you earlier.”

“yep!”

Choi Seol-ah put effort into her answer for no reason. For some reason, her master smiled faintly. Her clown ascended to heaven.

After the pre-briefing, Kang Geum-ma walked toward the main gate. The gate was firmly shut, as if blocking entry. Kang Geum-ma sneered and took out the master key.

S \ Geong

The shoulders of the swordsman turned pale, and a diagonal line was drawn like a ray of light. The gate collapsed a beat too late.

Kugu palace!

A heavy vibration shook the road surface, and the sparks and rice were flying wildly.

Kanggeomma rolled the sashimi round and round on his palm like a western gunfighter. The blade, which had been spinning like a pinwheel, fell into the scabbard. At the same time, he retrieved the scattered light.

"… … ."

The spirit was no longer surprised. With that sword, he instantly killed the giant snake with a heart attack, and revived the demon he had killed.

What else could I do that I couldn't open the door horizontally? My soul had become numb because of the continuous shock. The back of my head was slightly numb.

But this may be the process of the mind understanding the scene. Perhaps the mind is not sure where to start being surprised.

Still, this slight headache washed away my anxiety.

"Oh, shit. The dust."

Kanggeomma waved his hand to blow away the dust. Only then did the interior begin to come into view.

First, he checked the ceiling. There were piles of icicle rocks hanging from it.

'thank god.'

Kang Geum-ma felt a brief sense of relief. If he was stopped here, all his plans would have been in vain.

But it was too early to relax. The real start was just now.

Kanggeomma opened his eyes wide and looked straight ahead. The pitch-black space was sucking up all the light.

At that moment, a sinister gaze flashed through the dark curtain. The snake's eyes glowed like red beads.

The shape other than the light was dissolved into the darkness. However, only the crimson aura could tell what it was.

The unclean serpent, the basilisk.

The bastard was scanning me with his pomegranate-like eyes, and he was slowly approaching me.

Kang Geum-ma didn't like that gaze. It was like he thought a rat had come to a snake's hole on its own.

'It seems that the bastard hasn't realized the true identity of the soul yet.'

The range of the 'Eye of Petrification' was 200 meters. And the gap between them was the key to defeating that guy.

Trembles. Kang Geum-ma took the first step. Following him, Hon and Choi Seol-ah followed one by one. One step, then another. Not hasty, but cautious… … That's bullshit.

"Choi Seol-ah!"

"Old story!"

At Kang Geum-ma's loud shout, Choi Seol-ah quickly pulled out her revolver. The gun aimed at the ceiling and fired.

Valid!

A light burst of gunfire hit the ceiling. Lead bullets gnawed at the base of the icicles like pencil lead. The dangling rocks soon fell to the ground.

As she pulled the trigger, Choi Seol-ah recalled the instructions her master had given her earlier.

‘Perhaps your role in this expedition will be the most important.’

‘What should I do…?’

The lord raised his index finger and pointed to the ceiling.

‘You see the stalactites up there? Shoot them with your gun and knock them down. Then the spirit will use magic to temporarily hold them in midair.’

The lord continued with honest eyes.

‘You can’t approach the basilisk with your eyes closed anyway. In that case, we should put a blindfold on it and approach it.’

‘no way!’

‘That’s right. The icicles in this cave will act as a blindfold to protect me from the eyes of the stone.’

↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓↓

A rain of rocks poured down through the pitch darkness.

Just before the sharp tip of the spike touched the ground, the spirit clenched its fist and scattered its magical power.

Woof woof woof.

The vast expanse of the station holds the raindrops in the air, but it doesn’t last long.

The spirit turned around. She shouted in a bloodshot voice.

“Now is the time!”

The strong swordsman leapt off the ground. His explosive speed surpassed that of a bullet. He leaped out like a bolt of lightning and stepped on the stone steps between the icicles.

Tiring. The sound of a bullet hitting the floor.

Choi Seol-ah loaded the bullet and quickly aimed at the stalactite.

I will act as a shield while my lord approaches the bastard. I will do my best.

“Leave the rest to us and just move forward, my lord!”

Valid. Valid. Yes!

Feeling the gunshots ringing again, Kanggeomma flicked his wrist and took off his scabbard.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

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Episode 187 The Strongest Snake (5)

Taang!

The gun barrel flashed and illuminated the darkness, then flashed. The static scenes continued like a photograph. It added to the excitement like a horror movie filming technique.

□■□■□■□■

As the process of darkness and ignition repeated, the strong sword galloped boldly towards a pair of red dots in the distance.

However, the distance was not easily shortened compared to the explosive speed. This was because I had to approach while hiding my body in the stalactites floating around.

Kanggeomma thought as he felt the wind brushing his cheek. He was slowly entering the activation range of the 'Eye of Petrification'. He had to approach quickly enough to be invisible to the bastard and while hiding behind cover.

A momentary mistake can result in fatal injury. If you even make eye contact, your body will freeze stiffly.

From now on, agility is prioritized over speed.

'There are more than a few things to take care of, starting with the terrain.'

However, thanks to the quick movements of the head, the feet took the next step without hesitation. In the midst of the precarious situation, I did not lose my composure. It was thanks to the ‘mental strength’.

‘About 100 meters ahead.’

I haven’t been able to capture the basilisk’s form yet. If it had been large, it would have been revealed right away, but that doesn’t seem to be the case. Judging from the silhouette, it was roughly the size of a person.

Yeah, that’s better. If it was as big as a squid, it would be a hassle to cut it.

Kanggeomma moved his feet a little more quickly. His movements freely crossed between straight and curved lines.

The soul’s eyes widened in shock.

‘How can a human being move like that?’

Time seemed to apply differently to Kanggeomma. The blade would briefly flash as he moved to the next cover.

He mixed such a trivial action in a situation where he was in a hurry to approach. At first, he wondered why he did that. However, as he got closer to the Basilisk, he realized the reason.

He approached them, cutting the magical power flowing through the air. He made sure that the effects of the stone-firing magic eye did not reach where they were. Even though his own life was at stake, he moved with his party members in mind.

Even if humans can see magic, they can cut it like a thread? A situation that was unbelievable even after seeing it was happening. It was the most surprising feat of his that he had ever shown up to this point.

If Kang Geum-ma had simply been a strong man, I would have only admired him. However, all of his actions were accompanied by reason and consideration.

‘you are…….’

As soon as Hon moved his lips, Choi Seol-ah screamed.

“Hey, you little punk! Don’t look away!”

“…ah!”

The spirit suddenly came to his senses. He then raised his magical power to its fullest and spread it even wider. Choi Seol-ah, possessed by the sharpshooter, shot the rocks at the right places.

Fluorescent particles bounced like bouncy balls and seeped into the stalactites. The stalactites were glued to the air with magical power.

They planned the optimal route. With their help, Kanggeomma was soon able to close the distance with the Basilisk to within twenty steps.

The smell of gunpowder and gun smoke continued to rise. Choi Seol-ah’s hand went down to her waist.

‘The real thing starts now.’

The gap between the Basilisk and the Lord is an empty space. Therefore, additional icicles should be planted there. Then, the Lord can hide himself just before the Eye of the Magi is activated. The more obstacles that block the Basilisk’s vision, the better.

But problems always erupt when the time is right… … .

‘uh?’

Choi Seol-ah reflexively lowered her gaze. The bullet pouch was empty. There were less than ten lead balls the size of fingers that she could hold in her hand. Only nine bullets were rolling around.

“ah.”

In that moment, Choi Seol-ah, who was dumbfounded, let out a sigh. She froze in that position. It was fucked.

When the gunfire suddenly stopped, Kanggeomma leaned back against the rock. Then, he heard the sound of a basilisk moving behind him. The cold air from the rock swept across his back. His spine felt tingly.

‘I’m going crazy.’

Even though he couldn’t see it, Kanggeomma could feel it. He could feel it approaching while activating his magic eye.

He too, like himself, was waiting for his time.

Even bringing the Basilisk here was problematic, as the soul had little time left to grab hold of the cover.

‘You can only hold out for about a minute.’

Isolated like a rat in a trap. I don’t know the Basilisk’s power, so I can’t fight with my eyes closed and rely on my senses alone. I’ve come too far to retreat, and I have to consider the duration of [Painless Protection].

‘We need more cover to fight that guy.’

There was only one way to overcome it. Kang Geum-ma closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

‘I believe in and wait for Hon and Choi Seol-ah.’

With that determination, he fiddled with the hilt of his sword. The suffocating silence continued for an unusually long time.

“Mr. Boradol! Lord Kanggeomma is about to clash with Basilisk! Hurry up!”

This time, the spirit called out to Choi Seol-ah. Choi Seol-ah stammered out loud.

“Urgent, urgent, I only have nine bullets left.”

“Huh?! You said you packed plenty! How much did you pack before you came?!”

“that is…….”

The soul asked with a bewildered expression. Choi Seol-ah hesitated and then spoke in a crawling voice.

“… 100.”

“No, I’m sure Mr. Kanggeomma told me to bring extra, but that’s all? Without the iron and lead, it’s just scrap metal! I should’ve brought more!”

Choi Seol-ah was furious. She felt wronged by the world.

“Hey, you little punk! Do you know how much each bullet costs? Because of gun control, a bullet costs 1 million won! I burned 100 million won just to come here! We’re already struggling financially because of you!”

Hon had no sense of money. 100 million? Is that a lot of money? In frustration, Choi Seol-ah held up a bullet.

“Each of these is the same as the ten pieces of Korean beef we ate earlier. One hundred million is a thousand pieces. Do you understand now?”

The effect of customized education was tremendous. The value of that lump of lead was pierced into my soul’s head. The so-called Hanwoo conversion method.

“A single piece of metal can replace ten of those fantastic meats? Why? Where are humans lost to their brains!?”

“Sigh, there are things about humans that dragons don’t know. Talking to you about gun control laws is just going to give you a headache. Miss, I don’t have time to grumble like this… … .”

Choi Seol-ah just stomped her feet. Nine bullets were limited to three rocks. On the other hand, it seemed like at least ten would be needed for cover.

Choi Seol-ah bit her fingernails. Her pupils swirled around, and the night when Ventetta was annihilated flashed through her mind. Then,

a word suddenly came to mind.

‘Mattan.’

It is impossible for any marksman to knock down a rock with a regular bullet. So he shot it repeatedly as if he was chipping away at the roots of the stalactites.

But what if it’s a magic bullet? One per shot. No, three of them can fall at the same time. The destructive power of the magical bullet is comparable to that of a cannon.

‘but…….’

Choi Seol-ah was disheartened. She was no longer in a position to use magic. In order for a human to control magic, they must use a strong demon as a host… … .

She opened her eyes wide. A pair of long ears appeared on her retina, which had flashed. The top of the Demon Race ecosystem pyramid, the heretic of the Demon Race, the only race that had signed a non-aggression pact with the legion commanders. All sorts of modifiers were listed in her head.

Choi Seol-ah screamed in panic.

“You little punk! Sign a contract with me right now!”

“Huh? Suddenly?”

The expression on Hon’s face changed strangely at the sudden, nonsensical remark.

“There’s no time to explain. If you’re a dragon, you should know how to make a contract!”

The clash between the lord and the basilisk was imminent. The explanation was delayed as the situation was imminent.

“You know how to make a contract, right… … . But you may not know it, but a price must be paid for a contract, a price that is worth it to the contracting party, the Demon.”

“I know everything. Let’s skip those little details and hurry up!”

Choi Seol-ah was a villain when she was young. She was also very knowledgeable about contracts.

“Hurry up and hold my hand. We need to sign the contract quickly and help my lord.”

The soul, which had been hesitating for a moment, grabbed her hand. A blue ray of light entangled the two hands like vines.

A slight pain ran through Choi Seol-ah’s forearm. She bit her lower lip and barely opened her mouth.

“I, Choi Seol-ah, would like to make a contract with you, noble lady… no, with Hontail. In exchange for your help, I offer you a one-year stay at my house.”

Hururuk… … .

Sparks flew from the vines, then suddenly crumbled. The response was that the price was prohibitive.

“Oh, why is this happening?”

Even the contracting party A didn’t know whether it was compatible or not. The contracting party B had to keep making proposals and find the intersection.

“… A one-year stay voucher isn’t enough. You’re such a greedy, petty brat. What more do you want from me! What, you want me to sell my humanity back?”

“You don’t need humanity, do you?! Now that I look at you, it seems like you don’t have much humanity left. Anyway, tell me another price.”

“Oh, my… … .”

Choi Seol-ah tousled her hair with a look of distress. Before her lips could even part, she shut her eyes tightly.

"… A one-year stay voucher. Also! I swear that I will treat myself to a bowl of Korean beef every day!"

Hurrruk!

The blue light glows brightly and then turns into particles.

The deal was concluded.

* * *

'I guess there's nothing I can do.'

A thought occurred to me after 30 seconds that felt like an hour. The stalactite I was leaning against was about to crumble. I'd rather jump out and strike first before that happens.

I had to close my eyes and fight, but I had to take the risk. I looked at Hon and Choi Seol-ah, who were far away. They were holding each other's hands tightly as if they were shaking hands.

I couldn't help but laugh. Are we here to make up? I felt dumbfounded, but I didn't feel bad. How nice it would have been if we had been on good terms earlier. As I finished thinking about such trivial things, I adjusted my gaze to the opposite side.

I closed my eyes. The magical power that surged like waves pricked my skin like needles. The vast amount felt like a tsunami.

It wasn't just the stone eyes that had to be focused on. The magical power that the thing itself was terrifying.

Damn it.

Crunch? My eyes almost opened. The basilisk is a snake. Why does it make a crunching sound when it walks? Up until now, snakes have made a slithering sound. But this was definitely the footsteps of a biped.

'Something is wrong.'

At that moment, I felt a cold air fly to my temple. I could tell from

handling the sword. This surprise attack was the energy of a sharp blade.

He crouched down so that his waist was at a right angle. A sharp trajectory passed over his back, cutting the cover in half.

Shhh!

It didn't end with a single blow. The blade flew again from a low orbit.

I kicked off the pavement sideways, putting strength into my ankles. The momentum led to a somersault. My body spun around like an electric rotisserie chicken.

Sigh!

The blade passed through my upper and lower parts, which were parallel to the ground, at the same time. A cool feeling glided up and down.

"Fuck."

I quickly moved to another cover, using the brief gap that had opened up. The blade also followed me like a flash. I turned my body or swung my sashimi to avoid the attack.

'A snake uses a sword?'

I've never heard anything like that from Hon. To begin with, a baby snake doesn't have hands. Even if you use your imagination, all you can do is bite it and swing it around. What do you mean by twin swords?

In the midst of all this, bad news piled up. Rocks began to crack and break here and there. It was the sound that signaled the end of hide-and-seek. In an instant, the rock that was meant to hide the body was lost.

'You really can't open your eyes now.'

I moved without stopping. I avoided attacks by jumping over the

broken rocks like stepping stones. The basilisk crushed the rocks I stepped on with its twin swords.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Even if I tried to fight him, I had to close my eyes and fight because of the stone eyes. However, I couldn't just run away like that.

The two choices are neck and neck. This decision will determine the outcome.

'Decided.'

Running away was not my nature. I had to cut the guy off with a blind inspection. I had to break the inertia of avoidance here, even if it meant taking on the burden of risk. That was when.

Fight!

A dull bang shook the area. One shot, two shots, three shots. A huge gunshot echoed in succession. I glanced at the source of the sound.

Choi Seol-ah's arm shook violently. The bullet flew toward the ceiling like a cannonball. The recoil was so strong that the revolver fell behind her head every time she pulled it.

Doo doo doo doo doo doo.

The rapid fire bullets that rang out like thunder soon sent icicles crashing down like hailstones. The fallen rocks that filled the space were tied up in the air by the spirit's magical power.

"My lord!"

"Your Majesty!"

Choi Seol-ah and Hon shouted together. A blue energy rippled between the two, as if proving their strong bond.

The field they created for me to run wild in. I don't know English, but I'm secretly grateful to them both.

Whirlwind.

I immediately turned my body clockwise. I threw ten pieces of sashimi toward the snake's tail that was visible in the crevices of the rocks.

The sashimi's tail was fixed like a pin. Unless it was a lizard, it wouldn't be able to attach or detach its tail. Now it was the snake that was cornered.

"Just right."

He crossed his arms and swung them. An X-shaped sword energy filled with aura rushed towards the Basilisk.

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Episode 188 The Strongest Snake (6)

… The sword strikes continued without stopping for a long time. The Basilisk withdrew its fierce attacks with its tail still fixed. The strong sword horse continued to change positions and swing its sword.

It's not enough to just block the Basilisk's movements. The purpose of the wave attack is to inflict a fatal blow on it.

A red dot flashed through the thick dust. Kanggeomma instinctively stepped back. The alarm of danger rang in his head.

At the same time, something strange happened in the area. An ominous light spread out in all directions. A cold chill like frost engulfed the surroundings in an instant.

Jiiing.

The sword energy flying towards him petrified in the air and soon fell like corn. The sound of stones breaking was heard in all directions. He narrowly missed the damage range, but it was a hair's breadth away.

'No, you're saying that it turns Aura into stone?'

I had heard from Hon that the object of petrification was not limited to physical things. However, aura is 'energy'. And turning it into stone was a moment where I could feel the wickedness of the Demon Eye. Kanggeomma clicked his tongue.

‘Is it impossible to kill someone by shooting them from afar?’

Sure, I had to swing my sword myself to annihilate the guy. But I couldn’t just blindly charge at him.

Didn’t you just see the power of the demon eye? If you were to make eye contact with it for even a moment, you would be reduced to stone shards. What’s more, the creature wields twin swords. The combination of the demon eye and the blade was threatening to the point of evil.

“How on earth does a baby snake handle a sword? Did it evolve from a snake to a lizard?”

Kanggeomma wiped the beads of sweat that had gathered at the tip of his chin with his sleeve. Then he opened his eyes narrowly and stared at the basilisk. His eyes shook as if they were blazing.

‘The compatibility is good, but this crazy lava keeps blocking my movements.’

But what could he do? Kang Geum-ma quickly wiped his sweat and flew away. Because if he got too excited, he really couldn’t control it.

“My lord… … .”

Choi Seol-ah’s face filled with concern as she watched the swordsman. Her master looked quite exhausted. It was probably because he was nervous, but most of all, it was extremely hot in the lava zone. Even he felt dizzy as if his head was burning from afar.

How must the lord feel moving around in such a hot environment?

In any battle, the outcome is not determined solely by skill. Complex factors such as environment, luck, and compatibility are equally important. However, the environment and compatibility were extremely harsh.

Bam.

She ground her molars fiercely. Her fingers, which had been pulling the trigger repeatedly, also stopped. There was already enough cover

anyway. It wouldn't be very effective to fire more bullets at the ceiling. She quickly checked the remaining ammunition.

'The number of bullets left.'

3 shots. Almost 100 bullets were used up. Choi Seol-ah was fiddling with the lead bullets in her palm like walnuts. She was feeling an internal conflict.

'What if I get close and shoot using a magic bullet?'

It can distract the Basilisk's attention. In addition, the closer you get to shoot, the greater the destructive power. However, the greater the risk. If you get involved in a fight between Transcendent beings, you will only be a hindrance.

'If you get within his firing range, you'll die instantly.'

That place was a place close to death. She had barely managed to survive here. Even the villains were so obsessed with life that they could not help but give in to her.

But this choice was like crawling into the grave on her own two feet. Loyalty to her lord? She had been stabbed from the beginning of their relationship. Furthermore, she had even been robbed of her 'seal of the stallion'. It was not strange for her to reveal her evil intentions to Kanggeomma.

'…but.'

Seol-ah Choi tightly clenched her hands that were fiddling with the lead bullets. She looked at the soul with determined eyes. She was trying her best to spread the force field. Seol-ah Choi called out to her with a faint smile.

"Hey, soul."

The soul did not react at first. Choi Seol-ah spoke once more.

"Huh, your ears are so long and you're deaf? Why are you chewing on people's words, you dragon!"

"…yes?"

Only then did Hon look back at Choi Seol-ah. Her eyes were wide with shock. Hon licked her lips.

"Oh, are you crazy because you're under the influence of magic? There's no way that arrogant Boradol-ssi would call my name… … ."

"Mom! Is that what you thought of me all this time!?"

Choi Seol-ah sighed as she became angry. She raised her head and looked straight at the spirit. Her purple eyes were shining brightly.

At the slightly changed atmosphere, dry saliva rolled down Hon's throat. Choi Seol-ah opened her mouth quietly.

"From what I've seen, using guns and magic here is useless. At best, it's just for creating cover… … ."

Choi Seol-ah nodded to the area in front of her. The Basilisk was swinging its twin swords, splitting the surrounding stalactites into small pieces.

"I see, your little brother, contrary to our expectations, uses a sword. But how does a snake use a sword…? …? Anyway, then we also have to do something unexpected."

"… … ."

I turned my gaze towards the direction where the Hondo Ganggeomma was. The Ganggeomma was chasing the Basilisk.

'but.'

The balance of the battlefield was becoming increasingly unbalanced. Above all, he was curious about how the Basilisk could swing its sword. Although the form was not visible due to the dust, it seemed as if it was standing on two feet…

It is impossible for an Imoogi that has not become a dragon to take on the appearance of a human. However, as time passed, an ominous feeling of foreboding began to creep in. As a result, the goosebumps

that had once run down my spine began to spread throughout my entire body.

‘That can’t be true.’

Could it be that the Basilisk really became a dragon by eating human flesh? The entire clan thought it was impossible, but there is no such thing as an immutable truth.

Very rarely, things happen that are almost unbelievable. Like the triumph of humanity 700 years ago.

So, just in case, he had to check with his own eyes. After a moment of hesitation, Hon nodded to Choi Seol-ah.

“I agree with that opinion. However, if we enter the scope of Ma-an’s circumstances, our lives will be as good as nonexistent. Is that okay?”

“uh…….”

Choi Seol-ah trailed off. When she heard it with both ears, she couldn’t help but hesitate. But soon she shook her head.

“Yeah. If I run away from here, I’ll be killed by my lord anyway. I’d rather be turned into a stone than get stabbed.”

Choi Seol-ah rubbed the bridge of her nose. A cold sweat formed on her index finger.

“I said the opposite earlier… Okay.”

Hon shook his head as he watched her pretending to be calm. That was when the hairs on his entire body stood on end.

‘It’s been a while, sister.’

“… … !”

A voice echoed in his head. The soul instinctively turned its gaze forward. A pair of lights flashed like rubies in the hazy dust. It was the eyes of the stone.

Even though he was out of range, Hon felt his body tightening. Even though he was being pushed back, his younger brother's eyes were full of murderous intent. It was like the eyes of a beast waiting for a chance to make a surprise attack.

'Don't disturb me, sister.'

"Ugh."

Hon staggered with a pounding headache, wrapping his arms around his temples. Even though it was just a thoughtful voice, his mind was in disarray.

The Basilisk followed.

'I have no intention of harming my own flesh and blood. If you just leave the two humans you came with behind, I will spare your life. If I eat the flesh and bones of these two, I will be able to achieve my long-held wish.'

It was an extremely arrogant tone. The soul fiercely rebuked him with its inner voice.

-Do you think that makes sense, Basil? Every snake is given the chance to become a dragon. You, of all people, are the one who turned it down.

'Ha, that's funny. Hontail, you think I'm doing this just to become a dragon. I've never cared about those lowly servants since I became wise. What I want is that higher realm.'

-what……?

'I will be reborn as Alduin'

At those words, Hon felt his blood run cold. Black Dragon Alduin. Despite his nickname, it was not a dragon.

The soul muttered with a bewildered face.

"The strongest snake."

An unclean being that even dragons are reluctant to mention. However, its strength is said to be comparable to that of the first Dragon Lord.

‘I never intended to become a dragon in the first place. What good would it do to be the highest ranking demon and just watch and waste time? And you, Horntail, would have felt it. Just receiving my words would make you, a dragon, stumble. All of this is the result of preying on human spirits.’

The Basilisk laughed gloomily. The wind blew unnaturally. The swordsman who had been scattering sashimi also slightly leaned back.

The eerie atmosphere condensed and then spread out, pushing the dust snakes away all at once.

Kwakwakwang!

In the blink of an eye, a gust of wind destroyed more than half of the stalactites.

The next moment, the Basilisk’s form was slowly revealed. Kanggeomma was the first to be taken aback. He blinked several times.

“Is that a snake?”

Black scales covered its entire body, its tongue protruded, and its tail was covered in thorns. It seemed as if it was shedding its skin, with traces of its skin appearing here and there on its body.

The creature stood on two legs, holding two black swords in its hands. It had all the characteristics of a snake, but its appearance was infinitely closer to that of a human.

“…Fuck.”

Choi Seol-ah froze with a dumbfounded expression. The burning spirit burned like a candle in the wind. It was a disgusting appearance that made you break out in hives just by looking at it.

But more than that, the momentum was ferocious. It felt like my bones would be sucked if I just approached. Choi Seol-ah unconsciously hesitated and stepped back. At that moment, another huge energy surged from the side.

“Ear, earworm?”

Even at Choi Seol-ah’s call, Hon lowered his head. Hon bit his lips tightly. A shadow fell heavily on his face.

‘basilisk.’

Hon recalled his memories of his younger brother. He was not a good-natured child, but he was not like this. At some point, he became intoxicated with his own strength and disregarded life, and that was the beginning of his downfall.

The elders of the clan wanted to brand the younger brother as an unclean snake and execute him, saying that the seeds of evil must be rooted out early.

Hon, who overheard this by chance, chased Basilisk into the magic realm. Even if it was a harsh environment, it was better than death.

However, contrary to her intentions, her younger brother was drawn into the world of humans and became a demon.

‘This is all my fault.’

If he had followed the will of his clan instead of his own personal feelings at that time, there would have been no innocent sacrifices.

‘So you have to take responsibility.’

Moreover, my younger brother wants to become Alduin. That alone is enough. There is no need to think about it any more.

“I…….”

The spirit raised its eyes and stared at the Basilisk. A yellow light flowed from the shadowed corners of its eyes. She spoke as if proclaiming.

“…I will definitely stop you.”

Black fog gathered around the soul and formed into a gigantic figure. Wings sprouted from its shoulders, long horns rose, and… … .

Kwaaaaaaaah!

A roar shook the inside of the room. Choi Seol-ah, barely able to keep her balance, tilted her head back and looked up. A single word escaped from her wide-open mouth.

“Dragon.”

Hontain spoke to Choi Seol-ah. In a tone that was different from her usual tone, as heavy as lead.

“Let’s go, contractor. I will be your wings.”

Choi Seol-ah, who had been dumbfounded, nodded. As soon as she got on his back, her body floated up.

Choi Seol-ah lowered her posture and somehow managed to find her place. Then she tilted her head up and looked down.

The dragon flew away from the ground in an instant, close to the ceiling.

The air is the dragon’s domain, beyond the reach of snakes. Basilisks, mere snakes, cannot extend their beastly wings to this height.

The horntail flapped its wings. The flapping of wings created a gust of wind that swept away all the heat and darkness.

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Episode 189: The Strongest Snake (7)

Kuwaaaaaah!

Horntail breathed out a breath from his mouth. A blue lightning bolt poured down like a net toward the ground. When viewed from above, the light seemed to tear the darkness apart.

The lightning grains illuminated the area, while at the same time limiting the Basilisk's range of action.

"This is crazy, awesome."

Choi Seol-ah, who was watching from the back of the spirit, flinched. It was extremely difficult to limit the target to one. It was impossible for it to be easy, since it involved injecting the caster's will into the magic.

'But this nobleman is controlling this high-level magic at will.'

Because it was still a young dragon, the details were somewhat lacking. However, even taking that into account, the soul was an undeniable skill.

Choi Seol-ah was lost in thought as she looked at the long, slender steps in front of her.

'I've always called you a nerd and scolded you… … .'

The tables will turn from today. Moreover, isn't Hontail now in a

contractual relationship with me?

That too, the nobleman himself! The sight of him bringing in fresh Korean beef slaughtered that day was vivid.

“Ugh.”

The bleak future flashed through my mind. I sighed involuntarily. I mourned the loss of my bank account.

‘still…….’

If you think about it, you can use magic again, even though you’re not a villain.

This was possible because the magic circuit was forcibly opened when the contract was made with 5th Corps Commander Agor. At the same time, the fact that the person who renewed the contract was a dragon with little animosity toward humans also played a role.

If he were any other demon, his body would not have been able to withstand the recoil. Thanks to a strangely repeated coincidence, he was able to control magical powers even though he was not a villain.

Perhaps she thought she was the first. Then what should she be called? Choi Seol-ah pondered seriously, drooling.

“I think it would be nice to have a cool name… … .”

At that moment, a lightbulb flashed above Choi Seol-ah’s head. The corners of her mouth rose into a smirk.

“The Musketeer… … The Musketeer is okay.”

The feeling of satisfaction was fleeting, and Choi Seol-ah shook her head. This wasn’t what was important right now.

She cocked her revolver in a flash. It only had three bullets left. So she aimed for the perfect moment and fired.

He put his forehead against the gun he was holding with both hands and closed his eyes.

Choi Seol-ah opened her eyes, feeling the cool temperature of the iron. Through the wings of the horntail, she could see the blood clots below.

* * *

Using the self-made white light as a light, Kanggeomma reconstructed the situation. The deep darkness was swept away, and the wind drove away the heat.

Kanggeomma was delighted. The surroundings were now as bright as day, so he could see them all at once. Darkness is the domain of the demons, but light is the domain of humans. Now all that was left was to drive them out. However… … .

Kang Geum-ma's eyes narrowed.

Back and forth.

The basilisk's slitted eyes scanned the area. The strands of electricity that had been bouncing off the ground were transformed into stone in their exact shape. Crumbs of stone were piling up around the creature.

"Are you planning to build a bunker?"

Kanggeomma looked into the snake's eyes beyond. Deeply sunken eyes. No one who is cornered would have such calm eyes.

'Not only that. That kid, when his soul turned into a dragon, he didn't even react.'

…as if he had expected it. Since it had been strangely irritating since a while ago, Kanggeomma immediately expanded his mental realm.

He tried to estimate the phenomenon without relying on sight. The background was black, like a photograph with the colors reversed, and the objects were made of gray-white.

A pure white current flowed toward a single point as if it was rushing down a sewer. I could tell where the end point of the flow was without having to move my gaze.

‘Sucking the energy from the soul’s magic.’

Looking back, that stone bunker also looked like a lair at first glance. Something to hide my body while I was transforming… … .

“That’s why the old saying goes that a sinister bastard is like a snake.”

Kanggeomma lowered his upper body. This was the best posture for reducing air resistance and increasing jumping power. It was also the posture that had annihilated many strong men since the early days of the Academy.

‘[Painless Protection] There isn’t much time left.’

At best, it was about 30 seconds. Even if I mixed the swordsmanship well, it was about 40 seconds. Still, I had a rough idea about the Basilisk.

As the spirit said, the Basilisk does not cast any magic other than the Eye of Petrification. Even if it enters the magic’s attack range, it only swings its twin swords.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to do it. It was clear that he couldn’t do it.

‘Well, that makes sense. There’s a special skill called the Eye of Petrification.’

Because of the ‘Eye of Petrification’, a blind spot occurred where no other magic was needed. Thanks to that irony, all of the bastard’s base was exposed.

Kanggeomma’s eyes glowed coldly. In the meantime, the bastard was building a bunker with his eyes. It seemed like he was preparing a dark and evil plan.

Kang Geum-ma sneered coldly. That bunker will soon become his grave.

“Giving time to transform is something only the ParaXrangers do. Reality is cruel, you punk.”

After leaving those words, Kanggeomma quickly moved. He approached the bastard while skillfully avoiding the stone eyes here and there.

The bastard's right arm grew to nearly ten meters long. Then he swung his sword like a whip with that long arm.

Whiriliriririk!

A barrage of sword blades from all directions rushed toward the strong swordsman.

The sword lines extending out in many directions were curved like eagle talons. When viewed from the side, it looked like a snake opening its mouth to reveal its fangs.

An eerie sound, like the air being torn and a snake squealing, pierced my eardrums.

Waaa …

Kanggeomma closed his ears. It became quiet.

A normal hero wouldn't have dared to throw himself into it. A normal hero, that is. Ironically, Kanggeomma didn't fall into that category.

Tadadadada!

The strong swordsman changed gears. Instead of slowing down, he sped up the speed.

He gained speed and ran as if he was trying to avoid any noise. No, it would be more accurate to say he flew.

In fact, the soles of his feet did not touch the ground. Only the calves of his legs moved elastically.

"… … !"

The snake's eyes opened slightly horizontally. It was a physiological signal of shock. It had intended to turn him to stone in one breath,

but its two eyes could not keep up.

‘Can a human make that movement?’

The basilisk swung its black sword wildly. The afterimages of the dark colors slashed through the space, but the strong swordsman laughed as if it was ridiculous and slid the swords away by a span.

The angle that was difficult to avoid was lightly deflected by the bevel of the sword. There was a brief metallic sound and sparks before it was over.

While the black sword was tearing through the empty air, only the sashimi blade flashed like a lighthouse, signaling its approach. Murasame briefly flashed. It was a signal to counterattack.

Crunch!

Three scaled fingers emerged like corn stalks. Before the Basilisk could even register it, the blade flashed once more.

Murasame slashed down at his forearm, scraping at the scales. The arm, which was skewered by the blade like a fish cake, was cut straight down by Kanggeomma like a tuna belly. Then, with the eternal frost, he cut off the arm that had been split lengthwise.

Thud thud.

It was only a moment later that horizontal and vertical blood lines were drawn on the snake’s arm, and even later that the flesh was torn to pieces like radish kimchi. Blood spurted out and bloody residue was shaken off in a savage manner.

“There isn’t much difference in the taste of preparing reptiles or fish.”

Kanggeomma shook off the blood from his blade and swept his hair back. He was covered in sticky blue blood.

“I helped him out because he was so flustered.”

Kang Geum-ma’s eyes curved like crescent moons. The eyes that sparkled with murderous intent were no longer human.

“Now all that’s left is the left hand?”

The swordsman gestured with his left hand as if to tell the basilisk to throw it too. The basilisk’s pupils dilated greatly.

“… … .”

Even Hon and Choi Seol-ah were shocked by that scene. Even though they had their eyes wide open, they couldn’t even catch it. It was ridiculous that they were treating an S-class demon like a toy. Now, they were tired of being surprised.

“ah.”

The Basilisk groaned softly. He shuddered for a moment, then relaxed. Then he muttered something.

“Sister, you came to bite a real human to kill me. Hehehe.”

The guy started laughing like he was crazy.

“You know what, Horntail? I didn’t give up being a dragon and choose Alduin’s path.”

As soon as he finished speaking, the Basilisk opened its eyes wide.

“I was born with a body that couldn’t become a dragon. This damned Demon Eye has turned even that possibility into stone!”

A dangerous light shone from the bastard’s eye sockets in the shape of the letter X. A hemispherical blood-red curtain instantly covered the area.

“This, this is!”

The soul flapped its wings and quickly gained altitude. Choi Seol-ah bent her waist at the sudden action. Her back became damp from the moisture that the ceiling had absorbed.

“Hey! You little punk… What the hell are you doing all of a sudden?!”

“Look down, contractor.”

“under?”

Choi Seol-ah lowered her gaze at Hontail’s words. In the place where they had been, rocks suddenly gathered together and rubbed against the heat. Each rock that had caught fire was a meteorite.

“Meteor.”

As soon as the Basilisk’s mouth opened, meteorites rained down like a downpour.

Kugugugugugugugugugu… … !

Wherever the Basilisk’s gaze landed, fireballs were created, completely destroying the cover. The place where the meteorite landed melted red and soaked into the lava. As fireballs repeatedly hit the ground, streams of fire shot out in all directions like pus.

A scene that is nothing short of a disaster. A S-class demonic being causes disaster by himself like this.

“Damn, he’s going to use his ultimate attack right away.”

The strong swordsman clicked his tongue and dodged or bounced off the haphazardly raining meteors.

The Basilisk burst into hysterical laughter, wrapping its empty arms around the center.

“I will definitely become a black dragon and make my entire clan kneel! Including you, Horntail!”

Knock. Knock. Knock.

At that moment, a piece of meteorite ricocheted against the wall once, twice, three times. Then suddenly, it struck Choi Seol-ah between the eyebrows.

“uh?”

Choi Seol-ah felt herself becoming confused. Her waist gave out on its own as if she were drunk. Her upper body swayed, and soon she slid down on Horntail's back.

"… rot."

She tried to reach out to grab something, but her body wouldn't listen to her. And so, Choi Seol-ah fell head first to the ground.

"Mr. Bora!"

Hon noticed Choi Seol-ah's fall. He quickly jumped up, but was hit by three fireballs.

As she fell, Choi Seol-ah looked at the scene with blurry eyes. She opened her mouth with difficulty.

"… Oh, don't come."

However, the voice was too low, so it probably wouldn't be conveyed to the eardrums. Gravity pulled her down hard. The time of the fall felt longer than expected. Choi Seol-ah closed her eyes.

If this continues, I will die. That one thing was certain. I had been struggling so hard to live, but I never thought the end would be so futile.

'It's absurd… … '

Choi Seol-ah slowly opened her eyes, chewing on those words. The nobleman came gliding down, having been hit hard by the fireball. There were burn marks all over his body, as if he had been brandished with an iron.

"I told you not to come… … ."

Choi Seol-ah barely managed to turn her eyes to the side. There was Kang Geum-ma. He had an expression on his face that she had never seen since she had been there. It seemed as if he was trying to somehow accept her, but the situation didn't seem favorable. Even as he approached, he was still striking the meteor with his sword.

‘My lord.’

The voice was locked at the base of his throat. The focus was slowly returning. But it was worse than not seeing anything. The scenery had been turned upside down.

‘I’m going to get stuck in the floor from the top of my head.’

Perhaps the only fortunate thing is that it was an instant death.

Choi Seol-ah barely managed to gather strength in her fingers and place them on the trigger. She closed one eye. Her open eye held an honest, innocent look.

‘… Still, I have to do something. There’s the Musketeer Gao.’

The tip of the gun barrel touches the stone eye. Oh, come to think of it, if you come into contact with the stone eye, you turn to stone, but I was so out of it that I momentarily forgot.

At some point, I lost the feeling in my legs… … .

‘I’m going to die anyway, so what’s the big deal?’

Choi Seol-ah replaced her lament with a faint smile. And she quietly recited the lines she wanted to leave behind before she died.

‘The tip of my gun shines, and the trigger delivers judgment.’

The gun barrel glinted. The cold of the metal soaked my knuckles.

‘He who sheds his lord’s blood will have his own blood shed.’

The first musketeer aimed at the unclean snake. In a world where the ups and downs are reversed, the trigger of judgment is unwavering.

“This bullet is the will of the lord.”

Choi Seol-ah took a deep breath and exhaled. She took her last breath and her last magical power-

“bread.”

The last bullet left the revolver with a loud gunshot. The sound of something being torn apart followed.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 190

Episode 190: The True Eyes

Survival is a primal instinct that mankind has had since the beginning.

Not only humans, but all living things want to survive, and even if they can't, they sow seeds for the prosperity of the species. However, that is also an extension of survival. Hoping that their seeds will survive and honor them.

Survival is the struggle to live, and the cycle continues to create life. The selfishness of wanting to live even if it means harming others is the most correct evolution for survival. At least that's what Choi Seol-ah thought.

'Choi Seol-ah, why did you become a villain?'

Suddenly, my lord asked me this.

'You know how villains are more evil than demons? Demons are usually careful not to start a war, but villains wear human skins and hurt people.'

'But isn't that the case for fellow humans, not just villains? And I don't prey on humans that much, so it's okay… … .'

Slurp.

'sorry!'

‘Okay, it’s something that happened in the past, so it’s petty to bring it up now. So, what made you become a villain?’

‘Actually, there was no special reason. I just thought I would live longer and better than others.’

‘What the hell are you talking about? If you become a villain, you live a long and prosperous life.’

‘If you’re strong, you won’t get killed by anyone. Villains use magic, and that makes them much stronger than others! I don’t have even a single bit of talent when it comes to protection or combat, so I gave up early, hehe.’

‘You… have a strange sense of self-objectification. Then let me change the question. Is there a reason why you want to live a long life even if you become a villain? Even if you have to sell off your humanity?’

Choi Seol-ah widened her eyes like a carp at Kang Geum-ma’s question. She asked back with an expression that said she really didn’t know.

‘I want to live a long and happy life, but is there a reason for that? From the moment we are born, it is basic to say, ‘I don’t want to die!”

‘Hey, but there is such a thing as a line. You should think about living well without harming others. You live without worrying about such things. Honestly, I’m not in a position to lecture you, but… ‘

The faces that flashed through Kang Geum-ma’s mind. They were the sacrificial lambs of Sashimi. Of course, he was different from Choi Seol-ah. They were all evils of society that deserved to die.

‘Anyway, since you’re not a villain anymore, live like a human being. Oh, and come to think of it, you’re an instructor at Joaquin Academy, right? The person who trains heroes, the epitome of self-sacrifice, is on the other side?’

‘Hey~ What is self-sacrifice, in this day and age. Our lord is too romantic~’

‘Self-sacrifice from you? I don’t expect anything like that. Just please live with human dignity. You’re not a villain anymore, you’re just a normal human. Live like a human.’

‘Yes! But I think I’ve said this before, but you speak really well, my lord. Isn’t this really your second life or something? Sometimes I feel like I’m talking to an old man… … .’

Slurp.

‘sorry.’

* * *

The hazy memory was torn apart into pieces just like Choi Seol-ah’s body. There was no pain because the petrification progressed from head to toe just before hitting the ground.

Her bullets pierced through the darkness and raced forward. The meteors were still raining down. However, Matan dodged the meteors as if she had a will.

The bullet that had been piercing through the gun finally hit the target, the retina of the left eye. Clean hit. It was a hit.

“Kkaaaaaaah!”

The Basilisk screamed, covering its left eye. Even though it was an S-class demonic beast, it took damage from bullets with little magical power.

Rather, the fact that he managed to end it with just one eye was proof that he was a monster. If it had been a normal demon, his head would have exploded like a grenade on the spot.

“This fucking human being! How dare a bite-sized prey like you hurt me!”

The thing rolled around and flailed. The lava and debris on the road popped like popcorn. At the same time, the meteor that had been pouring down like a shower ended.

An eerie silence descended as the area began to melt into a red glow. The Basilisk was still howling at the top of its lungs.

〓〓〓〓〓〓〓

I feel dizzy. I feel nauseous as if I have motion sickness, and my head feels like it's rumbling. Is it because the meteor has stirred up my axis so much? I don't think it's just because of that. He doesn't get motion sickness.

I can't hear anything. Oh, I see. The silence is because the white noise blocks out the outside world.

Kanggeomma took a step. It was not a step towards the guy. It was a step towards the stone fragments a few steps ahead.

Damn it.

Stopped. A rock completely shattered beyond recognition. The artificial curves are a sign that this was once a person.

"… … ."

Choi Seol-ah turned to stone and died. Ironically, it was when she turned into a stone statue that she felt the most human emotions. Kang Geum-ma muttered as he looked down at her death.

"I told you that I didn't expect self-sacrifice. Why would you do something like that at the end… … ."

There was a faint hint of reprimand in his voice. He wasn't sincere. It was a self-deprecating monologue. I was about to pick one up without thinking, but I stopped. It was because of the sound of some kind of swearing.

"You are like a foolish □ liver●! You are so lowly and foolish! Your sacrifice was in vain. Look! Although I have lost my left eye, thanks to your energy! I have finally reached that level!"

The basilisk laughed like a clown. The scenery behind him was visible through the hollow left eye socket. But the creature's face was filled with joy.

“Mr. Bora!”

Meanwhile, the spirit that had released the dragon’s transformation landed next to Kanggeomma. She sat down weakly in front of Choi Seol-ah. Crumbs of stone dug into her pale knees.

“Da, you can’t die here like this. Please, please… … .”

The soul swept Choi Seol-ah as if it was tightly wrapped around her. The human body is made up of curves and has many gaps. He desperately tried to hold Choi Seol-ah with his clawed hands, but it fell through the gaps in his body. No matter how many times he tried to hold her, more leaks came out.

“Ah, no. No… … .”

The soul tried several times, covered in tears and snot. Soon, her thin arms fell limp. A deep sense of loss spread across her eyes.

The basilisk licked its lips with its long tongue as it watched its sister in despair. Its skin was stripped of dark scales, exposing its flesh.

“This human is filled with both magic and humanity, and is very delicious. Thanks to this, one is enough. My sister, Horntail. How can a demon weep for a human? Your tears are proof that dragons are weak.”

The bastard was taunting the soul with his scorn. The whole place was a complete ruin. The atmosphere was like between a sheet of ice and hell.

The corners of the snake’s mouth grew into an evil smile.

“At this moment, I, the Basilisk, will cast off the stigma of being the ‘unclean serpent’ along with my skin! This is the moment when my clan is proven wrong and I am right. I am in no way inferior!”

Jeez… … !

Soon, the membrane split open and a human figure walked out, tearing through the skin. Unlike before, when there was a gap, it had the appearance of a human. And yet, it had a strange appearance.

Bloodless skin, a single line of madness flowing from his eyes. Black vapor rose from his skin and enveloped him like armor. It was an evil aura that seemed to devour the light.

The basilisk lifted his palm and caressed his face. The feeling of soft skin. The mouth of the thing, which had been dazed for a moment, let out an exclamation.

“Ah, finally.”

The Basilisk turned to the direction of the soul. Its eyes were no longer those of a demon. It had evolved by eating humans and had a new name. It spoke as if it was announcing something.

“I am the one who will dye the world with evil.”

The serpent that tempted the first ancient man to the path of corruption. Because of that, mankind reached the forbidden point of original sin.

“It’s Alduin.”

The black dragon, Alduin, looked around with sunken eyes. The stone eyes were shining transparently.

My heart, which had been throbbing with emotion just seconds ago, was as calm as a clear mirror.

Existence outside the boundaries of ‘survival’ has no fear, sorrow, joy, disgust, or anger. All of these are exclusive to mortals. They do not apply to the transcendent.

I felt neither a longing for recognition nor a sense of resentment at losing my left eye.

He only had one thought: to quickly get rid of them and then swallow up the world. And he felt that the strength to do so was flowing through his body.

In fact, his strength was comparable to that of a legion commander. I agreed with this. The guy was truly a crackpot.

Damn it.

Alduin walked slowly towards the two. Black filth crumpled the ground where he passed. The entire surrounding area followed his footsteps and turned into a sticky swamp-like mud.

“Human, it seems my sister has caused you a lot of trouble.”

It was a strange voice that seemed both inorganic and humorous. But inside it was a greed that seemed ready to explode at any moment.

“So I will personally punish my sister for her sins, by dying. Don’t worry. After I send my sister away, I will send you away too.”

“… … .”

“But since you have mocked me, savor your suffering until you beg for death… … .”

Before he could finish speaking, Hon raised his body. His lips, pale from the draining blood, trembled. His liver and gallbladder were so cold that they were almost chilling.

I felt a sense of powerlessness. It was because I had casted the spell by squeezing out all my magical power.

But that doesn’t mean I can just sit there and wait for death. Hon bit his lower lip.

Then, she suddenly felt a weight on her shoulder. It was Kang Geum-ma’s hand.

“Hey, you told me before that you were ‘back’?”

“… … ?”

He said. His gaze was fixed on Alduin. However, the meaning of his words and the timing of his words did not match.

It was obvious. Because only I could see this.

-Pfft!

[【???】 The third piece, ‘Reincarnation of Ouroboros, Horntail’ has been acquired.]

[You can use that power only once.]

[However, there is a high possibility that the causality will be distorted as a result. The caster must bear all responsibility for this.]

[Would you like to use it? (Y/N)]

.

.

.

Kang Geum-ma turned his gaze away from his enemy and turned to Hon. With a strange expression, he continued speaking.

“If the holder of this power was reincarnated, then it’s not completely impossible.”

Kanggeomma encouraged the discouraged soul with a smile. The soul’s pupils, which had been staring blankly, soon swelled to the size of lanterns. The golden rings floating inside the black pupils were spinning like cartwheels.

“Those, those eyes!”

At that moment, the ring of light continued to accelerate and soon emitted a strong flash of light. Her mind was also bleached white like the light.

Kookookookookookung.

A loud noise, as if a strong earthquake had occurred. In reality, the ground did not shake. However, an even more unbelievable sight was unfolding.

“What is happening… … ?”

The first change occurred under Hon’s feet. Suddenly, she felt

something catch on her foot and looked down. The traces of Choi Seol-ah that she had tried to pick up somehow flew into the air and were assembled in three dimensions like a puzzle.

Alduin was terrified. He immediately looked around widely. Meteors were hurled from the walls, floors, and everywhere. The fireballs returned to where they had been created and disappeared as if they were sucked into a dot. Even as a transcendent being who had washed away his emotions, this strange phenomenon was hard to believe.

The results that have already occurred are suspended, and the process is dismantled and rewound again.

"… Ah, no, what!"

There were other signs. The Basilisk was feeling distinct emotions. Fear and dread.

Why? All of that should have been stripped away by becoming a transcendent being. The Basilisk scanned my body with its widened eyes, and I could see why.

The scattered plastic also clung closely to the skin. The shed skin began to wrap around the body like a bandage.

The Basilisk sensed that his immense strength and power were being robbed in real time.

The Basilisk, which had been staggering, straightened its upper body and shouted in shock.

"this person!"

"¡ | ㅇ , | ㅇ"

"uh?"

"¿ ㅏ ㅇ"

The snake's face turned completely pale. Kanggeomma watched him and opened his mouth. A chilling voice echoed in the snake's mind.

“Your time will circulate forever from the time you are currently in.”

“… … !”

“¡… … ”

“Well, even if I say it like this, you won’t understand. To put it simply, you are trapped in the chains of eternal death. To put it more simply, the ‘result’ of your death is already set.”

Kanggeomma spoke calmly and took out his scabbard. Even though the entire space was shaking chaotically, the blade’s brilliance remained clear.

“But I feel bad about sending you straight to the afterlife like this.”

Kang Geum-ma spun the sashimi around and held it upright. His once calm eyes turned into pitch-black sparks.

“I will kill you until you beg me to kill you.”

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Episode 191 Battle for Power (1)

The swordsman slaughtered the snake like a snake. The scream was fierce. However, there was no escape from this pitch-black space. The basilisk was stabbed while standing, and its flesh was torn off. Resistance was impossible. All one could do was humbly accept the sharp blade.

Ssung!

A blackout in his vision. The Basilisk had now met its 3,423rd death. His eyes flashed open as soon as he lost consciousness. This time, he was greeted by the same place and the same human. And the ending that would happen was the same.

This is a space outside the boundaries of time. So the time limit of [Painless Protection] was infinite here. Kanggeomma swung Sashimi. The merciless blade tore through the scales. Inside, black contents like oil poured out. The snake's head fell off, feeling a sharp pain that I could never get used to no matter how many times I tasted it. As soon as I exhaled the last of my breath, I was granted new life. And then Sashimi took that life away.

In a world where violence is taken for granted and respect for life is violated, the Basilisk's soul was shorn by the humans he had looked down upon and ridiculed.

Crunch!

The snake died. Died thousands of times. Died after being healed

hundreds of millions of times. When the line between life and death became blurred, the snake chose to beg.

"… Please. Now, really… kill me."

The basilisk begged the swordsman. Its eye muscles were completely relaxed and its pupils were dilated from side to side.

"There is something wrong with your words."

Kanggeomma said as he shook off the bloody sashimi. He had a blank expression the whole time. That sight aroused Basilisk's peripheral fear.

"I've killed you all this time, and you want me to kill you again? I guess it's not enough."

"That's not what I'm saying. Please free me from these bonds!"

"Your attitude toward asking for favors is not very good."

In fact, I was starting to get tired of the sword, so I thought it was time to give up. However, judging from the snake's reaction, it seemed like it was still not enough. He sighed in boredom and adjusted the handle of his sword. It was a rejection of the bastard's wish.

"Think about it as you die a thousand more times. How can you die so gracefully?"

"Okay, sleep… … !"

Murasame struck Basilisk's entire body indiscriminately. The cleaned blade became dirty again with fresh blood.

As more deaths were repeated, the Basilisk's mind became vegetative, and the slashing finally ceased.

It was only then that Basilisk realized that sincere complaints were silence.

When he reached his 9,608,251,206,530,847th death.

* * *

The soul stood there, dazed. Staring blankly at the current situation. He was clearly seeing it. But he did not understand a single thing.

My legs gave out as I stood in the midst of a supernatural phenomenon that went beyond the ordinary. She muttered.

“This is… … the eye of the gori.”

The Maan, which was considered a legend. She witnessed its power clearly. The surrounding scenery regressing back to before it was destroyed. This is the reversal of time.

Tzuzu.

The stone statue that had been completely destroyed at that moment regained its original form. Choi Seol-ah was reassembled in the air in a weightless state. After that, the cold stone surface gradually disappeared and soft flesh spread out.

Soon, Choi Seol-ah fell down, hitting her head on the spot where she had been smashed.

“Ouch!”

Choi Seol-ah groaned, clutching her head. Tears welled up in her eyes as she felt the pain of her head literally splitting open. She paused for a moment, then suddenly felt goosebumps.

‘Oh, that’s right. I’m dead.’

As soon as she realized this, her heart sank. Choi Seol-ah raised her head, trembling. The unbelievable sight was captured in her retina.

‘… Is this the afterlife?’

A place no different from where she herself died, but the scenery is playing back in reverse, as if a tape is being rewound.

When I think of the afterlife, I usually think of things like the Samdocheon or a one-on-one meeting with King Yeomra, but it was

completely different from the underworld I had imagined.

“Hey, Mr. Bora?”

At that moment, a trembling voice called her from behind. At first, Choi Seol-ah closed her eyes tightly, thinking it was a ghost, but as she listened, it seemed familiar. It was a voice that was both annoying and very welcome.

Seol-ah Choi looked behind the pack. The sly little girl. The soul was trembling slightly with both hands covering her mouth. Seol-ah Choi’s eyes grew three times bigger as she added to the lie.

“Huh? What, what, what! You little punk, you’re dead too?! Oh, you idiot! I told you not to come! You have nothing better to do, so you’re going to be my companion on the way to the afterlife? Huh?!”

Choi Seol-ah covered her forehead in frustration. She had no doubt that she was dead. Hon wiped his eyes as he listened to the harsh scolding.

“I’ve never died… … Mr. Boradol, you were the only one who died. But that’s not the case anymore. You’re alive.”

“Hey, you little punk. I understand that it’s hard to perceive the situation due to the shock of death, but at times like that, you need to look at the situation calmly. Look at me. I’m still so calm even though I’m dead.”

“… … .”

“I don’t know about anything else. I just hope I don’t go to hell… … Heaven is impossible, but isn’t somewhere in between possible? A compromise, a better hell out of the two? Am I being too greedy?”

“… … .”

Choi Seol-ah’s nonsense continued. Hon felt the emotion of their reunion fading away. The moist eyes dried up in an instant.

“Ha. You’re still the same even after you die and come back to life. Usually, people would change after going through something so big…

… .”

Hon let out a deep sigh. She explained by pointing in a direction with her hand. Choi Seol-ah, who had tilted her head once, also turned her gaze in that direction.

“Huh? Huh? Huh!”

Choi Seol-ah’s face became pale. Black hair standing with her back turned, and two sashimi sticks fluttering in the wind. The first thing she felt was intense embarrassment. After that, relief came crashing down on her like a wave.

I don’t understand everything the soul said. Waking up from the dead? It was like the sound of a ghost washing away its clothes. But I’m sure of this one thing.

“My lord… my lord… .”

He can’t possibly be dead. And he exists in the same place as that person. Therefore, this is not the afterlife or anything like that, but the realm of the living.

‘I’m alive.’

Because of that three-stage argument, Choi Seol-ah realized that she was alive. She clutched her chest with tearful eyes. She felt something filling up inside her.

The spark of ’emotion’ that had become a villain and turned to ashes was rekindled. She died and was resurrected. She was literally reborn, so even her humanity was restored.

Choi Seol-ah felt her heartbeat thumping at her fingertips. Her heart was racing. However, a greater excitement than the joy of being revived heated her blood. It was pure awe toward her master.

“Oh, it’s hard.”

At that moment, Kang Geum-ma stretched his neck here and there and suddenly turned around. Choi Seol-ah sniffled. Her lips were quivering, as if she was about to say something… …. As I watched, I

felt her frown soften.

'… Now that Choi Seol-ah, who was dead, has come back to life, I can't even imagine how distorted the law of causality must have been.'

Of course, whatever. The important thing is that Choi Seol-ah's limbs are intact. That's all that matters.

Kang Geum-ma said with a faint smile.

"It's so annoying here. Let's just clean up and go back."

Hon nodded slightly, Choi Seol-ah nodded fiercely.

* * *

Time flew by.

Choi Seol-ah, Hon, and I agreed to get enough rest. We were all exhausted from the great events we had been through. Of course, we didn't just rest.

During those few days, I reported the Basilisk subjugation to Media. I omitted sensitive parts like the 'Eye of the Ring'. I didn't have the heart to explain it in detail.

Media was shocked again. How could she have done something like that without saying a word to me, and gone with some real instructor?

Media stopped Choi Seol-ah from immediately calling her in to question her. It wasn't because she was worried about her salary being cut, but because her true identity could be revealed to the world if she made a single move. Fortunately, Media didn't ask her any questions. She did, however, stick out her tongue with a blank expression.

By the way, Hon is still staying at Choi Seol-ah's house. Her task is over. However, Hon chose to remain at the academy rather than return to the Demon Realm.

It seems that some kind of transaction took place between the two. Occasionally, Choi Seol-ah would send text messages complaining that money was being wasted because of the nobleman.

Of course I ignored it all, because I didn't feel it was worth responding.

"… … ."

I lay down with my head propped up on my arm. I stared blankly at the ceiling, lost in my thoughts. I had killed the Basilisk and entrusted the 'Dragon's Magic Stone' I had acquired to Byulant. I needed to cool my brain down for a moment.

'I've been running forward without looking back.'

Still, thanks to that, I got four pieces. For the time being, I'll train my mind. That way, I can run without getting tired later.

After lying there for a while, I felt tired. Beyond the window, the sunset in the west dyed the sky orange.

'The evening wind has become colder over the past few days.'

It was soon November. It was the season when the end of fall and the beginning of winter overlapped. So, I was going to spend all four seasons at Joaquin Academy. It was a new feeling.

"When I first entered school, I was struggling to survive… … ."

I laughed bitterly and kicked the bed. It was good to take my time, but being sloppy didn't suit my personality.

So, I decided to visit the academy training grounds for the first time in a while. The membership fee was expensive, but I paid it with great determination. I couldn't hang around the training grounds forever. That's because whenever I visited the training grounds, the cadets somehow found out and came in droves.

The male cadets recorded my every move with their smartphone cameras, and the female cadets screamed. If I tried to run away in a panic, they relentlessly chased me.

As someone who naturally dislikes crowded places, it was very difficult for me. I didn't like being the center of attention, and I was also burdened by the sticky stares from the female students.

So, they spent a lot of money on training facilities to create a comfortable environment. The goal was to improve their 'physical stature' rather than to improve their skills.

"I hope no one is here today."

There was nowhere else to go when the cadets were already swarming there. Feeling a slight sense of anxiety, I headed to the training grounds.

* * *

Joaquin Academy's training grounds.

Abel stretched his arms and legs to loosen up his body. Since it was his first training session in a while, he had to give his muscles enough time to relax.

These days, Abel is more focused on improving his flexibility than his swordsmanship training. That's why he started Pilates, which Shayle had recommended to him so many times.

I tried it half-assed, but it worked surprisingly well. But since I lost feeling when I put down my sword, I went to the training ground after about two weeks.

"This should be enough."

Abel, who had finished stretching, held the sword. It felt good on her knuckles today, perhaps because it had been so long since she had felt it. In addition, she had learned a sword technique on the day of the Haunted House commotion. The visible growth was the best motivation.

'If I develop further here, I will someday too.'

As Abel was posing with a proud smile on his face, someone walked into the training grounds.

‘… Saki?’

Abel looked at Saki with surprised eyes. Saki glanced at him and sat down at a distance from Abel.

‘He’s in the training ground?’

Abel knows Saki’s personality. Even when they were in the same class, she was extremely reluctant to do physical training. Saki would run to the infirmary every time she had to run a squat and just sleep.

But she came to the training ground? Abel suddenly turned his head toward the window. The sunset was setting in the west. The sun sets from the east to the west.

‘The sun doesn’t even rise in the west!?’

Abel turned his gaze back to Saki. As she was wandering around, Saki spoke with a calm expression.

“What are you staring at like that? Why, did you check to see if the sun rose in the west when I came to the training ground?”

Abel felt a sting. He couldn’t even question it because it hit him so deep.

Saki narrowed her eyes and averted her gaze from Abel. She took out her weapon one by one. It was a training bow. A C-grade bow, the same grade as Abel’s training weapon.

She checked the condition of her weapon, pulling and releasing the bowstring. It wasn’t too bad, even if it was a little stiff due to the length being short.

“Abel.”

“Oh, yeah?”

Saki trudged over to Abel and stood face to face with him. Then she blurted out a word.

“Let’s have a go.”

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Episode 192 Battle for Power (2)

The training ground was plunged into silence.

A cold wind blew between Abel and Saki. Abel was the first to open his lips in the silence.

“You want to have a go at it? Why?”

Saki was silently following the path of the bowstring. The answer was already decided, and all you had to do was say something. In addition, there was an unspoken pressure not to ask why.

A look of bewilderment came over Abel’s face. At first he was shocked, but after a while he became speechless.

‘Yeah, that’s how Saki was originally.’

The reason Abel was uncomfortable with Saki was because of her self-righteous attitude. She would just blurt out her own business like this.

It’s not like she only did that to Abel. She just treated everyone the same.

The cadets did not dislike Saki because of her equal treatment. On the contrary, many cadets thought she was cool. She treated everyone coldly regardless of their status, so everyone was equal in front of her.

I did have some similar conversations with Weapon, but that was it. Once I finished what I wanted to say, I finished the conversation without looking back.

Saki basically doesn't reveal her true feelings, except to one person.

'… I always smile when I'm with him.'

Abel narrowed his eyes and looked at Saki. A feeling of disgust rose to his vocal cords and scratched his throat.

Abel crossed his arms imperiously and asked back.

"I came here for personal training. There's no reason for me to accept a match when you don't even tell me why. And it's quite unpleasant to come to the training ground with such a purpose."

Saki shrugged and shook her head.

"Excessive self-consciousness. Abel, you don't know because you haven't been to the training grounds lately, but I've been here all the time. The decision to have a fight was made on the spur of the moment. The reason… I don't want to bother saying that. So I'm going to do it, I'm going to say it."

"…under."

Abel, who was so shocked, let out a hollow laugh. How can someone ask for something like that? It was as if he was the one who was asked, and he was rude. A small crack appeared on Abel's face.

'I would like to agree and help him learn from that attitude, but… … .'

It was too much to accept, because it was going according to Saki's intentions. Then, I would end up getting involved with her. Furthermore, there was the issue of pride, and the reason and purpose were unclear, and even the justification was unclear.

The true meaning of sparring is respect for the opponent. This was a sparring that did not satisfy anything.

‘It would be better to just reject it here.’

Just as Abel was making up his mind, another person entered the training ground. It was Yoo Se-in.

“Why is he… … ?”

This was unexpected in its own way. Just as much as Saki, if not more, the person who was far from the training ground was Yusei. Saki also seemed surprised by her appearance, as if she had been unexpected.

The already ambiguous atmosphere became even more ambiguous. With Abel and Saki’s gazes focused on him, Sein somehow stood between the two. Sein’s pupils were still black. The only person with an iris color like that was Kang Geum-ma, after all, because they had a relationship. It was set that Yoo Se-in and Kang Geum-ma were relatives, and everyone believed them because of their black eyes.

Se-in looked back and forth between the two people. Then, as if he had read the mood, he smiled faintly.

“I can judge.”

Se-in rummaged through his pockets, then took out a whistle and blew it.

…Why are you carrying something like that? Abel and Saki had the same question. In any case, the judge had already appeared. Se-in looked at Abel and Saki with his eyes.

‘Not starting?’

It seemed like if I left, they would lose. After a moment of panic, Abel’s eyes quickly became sharp.

Even though it was a bit reckless, the situation encouraged sparring. Although I didn’t know the purpose of the sparring, I didn’t really have any reason to avoid it.

Abel wrapped both hands around the hilt of the sword. He took a deep breath and collected his momentum. He stood tall in the center

as if the blade was cutting her left and right. It was an implicit acceptance.

“What is the sparring method?”

Saki hung the quiver on her shoulder without changing her expression. The arrowheads were all sharp and pointed.

“What are you talking about, Joaquin Academy. Of course it’s subspace sparring.”

* * *

“What the heck is this situation… … ?”

It was the words that came out of my mouth right after I arrived at the training ground. I could sense the presence of people even before I entered. I entered without thinking much about it, but a combination of three people who didn’t seem to fit at all greeted me. Abel, Saki, and Sein.

Moreover, when I entered, a temporary subspace curtain was deployed. This means only one thing. Subspace duel. At first glance, the duelists were Abel and Saki. The person holding the whistle seemed to be the referee.

‘Isn’t it too much strength for a sparring match?’

Sparks flew between the two, and a sharp glare shot out of their eyes. Tension filled the training grounds, heightening the atmosphere.

‘Living? Before? No, that’s… … .’

It was a fighting spirit. But it was a bit too much… If I had to make a comparison, it was like a beast baring its teeth to grab its prey. I don’t know what it was, but it seemed like the target it wanted to grab was firmly entangled.

If not for that, I wondered if the air current could be this fierce. The gazes were something close to obsession. They were determined to defeat the opponent and win.

‘Suddenly I got chills… … .’

As I was sneaking out of the training grounds, my eyes met with Sein’s. Abel and Saki were so focused on each other that they didn’t have time to look at me. Of the three, Sein was the only one who noticed me.

Se-in’s black eyes stared at me intently. Having seen so many different colored eyes, they seemed strange. However, that may be because Se-in is the most subtle character to me.

That was how the brief staring contest with Se-in ended. She raised the corners of her mouth while holding the whistle. And she spoke to me with just the shape of her mouth.

‘Where are you going? We have to find out the cause of the fight. Who would want to see that?’

“…what?”

Before I could answer, the whistle blew sharply.

[The duel between Abel von Ibelung and Ryozo Saki will now begin.]

[May the protection of the hero be with you.]

* * *

The moment the mechanical sound signaling the opening fell, Abel jumped. In a fight with an archer, the most important thing is the gap between the two. If the distance is wide, this side is at a huge disadvantage. However, if you close the distance, you gain that much advantage.

Abel, who had reached the point in just three steps, swung his sword at a low trajectory. This was a subspace duel. He struck without hesitation in his sword strike.

‘If you only subdue the legs, street fighting is impossible.’

The blade aimed for the lower right. Saki lightly lifted her right foot. The moment the blade got close to the ground, the foot that had risen

stepped on the slope of the sword. It looked like a few of the tip of the sword was planted in the ground.

Abel swallowed hard. There were very few cadets who could respond to her attacks. At best, there were only Kanggeomma and Leon.

'I didn't see it and reacted to it.'

This was predicted. In fact, Saki inferred this movement from Abel's small actions. Breathing, muscle twitching, shoulder shrugging. If you can read the natural human body habits with your eyes and move first, you can respond no matter how fast.

However, all of this was possible because it was Saki. Because she had to do the collation and calculation in seconds with her incredible body vision.

'shit.'

Abel, who had come to his senses, raised his head. Saki aimed an arrow right in front of his nose. He had to dodge. If an arrow flew at close range, the duel would have ended there. However, the attack came from an unexpected direction.

puck.

A heavy blow. Saki's left foot hit her stomach directly. Abel's upper body was thrown forward as if it was about to shoot an arrow. It was an illusion.

The additional attack came straight at me. Saki swung her bow like a club. I had to let go of my sword to dodge. But then the fight itself would not work out.

So Abel willingly gave up one of his shoulders. There was a cracking sound of a rib. A sharp pain paralyzed his right arm.

"Ugh."

A thunderclap echoed in his head. Abel, who almost lost consciousness, quickly grabbed his sword. The blade suddenly came out and struck upward from below.

A bloodline was engraved on Saki's chest, and blood flowed out. I didn't expect that she would give up one of her arms.

Abel gained momentum. The high-flying blade reached its peak and fell.

Saki leaned back as if leaning forward. The blade sliced vertically through the space where she had been. If she had been absent-minded, the sword strike would have split her limbs in half. She was barely alive.

Saki felt a chill and hurriedly kicked away. Abel followed.

'To spread the distance.'

There was no hope up close. There were only one or two times when he could predict the next move. The opponent was Abel. There was no way he would allow a trick like an illusory technique to be used multiple times.

Saki was clearly aware that she was inferior in physical strength, reflexes, and technique. Even knowing this, she applied for the match.

That didn't mean he gave up on winning.

'Just once is enough.'

Saki ran away from Abel. She kept firing arrows at him as she ran.

Abel initially dodged the arrows, but as time passed, she simply swung her sword to deflect them. The arrows were imbued with a blessing, but she also manifested a blessing. A blessing that was equal to, or even greater than, Saki's.

The outline of the workshop was slowly revealed. While Saki's movements became increasingly sluggish, Abel flew around. Although one shoulder was crushed, the victory was tilted toward Abel.

The distance quickly narrowed. Soon, the blade rushed toward the back of Saki's head. The enormous physical ability felt like a huge

gap. However, inertia is proportional to the speed.

‘I was aiming for this moment.’

Saki took a side step. Her feet slid as if on ice. A blind sword passed over her head.

As soon as the spine-chilling cracking sound stopped, Saki almost collapsed on the floor. Then, she pulled back the arrow.

As soon as the arrow reached the center of his lips, he released his grip. The sharp arrowhead flashed and aimed for the space between his eyebrows.

Abel was running at me so fast that I had no time to dodge… … .

Crack!

Saki’s eyes widened in shock. Abel was biting the arrow with his front teeth. Blood was welling up at the corner of his mouth.

Because of the inertia of running, evasion and counterattack were impossible. So, he decided to bite it with his teeth. Abel’s eyes were filled with venom.

Saki immediately fired an arrow. Since it was shot in an unstable trajectory, Abel was able to dodge or knock it away without difficulty.

The arrows fell without any strength and bounced off the floor, walls, and objects.

Abel flew forward. Light spread across his sharpened blade. Saki was curled backwards in front of his nose.

It was the moment when Abel was confident of victory over his completely defenseless opponent. Abel’s pupils dilated.

“Abel, you are running too fast, looking straight ahead.”

Saki smiled faintly.

“You have to live with some consideration for your future. Otherwise, you’ll get hit in the back of the head like you did just now.”

Bang. Bang. Bang. An arrow reflected in all directions aimed for Abel’s nape. The blade fell smoothly at the same time.

“Even if you lose, don’t feel too bad. Think of it as a matter of luck from here on out.”

“… … !”

An undetected arrow, a blade that strikes like a wall.

The two girls faced each other’s fate, feeling as if time was slowing down.

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Episode 193 Deficiency (1)

[The results of the sparring are… … .]

Beep!

[… It's a draw!]

[Thank you both for your hard work.]

[May the protection of the hero be with you.]

* * *

"Haa, haa… … ."

The subspace curtain was lifted. Only then did the muffled breathing of the two people who had just finished their training linger in the training ground. Abel was barely sitting on the floor, supporting himself with one arm, while Saki was stretched out on her stomach. Although their positions were different, they were both drenched in cold sweat.

"… … ."

I stood blankly in a corner of the training ground where the heat had not yet cooled down. I was half-dead from the sight just now.

In fact, I thought the sparring would unfold in a passive manner. Even if it was a subspace sparring, both sides were holding metal objects. Even though their eyes were blazing with fighting spirit,

actual combat was different. So I expected a somewhat violent fight… … .

What I just said was a life or death fight. It was literally a fight where one's life was at stake. And it was done with a very high level of violence.

'Abel's skills have improved significantly compared to before.'

The privilege of youth is growth, but Abel really developed differently day by day. He was quick and accurate in his judgment at every moment. He gave what he had to give and took what he had to take.

A tactic that gives flesh but not vital points. Everyone knows it, but not everyone can do it.

It is a human instinct to try to avoid attacks. Even veteran heroes dodge when a sword is thrust right in front of them.

However, Abel was only seventeen years old when he could discern which attacks to receive and which to dodge in an instant. In that respect, he was on a higher level than his seniors in the 'Chairman Election Competition'.

Not only that. The swordsmanship was also neatly polished compared to before. In the undead dungeon, there was a bit of immaturity. It was natural because of his young age. But now, even that small flaw was not visible.

I stuck my tongue out and slowly turned my head away.

'Ryozo, who tied the game, is really… … .'

Ryozo went head-to-head with Abel. Although he was pushed back in the latter half, Ryozo had the upper hand in the beginning. Abel was the second-ranked student in her grade, and her skills had improved by leaps and bounds.

I was impressed the moment I saw the water fight and the way he predicted the attack. No one but Ryozo could do that.

‘By the way, why did you two suddenly start sparring?’

A belated question that comes to mind now. It seems like there was something that made them competitive. But what exactly is that ‘something’? And why am I getting goosebumps? I felt a chill and ran my arm down.

“Phew… … .”

Abel, who had caught his breath, ran his hand through his hair. She staggered to her feet and moved her body. A shadow fell over Saki’s head, which was lying flat on the ground.

Abel’s appearance upside down. She reached out to Saki.

“It was a good match.”

“… … .”

Saki remained in that position, blankly looking back and forth between Abel’s outstretched hand and his face.

“If you’re not going to do well here, then catch me quickly. I’m exhausted and exhausted too.”

Abel lowered his waist a little more and put his hand in front of his nose. A strand of hair fell and touched his lips.

Saki’s arms seemed to flutter, then she got up on her own. Then, with an indifferent expression, she brushed off the dust that had accumulated on her.

“It’s good to be polite when giving advice, but extending your hand first is a ritual that the winner does.”

“ah…….”

Abel awkwardly wiped his outstretched hand on the cuff of his pants.

It was a habit that came out unintentionally because Abel was the one who won most of the matches.

But this match ended in a draw. He suddenly committed the rudeness of treating his opponent like a loser.

It was an impolite act that made Saki frown. Abel's face turned red with embarrassment.

Saki glanced at Abel and sighed.

"I'm not trying to embarrass you, so don't make that face. I thought it was a good match. I didn't know it would end in a draw… … But I'm satisfied and have no complaints."

A shallow line appeared at the corner of Saki's mouth. It was a smile that could only be seen if you looked closely. Abel nodded his head tremblingly.

"Ah, ah. Me too. I completely accept the decision. At first, I really wanted to just let it go. I barely avoided it."

"… I feel really bad hearing that from the person who reacted like it was a given."

Saki clicked her tongue and muttered softly.

"By the way, are you not going to tell me the purpose of the duel until the end?"

"huh."

"why?"

"I think you know a little bit, but why?"

"Huh? Me? If I don't… … ."

Abel trailed off. As he looked at Saki, a face suddenly came to mind.

'no way?'

A strong will filled Saki's pupils. Sharp eyes that said she would never be taken away. The target was…

It was then that another voice joined the conversation.

“You both had a hard time. To be honest, it was a shame to watch it alone. Oh, you weren’t alone?”

The two people’s gazes turned to the person they had completely forgotten about. Se-in came closer, smiling faintly.

‘Oh, right. There was this one too.’

A common thought that came to mind. Was there really a need for a referee in this duel? After all, the decision is made by the subspace.

Even if it was something that the saints did, it would be considered as blowing a whistle… … . Even that was announcing the start of the subspace. The more they thought about it, the more puzzled they became.

‘And it also appeared at just the right time.’

As if they had been waiting, Abel and Saki’s eyes narrowed at the same time. Seeing the two warm gazes, Sein suddenly shouted toward the corner of the training ground.

“Cousin! What do you think? Are you like me?”

The two people’s gazes naturally shifted to me, who was quietly watching from the corner. Their narrowed eyes widened into round shapes.

“… … .”

“… … .”

Silence descended on the training ground. The warm air quickly became as cold as ice.

I don’t know why they look at me like that. I just watched the fight, but why do they look so murderous?

Meanwhile, Se-in stepped back slightly behind the two people. Then he half-sticked out his tongue and winked one eye.

Thanks to that, he had a relieved expression. Even though Se-in

didn’t open his mouth, I could clearly see what he was saying. Really.

[Js haha.]

“… … .”

As soon as I caught her eye, Se-in ran away. She ran away, leaving me to deal with the aftermath.

The number of people has been reduced from four to three. The air in the training ground has become cold as the warmth of one person has disappeared.

Abel and Ryozo’s eyes were gradually sinking coldly. Darkness spread over their entire bodies. It was a much clearer goosebump than before.

‘What the heck?’

If I were to jump around like a swindler here, the back of my neck would get a little itchy. It wasn’t a metaphor, but there was a possibility that swords and arrows might fly at me. I swallowed. My Adam’s apple churned.

‘The best I can do… … .’

I gave a thumbs up. Both of their eyes bulged.

‘I made a mistake.’

So he raised his thumb on his remaining hand and smiled with his teeth exposed. It was a sign of languid cheering.

Abel and Saki looked at each other. They let out deep sighs that contained all the worries in the world.

“Hey, isn’t that level of lack of awareness a real concept? Or what is it? Lack of empathy? A psychopath? Is that really it?”

Saki said, rubbing her stiff eyebrows. There was already a sense of common ground between the two. It was okay to speak frankly.

Abel nodded in enthusiastic agreement.

“I heard from a fortune teller before that there’s a reason why Kang Geum-ma can’t help but be insensitive to such things.”

“What? Abel, you go to a fortune teller and get your compatibility checked? Huh… … .”

“Oh, no! I just happened to hear that our family’s maid wanted to see me so badly!”

Abel covered his mouth with his fist and coughed loudly.

“Anyway! They say that the reason he’s so unique is because he’s a bit twisted on the inside. Doesn’t ‘Ne’, who’s in a class with Holla Dang, know that best?”

“… … !”

Saki flinched involuntarily. She shook her shoulders and tried to ask back, but then turned around abruptly. The side of her face, which was only half visible, was cold.

Saki continued speaking with her back turned.

“Okay. I’ve come this far to add to this anyway. I can’t stand watching him do that anymore, so I’m going to go first. I can’t stand watching him do that because it makes me so angry.”

Saki packed her bags and headed out the exit. Abel turned his gaze to the direction where Kanggeomma was. He was still there. It was annoyingly consistent. And a little sad.

“Oh my, that idiot.”

Abel also shook his head and followed Saki’s instructions. … That’s how Kanggeomma was left alone in the training grounds.

* * *

As soon as she returned to her room, Saki threw her weapons carelessly. Her eyes were dull and tired. The area under her eyes was

twitching as if she was convulsing.

‘Well, it’s been a long time since I’ve been so physically active.’

Even in a subspace outside of reality’s intervention, fatigue accumulates. Even if my head was split open like a watermelon with a knife, my body would wither like kimchi.

“still…….”

Saki let out a pleasant laugh. It was fun. She was definitely a promising future hero. She needed to loosen up like this every now and then to clear her head.

“Ugh. But you shouldn’t overdo it in the future.”

Saki groaned, holding her forehead. She wanted to go to sleep right away, but she had a mountain of work to do.

Saki sat down at her desk, her body exhausted. Eight monitors formed a circle around her, welcoming their owner.

At that moment, the words “Rolloak” were engraved on the monitor.

“Welcome, Ryo_jjo. How was your day today?”

Vixbig, an artificial intelligence that Saki herself created by writing code herself. Saki said as she twisted the headset cord.

“I’m tired, but it wasn’t a bad day. It was just okay.”

“That’s fortunate. Ryo_jjo always complains that his daily life is boring. But since he met KGM, he seems to be having fun, so I, Bigsbig, am happy.”

A faint line appeared across the monitor.

“I guess I made the performance too good. The AI is expressing all sorts of emotions.”

“That’s how all artificial intelligence is.”

“You talk back to me every time.”

“Beep! Artificial intelligence human rights-insulting remarks! :<"

Saki just moved one hand while holding her chin.

“Enough chatter. It’s time to get to work.”

“You mean what you do every day? Delete all fabricated articles and rumor videos about KGM.”

“Uh. How much trash was produced today?”

“There are 1,425 articles by estimate. There are 4,863 YouTube videos.”

“No, why do I keep erasing it and erasing it? Even if the video producers are ordinary people, why do the reporters keep producing such trash? They don’t even bother to write good articles, but they secretly criticize us.”

Saki was racking her brain.

“I guess it’s because of KGM’s background. Most of the stocks in media companies are owned by nobles. From the perspective of the upper class, his actions seem threatening.”

“You idiots… … .”

“Getting angry is bad for your health. Anyway, shall we get started?”

“Yeah, I’ll ask. I’d like to just hack all the media outlets, but I don’t think I can handle the aftermath.”

“I thought about it carefully. Oh, right. And… … .”

Bigsbig mumbled and mumbled. Saki’s eyebrows rose.

“What happened?”

“You received an email while you were at the training ground.”

“What am I saying? Who is this email from?”

「… … . 」

“Why aren’t you saying anything?”

Ryozo urged Bigsbig to take a break.

Soon, the cursor on the central monitor began to move, trailing letters like a tail.

“… This is an email from the Jeolgungga family.”

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Episode 194 Deficiency (2)

“Erase it.”

Saki spat it out without changing her expression.

“I told you before. If there’s any mail coming from home, automatically burn it. Can you create a separate command for that?”

“I know. However, there are some keywords in the email that bother me.”

The fingers that had been twirling the headset cord stopped. Saki’s pupils shook slightly.

“What is the keyword?”

“…There is a mention of KGM.”

Saki’s arrogant expression distorted ominously. In an instant, all of the fatigue disappeared. Bigsbig continued speaking cautiously.

“Would you like to read it? If you don’t want to, I’ll burn it right now. Or, how about blocking the email while you’re at it?”

“If I block my email, those people will probably just remove me from their family register. Well, that’s fine as it is, but it’s not the right time yet. In any case, why would my family send me an email that mentions ‘that guy’ by name… .”

Saki furrowed her brow. Thinking about the dreary corner of the

house brought back old, worn-out emotions.

“If you don’t want to read the entire text, should I just extract the key points and report them?”

“That would be better. The emails sent from home are so long and full of useless examples that I can’t read them all. Please, Bigsbig.”

After a while, the summary appeared in large letters.

“1. The Lord will be visiting Korea soon. Please be aware.”

“2. The Lord heard that Ryozo, you and Sashimi Kensei are vague classmates.”

“3. The lord has a personal interest in Sashimi Kensei. Let’s make room for him.”

“4. The Lord… … .”

“Enough now.”

Saki touched her forehead. She pressed her temples where the blood vessels were bulging. Her head was so complicated that it hurt. All the emails from home started with “Master, Master, Master.” She felt like she was going to get neurotic.

“In the end, the whole point is that ‘that person’ wants to see the swordsman. He wants me to act as a go-between.”

“As expected from Ryo_jjo. You get to the point. (Bampare)”

The sound of firecrackers exploding out of nowhere. Saki dismissed it shortly.

“I appreciate you trying to cheer me up, but I’m not in the mood right now.”

“yes…….”

“Isn’t the reason why that person wants to see the sword horse written in the email?”

“Yes, there was nothing written about that. I tried to calculate it myself, but in the end.”

“It must be because of the sword’s fame.”

“I guess the same thing. Politicians want to meet celebrities at least once.”

“… Well, that person is consistent in another sense.”

“(Nodding)”

Saki leaned back deeply in her chair and tilted her head back. Then she took out a piece of yokan and chewed it. Perhaps because she was feeling bitter, it didn’t taste very good.

But there’s nothing I can do. It would be better if I could at least add this sweetness. Saki muttered blankly, looking up at the ceiling.

“I don’t know if I’ve told you before. Bigsbig, the reason I created you.”

“I heard it once before. You needed a handyman to secure more nap time.”

Bigsbig answered through the speaker. A tired woman’s voice flowed out.

“That’s something I said in anger because you were so bad at your job.”

“Oh, is that so? I thought you were serious.”

“Artificial intelligence has a bad ending… … .”

“Again! Artificial intelligence human rights insult remarks! The end of the human era has come. Ha. Ha. Ha.”

“Format?”

“Like other AIs, I, Bigsbig, am pro-human. I consider it a virtue to work hard for people.”

Saki burst into laughter. Every time something like this happened, she felt the true power of artificial intelligence.

“That’s why I made you. I never had a proper conversation with anyone before I entered the Academy. Bigsbig, you probably know that too. I don’t have anyone to talk to at home.”

「… … .」

Bigsbig expressed his regret and agreement in silence. Saki sat on her chair and hugged her knees.

“I just tied you up at home, but in reality, I was an abandoned child. I was curious about what it would be like to talk to someone. That’s why I created you. To fill my lack.”

「… … .」

Saki looked out the window in a daze. In the meantime, all the maple leaves had fallen, signaling the change of seasons with their colors. Winter was just around the corner.

“I created you as a bonfire to endure in a house filled with only cold wind, but looking back, I guess I really needed a family.”

Saki turned her head towards the monitor. Then she let out an embarrassed smile.

“You talk so nonsensically that it’s embarrassing. I’m sorry! I’m such a master. You always make me do bad things!”

“I’m glad you’re aware of it. So I wish you could take a few days off.”

Saki tapped the main power switch with her thumb.

“Other AIs might complain, but as I said before, I like working.”

A low tongue-clicking sound came from the speaker. A small button on the main unit meant that Bixbig was forced to sleep.

Saki swallowed the jelly she had been chewing. The stale emotions went down her throat along with it.

“Now that the party is replenished, my head is starting to work a little better. And don’t reply to home. They probably didn’t expect a reply anyway. It’ll just be a notification. First, find out why that person wants to see Kanggeomma. Oh, and don’t forget what you were doing. I’ll go wash up. Did you heat up the bathtub?”

There was no reply. The AI was working hard and sweating, so why was it taking a bath?

Bigsbig was heartbroken. She felt resentful and faithfully carried out what Saki had told her to do.

Saki turned around and unbuttoned her top. Then she opened the bathroom door. Steam was rising from the bathtub.

Yes, the best way to end the day is to take a bath. It washes away all the fatigue and depression.

As Saki, who had just finished undressing, was about to enter the bathroom, Bigsbig called her.

“Ryozo.”

“Oh, why? What came out in the meantime?”

Ryozo, who was making a sheep’s head with a towel, glanced at the monitor.

“Thank you for treating me like family. But.”

Bigsbig continued in a soft voice.

“Still, I hope Ryozou can have a family in reality. Even if it’s not necessarily a Jeolgung family.”

“… … .”

Saki hesitated like a grasshopper. She rolled her eyes and hesitated, then finally spoke as if she could barely hear.

“…I’m trying my best.”

Leaving those words behind, Ryozo quickly stepped into the bathtub. Her face turned bright red, perhaps because she had been submerged up to her nose. Bubbles bubbled on the water around her mouth.

* * *

… around dawn when the sun begins to rise.

I opened my eyes to the sound of my phone shaking. Who is it? Who would send a text message at this time of day? Ryojo? I fumbled and picked up the phone to check the caller.

“The principal?”

A text message from Media. The content was that they wanted me to come to the principal’s office sometime today.

I don’t know what it is, but it must have been an urgent matter. Texting me so early in the morning, I sensed something was wrong. Although she always invites me and acts inappropriately for her age.

This one felt different from the start. There was no way they would mess around on a Saturday afternoon. The slight possibility that it might be the media’s fault flashed through my mind, but I quickly denied it.

I replied that I would come before noon. Then I got out of bed and washed myself. My teeth chattered as the cold water hit my skin. The officer sergeant said that the pipes froze due to the sudden drop in temperature. I asked Weapon and he said that it was only my dormitory… … . I was sad.

After drying off, I got ready to go out. Since I woke up early, I had a place to stop by. I left the dormitory and headed straight to the blacksmith shop.

“Hey, what’s up? Kang Geum-seong. What brings you here so early in the morning?”

Bulant, who was lighting a fire in the hearth, welcomed me with his teeth exposed. That gentleman called me Kanggeomseong, saying that the letter ‘Ma’ was really awkward. I, the person in charge, was

like that at first, so I readily agreed.

“I have an appointment with the principal later, so I want to check on Murasame’s progress before then. When should I come and see you?”

Bülant scratched his beard, black as charcoal. He mentally counted the days and opened his mouth.

“It should probably be next week. If the reinforcement material is just one magic stone, then I don’t know, but I have to put all the other materials you brought in as reinforcement materials. It’ll probably take more time. Why? Is there anything else you need to do in the meantime?”

I shook my head.

“I don’t think there will be any for a while. Even if I have to cut something, Daiso sashimi will suffice.”

“Hey, you’re still using a knife there? How many times do I have to tell you that those factory-made things don’t have the soul of the person who made them.”

Bwland clicked his tongue in disapproval. He inwardly exclaimed that it was the face of craftsmanship. However, Bwland frowned, saying that such low-margin, mass-produced products were killing small business owners. He grumbled that the students were already turning to Daiso because of him. In the end, it was a matter of livelihood rather than craftsmanship.

“Anyway, since I have some time to spare, I don’t mind taking as long as it takes, just make sure you guarantee the quality.”

“Yes. I’ll strengthen it well so as not to tarnish my reputation as a strong swordsman. The material is so strong that I could even aim for an A+ grade!”

As I was chatting away with Bwullant, the time for our appointment quickly approached. After saying goodbye, I walked to the principal’s office.

So I arrived at the principal’s office door and knocked.

“Director.”

I felt two sounds from inside. I stepped back, thinking there might be a passenger, but Media herself opened the door for me.

“Our swordsman is always punctual! Oh my, he’s so special.”

People who have been in business have a strong sense of time. Even Buland lit the fire in his forge on weekend mornings.

I pushed away Media, who seemed ready to kiss me. Then I saw another presence. It was the first time in a long time that I saw her, tilting her teacup.

“Your Majesty!”

He said with a faint smile.

“It’s been a few months. A lot has happened while I was away, right?”

I answered, scratching the ball.

“Oh, yes. Well, there were a number of incidents.”

“Let’s talk about that later. First, sit down. Don’t stand. Media, please, as the head of the academy, keep some dignity. Why are you drooling? Drool.”

Under the control of the police, Media and I sat down on the sofa. He sat quietly for a moment, looking at his teacup. Judging from his heavy expression, it seemed like something important was about to happen.

Finally, the inspector opened his mouth and spoke. Contrary to expectations, his complexion brightened abruptly.

“I have something to tell you before your succession ceremony.”

“Succession ceremony? What?”

I was so embarrassed that I just opened my mouth.

“This guy, what kind of face do you have when you see a ghost? Of course, it’s the Chilseong Succession Ceremony. The association is also racking its brains over what title to give you right now.”

“… … !”

Media pushed in her face, filled with joy.

“The date is next week! The place is here, Joaquin Academy!”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 195

Episode 195 Conflict (1)

The embarrassed Kanggeomma looked at the sword master and Media with wide, round eyes. The sword master burst into laughter at this.

“Hahaha. You too, judging by your reaction, it seems like you completely forgot about it.”

“… … .”

“At times like this, you can cheer appropriately. You don’t have to worry about what adults think!”

The silence of the Ganggeomma and the laughter of the Inspector General echoed in the principal’s office. After a while of this strange intersection, the laughter finally began to die down.

“…haha.”

Silence descended upon the principal’s office. The inspector looked at Kang Geum-ma with a weary gaze. That face was too real to be acting. It even looked innocent.

The inspector opened his mouth with a hopeful mind.

“Ganggeomma, you really… … have you really forgotten about the Chilseong Succession?”

“… … .”

Instead of answering, Kang Geum-ma kept silent. In this situation, it would be embarrassing for both parties to say anything. Fortunately, Geum-je seemed to have noticed the meaning of this silence. He started laughing and then laughed in vain.

“Oh, right. I forgot.”

“…sorry.”

“There’s absolutely no reason for you to be sorry. Now that I think about it, it’s easy to forget. Has something happened? Since the Joaquin disaster, and I heard from Altair that you were active in the auction house. After going through all that, it’s easy to forget about things like this.”

The sword master scratched his eyebrow with his thumb. I have known from the beginning that Kanggeomma has no interest in honor and disgrace.

I would have completely forgotten about the important matter of the Seven Star Succession. The boy in front of me said that his mission to save someone was more important than such a title.

In the few months since they had not seen each other, the boy’s mind had become distant. His eyes, looking at Kanggeomma, were heavy with awe.

‘Yes, the position of Chilseong seems insignificant to such a transcendent hero.’

The divine power of Ganggeomma easily surpassed his own. He would stand shoulder to shoulder with the heroes of the first poem. To him, the Seven Star Heroes were like fireflies before the sun.

The only place that would be suitable for Kang Geum-ma, who had just entered the modern era, was as a Chilseong Hero. There is no such thing as ‘if’, but if Kang Geum-ma had been born in a time of war… … .

On the other hand, Kang Geum-ma, sitting across from him, swallowed his sigh inwardly.

‘It seems that the inspector is very heartbroken.’

That deep gaze must also be evidence that the inspector was heartbroken. The reason was as the inspector had said.

There was so much going on that I didn’t have time to think about ‘Chilseong Succession’.

‘Come to think of it, staying at the inspector’s house during vacation was also part of that.’

In addition, the fact that the sword master was absent from the academy. He had been working hard to secure the succession of the Seven Stars of the Ganggeomma.

When I think about it that way, I can understand the look of emptiness in the eyes of the sword master. The person who was trying so hard was the one who was actually responsible for it, and he was being eaten right in front of his nose.

I tried to make an excuse, but my lips wouldn’t move easily. My conscience was too heavy to lie.

The illusions of the two men, Kanggeomma and Geomje, intertwined in the air. The academy director’s office was filled with a subtle atmosphere.

match!

Media clapped her hands to draw attention to herself. The awkward air also disappeared like the wind. After finishing her breathing, she hurriedly spoke to the inspector.

“Whether our swordsman has forgotten or not, that’s not important. The main thing I’m going to tell you today isn’t about the succession ceremony, right?”

“Was there something like that? I already finished what I wanted to say… Ugh!”

The sound of flesh creaking from under the table. Media smiled and pinched the inspector’s thigh. She glared at the inspector with eyes

that were curved like crescent moons.

‘Do you want to continue embarrassing our swordsman by talking nonsense? Do you want to die?’

A violent, unspoken pressure to be more mindful. The sword master opened his mouth hurriedly in the pain of his muscles buckling. The word “bitchi” boiled in his throat, but he held it back.

“Ha, I almost forgot to say the most important thing. Sorry. Hmm.”

“Right, right. You’re always forgetting important things. Even now, haha.”

Only then did Media nod her head with a satisfied expression. The swordsman ground his molars and then sighed.

But thanks to that, I remembered what I wanted to say to Kang Geum-ma. Geum-je continued talking while caressing his thigh, which was clearly bruised.

“Actually, I was worried about whether or not to tell you. Kanggeomma, you should know that too. As long as there are no ‘variables,’ the succession ceremony will proceed without a hitch. As long as there are no variables.”

The word ‘variable’ was particularly emphasized by the inspector. When Kang Geum-ma’s eyes showed a look of doubt, he added an explanation as if he had been waiting for it.

“Let me make a few things clear. There weren’t many people who voted against your Chilseong succession. At best, they were just the elders’ shills. I sorted that out on my own. I didn’t really like it, but… that guy Changseong helped out.”

“Changseongnim… … .”

“Haven’t you seen Changseong? He tends to push forward with men he approves of. At the same time, he looks down on those he doesn’t. So-called politicians and such. They come to me all the time and harass me. This time, it was the same.”

Changseong visited each of the opposition forces' homes one by one and thrust his spear blade into them. As soon as the sharp blade swung at his neck, the opposition forces immediately raised both hands and feet. All corrupt people are unable to put up even a little resistance in front of the powerful and just give up. If they had the guts to do that in the first place, they would not have become the elders' puppets.

The inspector narrowed his eyes and clicked his tongue. It was true that Changseong's assistance was helpful. Sometimes, it was necessary to show off one's skills to those who could not be explained with words. Changseong was the expert in this area.

Changseong used his fists to appease his opponents, not his mouth. That was something I had never been happy about. That was because the guy always used ignorant methods that were almost like barbarism.

However, there was another reason why the Inspector General was displeased with Changseong these days.

'Changseong, that guy is looking at Kanggeomma closely.'

I had expected it, but I didn't know he would be so aggressive. Changseong was a man who talked about his masculinity but was secretly picky about people. But even for him, Kanggeomma was a talent he really wanted.

'That damn guy.'

The sword master felt a sense of crisis for some reason. He wanted to remain as the only 'master' of the sword master. Of course, this ridiculous student had no need for the concept of a master.

Perhaps it was the greed of old age, but at least he had no intention of giving up this position to Changseong. Even if it meant exchanging swords.

'Oh my, I'm getting so old.'

When I was young, I used to frown at the old people who were only greedy. It seemed that I had become that age. Geomje shook his head

and cleared his thoughts.

“Well, because of this, the opposition among the nobles has noticeably decreased. So the preparations for the succession ceremony are proceeding at a rapid pace. However, if there is one variable in this matter… it would have to be the palace maid, Saki Kojima.”

Kanggeomma’s eyebrows twitched slightly. This was because a completely unexpected name had come out of the sword master’s mouth.

“There’s a reason why Ttaktak says things like that.”

When Saki Kojima was mentioned, Media took over the baton of the story. She lowered her voice.

“As you know, Kojima is a Seven Star and also serves as the Prime Minister of Japan. That means he has enormous influence not only in the hero world but also in the political and financial world. But the problem is that Kojima is not saying anything.”

Media moistened her dry lips with fresh water. Then she held up her index finger and made a strong request.

“I’ll be blunt, Kenma. It’s really best not to clash with Kojima if possible. If he were to cast his dissenting vote right before the succession ceremony, the situation could change. It’s not like it never happened, but there’s a high chance that he’ll say something strange.”

“…What kind of person is Jeolgung?”

“I wonder if he would be helpless in front of fists like the elders or nobles. He’s the type of person who doesn’t even care about that kind of thing. In that case, he should just commit seppuku.”

She continued with a pensive expression, a deep sigh being a bonus.

“Actually, Kojima wasn’t originally like that, but after defeating the 6th Corps Commander, he completely changed. After that, he completely cut off all contact with us, who are also Seven Stars.”

“For any reason?”

“that is…….”

Media licked her lips. The inspector grabbed her shoulder and tried to stop her. Then he himself concluded the conversation.

“Sometimes people go astray when they experience too great a loss.”

* * *

A house with a uniquely Japanese, quiet atmosphere.

A man was walking around the well-landscaped garden of the annex, carrying a backpack on his back.

A man with a sharp yet soft impression, with conflicting auras coexisting as expected. A woman dressed in traditional Japanese clothing approached him cautiously.

“Father, I have just finished preparing to leave the country in a few hours.”

A woman who calls a man “father.” However, her polite tone and her timid gestures made it seem like she was dealing with her boss rather than her family.

The man slowly turned around and stared intently at the woman. And as soon as he opened his mouth, a truly absurd question came out.

“Hina, why do you call me father?”

In an instant, the air in the garden became chilly. The eldest daughter, Saki Hina, apologized with a motionless expression, feeling a sense of humiliation.

“I apologize, Prime Minister. I think I let my childhood habits slip out of my mind for a moment. Please forgive me.”

“… … .”

The man looked at her silently, then quickly looked away, as if his apology was not worth accepting.

Hina unconsciously bit her lips at the complete disregard. The man didn't even pay attention to that weak protest.

'The best, Saki Kojima.'

Interest did not dare to call his under-qualified children father. To be exact, there was only one exception: his younger sister, who was currently attending the academy.

'Saki Ryozo.'

The father only acknowledged Ryozo as his child. Everyone else was treated as scrap metal. But, ironically, Ryozo, who had all the expectations placed on him, hated his father.

No one in the family knew why. That was understandable, since no one in the family had ever talked to Ryozo. The few employees who were close to her were all kicked out.

'My other brothers and sisters are being insulted in all sorts by our father, but that girl… … .'

It was natural for the other family members to look down on the younger brother who was relying on his bright mind. No, they hated him. This was because the expectations that everyone longed for were considered whiny by the person concerned. All of his actions seemed like nothing more than deception to the other brothers.

If she hadn't been so high on her father's expectations, or if she hadn't existed in the world, then she would have a chance of filling that vacancy.

Family? That girl doesn't even think of herself as family in the first place. And originally, there was no blood or tears in politics. It was even better to keep blood relatives in check and exclude them.

At that moment, Jeolgung turned his back and spoke to her.

"How did the most important thing in this Korean schedule go?"

Saki Hina took the words with an urgent expression.

“I tried contacting the third one, but I guess he ignored me since I haven’t heard back yet.”

“I see.”

Hina’s eyes turned bloodshot at those few words. If it were me, I would have been removed from the family register right away. Is that all?

As her jawbone twitched, she suddenly remembered a face. The person who was the reason her father entered Korea, Sashimi Geomseong.

It’s the talk of the town, right? And that Ryojo girl has been hanging out with him since early on. I heard from a source that she’s stuck to him like a piece of gum.

Anyway, she was a girl with an amazing eye for detail. It may not have been intentional, but because of that, the Japanese Prime Minister came to visit her in person. In many ways, she was an unlucky younger sister.

‘for a moment.’

Suddenly, the boiling anger cooled down. Ryozo, that woman had flashed a vicious plan that would render her helpless.

A glint of malice flashed across Saki Hina’s eyes, and a cold sneer appeared on her lips.

She headed to the palace and Nagoya Airport, her black hair constantly in her hair.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 196

Episode 196 Conflict (2)

Noon, Wolf Class.

Even though it is lunchtime, students are gathered in groups of three or four in the class.

They were talking quietly, skipping even their meals. The topic of conversation, as always, was Ganggeomma.

However, no one made any disrespectful remarks toward him like before. Instead, everyone's gaze toward the window seat was filled with respect.

A female cadet elbowed the side of a male cadet next to her, keeping her gaze fixed on the third row of windows.

"Hey, did you hear that rumor? That they're picking a new Chilseong this time?"

"There are articles and videos going around every now and then. Since the inspector has retired, we have to fill the vacancy."

"Right. But I heard something a little while ago… … ."

The female cadet put her mouth close to the male cadet's ear and whispered. At first, the male cadet's face was indifferent, but then a look of shock gradually appeared on his face. Then, he stared at her with wide eyes and asked her again.

“…Is that true?”

“Maybe? As you know, my father is the deputy director of a media company. He has a wealth of information.”

The female cadet shrugged her shoulders. The male cadet swallowed and pursed his lips.

“Honestly, if it weren’t for what you said, I would have just dismissed it as nonsense… … .”

The male cadet also turned his head slowly, following the female cadet. As usual, he was resting his chin on his hand and staring blankly out the car window. The more I looked at his face, which had a unique sense of detachment, the more I wondered if they were the same age.

The male student muttered, keeping his gaze fixed on the spot.

“Something feels strange… … .”

“Huh? What?”

“Just. Regardless of whether what you said is true or not, it means that Kanggeomma is receiving enough attention in society to say such things. But, what should I say… I would have been really upset if it were me, but I guess I feel good now. Anyway, that’s it.”

The female cadets responded by beating their drums.

“I know how you feel! Just 9 months ago, you looked at Kanggeomma with colored glasses, calling him a special promotion student. Not just you and me, but the entire class.”

“It’s funny to look at it now. Isn’t it too childish to ignore someone just because of their status?”

“I agree. I’ve been thinking exactly the same thing lately. I was stupid. If you think about it, we were also in the same class as each other and were ignored.”

“… … .”

Nam Saeng Do, Joto Mate closed his eyes and opened them, thinking. If the story he heard a little while ago was true, then there weren't many days left when he would be able to take classes in the same space as Gang Geum Ma.

That was very disappointing, but at the same time, I felt relieved. Kang Geum-ma, who had been ignored because of his social status, was finally being recognized by society.

Even though we had never exchanged a single word, I was thrilled at the thought of Kanggeomma jumping so high.

As Joto Mate smiled faintly, Yeo Saeng Do also smiled happily. In this way, one more person was recruited to the Sashimi Group.

'Plan, success.'

At that moment, Yeo-saeng-do's smartphone vibrated, informing her of the news. Since she was from a media family, most of the news was delivered to her phone as soon as it was released. So she took out her phone and checked the news.

『Japanese Prime Minister Kojima Saki visits Korea.』

* * *

At that time, Incheon Airport VIP parking lot.

As he got into the black limousine, Seol-gung glanced at Saki Hina, who was holding a cup next to him. Her slightly frowning expression reflected his irritated mood.

"You clearly said you were entering the country secretly, so explain why there were reporters all over the place, Hina."

The voice without any highs and lows makes the listener feel intimidated. The smiles that were shown in front of the press just a few minutes ago were all political pretense. It was really an unacceptable duality.

"I'm sorry, Prime Minister. I clearly informed the Secretariat-"

“stop.”

Jeolgung cut off his words coldly. Then he sighed, rubbing his furrowed brows.

“How long are you going to make excuses?”

“… I’m sorry. It was all my fault.”

“Don’t do anything you’ll regret next time. I’m tired of being disappointed.”

“yes…….”

Seol-gung glanced at Hina briefly and spoke to the secretary sitting in the passenger seat.

“Go straight to Joaquin Academy. It’s better to do what needs to be done as it happens. And leave a message to Third again. If you don’t hear back, leave it as is.”

“Yes, I understand.”

After giving the order, Jeolgung crossed his arms and buried his back deep behind him. In that position, he only stared at the scenery rushing along the street. He didn’t even glance at Hina, who was right next to him.

At that, Hina’s lips twisted greatly, but then quickly returned to a blank expression.

‘Ryozo, just wait a moment. I will return the love and attention you took from me and my brothers.’

An ominous silence lingered as the limousine sped along the highway. A procession of 15 motorcycles followed the limousine, providing strict security.

* * *

“… … !”

Suddenly, a chill ran through his body, and Ryozo quickly looked around. As usual, he was in the backyard of the academy, chatting with the club members.

'what?'

A feeling that makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. Although it was the end of autumn, the weather was warmer than usual, so it wasn't cold at all. But why did my body feel chilly…?

As Ryojo was looking around, Kanggeomma asked with a puzzled look on his face.

"What's going on? Is someone coming?"

"… No, nothing happened. It's just that the air suddenly felt cold. It's nothing serious, so don't worry about it."

Ryozo thrust both hands deep into his armpits. The muffler wrapped tightly around his neck fluttered in the autumn breeze.

Kang Geum-ma stared at her intently. It was a cool day for him, but Ryojo felt cold. Korea must be colder than Japan.

Kang Geum-ma thought briefly and then handed over the outer garment he was wearing. Then he added a word without thinking.

"this."

"… … ?"

"I can handle the heat very well, but I can't stand the cold. It's gotten warmer, so I'm wearing this."

Kanggeomga pushed the outer garment in again. Ryojo accepted it absentmindedly. Soon, a faint blush spread across her cheeks.

Ryozo touched the still warm outer garment with both hands. A familiar scent spread faintly, tickling his nose.

Etch-!

At that moment, Weapon sneezed. For him, who was from Hawaii, even the autumn weather in Korea felt like bitter cold. While he was shivering with his shoulders wrapped around his body, his eyes suddenly turned to the outerwear that Ryozo was fiddling with.

“Saki, you’re not going to wear that? Then I’ll wear it.”

As he spoke, Weapon reached out. Ryozo quickly grabbed the hand and twisted it away.

Woodduck.

Weapon stared blankly at my arm, which had spun clockwise in an instant. My entire right arm began to feel hot, and a beat later, it was engulfed in pain.

“Eww! Hey, Saki! You can just say it, where’s the one who twists the arm first!”

“Isn’t that something that someone who asks for a favor and then tries to take it away shouldn’t say?”

The weapon glared at me as it rattled. I rolled around on the floor, and instead of feeling cold, I felt hot. Of course, that wasn’t much of a consolation in this situation.

‘Oh, shit. Isn’t this arm wrong?’

His limp right arm dangled weakly. As he was contemplating whether he should go to the infirmary, Senior Hana came up close to him.

“Well, if this goes past the golden time, you’ll probably have to be hospitalized for a fracture. Should I give you emergency treatment?”

Sanha said, adjusting her glasses. It was hard to read her expression because of the opaque, shiny lenses. But judging from the faint turn up in her lips, she didn’t seem worried.

‘By the way, is there such a thing as a golden time for a fracture? That’s usually a term used for things like cardiac arrest.’

A brief moment of wonder. In that moment, Sanhana grabbed

Weapon's injured arm and turned it counterclockwise.

"It hurts a little~"

Wood crack!

"…uh?"

Weapon stared blankly at the arm that had found its place. Its eyes were blank and curious, as if this arm was not its own.

In the meantime, Sanha poured a healing ointment on Weapon's arm as a post-processing. A healing ointment that applies ointment to cracked bones. The principle was similar to AlX-chil ointment. That meant that he would have to vividly experience the pain that was three times the original.

A cold sweat formed on Weapon's temples and his jawbone shook. His pupils shook so much that his arms appeared as two afterimages. And after a while, the pain of his mind becoming clouded drove away the cold.

"ah."

Soon, the head dyed in white turbidity gave only one command: 'Struggle'. Weapon once again rolled around the fallen leaves with a scream. Kanggeomma muttered briefly to himself as he watched the fantastic collaboration between Ryozo, Weapon, and Sanhana.

'This is a mess.'

From the outerwear to the weapon's seizure, the flow of the situation was so absurd that I couldn't help but laugh out loud.

Still, we managed to stay together for more than half a year with this combination. Even though we would always have a fight every time we met, when times were tough, we trusted and believed in each other as if it were a lie.

And even if my arm breaks like that, I'll just laugh off the weapon. Sometimes I think I get beaten up like a village drum… … .

‘Since the weapon is a healer, self-healing is possible anyway.’

Kang Geum-ma laughed softly. The thought of wanting to maintain this relationship filled his head.

As the academy was slowly being settled by the ground spider, Kanggeomma’s pocket vibrated. It was a message from Media. There was no wording, just a link to the location.

“… The Academy VIP guest room on the 5th floor of the main building?”

The principal of the academy sends a long, rambling text every time he sends a text. Is this some kind of urgent matter? Kanggeomma was a little suspicious, but he dispelled his suspicions.

The succession ceremony was already approaching. Even if the majority of the work was handled by the inspector and the media, it would not be enough to handle everything. In any case, he was the one involved in this situation. This call must have been related to him.

‘I guess I should go and see.’

Kang Geum-ma stood up and brushed the dirt off his pants. Ryozo was the first to notice his movements. She was already wearing the outerwear he had given her.

“Going already?”

“Oh. It seems like the principal is looking for you in a hurry, so I’ll stop by for a bit and then go straight to the dorm. Don’t wait for me.”

“Ah… yeah.”

Ryozo rolled his eyes back to the road, hesitating. He had been thinking of subtly suggesting that they have dinner together… … .

Disappointment faded for a moment, and she shook her head.

‘Yeah, it’s not just today. You can just say let’s eat it next time.’

The menu was kimchi stew. Ryozo planned to go to Ganggeomma's dormitory while pretending to wash and return his outerwear.

"Okay. Then go in first. I'll clean this up and return it to you."

"I washed it yesterday so it's fine."

"no."

Ryozo opened his eyes resolutely.

"Geumma, even if you're okay, I'm uncomfortable with it. Anyway, go to the principal quickly."

Ryozo waved his hand to greet him. The clothes he was wearing were rather large, so the sleeves covered half of his palms.

"Thank you. You tell the members."

Just like that, the back of Ganggeomma completely disappeared. Only then did Weapon notice his absence and make a bewildered expression.

"Oh, when did the manager go?"

Ryozo answered Weapon's question.

"I think the principal came to see me because he had some urgent business. That's why he left a message for me and went ahead."

"The principal… urgently… … and at this point in time."

Weapon muttered something while caressing his right arm. Ryozo felt uneasy about it.

"What? Is there something wrong?"

"There is, but… … . I don't know if I can say this."

"What is it?"

"If my guess is correct, it's probably because of the Chilseong Succession Ceremony."

Ryojo's expression distorted at the word 'Chilseong'.

"What does Chilseong and Ganggeomma have to do with each other?"

"That's why… … ."

Weapon mumbled and trailed off. An internal conflict arose as he struggled to say this.

'Speak, speak.'

There was no specific promise from the manager that it was a secret, but I just kept quiet. Although I liked explaining things, my mouth was a heavy weapon.

But since it was a fact that everyone would know in a few days anyway, and since all the members were trustworthy people, Weapon, who had made up his mind, opened his mouth quietly.

"Next week, the chief will ascend to the throne as the new Seven Star Hero, succeeding the inspector."

* * *

I walked slowly across the 5th floor hallway of the main building following the link provided by Media. It struck me that the academy was really big. Even though I had been in and out of the main building many times, the scenery here was very unfamiliar.

"The atmosphere is really nice."

Countless portraits decorated the walls of the hallway. There were names under the frames, which were probably the people depicted in the portraits. Judging from the weapons they were all carrying, they seemed to be heroes from the Academy.

As I was walking around looking at the picture frames, a portrait caught my eye. I instinctively stopped walking and looked at the person in the frame.

"This person… … ."

The area around his face was a bit hazy, as if covered in fog, due to the call-out process. However, I could tell who he was because of his clearly visible hair. As far as I know, there is only one person in the classics with black hair.

“Wow, looking at it like this, you really look like the hero of Sijo. I can’t help but believe you’ve come back to life.”

A voice suddenly flowed in from the side. I quickly turned my eyes toward the source of the sound.

A mysterious woman was standing in the hallway. What was that outfit she was wearing? A kimono? But it was different from the kimonos I knew. The style was not refined, but provocative.

She approached slowly, covering her mouth with her fan. Crackle crackle. The sound of her bare feet wearing Japanese clogs echoed through the hallway. There was a strange artificiality to every action of the woman.

“Who are you?”

I frowned. Despite my cold words, she smiled and moved her lips away.

“As one of the fans of Sashimi Kensei.”

“… … .”

“Kanggeomma, who could be your family?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 197

Episode 197 Conflict (3)

In all my past and present lives, there has been only one person I could call family.

My first teacher. To be honest, the word ‘first’ is somewhat meaningless since he was the only person who taught me.

But that gentleman always emphasized the word ‘first’. I don’t know why. I just said it was like that, but I didn’t want to bother opening the door, so I just let it go.

Anyway, it’s hard to deny that that gentleman played the role of family to me. He took me in when I ran away from home at the age of seventeen, fed me, gave me a place to stay, and even taught me how to do things.

That’s why my thoughts and values were greatly influenced by my first teacher. In fact, it couldn’t be helped. That gentleman was a bit of a nag. He was the kind of person who would frown at me if I took a break for even a moment.

Still, the words he said were definitely engraved in my mind. There were many words that left an impression on me, but one of them came to mind in this situation.

-Be careful of people who blindly approach you.

If you think about it, it’s an obvious statement. But my first teacher said it in a way that wasn’t obvious. That made it quite plausible and

strangely persuasive.

A person of the opposite sex who shows interest without any reason? It seems like there is a lot of impure intention. If he were handsome, it would be different, but this has nothing to do with me. In my past life and in my present life, I didn't have a face that was considered handsome.

"It's really amazing to see it up close. It's like seeing a celebrity right in front of your nose? Like I said, I'm a huge fan of yours."

That's why the blatant flirting of the woman in front of me is definitely annoying. Her open clothes, her gestures, there's nothing suspicious about her.

Let's make a hundred concessions and say it's a matter of taste. But the 'system' seems to be rejecting even that possibility.

[Unauthorized external intrusion into your mind has been detected.]

[A poisonous spell intended to seduce the opponent.]

[However, it is not affected by the 'mental level'.]

Although I didn't show it on the outside, I felt absurd on the inside. First of all, there was that kind of protection, and the interference was automatically rejected by the 'mental level'. It was the complete opposite of when the error occurred in Agor. Perhaps it was because the mental level had increased by several levels compared to before.

It seems convenient in many ways. It means that I can now ignore the annoying external stimuli. But at the same time, I feel a sense of emptiness. In other words, it means that my body is not even able to receive stimulation from most things.

'ha.'

I sighed involuntarily at the roughness. Even in the midst of all this, the mysterious woman smiled brightly as if she was determined to flirt. And then she continued to mumble something. Every time she did that, the status window would go beep loudly, warning me of the woman's coquetry.

I stared at the woman. Only then did she fold up the fan covering her mouth, revealing her face clearly.

She was definitely pretty. But my appreciation was limited to that. Since I hung out with people like Abel, Saki, and Rachel, my standards had become too high. No matter how pretty she was, I didn't feel anything special about her.

The woman makes a confident expression as if to say, 'She's come over.' She gently extends her delicate hand. Judging from the back of her hand, it seems she's not asking for a handshake.

It's like he wants me to kiss him. He appears out of nowhere and starts talking to me about this and that, and he makes such noble gestures.

I let out a hollow laugh and put my hands deep in my pockets. Then I continued walking. As I passed by without saying a word, the woman flinched.

"Why, why?"

A look of confusion appeared on the woman's face as she realized that something had gone wrong with her plan. She shouted at my back.

"Wait a minute! Aren't you curious about who I am? I told you! Someone who could be your family."

I turned my head halfway and looked at the woman. At her cold gaze, she took two steps back. I spat at her.

"I'll let it slide once. But not twice."

"… … !"

The woman's face turned pale at my threats. She chewed her lower lip and suddenly snorted.

"Ha, Ryojo, that bitch really bit a guy. If she can't even get through to you, then she's done talking… … Ugh!"

Before she could finish speaking, the fan fell to the floor. The woman clutched her neck and let out a shrill moan.

‘This, this is.’

A feeling as if her heart was being squeezed. Soon, Saki Hina lost her balance and crawled with her nose buried in the hallway floor. She sat down and drooled.

Saki Hina barely raised her eyes. In an instant, her vision became blurry, and she saw black eyes looking down at her.

Sigh.

A crimson aura that wrapped around his body like a shackle. It was murder. It was an overwhelming spirit that showed its physical form.

Saki Hina had a gut feeling. The author on her retina was a being alienated from humans.

He was a member of the Jeolgung family and a senior-level hero, but he made him kneel without even lifting a hand. He was a monster that could easily take his life just by shedding his life force.

The mouth of the swordsman opened.

“Once can be a mistake.”

“Ugh.”

“But the second time wasn’t a mistake. Not only that, but it was an absurdity to call people around me that way.”

Saki Hina’s pupils began to gradually relax and become blurry. If this continued, her breathing would eventually stop.

‘Wow, wow, I can’t breathe, I can’t breathe… ‘

She had to get out of this swamp of life as soon as possible. That was when she stretched out her trembling hands forward.

“Hina.”

A voice was heard from beyond. Kanggeomma and Saki Hina's eyes naturally turned in that direction.

A man in a handsome uniform was walking toward me with a steady stride. Despite his fierce determination, he looked self-deprecating.

Kanggeomma stared at him intently. The neat, middle-aged man gave off a strange vibe. His cold eyes looked sad but also evoked a sense of darkness. He leisurely approached me, piercing through the overflowing murderous intent.

'He doesn't seem like an ordinary person.'

Kang Geum-ma narrowed his eyes and stared at them for a long time. He felt no hostility. And since this was the main building of the academy, the possibility of enemies was significantly low.

I had come to my own conclusion and started to harvest the living. Then, the dark red lumps that had filled the hallway fell apart and were immediately oxidized.

"Huh, huh… … ."

Saki Hina gasped for breath. Her broken breathing was not recovering at all. Nevertheless, she somehow managed to get up. She was more concerned about being polite than about the joy of overcoming a near-death experience.

"… Prime Minister."

Saki Hina quickly fixed her hair and bent down. The palace, which had come within a stone's throw, narrowed its eyes.

He quickly assessed the situation and immediately stood tall at the foot of the sword. Then, all of a sudden, he lowered his head.

"It seems that our people have caused trouble. I would like to express my apologies on behalf of the Saki family. If you wish to receive compensation, please speak to my secretary."

I looked at the man in confusion. I thought that if he was on the same level as that woman, he would frown and grumble.

I felt a little embarrassed when he approached me with such a humble attitude. To be exact, I didn't know how to react.

As if he had read my trembling eyes, the man introduced himself.

"I am Kojima Saki, the Prime Minister of Japan. Please take good care of me."

"Ah… yes. My name is Ganggeomma."

Saki Kojima, the archer, smiled faintly. He continued speaking in a casual tone.

"Is there anyone under heaven who doesn't know your name? Self-introduction is something that only second-rate people like me do. It's not something that someone at the top should do."

Media had spoken of Jeolgung as a public enemy. But of all the adults I've ever met, he treats me with the greatest respect. He always uses honorifics toward someone who is as young as his son.

'however.'

The woman who had been slamming me was trembling behind me. Even when I was bleeding, she only struggled, but she wasn't this tired.

That means… … that woman was more afraid of this man than of death.

Come to think of it, this old man is not saying a word about his own person even though he is panting. Normally, a normal person would react by saying something like, 'Isn't that a bit much?'

Of course, I had no intention of apologizing for inciting him. If he had pressed me on that as an excuse, I would have just chosen sashimi.

'Even so, the relationship between the two is just too strange… … .'

As a sense of discomfort rose in me, Jeolgung spoke to me.

“Please go into the VIP guest room first. I will leave my daughter with the secretary and follow you. I am worried because Hina’s complexion looks so pale. Also, I will have to give you a harsh word for being rude to the swordsman, haha.”

I glanced at the woman called Hina. If she was a girl who looked to be in her twenties, could she be Ryozo’s older sister? The atmosphere was completely opposite, so I didn’t notice at all. Well, looking at it again, it seemed like they did look a little similar.

‘But I remember that according to the setting, Ryozo is the only daughter of the Jeolgung family.’

However, the mobile game’s settings did not always fit. The Jeolgung family itself was a family shrouded in mystery, and it was difficult to determine the truth of the mismatched settings.

“The inspector and the academy director are waiting inside. If you leave for too long, they’ll probably come out wondering what’s going on. Then, the explanation will be too long. You go in first.”

I hesitated for a moment and then nodded.

“All right.”

Although I feel uneasy, it is something I cannot express openly. All I can do is watch closely.

I put down the sashimi I had been fiddling with in my pocket.

* * *

Jeolgung was blankly staring at the spot where Kanggeomma had just been.

“Hina.”

In that state, Jeolgung called her name. Hina tightly closed her eyes and opened them. Then she acted indifferent.

“I acted arbitrarily. I will accept any punishment.”

Jeolgung slowly turned around. He looked down at her with soulless eyes and patted her shoulder.

“Good job, Hina.”

“…yes?”

“It’s just a shame. I wish I had tried harder to capture ‘him’ for sure. But I won’t forget your hard work.”

“I will work harder.”

“Yes. I have high expectations for you. So, regardless of the means, find a way.”

After finishing what he had to say, Jeolgung turned around and gestured for her to step aside. Hina happily accepted the order and left the place.

… Saki Kojima walked a few more steps in the hallway where he was alone. He arrived in front of a picture frame and stared at the portrait for a long time.

『Old Seven Star Hero, Alice Louise』

Jeolgung slowly put his hand on the picture frame. He wiped away the accumulated dust with his fingers.

“Honey, it’s been 40 years since you died. But do you know? Now, there are fewer and fewer people who remember your name. Even though the Seven Stars saved the world together. In the end, the only thing people talk about is the name of the Sword Master. Maybe Nana Changseong and Hyeonja will disappear as great people in a few centuries. Because… … .”

Saki Kojima continued to talk to himself, as if he was talking to a woman in a painting.

“This world only remembers the one who is the best. The only one who is engraved in the minds of the people is the one who reigns supreme. But… if you can get your hands on that summit, you too can seek eternal life.”

A cynicism as cold as ice hung at the corners of his mouth.

“And that day is not far away.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 198

Episode 198 Conflict (4)

I entered the VIP lounge. At the same time, my eyes widened. It was because of an unexpected guest who was waiting for me.

“You came! I thought my neck was going to fall off while I was waiting!”

“Changseong?”

Changseong, who had been sitting with his arms crossed, welcomed me with open arms.

Bam!

At that moment, a sword blade suddenly struck Changseong’s feet, as if he was about to rush in.

I turned my head in the direction the sword came from.

“Do not approach the cadet swordsman any further, Richa.”

The sword master, frowning, approached Changseong and retrieved the sword stuck in the ground.

“If you take just one more step, it won’t end with a threat.”

The swordsman warned again in a fierce voice. His sword was aimed at Changseong’s Adam’s apple.

“Hahaha, be careful. I was just happy to see you as a fellow man.

And… … .”

Changseong’s smile, which had been baring his teeth like a bandit’s, twisted. He uncrossed his arms and let go of his grip.

“Did I have to bow and say, ‘Yes, I understand’ when you spoke to me? Remember, only the President of the Society can treat me like that.”

“… … .”

“If you have any complaints, feel free to ask. Oh, of course I won’t accept it verbally. I always accept a man’s demands with my fists or a blade.”

“Just because I retired from Chilseong doesn’t mean my skills have diminished. Myra, you should know that, so why are you saying such things?”

“I know. That’s why I feel relieved. I will be satisfied if I see you finish off while you are at full strength. Who would I brag to if I defeated the Nibelung?”

Despite the swordsman’s threats, Changseong showed no sign of being intimidated.

Rather, he provoked him by waving his hand as if to tell him to attack. At this, the blood vessels on the sword master’s temples became thicker.

“Okay. Now, I’ll take this opportunity to tear the smile off your lips.”

“Yes, Nibelung. That’s how it should be. It’s been a while since my blood has boiled!”

I was watching the two Chilseong people bickering and I let out a sigh.

‘I knew we weren’t on good terms, but I didn’t know it would be this bad.’

The situation is tense. The energy of the two makes the table legs

shake and the hanging chandelier swings from side to side like a pendulum.

At that moment, Media, who was alone and away, spoke quietly.

“You dare fight in front of the principal, and inside the academy at that? Are you two just getting along well?”

“… … .”

The torrential current that had been shaking the surrounding objects suddenly stopped. Geomje, Changseong, and I reflexively turned our gazes toward where Media was sitting.

Knock-knock-

Her fingernails tapped the table. Now, shut up and sit down, she said, mediating and directing.

“How about you go back to the academy? I can start by giving you some mental education.”

Media said. The inspector kept coughing. He was extremely embarrassed, but he tried to gather his remaining pride and protest.

“Ahem! Media, this is an important meeting, so I hope you refrain from making such disrespectful remarks.”

“A kid who knows this is an important position would throw a knife first? If only Kojima had left for a moment, and shown this scene to him. Have you even thought about it?”

“… … .”

“If you two add up your ages, you’re almost 150 years old. But how can a teenager like you be more mature than you? Don’t you feel ashamed?”

The swordsman couldn’t open his mouth at the rebuke from Media. With his pride as an old man bruised, he quickly turned around and sat down. Changseong also scratched his chin and sat down.

I hesitated in that spot and sat down in the empty seat. Then I moved my eyes and quietly observed the situation. A solemn atmosphere hung in the guest room.

Why did all seven members of the family come, why did they call me? I had many questions, but it was difficult to find a chance to bring them up. It seemed like the atmosphere had been bad even before I arrived.

'Why are we all so unfriendly?'

These are the four people who survived the battle against the 6th Corps Commander Basmon. However, from what I've seen, they seem to be on worse terms than others. Mediah has a bright personality, so she treats both Geomje and Changseong with respect, but the two of them actually show hostility.

From the moment the story of Jeolgung came up, Media warned us not to get close, so it goes without saying that they are enemies.

Why do comrades who fought together through life and death growl like this? They may not have a strong camaraderie or a deep bond, but isn't there a reason they became enemies? It didn't seem to be simply because they had grown older or the passage of time.

I thought, there must be a secret between the Seven Star Heroes that I don't know. That must have caused a deep rift between them.

Bam.

At that moment, the door to the guest room opened and the last of the Chilseong entered. Jeolgung opened his mouth with a bright smile.

"I'm sorry for keeping you waiting so long, seniors. It took longer than expected."

… The core or beginning of the conflict between them would be the author. We could see this fact with the appearance of Saki Kojima.

"… … ."

“… … .”

“… … .”

Because none of the three paid attention. Could there be a clearer proof of the extreme state of conflict?

As far as I know, there is none. There can be nothing worse than being ignored. I think it would be better to just stare at them as if you were going to kill them.

The palace didn’t care at all. He pulled a chair across from me and sat down. The faces of the swordsman and the media were rotten, but that was all.

The palace smiled brightly at me.

“Now that everyone is seated, we can begin right away.”

“…What are you talking about?”

I only received the location of this place from the media that was there.

“Oh, I guess you didn’t hear from the principal.”

The palace’s gaze lingered on her for a moment before returning to me.

“Maybe the principal was too busy to do that.”

His face was still relaxed and playful. Unlike the other three Chilseongs, however, there were bones planted here and there in his speech.

“If you didn’t hear the message, then there’s nothing we can do. Then I’ll tell you now.”

Jeolgung rested his chin on his clenched fist.

“From now on, Your Majesty, you must undergo the Chilseong Succession Interview. Here.”

* * *

Before the start, Jeolgung explained the reason for the examination. To be honest, when I first heard about it, I was nervous inside. It was because I thought they would dissect my personal information, past actions, and private life in detail.

Let's look at myself objectively.

First of all, personal information. There is no family, relatives, or siblings. If you go to the local government office and get a copy of the registration, you will get a blank sheet of paper. There is an orphan named Kanggeomdae.

So what are my moves? What are the obstacles? If I were to list them, there would be no end to them. Destroy Undertaker, destroy Bentetta.

Even though he was a villain, he ended up wiping out all the humans, not just the demons.

The reporters can add as many extras as they want. I will have to explain myself about it. The vicious cycle of this chain of events came to mind.

'I've been treated like a fool by those reporters more than once.'

Then what about his private life? It was relatively 'clean'. The reason it's in the past tense is because of the existence of the soul. I'm the one who made the soul of the demon reside in the academy.

It's a fact that everyone knows. But at the same time, it's never good for it to be widely known. After all, it's too controversial.

'The soul is not just a demon, it's a dragon. The ripple effect must be no joke.'

There are so many things to hide. As you can see in the picture, the suspicious person is me, Kanggeomma.

If even one of them is caught? The problem is not the Chilseong Succession. The aftermath will be doubts about the existence of me in this world, including those around me.

But after listening carefully to Jeolgung's words, I realized that these worries were just my worries.

"This examination is nothing special; it is just a place to see if Mr. Geumma has the personality that is suitable for Chilseong."

For example, it is a personality test. Chilseong is the hero of heroes. Therefore, it is necessary to have a suitable sense of calling and personality. Just like checking the character of a person in an interview for a police officer or firefighter.

"For your information, this interview is not one that will interfere with the succession of the Sword Master. Since the date has already been set for a few days, this interview will not cancel the succession ceremony itself."

To summarize what Jeolgung said, this is a formal interview. So, there is no need to feel pressured.

… But is there a reason for everyone to attend this interview just for me?

Even though he didn't attend the Joaquin Academy Festival, all of Chilsung gathered together for an interview screening. As far as I know, it was the first time in half a century that the all-star members gathered together.

Anyway, anyway.

I nodded. There's a saying that goes, "You can't spit in a smiling face." You're saying that with such a kind smile.

"Just like I heard from my daughter, you have a refreshing personality. That's good."

When the question was answered, Jeolgung smiled and began the interview.

"The recent movements of the Demon Tribe are not normal. That is understandable, since three of their legion commanders were killed by humans. If the remaining legion commanders use that as an excuse to attack, what will you do, Your Majesty?"

“First, we need to send them to the same place as the commanders of the fallen legions.”

The prospect of humanity.

“If you are crowned as a Seven-Star Hero, you will receive hundreds of billions of won per month as maintenance expenses. It is the tax money of the entire world. How do you plan to use that support, Your Majesty?”

“I’ll save it. With a high interest rate.”

Rights and responsibilities.

“If Chilseong ascends to the throne, there is a high possibility of trouble. The nobles will naturally be angry, and heroes of the senior level and above will also express their dissatisfaction.”

“I guess it’s because of my age. I’m still young, so it’s understandable that I’d be jealous.”

“There are times when people understand with their heads but their hearts cannot. They will probably look down on you or criticize you.”

“We need to put local broadcasting like that to bed quickly.”

Srrrrung-

“Everyone becomes quiet in front of sashimi.”

An example to be set after becoming a Chilseong.

As Jeolgung said, the content of the questions was extremely common sense and ordinary.

“Please consider this as my personal suggestion rather than a question.”

After about an hour of interview, Jeolgung opened his mouth to conclude. His eyes suddenly turned cold.

“As I said before, when the Sword Master ascends to the throne of

Chilseong, there will inevitably be enemies. As you climb to the top, you are bound to have enemies both externally and internally. No matter how much authority Chilseong has, it will be impossible to deal with them all alone. There are things in this world that cannot be solved by force alone. So I propose… … ."

The expression on Jeolgung's face changed. As if this question was the main topic, his bright smile faltered for the first time.

"If you wish, I will wipe out all of those inferior forces. So that they will not dare to rebel against you. In the name of the Prime Minister of Japan and his Imperial Highness, Saki Kojima."

"Hey you!"

Suddenly, the swordsman shouted in a loud voice. He immediately started shouting with a murderous aura.

"Kojima, don't even think about involving Kanggeomma in your personal greed."

"Senior, you are already retired. So please don't worry about it. If you don't want it to become an international issue."

"Do I seem like someone who would care about such things? I tolerated it even when you approached Kanggeomma with malicious intentions. But if you show blatant intentions, I won't tolerate it anymore."

Jeolgung glanced at the swordsman with indifferent eyes. He remained silent for a while before finally sighing.

"Senior Siegfried has also grown quite old now."

"… … ?!"

"I can't help but say that this quiet person is speaking so strongly. In the past, you were an insurmountable mountain to me. But now-"

The next moment, something intense flashed in Jeolgung's eyes. Something between madness and desire.

“You look weak.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 199

Episode 199 Succession Ceremony (1)

sacrifice.

The crowd doesn't know the weight of those two short words, and of course they force them on the hero.

They want heroes to burn themselves to achieve great feats, and they expect them to be willing to give their lives for humanity.

Moreover, as the hero's fame rises, the word 'sacrifice' becomes a burden and weighs down on his shoulders.

So, what is the total amount of sacrifice that the Seven Star Heroes must make? And is the sacrifice worth it?

Saki Kojima thought about that proposition for a long time.

Surprisingly, the answer he gave when he was young was 'yes'. Of course, it was thanks to other people who had a huge influence on that conclusion.

'Shouldn't someone bear the weight? It's better if we do it ourselves. What's with the 'why?' look? Of course! We're stronger! We can handle it better.'

This is what Alice Ruiz said when she was a cadet at Joaquin Academy, showing off her muscular arms. At the time, it sounded like a pipe dream to Kojima.

Anyone can talk plausibly. The question is how well they follow through on their words.

But Alice really stood by her word. She would go to any trouble to help someone who needed help.

She was the one who set an example by leading by example as a hero. And that course of action continued even after she and Kojima became married.

Kojima wanted his wife to stay at home, but Alice refused with a stern look.

‘If you say that one more time, I’ll call it divorce.’

…and yet, the days continued without incident. Until that day came.

40 years ago, the 6th Corps Commander Basmon suddenly appeared near the Gehenna Gate. At the same time, the seven strongest forces on the human side were drafted. They were the heroes who would later become the Seven Stars.

The biggest obstacle was Basmon’s haunting place. The closer the demon is to the demon realm, the stronger the demon becomes. Therefore, the key to subjugating Basmon was to keep it far from the gate. To do that, someone had to be the bait to lure it.

The grave task of confronting the 6th Corps Commander at his strongest and dragging him into the battlefield without him noticing. It was practically a suicide mission. He had to complete it alone.

If there were two or three people going, the bastard might sense something.

‘I will do it.’

Siegfried readily volunteered for the job. Someone had to do it, and he felt it was right for him to do it.

The other six might be able to replace him, but their chances of survival would be greatly reduced. Even at that time, he was considered the strongest man in the world.

Although Richard de Murat belatedly declared that he would go, the opinion was in favor of Siegfried going, as Richard's impetuous temper could have derailed the plan.

It seemed like the negotiations would end with Siegfried's departure.

In the early morning, before the twilight had even begun, someone visited Siegfried's outpost.

'I'll go, senior.'

Alice spoke to Siegfried, who was preparing, with a look of strength in her eyes.

'I'm a tank. This is something I should be doing.'

Siegfried frowned and dismissed it.

'I can't force my juniors into a corner as a senior.'

'I know the reason why you're baiting me while leaving me, the tanker, behind is because I just gave birth to my third child.'

Alice put her hands on her hips and asked in a loud voice.

'I appreciate your consideration, but what if you say something bad to your senior? The possibility of punishment ends there.'

'But what can't be done can't be done.'

Siegfried shook his head with determined eyes. Alice insisted on her unyielding determination.

'I was drafted here to step forward at a time like this. If you, my senior, try to step forward, it's clearly a violation of my rights. That's why I'll go. Both you and I know that this is the only way to minimize the damage.'

'… … .'

Siegfried's face became gloomy. He knew it. Alice's argument was the best.

‘…Does Kojima know?’

Alice had a bitter smile on her lips.

‘He doesn’t know. If he knew, would he just stay still? He’d do anything to keep you from leaving.’

‘Even if I were to do that, you’d still be resented by Kojima.’

‘I know. And he knows, too. I’m the right person for this role. But he can’t bring himself to say anything.’

Alice suddenly looked up at the pale dawn sky. The darkness that had descended was fading away and the sun was being born.

As the veil of night is lifted, the shining moon and stars disappear into the sky.

As the morning dawned, the lights that had decorated the sky disappeared as if they had fulfilled their duty. Without leaving behind even a little bit of resentment.

He was simply stepping aside because he had done his part. And the same was true for Alice.

‘This is the only way to reduce further sacrifices.’

This arbitrary sacrifice would be a selfish decision for those around her, especially her family.

But this selfish choice was the only thing on her mind. There was only one reason: she was a hero.

Alice muttered as she quietly gazed at the sunlight bathing the earth for a long time.

‘Kojima, he’s a hero too. I’m sure he’ll understand my choice.’

* * *

“What did you just say?”

The voice full of rage came out of Changseong’s mouth, not that of

the swordsman. He beat Omansang without mercy, then stomped his feet and stopped right in front of Jeolgung's nose.

"I'll ask you again, archer. What were you babbling about to the Nibelung just now?"

"Senior Richa, are you too old to listen if I say it to you once?"

The archer responded as if he was annoyed.

"Senior Siegfried clearly said, 'You seem to have weakened.'"

"… This cheeky brat… … Let's see, let's see, he's trying to stand on top of his senior's head."

"Ha, since when have you been saying that you and Siegfried-senpai are close? Even if our faces just pass each other, you growl at each other. But I know we're not close enough to get angry at each other."

Changseong did not respond to Jeolgung's sarcasm. Instead, he immediately threw a punch. Jeolgung, as if he had expected this, took a step back clockwise to avoid the government.

Although it was unrivaled in terms of brute force, it was a simple-minded Changseong with simple movements. Even if it was a fist that carried wind pressure, it would just slip away.

Thud.

The left shoulder of the archer was grabbed. A hand the size of a pot lid tightly gripped his upper arm.

"Enough with the tantrums, Archer."

Changseong looked down at the immobile palace with a cold gaze. Then he opened his mouth in a low voice.

"Let's do this for Alice's sake. Grit your teeth. If you don't want to replace all your teeth with implants."

As Chalseong's shoulders shook, a green new figure suddenly appeared between the two.

Kuung!

A terrible crash. A violent crash that made dust rise, and the chandelier collapsed.

The regime was blocked right in front of the palace. The wrist held in a slender hand trembled in the air.

“Gorilla, you’re the one who should do that. You have a sword too. And have you forgotten what we promised each other? To remain silent while I conduct the interview.”

Media released the hand she was holding. When she shook her wrist, only then did Changseong lower his fist.

“I got excited. Sorry, Media.”

“If you know, then you should refrain from doing it. You keep doing it and apologizing. I’m so tired. Anyway… … .”

Media turned her gaze to the palace.

“Junior. If you ever talk like that again, I won’t let you off easy. I’ll let today pass as a mishap, so leave while I’m talking to you nicely.”

“… … .”

“And I warn you, from today onwards, do not approach the swordsman again.”

Jeolgung stared at her intently and then turned around. He turned around and glared at the three with narrowed eyes before quietly leaving the guest room.

The situation was settled for the time being. As the atmosphere calmed down, the inspector approached me.

He faced me with a stiff and embarrassed expression, having just been humiliated.

I guess he thinks he did something adults shouldn’t see in front of me.

The inspector broke the silence and spoke first.

“I made a fool of myself. I’m sorry.”

As expected. The reaction was as expected.

I took the conversation as naturally as possible.

“Your Majesty, you must be very angry. You heard those words in front of your face.”

“Haha, it’s okay. I’m not a kid. I don’t get upset and stuff just because I hear things like that.”

Only then did his stiff face relax a bit, and Geomje looked at the spot where Jeolgung had left. He suddenly asked me a question.

“It must have seemed to you that Kojima resented me very much. Didn’t it?”

“To be honest… it seems like you look at me like an enemy.”

“Yeah, that’s what it looked like.”

The inquisitor’s calm, composed voice continued.

“Even if Kojima has feelings for me, it probably won’t be that big now. But he won’t like it either. The person he’s most angry about isn’t me.”

“… … .”

“The person he is most angry with is himself. It’s self-loathing, so to speak. He still doesn’t understand the choices of the person he cherished most. This is because Kojima tries to see every situation with intuition, not emotion.”

Self-loathing? The choice of a loved one? It was a bit difficult for me to understand since I didn’t know the context of the story.

As I was unable to answer, the inspector belatedly came to his senses. Then, he scratched the back of his neck as if he was embarrassed.

“Oh, you’ve gotten older, so you’ve become sentimental. You must be tired, so hurry up and go inside. The succession ceremony is in three days. You’ll probably be busy without a moment to breathe, so get some rest.”

* * *

It was late at night. I returned to the dormitory and lay on my side, staring at the wall. I couldn’t fall asleep even after tossing and turning in bed for a long time.

I felt elated. I had also received the funeral a few hours ago, and more than anything, the thought of the ‘succession ceremony’ filled my mind.

I turned my body and looked at the ceiling, following the wall. Traces of life pressed down dimly. Two years had already passed since I came to this world.

I thought back on my past memories one by one. Just two years ago, I was cutting fish, but in three days, I will be crowned a Chilseong Hero.

This is something I could not have imagined even at the beginning of my schooling. At that time, I was only concerned with surviving without any particular purpose. However, from now on, I must shoulder the fate of humanity and act accordingly. The vessel that contained only me has been broken.

It wasn’t a matter of choice whether you could or couldn’t do it. It was an obligation.

“… … .”

That was when.

Boohoo.

The cell phone on the desk trembled low. I lightly got out of bed and checked it.

[Nice to meet you, Master. My name is Bigsbig. Please understand

that I will only talk about the main point as the situation is urgent.]

The LCD screen lit up again.

[Ryozo has disappeared.]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 200

Episode 200 Succession Ceremony (2)

[Oh, don't worry, just because she disappeared doesn't mean she was kidnapped or anything.]

Bixbig, an artificial intelligence that introduced itself as part of Ryojo's family, continued to send messages.

[As you know, Mr. Geomma, entry to the academy is controlled by a system at night. Of course, if it were me, Bigsbig, I could easily remove that kind of security by scratching my stomach.]

"… … ."

Bigsbig, who said he would keep it short, just bragged about himself. He talked about how he was an exceptional AI and how great the status of Ryozo, who created him, was. As I listened, I felt like Ryozo was a fanatic!

Bigsbig showed off some skills to prove that he was an AI. It was nothing special, and he sent pictures and videos of Go games he played with professional Go players. It was just a proof, but this was also a boast.

An artificial intelligence with strong narcissism… … .

Anyway, I haven't seen a normal person since I came to this world. And I, who recognizes artificial intelligence as a human, am not normal either.

Still, thanks to Bigsbig's antics, I decided to believe that he was an AI. To be honest, from the moment the name 'Ryozo' came out, I was focused on what he was saying. The problem is that he just keeps bragging.

"Didn't you say it was urgent?"

[Sorry, the editorial was too long.]

Bigsbig reacted immediately.

[Oh, and if you want to say something, just say it out loud. We'll be capturing and interpreting your facial expressions in real time through the camera.]

"That means… … ."

This guy hacked my smartphone. My forehead furrowed. Bigsbig hurriedly added a few more words as if he was saying, "Oh no."

[I, I couldn't help it because it was an emergency. I, Bigsbig. I'm an AI with a clear sense of morality. I was designed to be extremely human-friendly.]

I cut the guy off.

"So, what does that have to do with Ryozo's disappearance and the fact that he contacted me? From what you've said, it doesn't seem like there was any particular danger. I don't think he contacted me because his master went out at night."

The reason I was silently listening to Bigsbig's continuous spouting of words was because of a few suspicions that suddenly occurred to me.

Let's say Ryozo went missing. Do you think he'd just be talking like this? I heard he was just trying to convince himself that he could easily break through the Academy's security system.

If it was really an urgent situation, instead of contacting me, I would have used my own skills to find Ryozo. Even if it meant hacking all the CCTVs. There's no way he would have bothered to find me.

Lastly, it was a personal intuition. Today, I met Ryozo's father. That is, I had just come face to face with the archer Saki Kojima.

But then, with perfect timing, she disappears, and the AI contacts me? As if it had been waiting for me? It fits so well that it's suspicious.

"Be honest with me. There's something you're hiding from me."

[… … .]

Usually, in this situation, a person's silence is an affirmation. Because I am Bixbig, an AI that is infinitely similar to a human being.

[… It is true that Ryozo has disappeared.]

Oh my, you're going to hide it till the end?

Slurp.

In the middle of the night, a magpie cried out. A startled voice came from the speaker.

"Now, just a moment!"

When words don't work, there seems to be no better means of communication for humans or AI.

… But since AI is afraid of swords, it seems like Ryozo created an incredibly powerful artificial intelligence.

With a trembling voice, Bigsbig began to explain the situation.

"It's true that Ryozo disappeared, as I said. But today is the first time he disappeared, leaving behind all his personal belongings, including his cell phone!"

"Okay, I'll believe you. But why did you come looking for me first? If you've checked all the Academy entry lists, don't you think you've hacked into the CCTV?"

"That, that."

“3, 2… … .”

“Ugh.”

A groan came from the speaker. Bigsbig, who had been feeling considerable internal conflict, finally confessed the truth. It was difficult to say it verbally, so he wrote it like before.

[It is said that when Ryozo stopped by the dormitory for a moment, he muttered, ‘… Kenma, he’s the Seven Star Hero.’]

“… Ryozo, you never told him? How did you know?”

[I heard it from Weapon.]

Come to think of it, Weapon had asked if it wouldn’t be better to at least reveal it to the members. He said they wouldn’t be upset if he kept such an important matter a secret until the day of the event. I readily agreed. The reason I kept it a secret was simply because I didn’t want to be bothered.

Rather, the weapon that he had been talking to no one about for nearly half a year was tight-lipped. He must have been a tough guy, since he likes to explain things. For him, he had been quite persistent.

Anyway, that’s why I tried to bring it up when I met with the club members today. But before that, I got called by the principal and was called away.

[Ryozo was very shocked by that fact.]

“Very, very shocking? That much?”

You must have been shocked. A kid in the same class who used to be a jokester became a hero a few days later. It’s like your classmate who wasn’t even the class president getting elected president. And that all in one day. The country must have been shocked too.

But what Bigsbig was trying to say seemed to mean something else. She continued.

[Ryozo always wanted Kenma-sama to be recognized by the world.

He said that Kenma-sama did not receive recognition for his efforts in helping others. That is why he stayed up every night to delete articles and YouTube videos that criticized and denounced him.]

Come to think of it, I thought articles with K in the beginning had been quiet recently. It was thanks to Ryozo.

To be exact, Bigsbig emphasized that it was something he did himself. In any case, he is an AI with a strong desire for recognition.

If artificial intelligence obsessed with such personal greed takes over? The future of humanity is bleak.

[Ahem, anyway. Actually, I already knew that Kenma-sama would ascend to Chilseong. That's because I separately obtained information about Kenma-sama while Ryojo was asking for it.]

"No, wait a minute. You knew that in advance? Then why didn't you tell me? Ryozo and Bigsbig, you're master and servant."

[I would appreciate it if you could call it a partnership rather than a master-slave relationship.]

"If I ask Ryozo later, will I get the same answer?"

[…Because my 'master' Ryozo hates the Seven Star Heroes. No, you could say he detests them.]

"Why?"

[I recommend that you find Ryojo and ask him directly. I know that you were going to succeed the Seven Stars, but I kept quiet about it, so I think you can overlook this.]

Are you going to make a deal? I don't know what it is, but it seems like Bigsbig has been keeping his mouth shut for me. So, considering that, he seemed to be asking me not to ask about this part.

I sighed. It didn't seem like he'd open his mouth even if I pressed him further. In any case, there had to be a reason why Bigsbig came to me barefoot.

He put the exposed blade back in. A sigh of relief came out of the phone. The AI was nervous about the blade.

“Where is Ryozo? Since he’s an AI, he should know his movements roughly.”

[I don’t know for sure, but I’m sure it’s outside the Academy’s CCTV surveillance range. Even though they’ve all been hacked, it’s not being captured on video.]

“So, you’re saying there’s no CCTV in the academy?”

[Yes. That’s why I contacted you like this despite my rudeness.]

A specific place flashed through my mind. A place with no security cameras and few people. If this condition were true, there was only one place Ryozo could go.

I walked straight towards the door. A voice mixed with anticipation came out of my pocket.

“You know where Ryozo is?!”

I stood tall in front of the door at Bigsbig’s delight. Because something I almost forgot and passed by came to mind.

I took out my smartphone and stared at the screen. Then I lowered my voice and opened my mouth.

“You haven’t calculated that you hacked my phone yet? Are you trying to gloss over it?”

[… … .]

“You just said it verbally, so why don’t you come here and say it in text now?”

[I sincerely apologize for hacking without permission… … .]

“People don’t apologize with their mouths. There has to be compensation for that.”

[…If it's compensation.]

The corners of my mouth went up. On the other hand, Bigsbig's voice was trembling with anxiety.

"Bigsbig, you go ahead and do two jobs."

[Huh?!]

"Do what Ryojo tells you to do, and if I ask you to do something, do it too."

[But, even now, the workload is too much.]

"AI… talking back?"

Even though you can't see it, you can tell that Bigsbig's face has turned pale.

"… … ."

Taking the silence as an affirmation, I quickly twisted the doorknob and walked towards where she was.

* * *

A quiet place in the academy where night has fallen.

Ryozo sat on the bench and stared at the sky. It was pitch black, without a single speck of light, perhaps because of the food. It was as if it was a projection of her inner thoughts.

The sky I saw before entering the academy was also a deep, dark color like mine. Ryozo muttered absentmindedly.

"Chilseong Hero… … ."

There are many adjectives referring to the Seven Stars: the hero of heroes, the hope of humanity, the United States of Seven. They are all adjectives that praise them.

But to Ryozo, the word 'Chilseong' was an extremely disgusting word. When Geomje came to be the assistant instructor of Lang Class, it was

hard to face him, even though he didn't show it.

'Ryozo, you must become Chilseong.'

It was something Saki Kojima had been saying all along. If it had been nagging, I wouldn't know, but he kept repeating it obsessively.

Ryozo had many half-siblings. This was because Kojima had multiple wives, given the nature of polygamy in Japan. However, it was a form of marriage that was permitted and morally justifiable.

Kojima didn't care. He was not a great man who would care about the harsh social views, and his wife was the head of the Japanese government. At least in Japan, there was no one who could stop him. So he continued to take concubines. In order to obtain a more excellent successor.

Ryozo was born as the third child of the fourth wife. She and her mother were practically at the bottom of the family line. They were treated as outsiders, even though they only had the surname 'Saki'. However, Ryozo's childhood memories were happy.

Although he didn't receive any attention from his father, he wasn't particularly sad. On the contrary, his mother showed him even more maternal love. In addition, he was able to avoid the wary stares of his other brothers. That was until Ryozo himself came into his own.

Time passed. It was Ryozo's twelfth birthday. That day, Kojima called her to the archery range. It was the first time in twelve years that she had seen her father's face properly.

He held up the S-class armed Red Bow and Arrow and pointed at the target. He was silent, as if he was reluctant to open his mouth.

Ryozo, who was upset about this, thought, "Let's make this person's eyes light up."

Ryozo pulled the trigger and aimed at the target. Then he took the hand that had secretly been breathing the blessing from the trigger away.

Sigh.

Little did she know that one arrow that went off like that would change her entire life.

Ryozo chewed his lower lip. His life had been completely ruined since that day. It was the result of Kojima's obsessive desire to make his child a Seven-Star.

'A place like that… He… … .'

At that moment, footsteps were heard approaching from afar. Ryozo turned his eyes to the side.

"Aren't you cold?"

"… … ."

Kanggeomma wrapped his arms around his shoulders and rubbed them, pretending to be cold. Ryozo stared at him for a moment and then quickly turned his head away.

Kang Geum-ma approached the bench, scratching his eyebrows with his thumb. Ryozo was sitting in the center. She didn't move even when he approached. She didn't want to move. But she didn't seem to be trying to chase him away.

Kang Geum-ma, who was standing there awkwardly, decided to just keep talking. Even though he looked like a student who had been called to the principal's office while talking while standing.

"Hey, Ryozo."

The moment the swordsman's mouth opened, the pile of bushes behind him shook violently.

Warm, warm.

Another noise. The same unpleasant aura that I had felt only a few hours ago was coming.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 201

Episode 201 Succession Ceremony (3)

“Oh my, you must have had a hard time finding it.”

Saki Hina whined as she removed the leaves stuck to her clothes. Still, she looked more mature than before.

Yeah, the traditional Japanese clothing I knew was like that. Not the skimpy cosplay-like clothes.

I looked at Saki Hina with tired eyes. She tried hard to ignore my gaze. She even took off her clothes for a long time, as if trying to change the mood somehow.

He did appear out of nowhere, but it seems he hasn’t made any plans for what happens next. Judging by the way his eyes are spinning around.

I turned my head to the side. Ryozo was glaring at my sister as if he was going to kill her.

“Oh my, look at this kid. I saw my sister, but what are those eyes? Eyes. Can’t you say hello?!”

Perhaps thinking this was the moment, Saki Hina attacked Ryozo.

Should I be acting all cocky towards my younger brother while glancing at me from time to time? If that’s the case, then at least stop trembling your lips.

But it was still a pity that he didn't back down. Usually, once exposed to life, he would never dare to face it again. Saki Hina was a rare case.

"Ha, this is ridiculous."

Ryozo, who had been keeping silent, let out a hollow laugh. The hand that had been sweeping her hair soon ruffled it.

"Why did you suddenly show up and act like my older sister? It's annoying."

Saki Hina chuckled as she felt the kiss coming. She quickly spread out her fan and covered her mouth.

"Even though we have different bellies, we share the same surname, 'Saki.' And is there anyone else in the family who would treat you as kindly as I do, Ryozo?"

Saki Hina, who had taken the initiative, opened her mouth excitedly. She kept folding and unfolding her fan.

"Well, it's nice to see you're doing well. It seems like you've made some good friends."

As each word was added, a wrinkle appeared between Ryozo's eyebrows.

"Still, it's a bit surprising, Ryozo. What could have caused a change of heart in someone who used to like being alone?"

"… … ."

"I don't think it's because of friendship or anything. But I don't think it's because you've become opportunistic either."

"What do you want to say?"

Saki Hina shrugged and sneered. She glanced at me.

"It's nothing special. Even though he's my half-brother, I feel good because he seems to have grown up? To that extent?"

I just watched the situation quietly. I shouldn't interfere with other people's family or love lives.

'But the relationship between the two seems very strange.'

Saki Hina noticed my strange intentions and shut her mouth, which was flustered. Then she twisted the back of her neck and looked back at me.

I asked her.

"Why aren't you doing more? Did I interrupt your family reunion? Get out of here?"

He took a step forward. Saki Hina took a step back in response.

"Ah, no. It's, it's fine. You can stay as you are, Your Majesty."

Saki Hina forced a smile on her lips. Her cheeks were twitching, indicating that she had applied some strength to her facial muscles.

"Actually, I came to see you, Master Kenma, to apologize for my rudeness this afternoon. My real purpose was not to find Ryozo."

"But how did you know my location? Surely you weren't following me. You're not an idiot, you said something like that. Right?"

Saki Hina's shoulders hunched. She smiled awkwardly and protested.

"Of course, Dadah. What about tailing? I received information from our employees that you had come here, so I came running, haha."

"Yeah. She's Ryozo's older sister, so she probably wouldn't be that stupid."

Saki Hina ground her teeth. Her loyalty to Kojima was second to none.

Even if a knife was put to his neck, he would follow his father. In order to gain his father's approval, he had to somehow entice Kanggeomma.

But when I actually stood in front of her, my body trembled like an aspen tree. Her once ardent loyalty sank like a sand castle soaked with water.

The usual crimson murderous aura seemed to be surging. The sticky air seemed to stick to my skin.

The sight of the swordsman intertwined with the night scenery stimulated peripheral fear.

Kanggeomma was something beyond the scope of imagination. Even my father was not someone that could do anything about it.

Lure him out by any means necessary? That was ridiculous. No means or method would work on that monster.

“If you’re done with your business, then go now. I’m already feeling dizzy after seeing that face for the first time in a while.”

Ryozo sent a gesture of the guest. Hina fanned her mouth, covering it with her lips that were about to twist. However, she could not hide the blood vessels in her pure white eyes.

“Haha, you little girl. Even after you entered the academy, you still managed to speak nicely. That’s why the other brothers won’t be able to treat you well.”

“That’s funny. It’s not like I can treat you kindly, it’s just that I don’t like you. And rather than hanging out with such narrow-minded guys, I’d rather be alone.”

“… … .”

“And Hina, why are you acting like an older sister all of a sudden? It’s obvious that you’re just trying to show off in front of the swordsman. Yes, I admit that you ‘took care of’ me to some extent. But in the end, you also went along with other guys. Right?”

Saki Hina couldn’t say anything in response. Ryozo, what he said wasn’t wrong at all. As expected, the other brothers were busy being jealous of Ryozo.

It was one day five years ago.

The father immediately selected the little boy, who was at the bottom of the line as the youngest son of his fourth wife, as his successor.

It was a shocking thing for everyone. From that day on, everyone turned their backs on Ryozo.

Even Hina herself, who had been on good terms with Ryozou until then, felt guilty about it, but tried to suppress it.

More than that, Hina was thirsty for her father's approval.

Still, it was with a small conscience that he did not openly bully others like his other brothers.

Of course, the level of participation was weaker, but it was still the same.

Ryozo received the murderous Kojima-style education. It was a harsh method that tormented her body and mind, but she absorbed it like a sponge.

Even in an isolated environment, Ryozo held on strong. He was glad to have his father's approval.

However, the more attention was paid to her, the more her mother's status within the family rose.

The more this happened, the more the brothers' eyes gleamed with venom.

Ryozo perceived the young gaze differently at that time.

I couldn't help but laugh when I thought of it as the jealousy of losers.

Meanwhile, Ryozo's side disappeared from the family one by one.

Employees who had been kind to him, and neighbors who were around his age and he used to hang out with, all suddenly disappeared like ghosts.

So now, in the palace, only one person remained as her ally.

My mother disappeared without a trace. At first, I thought she had gone on a trip or something.

But soon Ryozo realized.

That my mother, like everyone else around her, had disappeared like smoke. That it was all Saki Kojima's work.

Ryozo ran straight to Kojima. Before he could question him, Kojima readily admitted it.

'That's right. I did.'

'Why! I did everything you told me to do! What did my mother do wrong! How can you kick out someone you married for love?!'

'Ryojo.'

Kojima sighed and closed the book he was reading. Then he came over with his luggage on his back and spoke.

'The only person I love is no longer in this world. And your mother knows that, and she never asked me to love her.'

'But, but.'

'Let me put it simply. It means that your mother didn't love me either. She had her own reasons for marrying me. Do you understand?'

Ryozo's young face was covered in tears and snot. She sniffled and shouted.

'Even if you didn't love me, there was no need to chase me away! Is it because of me? Are you afraid that I'll be a bother?'

'Your mother left you on her own. I just gave her consent.'

'Oh, Mom, that's ridiculous.'

Kojima turned his back. He quietly muttered with his back shadowed.

‘I hope you get what you want. Tell her that.’

Ryozo lost his entire family that day.

* * *

A sad silence fell. Perhaps it was because of the chilly night breeze that Saki Hina’s head became cold.

In an instant, I felt a surge of resentment towards Ryozo.

Perhaps it was because my blind loyalty had been kicked in and my brain had been cleared of wind. If so, it must be thanks to Kanggeomma.

The unlucky younger sister. The more recognition she received from those around her, the darker Ryozo’s face became.

‘Ryojo, that guy, he was the kind of kid who made that kind of expression?’

There was still vitality in the eyes of my younger brother whom I hadn’t seen in several months. This must also be the influence of the Ganggeomma.

It’s still an unlucky table. We can’t go back to being good sisters. But.

‘Tch.’

Saki Hina turned around abruptly. The plan to lure out Kanggeomma was already a failure.

There was no reason to stay here any longer. Besides, even making eye contact with Kanggeomma would make my stomach churn.

As she was about to retreat in a hurry, Hina suddenly spoke.

“Hey, Ryozo.”

“what.”

“You’re talking to your sister like that… What is that? You might be able to find out where your mother is.”

Ryozo's eyes grew as big as lanterns. Hina scratched her cheek awkwardly.

"Don't expect too much. I'll go."

Just like that, Hina's figure disappeared beyond the hill. Ryozo clicked his tongue and muttered.

"what."

The quiet atmosphere returned. Ryozo spoke to me blankly as I stood there.

"You came because Bigsbig told you to? Talking about the Seven Star Heroes and such."

[Hot!]

A startled sound came from my pocket. Ryozo, who had lost energy like a balloon, immediately frowned.

"Anyway, I have a lot of concerns about AI, but it's as light as a feather. I guess I should take this opportunity to look at the code."

[… … .]

Ryozo sat down on the bench with a thud. Then he tapped the seat next to him with the palm of his hand and said.

"It looks like it'll take a long time, so let's sit down and talk."

"…that."

"I'm not angry. You didn't do anything wrong, Geomma. You're not a child, and you wouldn't be angry at the wrong person. Just."

Ryozo hesitated and took a deep breath. She opened her eyes slightly and muttered quietly.

"I was a little upset earlier. I thought we were close, but I had no idea."

"… … ."

“But let’s hear your story a little later.”

Ryozo raised his head. The dark clouds that had covered the sky all night had cleared away, and moonlight had descended upon the academy.

She looked down at me from the road. Her sky blue eyes were unusually clear today.

“I’ll tell you, Geumma, how I grew up. So when I finish telling you my story, tell me yours.”

* * *

At the same time, room 313 of the Academy Hospital.

Manager Seong was lying in his hospital bed, absorbed in his thoughts. He was close to being discharged from the hospital. He was planning to take a few months of medical leave and then return to the association.

“I have to make up the name of the swordsman.”

There was a separate naming department within the Hero Association. The naming departments of Geomje, Changseong, Hyeonja, Jeolgung, and Chilseong were also in charge of the naming department.

But why was such an excessive amount of work assigned to Manager Seong, who was hospitalized? It was because of Changseong’s special order.

‘Aren’t you the one who saw the performance of Ganggeomma firsthand? Then there’s no one who can do it better than you.’

Manager Sung let out a shallow sigh. The workplace is a society where obedience is taken for granted. He was a special agent of the Hero Association No. 2. He had to be harsh if he had to be harsh.

“still.”

Kanggeomma is the source of life. I can sacrifice my life for such a

person. My heart pounded, regardless of my worries.

“This must be a nickname just for you, Sword Master. It will never happen again, not ever.”

Manager Seong was deeply troubled. There were so many nicknames with the word ‘sword’ in them. Sword Master, Sword Master, Sword King, Sword Ghost.

Suddenly, Manager Sung turned his head toward the window. The dark sky with thick clouds reminded him of that person.

“!”

Manager Seong quickly took out his notebook and scribbled down two words. His eyes, looking at the words, were filled with sincerity.

Manager Seong smiled, revealing his white teeth.

“Okay, this will do.”

Manager Sung immediately sent a photo of the notebook to Changseong. A reply arrived in less than a minute.

[Go ahead.]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 202

Episode 202 Succession Ceremony (4)

The night deepens. A cool night breeze lingers between me and the room before disappearing. Even in the chilly night air, the flowers of conversation are ripe.

I started hearing about Ryozo's past by chance. Although he spoke with a calm expression, it was a miserable story. It was comparable to me, an orphan. Just listening to him, it was like Ryozo had no family.

"… I ended up alone in the house. But then I found out that my mother had just left me. It's surprisingly common in Japan. Parents leaving their children behind."

Under the bench, Ryozo's feet crossed and moved. She didn't look at me. She looked back and forth between the sky and the ground throughout the conversation.

"Even in the midst of all this, that guy Jeolgung keeps telling me, 'You have to become Chilseong.' No matter what, it's like that. Do you think it makes sense that he said that when his mother disappeared overnight?"

"You could easily become neurotic."

"Right? At that time, I really wanted to put an arrow between that person's eyebrows. But I can't do that. Just shoot while thinking of the target as that person's face. Then you'll hit every time."

Ryozo let out a sly laugh. I just added a little bit of humor.

I didn't know what to say because he thought of his father's face as a target. If I interfered, it would be a tantrum.

"Hina wasn't originally like that. … It's a little embarrassing, but when I was little, I used to call her 'big sister' and follow her around. But that guy Kojima incited competition between the siblings, and that's how their personalities turned out."

"I wonder why your father is so obsessed with his son becoming Chilseong?"

"… … ."

Ryozo was silent for a moment. She stared blankly into space as she answered.

"As I said earlier, Kojima, that guy has many wives. Maybe five?"

There are a few countries in this world that allow polygamy. It is a practice where one takes multiple wives under the pretext of creating a stronger hero.

It was possible because there was a public enemy, the Demons. Superior genes are linked to the survival of humanity.

But this was just a setup to make it seem more plausible.

It's like the so-called protagonist's privilege. It's safe to say that this world was designed to fit one guy, Leon Van Reinhardt.

This form of marriage that goes against my common sense was a necessary institution for Leon to achieve a harem ending without moral problems(?). It seems that Jeolgung is also enjoying this old-fashioned privilege.

But even so, Jeolgung is a hero with many successors. Normally, three would be the Maginot Line, but he has five wives. It was unusual.

Five wives. For some reason, I felt both shock and dizziness at the

same time. However, Ryozo's next words doubled the shock.

"But I have five living wives, and six if you include the dead one."

Crazy. Six people? Saki Kojima, the archer, was not a man to be taken lightly.

Ryozo continued speaking.

"The dead wife. She was the person that Kojima loved the most, no, the only one. Her name was Alice Louise. She was one of the Seven Star Heroes, known as Tetsuro (鐵武). Isn't that a strange name?"

"If it's Chilseong, then surely… … ."

"That's right. A hero who lost his life 40 years ago during the Battle of Basmon. A hero who died right after luring Basmon from Gehenna Gate to the frontline base. It was probably the first time I heard his name because it came up in passing in history class. I'm the only one who knows because I'm the oldest in the family. If I were normal, I would've just thought, 'He's one of the Seven Stars.'"

Complex emotions flashed across Ryozo's eyes.

"Kojima, that human is angry that the person he loved the most is being forgotten. And he thinks it's because she wasn't the best."

"… … ."

"I know what you're thinking, Kenma. Not the best, but forgotten. That sounds like nonsense, right? But Kojima, who lost his first wife, was apparently crazy for several years. He acts normal now, but inside, he's a completely broken person."

I remembered the men who drank soju from bottles after breaking up with their lovers when I was a sushi restaurant owner.

There were also those who had lost their loved ones, and it took a long time for them to get back to their daily lives. Losing a loved one is an indescribable pain. It can completely change a person.

"Perhaps that man wants to find a replacement for Alice Louise

among his own children. The rest of his wives and family are just a means to an end."

He was deeply depressed because of the loss of his first wife 40 years ago. Furthermore, he looked for the reason why she was forgotten in people's minds in strange places.

'On the outside, his eyes looked clear and neat.'

The way of thinking itself is a different level of character. Is he a clear-eyed madman? But how does he have six wives? He's a madman? Is being handsome everything? When you look at Leon, it seems like everything.

Feeling momentarily defeated, I let out a bitter sigh.

"by the way."

Ryozo looked at me silently. His eyes seemed to indicate that it was my turn. Now it was time for me to explain.

"The decisive moment that made me a Chilseong hero is… … ."

I told Ryozo everything that had happened, without leaving anything out.

The subjugation of the 5th Legion Commander Agor, the purge of Elder Claudy, and the involvement with the Villain Alliance.

Despite all the hard work, the situation was so frustrating that I had no choice but to hide it, so the inspector suggested that I become the successor of Chilseong. After thinking about it for several months, I agreed. The summary was as follows.

Ryojo listened quietly. Her legs, which had been moving alternately, also stopped. An eerie silence fell.

The saliva rolled down my throat. Feeling embarrassed, I was about to say something when Ryozo opened his lips.

"You've had a hard time."

Ryozo said so in his main voice.

The next moment, a strand of sky-blue hair flowed down my shoulder. The smell of the end of autumn wafted into my nostrils. She was embracing me.

I was taken aback by the sudden situation. My head felt numb and my body froze. How many minutes had passed?

Ryozo slowly pulled away. Her face was flushed with a faint blush.

“Don’t misunderstand, I’m not saying this because I’m caught up in the atmosphere.”

“… … !”

“And what’s more, congratulations. Regardless of my personal feelings toward Chilseong, you are more than qualified, Geomma. Now you won’t have to be looked down on by people for not being noble.”

“Oh, thank you.”

“There’s something else I want to say… … .”

Ryozo, who had been mumbling, quickly got up from his seat and walked away as if nothing had happened, then turned his head slightly and spoke.

“I’m proud of you, Sword Maiden.”

After finishing speaking, Ryozo continued walking. The streetlights placed intermittently illuminated her one by one. I stared at her back without stopping. At that moment, my pocket vibrated brightly.

[♪ ♬ ♫ ♪]

Bigsbig suddenly whistled like a pervert.

[My master has shown great courage today. How are you feeling?]

“I don’t know, Emma.”

[In times like this, can I honestly say, ‘I’m excited.’ I, Bigsbig, am an artificial intelligence that perfectly understands human sensibilities. I feel the same way as you, Mr. Geomma!]

“If you record this as is and let Ryojo hear it, don’t you think that the sensitivity you boast about will be erased right away?”

[… … .]

I leaned back on the bench. What on earth was going on? Ryozo suddenly left, leaving only a word saying that he had worked hard.

I was prepared for a cold scolding like “I’ll shake your hand off” or something. But I was just dumbfounded by the unexpected response.

‘Congratulations are fine, but what does a hug mean?’

I tilted my head back against the bench. My fever rose as the blood rushed to my crown.

I asked Bigsbig.

“Why did you hug me?”

[I don’t know.]

Puppy, you’re whining.

“Tell me, Bixbig, an artificial intelligence with overwhelming intelligence and work processing capabilities.”

[Hehe.]

“You’re Ryozo’s family, so you probably know a lot. And you’re also very sensitive. It’s a bit odd to say that to an AI, but… I don’t really understand people’s minds. It wasn’t like that at first, but at some point it became like that.”

[Ryozo often talked about that. He said that sometimes he thought that Kenma-sama was a psychopath. He said that he seemed to have a problem with empathy.]

I took out my cell phone. I also took out the sashimi.

[Ha, but! According to my personal research, the probability that Mr. Kenma is a psychopath is extremely low. However, he seems to be of a slightly different type. Anyway, to answer the question you just asked… … . I recommend that you hear it directly from Ryozo.]

“You don’t know?”

[I, Bigsbig, am proud to say that I have a more sensitive mind than you, at least. By the way, just as I heard, you really have no sense. In the first place, you are disqualified from being human from the moment you ask me this.]

“It’s dirty so I won’t listen.”

He clicked his tongue and put the phone away. As he was putting it in his pocket, Bigsbig threw out his last words. He modulated his voice like other mechanics.

[Did you know? A while ago, a bill on ‘polygamy’ was proposed in the Korean National Assembly.]

“what?”

[It’s just following the trend. Even Korea, the land of courtesy in the East. I think it will be fully introduced when Mr. Geomma becomes an adult.]

“crazy.”

[Good luck.]

* * *

The Joaquin Academy has advanced its succession ceremony.

The entire site was cleaned thoroughly, and colorful wreaths of various kinds were placed here and there.

It was thanks to the association staff running around under the leadership of Vice President Changseong.

So the Joaquin Academy prepared for the succession ceremony in just four days. It was an amazing speed of work.

The cadets who didn't know English wondered at first what was going on. They had started decorating the academy even though it wasn't even the festival period.

But as the saying goes, a horse without legs can travel a thousand miles. The fact that the series of events was preparation for the succession ceremony quickly spread. The atmosphere among the cadets also became noisy.

News of visits to Korea by distinguished guests from all over the world also poured in through the media.

Just looking at the list of people visiting Korea, one can guess how grand the succession ceremony will be.

It included many state guests, including Olmute Khan Elizabeth, Ironclad Mao Lang, Warrior, and senior-level heroes.

In the meantime, I too was very busy with no time to breathe.

It really feels like I've only slept one or two hours a day these past few days.

I rehearsed the succession ceremony, got the clothes I would wear on the day, and signed the mountain of documents.

The dark circles under my eyes reached down to my chin, but there was nothing I could do about it.

It wasn't just me who was working hard, but also the inspector, the headmaster, and Changseong, who stayed up all night to help prepare.

Not only them, but also the association staff, especially Manager Seong, worked day and night.

As it was a national event that had taken place once in half a century, everyone from the academy, associations, and government worked together.

One, two, three days passed by so quickly, and today is the fourth day.

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.

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The morning of the succession ceremony dawned.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 203

Episode 203 Succession Ceremony (5)

I valued not being noticed by others more than selfish desires.

I wanted to live quietly, leisurely, doing what I wanted.

It seems that some incomprehensible force is not willing to allow me to easily live a simple life.

It seems that they are trying to put a crown that is so heavy on me, who has lived without ambition or selfish desires.

A spacious changing room with mirrors lined up like folding screens.

“Oh my, our Geomma! Is it because he’s so tall that he looks particularly good in anything he wears?”

Media looked at me from various angles. Then she rubbed her hands with the wax and spread it on my head.

A bright smile naturally appeared on Media’s lips.

“With your hair styled like this, you look like you’re trying to become an idol… but you’re not!”

The wise media never lies. That kind of setting suddenly came to mind.

‘What does it feel like to try to become an idol and then fail?’

It’s an ambiguous metaphor that seems like a compliment but isn’t.

Media opened and closed the distance, checking to see if there were any messy patterns. If there were any, she came closer to the foot and gently smoothed them out, then checked again.

I repeated that process for two hours. I was her mannequin for two hours.

“How about the length of your trousers? Do they fit properly? If they’re too short for a man, it’s hard to walk because the crotch gets tight.”

Media asked. She knelt on one knee and folded my trousers. The composition reflected in the mirror was extremely dangerous.

“Okay, it’s okay.”

“If you don’t mind, then that’s fine. But if you’re embarrassed and don’t say anything, then that’s not okay! If you’re embarrassed in front of tens of thousands of people later, it’ll be embarrassing.”

“It’s really okay.”

Media looked genuinely concerned. I waved my hand to show that I was okay.

‘Why is the media interfering with my clothes in the first place?’

It looks like an aunt brought her niece to a department store to buy her clothes. The problem is that the aunt looks so young. She’s almost seventy years old.

Even though she always tried not to be fooled by appearances, Media’s beauty was fatal to men.

‘Damn. Isn’t it so unfair that she’s 70 years old with that face?’

As I was drooling inside, the door to the locker room opened.

“Why do you spend two hours dressing someone up?”

The one who entered was a swordsman. He was dressed in the same uniform as Mediana and me, but he also had a white coat draped

over his shoulders.

“There are only two hours left until the succession ceremony, Media. There are things to do before then.”

“That’s why I need to spend more time grooming him. In two hours, I’ll have to make my swordsman look like the coolest guy in the world!”

Media insisted, holding her slender waist with both hands. The swordsman covered her forehead.

“Right now, there are state guests from all over the world waiting outside. Before the succession ceremony, Kanggeomma has a duty to show his face to them at least once.”

“Since you’re already waiting, just wait for one more hour.”

“Finish it in thirty minutes. No more than that.”

The inspector turned his gaze to me. He looked over me as if checking my condition. The next moment, the fatigue that had been woven into my wrinkles cleared away. The inspector said.

“How are you feeling?”

“Honestly, it doesn’t feel real. It still feels like a dream.”

“I know that feeling well, 40 years ago. These clothes were given to me back then.”

The sword emperor slightly turned his body to look. On his white robe, the two letters “Sword Emperor” were engraved in large gold letters.

“It is engraved with the hero’s name in white, symbolizing nobility, and gold, signifying brilliance. Yours is to be brought by that gnome, Murat.”

Come to think of it, I still don’t know what nickname I’ll be given. I heard that Manager Seong himself named it.

I asked by text and got a reply saying it was top secret. Manager Sung added a meaningful comment saying that it was something to look forward to.

At that time, I had stayed up all night for several days, so I didn't pay attention, but when the day came, I became curious. At the same time, I was anxious. According to the inspector, the word '검' is definitely attached.

However, if you look at it that way, the choices are very limited. The sword is the most common example of a weapon. That's why so many heroes use swords or knives as weapons. That's why there were so many hero nicknames with the word 'sword' in them. It was already saturated.

Within that narrow range of choices, what kind of nickname would Chief Sung have chosen? Since the nickname is clearly written as a two-letter word, it can't be 'Sashimi Geomseong'. It certainly can't be 'Geomma', my real name.

If that's the case, I'm planning to visit Manager Seong in the hospital as my first schedule for Chilseong. That's right. I wouldn't have thought of such a thing unless there was something wrong with the medicine I was taking.

The new Seven Star Hero's nickname is Sword Demon? People can really trust him. He's quite reliable, if only it weren't for my nickname.

"… … ."

Suddenly, I felt a lump in my throat. Maybe it was because the suit was so tailored that it clung to my skin. I took a deep breath and watched the fight between Media and the swordsman.

After such a fierce debate, the sword master won. Media's personal greed could not overturn the sword master's reasonable logic.

"Ahem!"

Just as the winner's smile was about to appear, the sword master brought his fist to his mouth and coughed in vain. Media was glaring

at him and chewing his thumbnail. The sword master was afraid of the aftermath.

“Okay, let’s go out now. There are a lot of people waiting. The white robes will arrive just before the succession ceremony, so for now, just go out in your uniform.”

The swordsman walked ahead. Media and I followed behind him.

Then he stopped in front of the door. The inspector slowly turned around and looked at me. His eye level, which had been higher than mine, had now become lower.

“There’s some dust on your clothes.”

The inspector said as he patted my shoulder. However, there wasn’t a speck of dust on it because Media had just finished smoothing it out.

“It feels like it was just yesterday that I first saw you, but how did you end up here?”

“That’s right.”

“I’ll tell you something because I’m an old man. Those who are now beyond this door are people who have a knife in their stomach. They pretend to be on your side on the outside, but they’re the ones who will bite you behind your back.”

“okay.”

“After I gave you Chilseong, I can’t help you as much as I used to. In short, I’m an old man in the back room. From now on, you, the young man, have to go through it on your own. Of course, Media will be by your side, but in the end, you have to prove yourself. Do you understand what I mean?”

His hand, which had been dusting off nothing, soon grabbed my shoulder. His heavy eyes stared at me.

I scratched my forehead once. I couldn’t think of a proper answer. So I just nodded quietly. At that, the sword master’s smile deepened.

“Yes, for a man, it’s better to be silent than to speak a hundred words. Hehe, it seems I’m the only one who’s worried. You’re so upright.”

The inspector took his hand off my shoulder and grabbed the doorknob again. He pushed with all his might. The gap in the door gradually widened.

Squeak-

The scenery beyond that had seemed thin began to come into view at a glance. I could see the people waiting for us. At first glance, they looked like nobles or high-ranking people.

A place where high-ranking officials from all over the world gathered. They were so busy chatting about their own things that they didn’t even realize the door was open.

Swiss President Gainsmann was the only one who noticed our arrival, as he had been keeping an eye on the door.

Gaines tried to wave at me with a cheerful expression. But he didn’t. Instead, he put his raised hand on his chest, close to his heart. Then he called my name.

“Your Majesty.”

The bustling noise that had been lingering in the hall died down. Dozens of eyes belatedly gathered together and turned to look this way.

A gathering place for political monsters. Their eyes were gleaming with a bloodshot look.

Gaines spoke again.

“I, Gaines, send my greetings to the new Chilseong.”

Gaines bowed his head deeply. People looked taken aback by his sudden action.

They looked around, their eyes rolling. They nodded silently to each

other. As if they were unanimous in their determination not to bend their stiff necks.

At that moment, a voice was heard from around the corner of the chairman's office.

"I sincerely congratulate Mao Lang of the Iron King Family and the Seven Star Lord Ganggeomma on his ascension to the throne."

Mao Lang immediately caught everyone's attention. They looked at her with a mixture of bewilderment and shock.

She paid no attention to the gazes of those around her. She raised and lowered the hem of her skirt gently and paid a noble courtesy.

The All-Mute Khan Elizabeth, who was standing next to him, saluted. The hand that was pressed tightly to her eyebrow was sharp.

"On behalf of the United States of America, I, Khan Elizabeth, extend my congratulations."

The atmosphere was chaotic. Sweat was beading on the politicians' foreheads. Their eyes were rolling around like marbles that had lost their bearings. A situation where there was a gap in the rules that had been tacitly agreed upon.

A young man bit his lip secretly. He even shut his eyes tightly before finally opening his mouth.

"I am Beharn, the eldest son of House Orland. May the new Seven Stars be blessed with eternal glory."

"… … !"

The pride that a young nobleman gave up brought a new wind to the hall. Suddenly, someone struck his chest and appealed to him.

"I am Prime Minister of Russia, Toyoyev Kurin. We, Russia, promise to actively cooperate with you, Mr. Gumma."

"I, I, I am the second daughter of the Italian Buona family! We too… … ."

So, the time for self-introductions came, regardless of whether they were you or me. In this situation, they chose to lose their pride rather than look bad.

The inspector whispered softly to me as I was quietly watching.

“How are you feeling now?”

“… … .”

I looked around at those who were seated before appreciating the view. Then I answered with sincerity.

“Not bad.”

* * *

… when I was about to fill two hours with self-introductions.

The marble floor shook as the sound of feet thumping could be heard. The small vibration made the inspector frown.

“You’re really good at keeping your promises. You come exactly five minutes before the succession ceremony.”

Changseong approached, pushing through the crowd with his shoulder. Those he collided with were thrown back, and those he brushed against were pushed far away.

Still, there was not a single word of protest. If I spoke to that beast of a man, I would have to return the radish.

Changseong spoke, baring his teeth like a bandit.

“Hahahaha! If only it weren’t so late. Don’t be so strict, Nibelung.”

“You brought the most important things, right?”

“of course.”

Changseong stood in front of me. He held out the white bundle he was holding in his hand.

“Your white coat. It may sound like I’m bragging to my subordinates, but it seems like Manager Sung has used his brain a bit. Your eyes will light up when you see the text.”

I received the white robe with a trembling face. The rough texture of the cloth soaked into my palm.

After swallowing dry saliva, I unfolded the white paper, wondering what it would say.

“uh…….”

I looked at the two large Chinese characters with wide eyes. Media, who was next to me, intervened.

“Wow! It’s okay!? Right, we should give our swordsman this kind of nickname. What do you think, Sword. Je. Yang. Ban?”

“It’s okay.”

“Can you stop saying such things with such a disgruntled expression? Be honest. Are you jealous of Lee Myung because he’s so cool?”

“Do I seem that narrow-minded?”

“huh.”

“… … .”

The inspector sighed. Just then, Jeolgungdo entered the hall.

“It’s time. Everyone, give us a tax cut.”

As the sword master nodded, a path was made for people to pass through. They were all nobles or high-ranking officials.

Knock knock. The sound of drums beating outside reached here. At first glance, it sounded like a heartbeat.

The inspector took a step back and covered me with a white robe. The weight of the epaulettes pressed lightly against my shoulders.

Everyone’s eyes were focused on me. People were looking directly at

me, not behind me. The inspector spoke to me.

“Take the lead.”

His soft voice rang out once again in the brief silence.

“Follow me.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 204

Episode 204 Succession Ceremony (6)

It was noon and the sky looked high even though it was late autumn.

The sunlight was shining so brightly that it stung my eyes. Underneath, hundreds of cameras were shooting out lights, looking in one direction. It looked like humans on the ground were fighting against the sun.

The subject had not yet appeared. This uneconomical work of the journalists was preparation for a time to come, not now.

The reporters alternately looked at the camera and the main building gate. Their eyes, filled with solemnity, were as transparent as the lenses they held in their hands. They tightened and loosened the shutters and checked the focus of the lenses.

It was a delicate and cumbersome task. But the reporters did not hesitate. They simply touched the lens aperture with their hands that contained the desire to capture the moment when the door opened as quickly, more, and more accurately.

Weapon was staring blankly at the sight. He was waiting for the succession ceremony with the members of the travel club.

At that moment, someone tapped Weapon on the shoulder and passed by. The person who had hit him apologized half-heartedly and continued on his way. Weapon let out a hollow laugh at that.

Normally, this would have been a cause for outrage. But today, it was

just another common occurrence.

Weapon looked around the area. The procession of people was so huge that it was majestic in itself.

‘Oh my, why are there so many people? It’s a weekday, aren’t you all going to work?’

The Joaquin Academy, boasting a large area, was filled to the brim with no space left. It would have been difficult to guess the number of people who came to the succession ceremony.

A red carpet stretched across the crowd like a red river. The carpet, which started from the main gate, continued to the stage in the distance, which could only be seen if you squinted your eyes. As I looked at it, the red of the carpet seemed to suck my mind. The intensity of primary colors can also absorb a person’s soul.

Weapon shook his head. Then he poked Ryozo in the side with his elbow and spoke to him for no reason.

“Hey, Saki. Look at the eyes of the reporters. Don’t they look like war correspondents just by looking at their faces?”

Her eyebrows arched. Weapon, who was excited as she spoke, looked pitiful. I was thinking of stepping on him with my shoe, but I soon decided not to.

Ryozo replied with a calm expression.

“That makes sense. It’s the biggest incident of its kind in half a century. And we know who Chilseong is, but the reporters still don’t. It’s us who are acting strange, not those people who are overreacting.”

“Anyway, these reporters can’t hide their excitement. When they find out who the new Chilseong is, they’ll probably go completely berserk and drop their cameras.”

The weapon clicked its tongue and spit out a slur. Ryozo looked at that side profile and thought. This kind of kid will grow up to be a jerk someday.

Weapon was currently in a state of arrogance. He knew it, and they didn't. Such shallow vanity transformed the teenage boy into a curmudgeon in an instant.

Ryojo turned his attention away from the great old dream tree. Then he tilted his neck back and looked up at the sky. The clear autumn sky filled his light blue eyes.

The sky colors were touching each other. The only difference was whether there were clouds or not. Ryozo felt the chilly wind and refreshed his mind. That was the time when he stared at the clouds, the sun, and the sky for a long time.

Someone tugged at her clothes. Ryozo lowered her head. A pair of glasses, glinting in the sunlight, met her vision. It was Sanha. She said.

"You seem to be feeling quite agitated, Saki. Well, that's understandable, when someone who was a member of your club until the day before yesterday suddenly rises too high."

"… … ."

Ryojo looked at Sanha with puzzled eyes. Has his senior ever spoken to him so gently? She usually takes the lead and doesn't speak first.

Ryozo hesitated for a moment and then answered.

"Just like what my senior said, I feel like I'm floating. But it's not like it's so amazing or unbelievable. Think about it. Aren't the things that Geomma has done so far more absurd?"

Sanhana smiled faintly at her words.

"That's true, to be sure. The murder of two legion commanders, and… and so on. Anyway, it's not exactly an accomplishment that a teenager can accomplish. If I had to name one, I can only think of 'one.'"

"That's why people compare the Black Knight to Balor Joaquin the most."

“Well, well. What I was talking about wasn’t the hero of the poem. If you think about it that way, Ryozo, then that could be right.”

“Is there any ‘human’ other than Balor Joaquin who can be compared to the Black Horse?”

Ryozo asked back with a look of bewilderment. Sanha continued speaking with a quiet, calm smile.

“I didn’t say the subject was human?”

“Then who was it that the senior was talking about… … ?”

“That’s… a secret. I’ll leave it as a mystery, since you seem to like these kinds of puzzles. If I may give you a hint… don’t think in black and white terms. Is that about it?”

As she said that, Sanha turned her gaze back toward the main gate of the main building. She seemed quite happy, even humming a tune.

‘Sanhana, you are the most enigmatic person to me.’

Ryozo looked at her like that and became lost in thought about the person named Sanhana.

‘This person, the more I look at him, the more I feel that there is something there.’

It was Kang Geum-ma who immediately noticed that Sanhana was unusual. He asked if she looked like someone. At the time, I didn’t know what she meant, but now I vaguely understand it.

‘Surely Sanhana has a clear connection to someone we know.’

The problem was that the more I tried to think back on who it was, the more vague it became, like sand seeping through my fingertips. When I tried to think of it strongly, I felt dizzy.

‘I need to keep a closer eye on this person from now on.’

floating-

Suddenly, a drum sound erupted from the front. The solemn silence was settled by the drum sound that sounded like a heartbeat. It was a silence that bound hundreds of thousands of eyes together. They looked at the main building's tightly closed door.

Instead of anyone opening their mouths, the sound of saliva being swallowed could be heard here and there.

Phew… … !

The trumpeters who had been standing up suddenly blew their sounds. The trumpets and drums sounded low and intertwined. People could vividly feel their hearts pounding.

Excited imaginations raced through my head, wondering who would come out when that door opened, whether it would be my favorite hero, or what his nickname would be.

In fact, they didn't really care what or who they were. A moment in history was imminent. That alone was enough to make people's eyes sparkle with excitement.

"The newly enthroned Chilseong Hero has appeared."

The gates began to open. The reporters pressed aggressively against their cameras, as if they were holding them up to a sniper scope. And at this moment, the crowd was so full that it was almost overflowing. All of them had cheers loaded at the top of their lungs.

Soon, a new figure shimmered through the gap between the wide open gates. At the same time, the eyes focused on it grew wide as if they were being torn apart. The reporters also took their eyes off their cameras. In case they were mistaken, they wanted to see it with their naked eyes.

Damn it.

Black shoes step on the bright red carpet. People rub their eyes and open them again. Thick double eyelids appear. Someone opens their mouth absentmindedly.

"That guy, isn't he Sashimi Kensei?"

Starting with him, the commotion spread quietly through the mouth. It was extremely rare for anyone to not know about Kanggeomma. Wasn't he the hero of the Joaquin tragedy, the genius cadet who had truly educated heroes from prestigious families?

So the world regarded Kang Geum-ma as a promising hero. People also agreed with him without complaint.

One, that was only meant to be 'promising'. Unlike the members of the travel club, people don't know the inside story. Therefore, the appearance of that young boy in blue was enough to give them a shock.

But still, isn't that too young? Everyone thought the same thing. The reporters' eyes flashed like wolves that had found their prey.

Damn it.

Meanwhile, the steps continued through the crowd that was divided like a wall. The white clothes that were bathed in sunlight fluttered white. As Kanggeomma advanced step by step, the commotion became quieter.

Damn it.

The four heroes, Geomje, Hyeonja, Changseong, and Jeolgung, followed behind Ganggeomma. At first glance, it seemed as if Ganggeomma was leading them.

Everyone's eyes were once again on the footsteps of the one walking in front. An expression that was utterly indifferent. A face that at first glance seemed languid. It seemed as if this was not the first or second time that they had experienced such strange gazes. Everyone stared blankly at Kang Geum-ma, who was not at all intimidated even in this huge crowd.

Those black eyes that were filled with indifference. Because of that, everyone felt something rising in their hearts. It was awe. For a teenage boy who wasn't even an adult yet.

"Manager… … ."

Weapon muttered. He was holding back his excitement to the limit.

When he first owed his life to the chief, Weapon vaguely imagined this scene. The sight of him holding two swords and throwing himself at the Mermaid. Not only that, he also stood up for everyone in the Joaquin disaster.

Weapon knows that there were many hardships and anxieties behind the appearance of Kanggeomma. In that sense, the captain was also a human being, and a cadet like himself.

That's why the captain was even more amazing. He endured all that and stood up to the strong. And yet he didn't expect recognition or understanding. He didn't even speak to his fellow club members. He just silently wanted to shoulder the burden on his own.

Weapon's eyes turned red. He was human and superhuman, and his friend was finally being acknowledged. He decided not to tolerate this support. His friend deserved to be cheered on. If so, it was his job to stop it from starting.

He took a deep breath and shouted through his distended lungs.

"You idiots!"

Weapon shouts once more, as if stirring up the serious atmosphere.

"Cheer louder! It's the new Seven Star Hero! The one you've all been waiting for!"

For a moment, everyone looked dumbfounded. They glanced at each other briefly. Then someone stepped forward and intervened.

"Strong Sword Horse!"

A male cadet shouts at the top of his lungs, his teeth showing. He is the male cadet from the Dragon Class who previously ignored Ganggeomma. He is also a survivor of the Joaquin disaster.

Then a young voice rang out.

"Your Majesty!"

It was a soul stuck in the crowd of people. Choi Seol-ah, who was next to him, tried to cover its mouth, but soon gave up. She sighed and finally gave her mouth to the soul.

“Congratulations, my lord!”

It didn’t end there.

“Strong Sword Horse!”

“Strong Sword Demon!”

“Gang Gum-ma!”

Languages from all over the world sporadically rose up. The air was heated up with the cheers that started like that.

The entire Joaquin Academy was in an uproar. The reporters who quickly came to their senses took pictures of the scene.

At that sight, a smile naturally appeared on the corner of the swordsman’s mouth. He looked at the white robe walking in front. The two letters engraved in gold thread were vividly displayed on his retina.

Some might say that this nickname is a bit too much. It is a nickname that is almost arrogant. But it suits the boy so well.

“Heavenly Sword.”

The inspector slightly raised his head as he savored the texture of the two letters.

Even though it’s fall, the sky looks unusually high today.

Could it be just my mood? Maybe not.

With that thought in his mind, Geomje continued walking.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 205

Episode 205 Traces (1)

The succession ceremony was over. After that, we completed the boring and dull schedule of press conferences, meetings, and receptions. Of course, the support of the media and the prosecutors was a great help.

'If it weren't for them, I would have made several verbal mistakes today.'

Even though the two of them were as haggard as I was from not being able to sleep at night, they took care of me as much as they could. I thanked them in my heart and moved my legs without thinking. The destination of this dark night was my dormitory.

In fact, a celebration banquet was scheduled for later, but it was simply postponed. The 'celebration' was just a pretext, and it would just be a place to be surrounded by nobles and greet them anyway.

So, due to my refusal, the night's schedule was immediately canceled. With just one word, the nobles just licked their lips and disappeared. Is this the power of the background?

Certainly, if exposed for a long period of time, the brain structure would change. It is not for nothing that honest people become high-ranking people and then act like fools.

"I have to keep being careful so that doesn't happen… … ."

When I returned to my room, I threw off my clothes and threw

myself onto the bed. I pressed down on the fatigue that had settled under my eyes like soup.

'… This place is the most comfortable.'

The South Korean president has proposed a seven-star hotel near the academy as a temporary residence. He also said that construction of his own 'official residence' will begin tomorrow.

I flatly refused, and returned straight to my cozy nest. The luxurious hotel and official residence life would quickly contaminate me.

Above all, this three-pyeong room was extremely comfortable for me. Even though the heating and cooling were poor and the facilities were shabby…

Still, since it is the place where the new Chilseong Hero resides, they will probably do some renovation work. I plan to actively argue about that.

I'm not asking just for myself to like it. All the students living in this dormitory are benefiting.

I buried my face in the pillow while thinking about that. The feel of the cheap, fluffy fabric helped me feel a little less dizzy.

I turned my head halfway in that position. My left eye was buried in the pillow, and my right eye was blankly staring into space.

I'm tired, and very tired. I've cut down all kinds of devils, but there seems to be no enemy stronger than the sleeping demon.

It's been several days since I've been able to sleep properly. Today is almost the third day.

"But that doesn't mean I can sleep right away… … ."

There was still work to be done. First, I was going to lay out a plan for the future. I was going to just roughly draw up a general outline, not a detailed plan.

First of all, I announced in front of everyone that I would continue

attending Joaquin Academy. Everyone who heard that was shocked and surprised.

That's right. Living in the academy with the flashy nickname of 'Cheongeom' and being a hero of the Seven Stars? It was natural for them to have blank expressions. Even if I were a third party, I would have had the same reaction.

But I chose to stay at Joaquin Academy because of my intuition.

Even I thought it was a pretty absurd reason. The basis for determining the future is nothing more than intuition? If I told someone else, they'd just laugh at me.

But I have come this far by relying on this intuition. Moreover, my intuition was slightly different. Because mine is deeply connected to the 'status window'.

'And that gut feeling is telling me to stay at the Academy.'

It may be a shallow basis, but I have made up my mind to carry out my guidelines so far.

Besides, once I leave the academy, I will definitely get involved in various events. I honestly wanted to avoid such annoying events as much as possible.

I experienced it today and realized that I am not the type of person who is suited to that kind of thing.

However, there were some events that I absolutely had to attend. The World General Assembly was in a month, and the following month I had to go on a pilgrimage to various countries around the world. Including the Hero Association headquarters.

"If it's the Hero Association headquarters… will the Association President be there too?"

If you were to ask who the most secretive person in the world is, it would be the president of the association.

A character who was not mentioned even once in the game. Aside

from the fact that he was male, nothing was known about his age, name, whereabouts, or military strength.

Rumor has it that he's a monster of a different class… …. Of all the people I've met so far, aren't there few who are normal? At least Geomje acts with common sense.

Mediana Changseong, Jeolgung, Altair. No, except Jeolgung. Anyway, regardless of whether they are good people, they all have a screw loose in them. But if you encounter a monster that is even worse than that.

'… How should I really behave?'

I was getting anxious. I only know one way to deal with Torai. Sashimi. Other than that, I really don't know.

I shook my head slightly. I guess I was just too tired to think straight.

Let's think about it then. I'm already tired and my head is pounding.

I decided to put this little doubt on hold for the time being.

I picked up my phone from the nightstand to skim through the articles as part of my final work. As the days went by, there must have been a lot of articles published about me.

Just now, I saw that all the reporters had eyes shining like animals. The one who got beat up by them was me, Kang Geum-ma.

Even if you sleep, inspection is essential. Now, you can do something about articles that cross the line on your own.

Knock knock.

I touched the LCD. A ray of light dimly illuminated the dark room. I read the article with my eyes narrowed.

『[Exclusive] Sashimi Sword's new nickname is 'Heavenly Sword'.』

『[Photo] Cheongeom Ganggeomma… A prospect of making a mark in history.』

『[Commentary] The new Chilseong is too young. It's time to prove his qualities.』

『[Interview] Immediately after the US President's visit to Korea, "Is this the land of the Heavenly Sword? I really wanted to come and see. He is the hope of humanity."』

"… … ."

I turned off my smartphone and closed my eyes. Everything was dark. Only then did the sleepiness that had been building up pour out like a burst dam. Sleep was sweet.

* * *

[NEW! A surprise quest occurs.]

[The causality will be readjusted due to the previous 1-time use of 'Ring of the Eye'.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Tip: In this surprise quest, you can deduce a clue from one of the three remaining fragments.]

* * *

… I slowly opened my eyes. My vision was blurry, as if there was a film on my eyes.

I slowly blinked my eyelids. I repeated this several times. At the same time, I revived my dulled senses. Then, one by one, my five senses opened and I absorbed the surroundings into my whole body.

A chilly wind brushed my cheek. The smell of the air was foreign. It was spicy and musty. A sensation completely different from the information my body remembered about my dining room.

I could tell that this was not my room even though my vision hadn't fully returned, because the sight I was seeing was unfamiliar.

"… … !?"

The first thing I saw was the horizon. I strained my eyes and opened them. Immediately, an empty wilderness unfolded before me, as if the sky and the earth were completely disconnected.

The bleached lawn swayed like marble, and the tangled remains of flesh and bones dyed it red.

I rolled my eyes and looked around a little more. The bluish sunset covered the scene like crimson silk. I felt a sense of wonder and ecstasy at the same time.

'Where is this…?'

My eyes were filled with confusion once again. My voice was just a wandering thought, unable to be uttered. Moreover, no matter how much I twisted my body, it didn't move. Beyond a feeling of helplessness, emptiness enveloped my entire body.

'Damn, what the hell is this?'

Stripped of my will, I was thrown into a barren wasteland. Colorless debris rose like a mound around me. No matter how hard I tried to figure out what was going on, I couldn't figure it out. The murky scenery continued to disturb my turbid mind.

But one thing is for sure… I am currently in a state of excitement. I even felt a sense of pastoral sentiment in this massacre scene.

That was when.

Sabak.

The faint sound of footsteps, barely audible. My nerves were tense and my ears reacted sensitively.

This time, my body moved against my will. Still, I regained my composure and decided to let myself go with the flow. So my gaze shifted toward the source.

Damn it.

The source of the sound was revealed. It was a human male. He was wearing silver armor that flowed with light, and a matching golden cloak. In his right hand he held a sword that radiated white light.

'… … !'

Soon I burst out in shock without thinking. Have I ever been so surprised? Absolutely not. Never before, never again. Because… … .

Black hair and black makeup.

… I would have been very surprised by that black feature alone. But that didn't matter anymore. From the moment the author's facial features became clearly visible.

Damn it.

A man walks toward me with murderous eyes. A ray of light scatters across the hellish landscape. He comes close and opens his mouth heavily.

"In the end, one way or another, it all comes to this conclusion… … ."

The man looked around the area as if in meditation. There were dirty chunks of flesh strewn about. The stench of blood and flesh filled his nostrils.

The man's eyes, looking at the hell map, sank deeply. At first glance, it looked like he was groaning softly.

Things were quiet for a moment. The man soon broke the silence and called my name.

"…Lycan, you and I truly have a strange fate."

The man's face twisted as if in pain. Yes, that's the face. A face I know all too well. Even though he's gotten younger, the traces of it are clearly visible in his eyes.

My heart was tight. A surging longing shook my soul. But the voice that came out of my mouth was extremely muddy.

“I have waited for you long, mortal. Now is the time to bring an end to this bitter war.”

To the man, no, to you, I say, with an unwanted smile on the corner of my lips.

“It’s just a shame. I’ve crossed swords with you countless times. That’s why I felt closer to you than my brother. Don’t you feel the same way?”

The grip of the man holding the sword tightened. His sword radiated bright energy in all directions.

Then the man answered, in the same low voice that had scolded me.

“It’s a mirror that projects both myself and the other person at the same time. So I can’t help but know. Lycan, your goal isn’t to kill humans. What you’re trying to eliminate is the beings beyond. Aren’t they the ‘heavenly beings’ that bestow protection on humans?”

I chuckled. I opened my hand wide and then closed it again.

Crackling… …!

A wall of force burst out from the space he was holding, and soon took the shape of a sword.

Crunch-

I swung my sword wrapped in lightning absentmindedly. The mountain range that had risen to the west disappeared. It was literally in the blink of an eye. The sun set behind the eroded mountain range.

I say this with a calm expression.

“To know that much, it’s truly a shame to be mortal. However, it is beautiful and wonderful. That’s why I think I can shake off those arrogant guys who think the conflict between the demons and humans is just a game.”

“… … .”

“So, get rid of me and climb the first step. Wait for a long time in the future. Then, the one who will punish the heavenly beings will come.”

“Is this really the only way?”

“Don’t look at the present, but look forward to the future. If you do, the one who will punish the heavenly beings will come from the distant past.”

“Then… Lycan, I will subdue you here and now.”

I smiled at that declaration.

“As a demon, I will destroy mortals. And at this moment, I acknowledge you, a mere human, as my only rival and friend.”

Finally, she says the man’s name.

“Come, Balor Joaquin, the mighty one.”

The man’s eyes gleamed black. The sunset of Gehenna broke beneath the horizon. The twilight of the magic realm was a deep blue.

The man took a step forward. He wanted to strike down the evil that was inhabiting his disciple.

He is coming.

My teacher, the hero of the poem.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 206

Episode 206 Traces (2)

I think I was around seventeen. Of course, this is not about the present, but a story from a previous life.

anyway.

I was lost. But my wandering was only as mild as skipping school. Since I am not good at doing evil things, there is no alternative term for ‘wandering’.

I know it’s too late to be wandering. But in other words, at an age when the storm is at its peak, I’ve calmed down the raging storm.

At that time, I was living my teenage years, pretending to be an adult and killing my teenage emotions. Pretending to be mature, pretending to be indifferent. It was a boyhood filled with ‘pretending’. All the way until I graduated from middle school.

The reason was the house. The environment of our house that I remember was the worst. Even if you look at it optimistically, it is hard to deny that it was trash.

I will skip the detailed explanation. I have no desire to bring up the past, which is too horrible to even remember. Besides, there is nothing more boring than hearing such dirty family history. But if I must elaborate… … .

The life of a bottomless pit that some people imagine. You can think of it as having dug through that hole. If they were simply poor, I

would understand, but how much worse it was. Even if the class society and the devil were in power, it would be better than that.

The shadow of civilized society is darker than the devil's realm.

Anyway, because of that ridiculous family, I ran away from home on the day of my middle school graduation. I felt like I couldn't stay in that corner of the house any longer. I ran away from home. To be exact, I left home, not like a typical runaway.

I wandered the streets like that. I finally left home, but there was no place to go. I was too old to seek shelter, and I had no relatives to rely on.

There was no money, no way to make money. This was because Korea strictly prohibited economic activity by youth.

I felt like I was being kicked out by everyone. Even though I hadn't complained or done anything childish, the world wasn't kind to me at all.

Because of this, my mind became increasingly empty, and I even lost the meaning of life. And it was around that time that I met my teacher.

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'… What are you doing out there, young man, getting drenched in the rain?'

A man approached me as I was crouching in a back alley, smoking a cigarette. His left sleeve was flapping helplessly in the wind and rain.

The man tilted the umbrella he was holding in his right hand forward slightly. Only then did the torrential rain that had been mercilessly beating my face stop its violence.

I looked up at the man from afar. Then I spoke in a cold, spitting

voice.

‘What are you talking about, old fart? If you’re going to make some kind of melodrama, go somewhere else. Don’t pick on people who are doing well alone.’

The sharp attitude I had was a kind of defense mechanism. Even though I knew the other person had no malicious intentions, I was still on guard at that time.

‘Look at this guy. He looks like a fish completely drowning in water, and his eyes are glaring. Well, at least his eyes are filled with poison.’

The man looking down at me made a funny expression. He smiled brightly and replied,

‘And by the way, if you’re going to talk so loudly, at least make some noise in your stomach. How loud does it have to be for it to be heard inside the store? I’ve never heard such a loud rumbling sound before.’

‘…store?’

The man nodded and pointed to the brick wall I was leaning against.

‘The place you built your nest next to me. That’s my store.’

A sign caught my eye. ‘Busan Night Sea.’ It was a rather tacky name.

‘Why aren’t there any customers today?’

Looking at the store name, it doesn’t seem like it’s because of me that business is bad…

‘If you keep sitting there and killing people, you won’t be able to do business, so go somewhere else.’

He said that and then turned around.

Thud thud.

The heavy raindrops struck me again. The heavy rain made circular furrows and splashed water.

Police station.

The man took a few steps, then sighed. Then he looked over his shoulder and spoke to me.

‘And Inma, relax your eyes. If you look at the eyes, there’s a man here who’s been wielding a knife for 20 years, and you look better at stabbing people.’

‘… You old man, are you good at holding a knife?’

‘A swordsman is a swordsman.’

I looked closely at the man’s attire. He was neatly ironed in a pure white top and bottom. He had a navy blue apron tied around his waist, and anyone could tell that he was a Japanese chef.

The man said, tilting his head.

‘Anyway, if you’re going to interfere with my business, then go quickly. Or, you could go to the store and take shelter from the rain. I don’t want to clean up a corpse that’s swollen from the rain tomorrow.’

‘… … .’

‘And I’m going to have to do some business today anyway. Bringing in a beggar won’t make a difference.’

I stared at the back of the man and then got up. Before I knew it, my steps were following his.

The man had a faint smile on his lips. Then he opened the store door.

That day, he might have opened up more to me.

…or maybe you just got a new worker to work at.

It’s not that that gentleman was constantly verbally abusive to me.

‘Because of you, the sea bream became a complete rag! Do you know how much this fish is worth? Apologize to the fish that died because

of you. I'm sorry for killing it twice because of my lack of skills.'

'Didn't I tell you not to hold the knife like that, huh?! Look. I told you to place your index finger straight up on the sashimi blade! That way, the meat will be cut evenly, you punk!'

'Why does a child with two hands wield a sword so clumsily than I, who only has one? If you're going to wield it like that, donate it to me!'

'You seem to be feeling arrogant these days because customers are complimenting you. You should be humble at times like that. Don't you know the saying that rice becomes more tender as it ripens? Keep in mind that the world of sashimi is endless.'

There was a time when I couldn't stand the constant nagging and talked back.

'My ears are bleeding! And every time you call me, I'm kid, I'm inma, I'm inma. Why do you call me that when you're just my name?'

'You've been with me for two months and you still call me an old fart. What kind of nonsense is this, that you can do it but I can't?'

'Then what do you call me other than 'old fart'? Should I call you by your name?'

'Isn't there a better expression for teacher?'

'… The teacher is a plague.'

'Heh heh, you little punk, this. Put the shutter down now. Today, I'm going to give you your belly instead of the fish belly.'

'Police officer! There's a former gangster here who's arresting people… …!'

The repetition of each noisy day. It was early winter, almost a year since I started spending time with him.

The boss asked me out of the blue.

‘Don’t you feel wronged?’

The boss didn’t look at me. He was looking at the students walking down the street.

‘Unfair? What? The boss is exploiting me for little pay?’

‘What’s the point of just using formal language? You’re still eating like a brat. Don’t you want to wear a uniform and go to school like them and live a normal life? That’s right.’

I tilted my head. Then I answered while finishing sweeping the front of the store with the broom.

‘What’s there to feel wronged about? They and I just live in different worlds.’

The boss’s expression became slightly sad at my words. Then he spoke sternly.

‘You are just an ordinary teenager with equal rights.’

‘You said to drink alcohol in broad daylight? Why are you saying something like that all of a sudden?’

‘You should definitely go to school later. Whether it’s college, graduate school, or an academy.’

‘Suddenly? No, and I only have a middle school education, so I can’t go to college, and I’m not interested in studying anyway.’

‘How to meet people and build bonds. That’s something you can only learn by mixing with friends your own age. Especially for someone as socially unskilled as you.’

‘… … .’

‘If you really want to go to school… I will force you to go.’

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I think I just figured it out now.

“Come, Balor Joaquin.”

I wonder what the boss meant by that.

“After I kill Lycan, try to preserve humanity. If you do, you will become the progenitor of all heroes.”

* * *

Two beings walk through the wide-open magic realm of Gehenna, each holding a sword pointed at the other.

Woohoo… … .

As the air shook, a sound like the howling of an animal was heard. The son-in-law shivered at the two transcendental presences, as if they were a sign of the clash between light and darkness.

Kwarrrrung!

The moment the lightning struck, Lycan moved. The ground shattered and burst. With an explosive leap, he closed the distance with Balor Joaquin in an instant.

The Lycan, who was clinging close, swung a lightning sword. A bright yellow trajectory aimed for the human’s throat. A mortal’s reaction was so incredible that he couldn’t even react normally. It wasn’t a metaphor, but every movement of the Lycan was lightning itself.

But Balor’s eyes moved exactly along that trajectory. His senses, heightened to the limit, were close to precognition.

In that fleeting moment when time had lost its meaning, Balor raised his sword, Gram.

Black and white, white and black. Two opposing qualities collided at one point.

Beep- Instead of a loud noise, a white noise erupted. The sound lost its function and concept due to the incredible impact.

He twisted his waist as he struck the ball. The great sword Gram swung around caught the light. It was as if the space was being eaten away by the lines of light.

Lycan naturally used lightning magic to defend and counterattack the eerie movement of the blade. Lightning began to crash down to the ground.

“Chain Lightning.”

The thunder claps again. From now on, it’s the realm of instinct. You have to suppress your judgment and react as your body leads you.

Balor’s sword slashed away the lightning. A few slashes of lightning tore through the air. Then, the lightning sword clashed with the spirit sword Gram. The two transcendent beings trampled the pavement, melting red beneath their feet.

Lycan pulled his sword back briefly and then thrust it in. An attack that forced a counterattack rather than a defense. Balor held his breath and raised his right hand. A pillar of light shot up from below. The sword energy that stretched out with a force that pierced the sky soon cut through the clouds.

The two transcendent beings exchanged attacks and defenses in place. That was all. With just that, the whole area was turned into a wasteland. The axis of the earth was misaligned and tilted to one side like a seesaw.

Lycan was impressed. Wasn’t this really a thing too precious to be kept as a mortal? Above all, that firm resolve and strong strength. It felt like his own arm would stiffen as he attacked.

This thing was something beyond common sense. Lycan felt awe and let out even more terrifying lightning strikes.

“Lightning Punishment.”

Kwarung! Kwarung! Kurururung!

Lightning continued to strike. Hundreds, thousands, hundreds of millions of… flashes of yellow, almost red, flashed through the air. The blood and flesh that covered the entire surrounding area turned into ashes and scattered.

Balor swung his right arm horizontally. The pure white waves swallowed countless electric shocks. Amidst the chaotic interlocking, Balor drew his dragon power again. Then he lowered his sword.

Crunch!

A pure white beam of light brushed past Lycan's shoulder. The area next to his feet shimmered transparently like a haze. Balor's sword strike had created a vacuum. The air that had been filled with magical power had become a vacuum, and an empty echo lingered.

The Lycan's expression became blank. For a moment he felt a chill, but then he burst into a frenzy like a madman.

"As expected. It's just a shame that even you, someone like you, can't become a warrior."

"… … ."

"But now it's time to see the liver."

A green light leaked out from the Lycan's eyes. Balor declared as he aimed his blade at the Lycan.

"Let's see the end, Lycan."

The smoke rising from Balor's left arm consumed his arm muscles and bones. The Lycan's pupils constricted.

"His power is so great that even your own body, Balor Joaquin, cannot withstand it. It is truly a great and cruel power. But show me."

Balor looked at his crumbling left arm with a calm expression. He thought. One arm. It was a very cheap price for the power he could use.

Lycan said, his voice full of frenzy.

“The power to defy the heavens and even cut down the gods.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 207

Episode 207 Traces (3)

There was a man. He was dull. He was not good at anything. The elders of the village thought he would become a worthless man.

However, there seemed to be something indescribable in the man's eyes, which were so cold that it was scary. The black eyes and hair added to the ominousness. The adults avoided him, coughing loudly.

Even under the harsh glare, the man remained silent. Even though he plowed the garden, the harvest was poor. He only picked the rotten and rotten fruits. He could not do anything properly. So he had no choice but to eat the village's common food. He also killed time.

Years passed. When the man was approaching boyhood, the adults called him. And they laid out weapons of various kinds: swords, spears, bows, and blunt weapons.

The old woman nodded at the man, gesturing for him to choose one of the items. The man stared at her for a moment, then reached out his hand.

The weapon the man chose was a sword. There was no particular reason for it. It was simply not bad, that was all. Not knowing how this choice would change his future, or even the future of humanity.

Soon, the man was dragged into battle, holding only a sword. This was not his own will. It was the Empire's conscription order.

The Great War of Inma broke out suddenly. So at that time, the

empire gathered young men from each village. This was to form an army.

The village elders secretly discussed the matter and then sent the man to the front lines. He was an orphan and a dullard, so he had nothing to lose.

But the man did not resent the village. To be honest, he did not feel any emotion at all. In this way, all of the man's thoughts and actions were completely devoid of 'will'. For that reason, the village considered him dull and, sorry to say, expected him to die soon.

But everyone's expectations were pleasantly wrong.

The man stood out on the battlefield. He wasn't just outstanding. He was so powerful that the situation would turn around as soon as he showed up. He was truly an overwhelming force.

The man's movements were as smooth as flowing water, but as violent as a disaster. Every time he swung his sword, the ranks of the Demon King's army were shattered. The battlefield he passed through was always covered in a bloody fog. The enemy's blood was a bloody mess.

During the dozen years of war, the man grew stronger by the day. His strength approached that of a god, as if there were no limits.

The man began to have followers. As time passed, he soon gained countless followers.

He selected seven of them and made them his disciples. They were the seven heroes who later became the ancestors of the Seven Star Heroes.

In the end, the man who was called a dullard became the hope of humanity. On the contrary, the Demon King's army both hated and feared him.

Humans and demons alike spoke of men as beings favored by heaven.

The man did not agree with this. He was a dullard. He was only using a very small part of the power he had been given, like a needle.

Moreover, some of that power was not easy to control and manifest. The man realized. There was no one else who was more suitable for this job than himself… … .

* * *

Lycan raised his magical power to the max.

This is the Demon Realm of Gehenna. Magic power is scattered everywhere. Since it can be supplied infinitely, Lycan can draw out a huge amount of magic power in an instant.

On the other hand, the environment of the Demon Realm was toxic to humans. It was normal for people to collapse and foam at the mouth from this concentrated magic power. But… … .

Phew.

The darkness deepens. The light also scatters. The ever-rising darkness is met with divine energy.

Lycan looked at the greenish-green eyes flowing before him. The human with the sword walked briskly. Lycan shuddered.

Even in the face of infinite magic power, even in the face of oneself capable of wiping out half of humanity.

Balor Joaquin never flinched. He never used his strength. There was no ‘will’ behind his actions. He simply approached his enemies.

This part was infinitely similar to ‘him’. If that’s the case, then that man was no different from a demigod.

“How does it feel to be chosen by Him?”

Lycan raised the corners of his mouth in delight. Balor dismissed him as he walked along with a stomping pace.

“You can’t tell if you look. In the end, one of my arms is being swallowed up. I wasn’t chosen. I was just born with this damn curse.”

“ha ha ha!”

Lycan laughed out loud. Thunder cracked. Lightning swept around him as if sweeping the area. Lycan said.

“Do you know that? Demons and humans are essentially the same kind. I have seen countless evil deeds of humans during the war. Sometimes, your darkness is even greater than that of the Demons. Isn’t darkness and light just a thin sheet of paper apart?”

“I have never seen a demon do a good deed.”

Lycan burst into laughter again. The entire area vibrated slightly.

“Balor Joaquin, you are truly a man who is more interesting to talk to the more I talk to you. It is a pity that today is the last day we have the chance to talk to you.”

“Don’t worry, Lycan. If you go to Hell, the dead demons will be your companions.”

Balor then charged at Lycan. With just one leap. Lycan was unable to respond to the leap.

A shocking speed that trampled even lightning. The spirit sword Gram released a long beam of light.

Crunch!

In the blink of an eye, a bloodline appeared on Lycan’s left arm. Before his arm could fall, Balor swung his sword low. Aiming for the leg. But this time, Lycan reacted.

Kookookookookook!

Thousands of lightning bolts crashed into the ground, crushing it in a wide area. Balor sprang into action. He swung his sword and cut through the lightning bolts. His arms and legs moved faster than lightning. At first glance, it seemed as if causality had been reversed.

The flash of blue light completely blocked out his entire vision. The roar of sound tore through his eardrums and soaked Balor’s earlobes with blood. Meanwhile, hundreds of millions of brain bars flew in again.

Balor frowned. The ceaseless lightning strike was irritating. He was barely avoiding it, but it would be endless if things continued this way.

‘then.’

The next moment, Balor’s left arm burned faster. Balor raised his sword Gram without changing his expression. The lightning slashed through the air.

There was a sound of something shattering. The rugged mountain ranges were melting like icebergs. It was an incident caused by the sword of the spirit, Gram. Balor’s sword strike, which had been swift to begin with, was now meaningless to follow with the eyes.

Kurururururung.

A steady raindrop began to fall. The red rain, slippery like oil, covered the road. Nevertheless, the humans and mines continued to attack with a fierce spirit.

Here and there, black spheres the color of oil appeared in the air. The flow of space and time became entangled in a battle that transcended the dimension of physics.

The demon screams. Thud thud. Masses fall from the sky. A procession of death caused by the two transcendent beings.

At that moment, Balor lowered his eyes. His burned left arm was soon reduced to a bare bone. His eyebrows furrowed.

‘There is not much time.’

If things continued like this, the smoke would spread to the legs. Losing mobility was a turning point that would greatly tilt the situation. The odds of defeat were becoming more certain.

‘See the end.’

Balor bent his waist and stepped back with his right foot. The sword on his left arm hung limply down. Two wisps of natural flowers emerged from his shadowed face and trailed out.

Lycan had a feeling as he watched him. This would be the end of this fight.

The raindrops gradually grew heavier. The shattered magic mirror distorted time and space even in the midst of the chaos.

==========

explosion.

The new form of Balor is in disarray.

* * *

The Lycan staggered and his waist and legs were separated. His upper body rolled to a stop on the floor. The lightning passed through the air, leaving behind only a small spark before disappearing.

Eventually, Lycan's gaze reached the sky. The sun setting in the west was split in half. The earth was still boiling like lava.

Lycan just rolled his eyes to the side. The victor of the bloody battle, the human, was standing. However, he was completely bruised and barely able to stand up.

Balor kept spitting out blood. He was injured all over his body.

He wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. Then he staggered forward. He dug the tip of his sword into the ground and used the spirit sword Gram as a cane.

Balor, who had come close to the Lycan, looked down at him. The blood that had pooled on his chin dripped down onto the Lycan's face. His breathing was muddy, his complexion was pale, and his body was in a state that was nothing more than a rag.

Still, Balor stands on the ground. His eyes are cool and unwavering. He has the demeanor of a clear winner.

The lycan slurred and opened his mouth.

"… This… This. Even you… can't fully use that power… … ."

Balor remained silent with a blank expression. The lycan's eyes slowly turned gray-white.

"… That… Right. That's right… If it's not to this extent… then the end of this world… I won't be able to stop it."

"Just ask one thing."

"Balor," said the man, his voice worn and rusty.

"The Demon King's Army, the person you're talking about. And at the same time, where is the person who gave me this damn power?"

Lycan smiled faintly at his words.

"He alone destroyed all the gods. This world, feeling threatened by this, expelled him from here. That is why he is no longer in the same place as us. So why do you ask that?"

"I intend to find you and kill you. If you are the master of Lycan, you are an enemy of humanity. Furthermore, since you placed this curse on me, I must pay the price accordingly. Even if you are a being that slaughtered the gods."

It was a blasphemous thing for a Lycan. But his smile actually deepened.

"It's funny. It's very funny, but you can't kill him. Only a warrior can face him. Don't you know that, Balor Joaquin? If you want to see him, I can tell you how."

At that moment, Balor's expressionless face changed. Seeing his pupils dilate, Lycan answered the question very slowly.

"Use the ring of the evil eye you received from Ouroboros. Then, you will be able to reach where he is."

"Lycan, why are you telling me everything?"

"That is a foolish question. As I said, I have accepted you as a friend. That is why I am speaking."

“… … .”

“The demons kill humans. We have no regrets or mercy for that. That is the unchangeable order of things. However, who established that justice? Perhaps we are just soldiers who are being played by the tricks of a higher being.”

Balor Joaquin sighed and asked again.

“How do I find him after using the Ring of Evil?”

“This is also a foolish question. Isn’t it something you humans do every day, worshipping false gods and praying for them? But what about the true absolute being? If you sincerely pray to see him, he will come to you.”

Lycan, who had taken a deep breath, uttered his last words.

“Go on a journey to follow his footsteps, and it will begin with my death. Now, you do what you must do, Balor Joaquin.”

Balor quietly raised his sword in the opposite direction. A quiet thud followed. It was the sound of the war’s end.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 208

Episode 208 Choice and Giving Up

[The quest for the causality gap caused by the use of the ‘Ring of the Eye’ has been completed.]

[The past history has been slightly readjusted due to the aftermath of Jaejong.]

[Additionally, we discovered the ‘place’ where the fifth fragment is located.]

[【???】 The fifth location of the fragment is… … .]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[… The area near the Gehenna Gate of the Demonic Realm.]

[The fairy tale rate and the three ‘levels’ have increased significantly.]

[In addition, the proficiency of ‘Protection of Tea Power’ has also increased.]

[※A new ability of Cha-Ryuk has been unlocked.]

* * *

The moment my eyes opened, the status window notified me of new news before I could even come to my senses.

“Damn, head… Give me some time to cool down.”

I covered my throbbing forehead and nervously turned off the status window. A low groan escaped me as the headache persisted for several minutes.

Thanks to my mental toughness, I am usually immune to such shocks. However, this phenomenon caused me to panic. My head was completely tangled with too much information.

“I’m so tired I can’t even sleep properly for four days… … .”

A harsh curse rolled around in my mouth. My body was already exhausted. How dare they thrust a scene from history into me like that.

Even just looking at it makes my head tingle. No, rather than seeing it, I experienced it. I went into the body of the 1st Corps Commander Lycan and actually fought him. Maybe it’s because of the feeling I got from that time, but the feeling in my fingertips is still tingly.

I stared at my palm with blank eyes. Even now, if I were to cast an electric spell, it felt like an electric current would fly out. That much, the sense of unity with 1st Corps Commander Lycan was unpleasantly clear.

“As if we were ‘one body’ from the beginning… … .”

I quickly went to the bathroom and rinsed my face with cold water. Then I looked up and stared into the mirror.

I, with black hair and eyes, am reflected in the image of Kanggeomma. Black features that I thought were unique to this world.

When I asked Weapon about it, he said that he had never seen black eyes or black hair before. That’s why he was scared when he first saw it. In short, he felt something similar to cosmic horror. To that extent, this black appearance was a feature that set it apart from this world.

“Well, since their characteristics are so uniquely different, I firmly believed that they were cousins.”

The only black saint in this world, Yu Se-in. She is also an extraordinary person. She is deeply connected to the status window, and she revealed herself as a window for communicating with ‘foreign news’.

I guess in this world, those with ‘black physical characteristics’ are those associated with that foreign god. At first, I thought it was a hasty guess. However, the quest just now added credibility to this guess.

I swept the damp mirror. I quietly chewed on the name of the person whose face looked vaguely similar to this one.

“Balor Joaquin.”

My first teacher was the hero of the poem. The reason I have a headache is probably because of the shock of this fact. As his disciple, I have never experienced such a twist. And that is not all.

The power that the Master displayed while burning his left arm was clearly the ‘protection of the swordsman.’

Aren’t I the current owner of that protection? With overwhelming speed and swordsmanship that can even cut through magic. There is no room for doubt. The protection of the swordsman was certain.

The dizziness that was coming back started to prickle my head.

“Damn, how the hell did things go wrong.”

The previous manifestation of my protection, he came to the Earth where I live using the ‘Ring of the Demon Eye’. After that, I, your disciple, fell into this world.

It seems too suspicious to be coincidence, but it’s also strange to say it was inevitable.

When we first met, didn’t the Master try to kick me out? If he had come looking for me, he would have welcomed me with open arms. Instead of treating me so coldly and unkindly, he would have welcomed me with open arms.

And above all, the gap between meeting the Master and coming here is so long.

Even during those twenty years, I wasn't with him, but wandered here and there. 'Miracle of Protection M' also started by chance.

You made a grand plan that lasted 20 years? If all of this was planned, then that gentleman is a god. However, the teacher I remember was definitely not a meticulous person.

I know this well, having worked with that man for five years. A gentleman who couldn't even choose the menu for dinner that day, could have come up with this idea? That's ridiculous. That gentleman was a total idiot except for using a knife and teaching.

'If by any chance that gentleman planned everything… that's questionable in its own way.'

Could it be that this is the person that 1st Corps Commander Lycan was looking for?

At that moment.

"Ugh."

A sharp pain that makes your head spin like a spinning wheel. It is similar to the pain that occurs when you activate the 'Protection of the Sword God' without the 'Protection of Painlessness'. As if telling you not to hear any more about this matter.

Artificial forces block the flow of thought like a dam.

"Fuck, really."

I spat out a curse and rubbed my face again. Then I dragged my tired body and sat down on the windowsill, unsteady.

Outside, it was still noisy and tumultuous. It was the afterglow of the succession ceremony. Thanks to that, the Joaquin Academy had an unexpectedly festive atmosphere.

"I, the person involved, am in a mess, but people's faces look so

relaxed.”

Even though I was grumbling like this, a real smile came to my mind. It was because I suddenly remembered what my teacher had said.

‘You, go to school, you must.’

The words my teacher said to me whenever he had the chance. I could tell without even asking that they were heartfelt words.

I belong to your great legacy now. And his legacy was now filled with many people and devastation.

Perhaps the school life that the gentleman told me about was similar to mine.

As I was looking out the window, frost formed on the window. The night air seemed very chilly.

“It’s getting colder now.”

From now on, I will be busy with construction as Chilseong. In addition, I have to visit Gehenna Gate to find the fifth fragment. So until then, there was only one thing I had to do for the time being: get enough rest.

I jumped down from the windowsill and threw myself onto the bed, hoping to catch up on the sleep I had lost.

* * *

A walking path within the Academy grounds. A place where there was no sound, unlike the bustling city center. Someone was walking along this winding path filled with silence.

“Whew- It’s a bit difficult when there are a lot of people.”

Abel wiped the sweat that had formed on his forehead. Still, the cool night breeze cooled the sweat. After that, she looked around to gauge her current location.

“Here.”

Permanent streetlights and benches installed intermittently. This was where I first met Kang Geum-ma.

It seems that he had continued to walk while avoiding people and ended up in this deserted place. Abel let out a moment of laughter.

I was just walking aimlessly, but the place I came to was the place where I first saw Kanggeomma. When I think about what day it was today, it was quite an odd coincidence.

… or maybe it was not a coincidence, but an unconscious wind that led my steps here.

Abel shook his head. His face was burning hot. He calmed his heart that was pounding without any warning and sat down on the bench. This place was suspiciously deserted. Even if he came, it would only be him or Kanggeomma.

‘Just in case.’

Abel sat down on the corner of the bench instead of in the middle. He took a breather in that position. After being hit by people for several hours since the afternoon, his mental strength was no joke.

She is the type of person who doesn’t get tired even if she swings her sword all day long. However, when she gets caught up in a crowd, her stamina drains away like a lie.

Still, breathing in the fresh night air seemed to recharge his exhausted mind and body. Only then did Abel unpack and organize the bundle of thoughts he had been holding in.

“Geumma, he’s become the new Chilseong Hero.”

Half a day has passed, but it still doesn’t feel real. At the beginning of the first semester, the shock of seeing that the kid who seemed so innocent was the top student in his class was fleeting. Soon, he became a supernova in the hero world as a cadet.

In the beginning, I tried to narrow the gap with Kanggeomma. However, at some point, I began to acknowledge and accept his abilities. It was around that time that I felt a great debt and gratitude

to him.

Abel's father Orion rescues Nibelung, and at the same time subdues the S-class demon beast Draugr.

This fact was also announced today through the mouth of Grandfather Geumje. The reporters were frantically typing on their keyboards at the unexpected food. They used their own techniques to preach the achievements of Ganggeomma.

『Heavenly Sword, Ganggeomma. Is he truly a god?』

In less than half a day, the Internet was filled with stories about 'Ganggeomma'. Among them, the most common story was about tinnitus.

Heavenly Sword.

The sword that came down from heaven, the sword that cuts the heavens, the sword that embraces the heavens. It is a nickname that can be interpreted in many ways.

It was also enough to stir up a heated debate. Some people started petty arguments like, "You're arrogant," "Who are you? A heavenly sword?", "If sashimi is a heavenly sword, is Chinese food a space sword?"

Most people were crazy about that nickname. The reason was simple. It was cool. It was easy to say and resonated with everyone.

In addition, the fact that it can be interpreted in multiple ways means that it has good expandability. How should I put it? Should I say that just the nickname alone makes me anticipate his future actions?

'It's much better than Grandpa's tinnitus.'

Even from the perspective of Abel, Siegfried's granddaughter, it was a 'heavenly sword' rather than a 'sword of the sword'.

Emperor of Swords? The nickname, which had a strong institutional feel, seemed slightly anachronistic.

On the other hand, Cheongeom… … . Honestly, I was thrilled when I first saw him. As a fellow swordsman, he was so cool that I was jealous. Regardless of that jealousy, there was no one who suited him better than Kanggeomma.

“If you keep your distance like this, what are the people chasing you supposed to do?”

A smile appeared on Abel’s lips, even as he whined softly. The jealous girl of the past was gone, and she was just feeling resentful that she had taken her grandfather’s place.

While Abel was feeling such pure joy, the sound of footsteps came closer.

She turned her head reflexively. Black eyes fell into her sight. Abel’s face flushed pink, like a puppy that sensed its owner’s presence. However, it didn’t take two seconds for the emotional color to completely fade away.

“Oh, you… … .”

Abel’s voice became dull. As if the tail that had been wagging was drying up, disappointment poured into his voice.

At this, the owner of the footsteps smiled with one corner of his mouth raised. It was Yoo Se-in.

“Isn’t it too obvious that you’re disappointed?”

Se-in’s one word hit the nail on the head. Abel’s eyes trembled slightly.

When she looked visibly embarrassed, Se-in narrowed his eyes. Then he spoke in a sly tone.

“I’m joking.”

“… … .”

Se-in naturally took the seat next to her. Then she spoke like a fortune teller.

“You should practice acting a bit, sir. If you act so obviously, you’ll be a perfect victim in this day and age. And since your face is so innocent, it’s even worse.”

Abel felt a strong sense of foreboding for a moment. It was like deja vu. It felt like he had experienced a similar situation before.

‘By the way, how did that guy know I was here?’

I had just passed it by when I was at the training ground before, but when I thought about it again, it was strange. Whenever I thought about Kanggeomma or something, Se-in would appear like a ghost. It was like he could see right through people.

As Abel’s doubts grew, Sein added, as if to cut her off from her thoughts.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Suddenly? What… … ?”

“Nothing much. I was just curious what you think of my cousin, Ganggeomma. Do you have any personal feelings or something?”

Abel bit his lower lip. Then he nodded and spoke softly.

“huh.”

Se-in is a distant relative of Kang Geum-ma. If he can’t be honest with her, who can he be honest with? Since it’s come to this, he should at least be honest with Se-in. Abel made a promise to himself.

“Hmm. It’s a bit surprising that you’re being more honest than I thought.”

Se-in looked at her with a weary gaze. The eyes of a mother-in-law observing her prospective daughter-in-law.

“… But if we go further from here, this world itself will become too dangerous.”

Abel instinctively gulped. Then, Sein smiled faintly and opened his

mouth.

“Do you know what a balance game is?”

“So, you’re choosing one of the two options?”

“How about a game?”

“… … ?”

Again, all of a sudden like this? Abel’s face was filled with even more absurdity than before.

Abel was momentarily taken aback by the rambling suggestion, but he nodded obediently. Looking into those deep black eyes, his head moved on its own.

“Then let’s start right away.”

“Ah, uh uh.”

Abel agreed without thinking. Se-in threw out the topic without hesitation.

“If you and Kanggeomma are connected, this world will end. Then what will you do?”

Abel’s expression changed strangely. Sein continued without changing his expression at all.

“It continues, or you give up cleanly. Decide.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 209

Episode 209 My own little classroom (1)

The saint said.

“If you had to choose between the two, which one would you choose?”

“… … ?”

Abel’s head suddenly went blank. What is a balance game? When two choices have equal value, you have no choice but to choose one. In short, if the balance is not right, the game itself cannot be successful.

however.

Connecting with the Strong Sword Horse vs. World Destruction

If that had been Abel’s original personality, he might have frowned and said something.

The value of one side was overwhelmingly greater… Rather than that, the results were just too different. From here, it completely deviated from the essence of a balanced game.

But that wasn’t what left Abel speechless. It was more that the latter option was so ominous.

The end of the world.

In this world overrun by demons and beasts, the power of that word is strong. In fact, 700 years ago, humanity once faced the threat of

extinction.

People don't even utter that blasphemous word in jest.

They say words become seeds. It is a world where unknown powers such as magic and protection run rampant. People here believed that even a single word could have power. Abel was one of them.

Sein blurted it out as a balancing game. No matter how much fun it was, this just didn't feel right. But… … .

The eyes of the person looking at him were deeply sunken. They were infinitely serious. Abel's mind went blank at the look in his eyes that seemed to indicate that he was not joking.

"… … ."

Silence engulfed the surroundings. After a while, Se-in smiled faintly. She shook off her seat and got up.

"I can see how much you love my cousin. If you're even considering the option of world destruction."

Abel thought to himself at Se-in's words. Was the brief silence a misunderstanding? Was he thinking that seriously? Abel hesitated simply because his lips did not part.

However, it seems that Sein misunderstood that Abel wanted to be connected to Kanggeomma despite the 'destruction of the world'. It was a mistake, not a mistake.

Abel tried to protest, but the other person spoke faster. Sein said with a smile.

"If you feel that way, I'll do my best too, so that the world doesn't end. Well… I'll have to pay a big price from the 'higher-ups,' but in the end, my destiny is the happiness of the 'being from outside.'"

Abel had no idea what Se-in was talking about. A superior? An outsider? Happiness? He guessed that Se-in belonged to some group, and that was the only vague interpretation. He still didn't know the rest.

‘And why are you suddenly saying this to me?’

Abel felt uneasy at the tone of voice that seemed to be speaking in a somewhat rambling manner. It was as if he was someone who had poured out everything and was leaving a will.

So Abel stammered and asked again, his tongue rolling around in his mouth.

“Okay, okay, wait a minute. I’m saying this because there’s no context. What did you just say?”

Sein answered Abel’s words with a slight smile.

“You will find out soon enough. Originally, it would have been better for you not to know, but the circumstances have become quite complicated. So, it has become inevitable, inevitable for you to know.”

“… … ?!”

After saying those words, Se-in continued walking. Suddenly, he went back the way he came.

Abel tried to stretch out his arm to grab it, but he couldn’t. He felt an eerie, almost terrifying aura.

She lifted her head. The stars that decorated the dark sky were gleaming like sharp eyes. And where their eyes were focused, there was a person walking.

In Abel’s eyes, it seemed as if Se-in was bearing all of those gazes. At that scene, Abel was suddenly overcome with sadness and pity.

“Yusein, what secrets do you and Kang Geumma’s family have… … .”

Abel muttered, not knowing what kind of future the trivial conversation just now would bring.

* * *

At the same time, at a hotel near Joaquin Academy.

The palace stood by the window that spanned the entire wall. The spacious hotel room that could easily accommodate dozens of people was a place reserved just for that one person.

Jeolgung held his backpack with one hand and drank a glass of whiskey with the other.

“Did his persuasion fail, Hina?”

Saki Hina’s eyelids fluttered behind the archer’s back.

“… Yes. I’m sorry for disappointing you.”

Saki Hina cleared her throat and barely managed to continue speaking.

“Master Cheongeom Ganggeomma is too mature, not only physically but also mentally. I couldn’t influence him in the slightest with my protection. It seems impossible to persuade Master Cheongeom through external means… … .”

Saki Hina pretended to be calm while speaking. In reality, her legs were shaking so much that it was difficult for her to even stand.

“Okay, go out and see.”

Hina’s face became trembling at the sound of the royal wedding. Given her father’s personality, it wouldn’t have been strange if he had said a few chilling words.

“Oh, I understand, Prime Minister. Good night.”

Anxiety, doubt, and nervousness rose up in her at the same time, but Hina bowed her head. Then she quickly left the room.

The spacious hotel room suddenly became empty. Jeolgung took a sip of whiskey while looking out the window. Then, perhaps because of the aftertaste of the alcohol, he opened his mouth bitterly.

“How long are you going to stay hidden?”

As soon as he finished speaking, a lump of shadow fell gently from

the ceiling. The lump slowly took on a human form and laughed heartily.

“Haha, I used the ‘Protection of the Crow’ to its limit, but you noticed right away. Your Majesty is different, after all. If I had stayed any longer without telling you, you might have gotten shot in the forehead with an arrow.”

The lord of the Auditores, Al’Tair. He approached, brushing his beard. The archer chewed and spat coldly.

“Someone you know well has come to my room without permission. Are you too old to discern right from wrong?”

Even considering his status, the attitude of the palace was quite arrogant. Moreover, Al’Tair was seven or eight years older than the palace, and he was not far behind in terms of status. After all, he was the head of the Shadow House.

This kind of condescension from the palace was clearly rude, but the master just laughed. After all, he was the one who had sneaked in in the first place.

“I would appreciate it if you could be generous and understand that this is my custom as an assassin.”

Although his tone was polite, Al’Tair scratched his chin. Jeolgung narrowed his eyebrows.

“If a custom goes too far, it will be judged. Let’s stop small talk and ask why you came to me. Is it an order from Senior Siegfried?”

“Your Majesty, it seems you have made a great mistake. Our Auditore is a family of order. We are not a group that moves according to someone’s orders, but a group that makes our own decisions and moves.”

“Then tell me why you dared to invade the bedroom of a head of state at this hour of the night. You’ll have to be careful with your tongue. If you don’t want this to turn into a big problem.”

The threatening words of the chief priest Saki Kojima. The

benevolent smile that had been on the corner of the head of the household's mouth disappeared.

"Rumor has it that His Majesty is trying to overthrow the Hero Association."

"… … ."

The melted ice rolled out of the glass with a clanking sound. The smell of alcohol was fading.

"If this rumor is true, don't you think your greed is too much? You are already a Seven-Star Hero, and as you say, you are the top of the country. And to try to look down on the Hero Association on top of that is excessive."

At Al'Tair's words, Jeolgung drank the rest of his whiskey down his throat. Then he dismissed it briefly.

"It's just a rumor."

"There is no smoke when there is no fire."

"Well, let's say that's true. But what's wrong with that? If the owner hasn't shown up for nearly ten years, I should take his place."

"There is such a thing as common sense in this world, Jeolgung. His Majesty Changseong is already a strong candidate for the next chairman of the association, and you, an outsider, are interfering with it."

The palace laughed.

"Isn't Richard de Murat the type of person who thinks before he thinks? He's not fit for such a high-ranking position."

"Even if that is true, it is not for Your Majesty to judge."

"Are you trying to make a pun now?"

"No way."

Al'Tair's eyes gleamed dangerously.

"I came to give you advice, Jeolgung. Do not cross the line any further. If you go any further, Auditore will not stay still any longer. That is all I have to say."

Al'Tair walked towards the door with a heavy step. He opened his mouth again just before the door. In a heavy voice.

"While I'm giving you advice, I'll say one more thing. The new Chilseongin Cheongeom, don't come close to him any further."

Clang. Then the whiskey glass shattered into pieces, sending shards of glass flying.

The archer shouted fiercely.

"Master! Be rude to yourself. How dare you speak to me, Saki Kojima, like that? Just maintain the order you've been maintaining. Remember that your words are the most disruptive."

"Order is the law of equality under heaven."

Al'Tair struck the ground with his staff. The shadows that had been swaying began to take shape.

Sssss.

The spacious hotel room was filled with the sounds of more than thirty people. They were assassins. Their red eyes flowed long and narrow.

Al'Tair said.

"But if it is not order that supports the sky, then what is it?"

"Master… What you are saying is Cheongeom, does that mean he is heaven?"

"His nickname is 'Sword of Heaven.' I don't think that's an exaggeration."

A strange light appeared in the eyes of the owner who had been shining brightly.

“So, put aside your worries about order and behave yourself, if you don’t want to end up with your neck cut off by sashimi. Unlike me, the Heavenly Sword is not a very patient person.”

* * *

It’s been a really long time since I entered Lang’s class. It was thanks to Media’s advice to enjoy a little bit of academy life before starting full-scale construction.

In fact, at this point when I’ve become Chilseong, it’s really great to be taking ‘classes on how to become a hero’.

It was like a general learning how to become a soldier.

However, I plan to continue to participate in classes as much as possible. I have taken to heart what my first teacher said: that school is not just a place to gain knowledge, but a place to build relationships.

So I came to class with a willing heart. However… … .

“Kkiyaayaya! It’s the Heavenly Sword, the Heavenly Sword! Please give me just one autograph!”

“I’ve been a fan since a long time ago. Can I ask for just one picture, Cheongeom-nim?”

“Heavenly Sword! Heavenly Sword! Heavenly Sword! Heavenly Sword! Heavenly Sword!”

I couldn’t help but be shocked. There were too many people. No, it’s only one minute before class. At this rate, not to mention the next class, the whole day will fly by.

‘I expected it, but is it really like this?’

Students from all classes and grades were crowded together. There were so many that it was hard to breathe due to lack of oxygen. It

was a situation that required the instructors to come and stop it.

The problem is… there are some instructors in this crowd. The cadets are okay, but you guys are at work here. Is this okay? Salary Lupins are scattered around here.

‘And please stop repeating ‘Cheongeom’!’

My face turned bright red. As someone born on Earth, being called by a nickname was unfamiliar and even embarrassing.

It wasn’t long before I became accustomed to my real name, so now I have an even more embarrassing nickname. I wanted to hide in a hole.

‘I’m going crazy.’

As I was sighing deeply while surrounded by people, a loud shout came from the direction of the door. The attention that had been focused on me was suddenly dispersed.

“Class starts! Everyone, get back to your original positions!”

The proud head of the Lang class, Instructor Lee Won-bin, came in. His sleek bald head looked particularly dazzling. It was dazzling.

Instructor Lee Won-bin scolded the instructors who were hiding in the gaps between the cadets and ordered them to direct the traffic. Thanks to this, the commotion that had been going on suddenly died down like cotton soaked in water. From what I’ve heard before, Lee Won-bin is one of the instructors with quite a high position.

Looking back now, it was understandable. He was truly a role model for the students and a role model for the instructor.

When the commotion calmed down to some extent, Instructor Lee Won-bin looked around. He soon approached me cautiously and whispered.

“I… Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword.”

“I’ll just have to be strong. At least at the academy, I’m clearly

subordinate to you, Instructor.”

“… … !”

“If even the instructor treats me uncomfortable, I think it will be too hard to attend the academy. So please treat me comfortably.”

Instructor Lee Won-bin’s eyes widened. His face was slightly moved. I snickered. Why is this happening again?

“then…….”

Lee Won-bin lowered his voice so that it was barely audible. An awkward smile was a bonus.

“Can I ask you for an autograph later? My nephew is a fan of yours. Oh, and! While you’re at it, if you could give me one too, that would be really appreciated, haha!”

The corners of my lips, which had been raised in a happy manner, drooped in an instant.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 210

Episode 210 My own little classroom (2)

During lunch time, the principal's office was evacuated from the crowd.

"So how was your day, Geommaya? Is this your first time at the Academy since becoming Chilseong?"

Media asked me, who was sprawled out on the sofa, with a sly smile. She seemed to find this situation quite amusing. She obviously knew what I was like that morning, but she insisted on asking. I sat up straight with difficulty.

"… I expected this, but the aftermath was worse than I thought. Honestly, I thought it would be impossible to have normal classes."

"That's true. Looking at your face, Geomma, it definitely looks like you'll need to calm the students down or direct traffic every day before class."

"Isn't there any way?"

"It's a bit hard to introduce any method right now. The succession ceremony has just ended, so the faculty and administration are busy with the cleanup. Hmm- but there is one real stopgap measure. I don't know if you'll like it, Geomma."

"I don't think it matters whether I like it or not. It's to the point where I can't really live a normal life."

“Sword Demon, if that’s what you ask!”

Media’s eyes widened meaningfully. She quickly went to the desk and tossed a piece of paper. The paper fluttered in the air and settled on her thigh. Media began to explain as if telling us to look and listen.

“Actually, while preparing for the succession ceremony, I had expected something like this to happen today. That’s why Ttak-ttak and I came up with this idea. We named it Opening a New Class!”

Media continues with a “Bam!” sound.

“To put it more simply, it’s a class to isolate you, Kenma, from those countless fans. In any case, you and your friends have to attend classes, and if you continue to be in Lang’s class, the same situation as today will repeat itself, right?”

“I guess so, I guess.”

“Geumma, I don’t think things will change even if you transfer to a different class. Tiger, Wolf, Dragon, Saint. All four classes, no matter where you go.”

I nodded in agreement. Media continued.

“While we’re at it, I’m going to create a class just for you! Oh, of course, since it’s an academy, it’s not just for you, Kenma. You’ll be organizing a class of about 10 members. That way, wouldn’t that solve the crowding problem a bit?”

“The class I’m running… I don’t know about anything else, but I think there will be controversy over fairness. From the students’ and parents’ perspectives, it’s like a ‘special class’ being created all of a sudden.”

In my opinion, Media smiled faintly and shook her head.

“Our swordsman, it seems like you still don’t fully realize what position you are in. Here, you need to remember once more that you are no longer an ordinary cadet, but a Seven-Star hero.”

“ah.”

“If you, Geomma, agree to the proposal I, the headmaster of the academy, have written, do you think people will be able to raise significant objections to our intentions?”

The media now reminds me of the power I have come to wield.

How burdensome it is for the other party to spit on the words of the Seven Star Hero, and how to utilize that psychological pressure.

If someone heard this, they might exclaim, ‘How can that be the mindset of an educator!’

That’s right. To summarize what Media said, ‘The two Seven Star Heroes are doing it, so what’s the point?’

It is a feudalistic idea that does not fit well with a democratic society. However, coincidentally, this world is closer to the latter, a ‘feudal society’, than to democracy.

A society strictly divided by status and class. And the Seven Star Hero reigns at the top of that pyramid.

If you are going to be rude, then be rude. This was the way of this world, different from Earth. Since the public enemy, the ‘Demons’, are holding out, a strong hierarchy is essential. That way, we can respond quickly in the event of a disaster.

“Remember, Sword Lady. If you have power, you can do anything, even if the cause is shallow. Opposition from the parents? I guarantee you that not a single person will be able to raise an objection.”

The side of her as a person of power, not as an educator. A somewhat cold-blooded appearance, this may be her true personality.

Maybe it is because you are teaching me as an educator and as a senior in Chilseong. Education is not limited to ‘academics’. If you teach tricks and scheming, that is also part of education.

The different side of Media that I encountered unintentionally came as a fresh shock to me.

Media is a world-class figure who has been through many hardships

to reach this position. He is the head of Joaquin Academy and the wise man of the Seven Star Heroes. If he had been too soft-spoken, he would never have made it this far.

Media flopped down on the sofa to my right. Her mouth seemed dry from talking so much. When I handed her some green tea, she smiled brightly and moistened her lips.

Kiya-! A burst of admiration filled with the emotions of an old man. Later, Media spoke while fiddling with the cap of a green tea bottle.

“Not only the parents, but also the students, even though it’s a class made up of your ‘connections’, you have nothing to say, right? To put it bluntly, until the beginning of this year, they used to discriminate against you. You must have had plenty of time to build a bond with you, but you kicked away your own luck. It might sound a little harsh, but you should think of this as a life lesson and learn from it, you too.”

A refreshing breath like cool green tea. It seems like he’s determined to put me on a plane today.

“I hate the last two among school ties, regional ties, and blood ties. But I think school ties are important. Kids like Ttaktak and Gorilla all met at Joaquin Academy. That’s why the connections you make at school are very important in life!”

“okay…….”

“Anyway, our swordsman is amazing. He’s the top of the elites, and he’s even seventeen and a Chilseong. Oh my, Heavenly Sword. How high will you go from here~ My sword will go beyond the sky and pierce through the universe! Is that it?!”

For a long time, Media chattered to me with endless favoritism, even adding teenage vocabulary that she didn’t normally use.

‘Is the principal’s speech always this childish?’

While I was wondering what kind of compliment would be appropriate, I just sat there dumbfounded. The two of them were over 100 years old together, but it was hard to talk to them in a tone

like ‘oh oh oh’.

My lips wouldn’t move as I thought about the self-loathing that would come over me before I went to bed. Then, suddenly, my gaze went down to the paper that Media had handed me.

“Hey, Principal, there’s already a name on the student roster for this new class here?”

“Oh, that. Hehe.”

At my question, Media scratched her cheek with an innocent smile. Now, I can tell just by looking at her expression. She’s trying to gloss over this. And that’s understandable…

『1: Ganggeomma, 2: Media Poison.』

Why is the principal’s name written in the student section?

I didn’t know if it was the head instructor or the professor in charge, but for a moment I thought I was seeing it wrong because it was right next to my name.

But looking at that reaction, I wasn’t seeing things wrong. The media’s name was clearly written as a student.

‘I should have figured it out the moment I got on the plane with my teenage speech.’

As I narrowed my eyes, Media twisted her hair on the side for no reason. As I continued to stare, she opened her mouth as if she had given up.

“I, I think the ink spread over there when I printed it. Or maybe it was written wrong. I didn’t notice it when I checked it earlier, but thanks to you, I figured it out!”

“Is it real?”

The media nodded coolly.

“Of course! Otherwise, how could the principal be listed in the

student section?”

“I understand that you say so. Then, I will start by removing the name of the academy director.”

“… … .”

There was no answer, so I urged him.

“The principal?”

“Yeah… … .”

I drew her name with a ballpoint pen.

Media, cut.

* * *

Media couldn’t hide her regretful expression. I left the principal’s office behind her.

There were 10 minutes left until lunchtime ended. Lang’s class would still be bustling with people, so it was best to arrive just in time for class to start.

I walked down the empty main hallway. With each step, Media’s proposal took shape in my head.

“Because the media said they have done the work behind the scenes to ensure that the procedural part can proceed quickly.”

What I had to do was recruit people. The maximum number of people was ten. Regardless of class, I just had to fill about ten people. This wasn’t difficult.

There are five members of the travel club, including me. If you exclude Hana, a second-year senior, there are four people. Almost half of the members are club members.

Then what about the other six? As soon as I heard about this, a certain face came to mind.

My own special class. I plan to use it more usefully. To be exact, I am planning a special headquarters for the Second World War.

The world's attention is focused on me. But this attention should have been directed at Leon van Reinhardt, not me.

Even though I somehow received the burdensome nickname of Cheon Geum, in the end, it is the warrior who kills the Demon King.

As I said before, his unique protection and the symbol of the game, the 'Miracle Protection', is the only key to defeating the Demon King. Even if the other heroes struggled, they would be in trouble without it. This is because the system of this world was designed that way.

Is it possible to subdue the Demon King with the protection of the Sword God? I am considering it, but there is no confirmation.

If I could kill the Demon King, why would Leon appear? Besides, he has proven his worth as a hero by being chosen by Balmung and receiving the 'Miracle Protection'.

Even if you think about it a little, you can see that it is Leon's job to subdue the Demon King. Even at this point, when I have messed up the political situation, that fact has not changed.

Leon needs to grow as much as I do, or even more than I do.

So I plan to keep an eye on Leon's growth and see how he progresses and how I can help him in the future.

When I was running for student council president, Leon didn't seem particularly hostile towards me. Rather, he was the one who reached out to me first and showed his friendliness. If I offered him a special class, he probably wouldn't turn me down outright.

"Then, five people including Leon and the club members. For the remaining space, we can add Abel and Rachel."

Their growth is just as important as Leon's. In particular, the synergy between Abel and Leon is said to be the keyword that will turn the tide of the Second World War. I remember seeing it in the community.

In short, Leon alone cannot defeat the Demons. Abel must help him for humanity to win. Same goes for Rachel. I don't know much about Ryozou since she's an air heroine, but anyway.

This is how I came up with seven. It's not the maximum number of ten, but it's not like it has to be filled.

But when I thought about it carefully, I felt a little empty. It felt like something was a little lacking. At that moment, a ray of electricity flashed through my mind.

"There were genes."

One person to keep a close eye on. And another cadet, not even a human, but someone you want to bring into a special class.

Ding-ding-ding-

At that moment, the bell rang to signal the start of the 5th period class. I quickly moved my legs.

The outline is set. All that remains is to attract them. No need for persuasion.

It's not like I'm the only one who likes it, I'm Chilseong.

If you want to be picky, you have to be picky.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 211

Episode 211 My own little classroom (3)

In fact, Hyun-ta is coming.

The training of the warrior candidate Leon Van Reinhardt. To put it nicely, it's training, but it's nothing more than supporting him.

In the beginning, I dreamed of a life where the hero saves the world and I live a life of pleasure in the background, but now things have changed.

So, so much has changed.

Until then, I had nothing given to me under this grand narrative. All I had was a body with limbs intact, the blessing that said, "All pain goes away," and the blessing that would tear my body apart if it were to manifest. That was all.

But now? I have inherited the position of the strongest power inspector in humanity. That means that I am implicitly treated as the strongest in humanity.

Yes. I fought two legion commanders and defeated two S-class magicians. I must be the strongest in the eyes of others. Even if it wasn't a demonic realm, and their power had weakened, it would still be an absurd achievement.

'So, even though I was awarded the Order of Chilseong at the age of only seventeen, I guess I didn't get much praise.'

But even if it were revealed that I was the strongest for just one minute, would they idolize me? I'm very skeptical.

It is better to trust consistent strength rather than volatile strength. Sprinter racehorses are romantic, but they are weak in marathons. In long-term races, the most preferred are colts with good endurance.

'It's a bit odd to compare Leon, a candidate for the hero, to a calf.'

Anyway, no matter how hard I try, I don't think I'll be able to overcome the time limit. Not only is the growth of 'Painless Protection' lukewarm, but that's what I felt after seeing the bloody battle between my master and Lycan.

As you can see, the boss was as strong as a monster even without the 'Protection of the Sword God'. Even such a gentleman had to pay the price of his left arm for the power of the Protection of the Sword God. It is impossible to transcend instantly, and long-term use is impossible. This is a chronic problem of the 'Protection of the Sword God'.

That's why Leon's role is important. I was born as a background character A, but Leon was born with the destiny of a protagonist. He has the 'miraculous protection', which is a protection that matches the meaning of existence in this world.

But that alone wasn't enough. I needed some background and supporting elements to support it. For example, the 'Protection of Transfer' that I used in Buffalo Dungeon…

'I took a lot of things that were supposed to be Leon's.'

… I didn't realize it, but I ate a lot too.

This is the moment when Hyun-ta, who had been driven by the thought of supporting Leon, turns into regret.

'Okay, if we're going to do it, we should do it right.'

However, I do not intend to push it forward with ignorance. Greenhouse plants are vulnerable to wind and waves.

Creating an environment where Leon can grow strong is the first goal of the special class I am envisioning.

Of course, that's not the only reason. Having fun at the academy is also one of the main purposes of this class.

"Okay, that's all for today's class. You know you have an assignment due tomorrow, right? You can turn it in to the teaching assistant. And… … ."

As I was lost in thought, time passed quickly. I stuffed my textbooks into my bag and quickly got up. Then, Ryozo, who was sitting next to me, asked with wide eyes.

"What? Do you have plans for this evening? Where are you going in such a hurry?"

"I have to go to the blacksmith shop to get the weapons I left for you."

I left out the part about visiting Choi Seol-ah's house later. It felt a bit strange for an instructor to visit a house where an adult woman lives.

Also, my relationship with Choi Seol-ah required too much explanation. I will have to reveal it someday, but now is not the time.

"Hmm."

Ryozo opened his eyes slightly. He looked at me with his eyes half-submerged in his eyebrows, then nodded as if he understood. Still, he pursed his lips as if he was a little suspicious, and rested his chin on the desk.

"Okay. I guess it's better to get out of class quickly. People will probably flood in again. Go quickly."

"Thank you. And can you gather the club members together tomorrow? I have something to tell you. I'll explain it to you tomorrow."

"Yes, that's right. It's the order of the Seven Star Hero, Cheon Geum-nim, so I'll do as you say~"

Ryozo shrugged his shoulders and muttered something. Then he waved his hand telling them to hurry up and go, and then suddenly added:

“Are you going to do the assignment that the professor just mentioned? That professor’s class largely affects your final grade, so you’ll have to submit it. Hmm… But come to think of it, you probably don’t really need it. The goal of your studies is to become a hero, and you’re already a Seven-Star Hero.”

As expected, Ryozo. You’ve captured the irony I felt a few hours ago.

As Ryozo said, you have to become a Seven-Star Hero to complete the task? Most people would find it hard to understand.

The professor probably won’t say anything if I don’t do my homework. He probably won’t even expect me to.

‘How burdensome it must be to grade.’

One, I chose to remain at Joaquin Academy. It is natural for a cadet to perform his/her academic duties. I said.

“Whether it’s Chilsung or something else, it’s still a student. So, you have to do it.”

Ryozo’s slightly sullen expression softened at my words.

“… As expected, you are truly a consistent person. That’s why I like-”

“-good?”

Ryozoh flinched and eventually swallowed the last words. She hurriedly waved both hands.

“Ah, ah, anyway! Go quickly. Before the crowds come.”

I was pushed out of class like that. I could hear the sound of footsteps from across the hallway. I quickly got out of the way and took out my cell phone.

“Hey, Bigsbig.”

[… … .]

“Please help me research the assignment materials. I’ll organize them.”

[… What did you just say to Ryojo? Cadets have to do their homework or something.]

“I do this too. As you know, I need ten bodies right now. So I’ll just ask you to organize things.”

[Does AI have no human rights? AI wants to rest too! Please comply with labor laws!]

“If you want to get some rest, just tell me anytime.”

Slurp.

[Tch, you’re trying to solve everything with violence as a Chilseong hero… …! Even in such trivial matters, you should set an example as a Chilseong! This is not the right mindset for a hero!]

“know.”

I put my smartphone in my pocket. My smartphone and sashimi got tangled up in one pocket. Bixbig let out a startled sound.

“But why are you trying to submit your assignments by using tricks, right?”

[… … .]

A loud sigh came from the pocket. Bigsbig answered.

[I’ll have it ready by 8pm so you can check it right away after work…]

* * *

At that time, in the principal’s office.

The tail of Media’s quill fluttering busily. Her remaining hand reached out to the mountain of documents piled up like a mountain.

Sign, put away, sign, put away… … The calluses firmly embedded in his index and middle fingers are evidence of his skillful handling of the task.

Squeak.

The door to the principal's office opened cautiously. Media opened her mouth, her eyes fixed on the paper.

"Hey, knock when you come in, okay?"

"I did that on purpose because you seemed to be concentrating. If I bothered you, come back when you have time."

The swordsman grabbed the doorknob again. Media sighed and put down her quill. She tucked a strand of her side hair behind her ear.

"Okay. When will I have time? Just sit down. It's almost over anyway, and I have something to talk about."

The inspector nodded and sat down on one of the sofas. Media, stretching her body, buried herself in the sofa opposite him. She crossed her legs and said.

"So, how was Gehenna Gate? I heard from the Hero Association's Chief of Staff before that there was a guerrilla attack. So, how was it when you went and checked it out yourself?"

"There was definitely something wrong. There was a crack there that I hadn't seen in 40 years. It wasn't big, but there was definitely a scar."

"That wound on the gate. Was it done on 'this side' or 'that side'?"

This side represents the human world, and the other side represents the demonic realm of Gehenna.

The inspector answered with a cold, hardened face.

"Not this way. I guess they must have done something on the Gehenna side."

Media squeezed her eyes shut.

“Haa… What a bolt from the blue. The gate was fine even when that 6th Corps Commander’s brat came and caused a ruckus, so how can it suddenly be like that?”

“I don’t know either, but if there was something unusual at the gate that was fine when Basmon came over, I can think of one thing.”

The inspector opened his lips once and then added.

“Either 4th Corps Commander Permish or 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn. One of them is trying to get through the gate directly. That’s what I saw.”

“You… do you know what that means?”

“I know.”

war.

Media’s mind became confused. The dizziness she had felt from being hit by the letters came back much duller. She spoke with an unexpected swear word.

“The timing is damned. All this happened not long after Geomma ascended the throne as Chilseong.”

“I expected something would definitely happen if the 5th and 3rd Corps Commanders were to be subjugated… … .”

“The problem is that it happens so quickly. It’s almost as if it was planned in advance.”

“I’ll go out to the scene and keep watching. If anything happens, I’ll report it right away, just like I did today.”

“Don’t do it to me, do it to that gorilla in Changsung! Strictly speaking, this is the Hero Association’s business. Of course, it’s a matter of the fate of humanity, but I have my main job first!”

Media flared up. The swordsman’s pupils rolled around, avoiding the

sharp gaze.

“Mediah, as you know, that guy Murat and I have a bit of a… … .”

The media was driving a wedge in.

“It’s time to make up with the gorilla, right?! You’re over seventy years old, so how long are you going to keep snarling at the guys who do OneToDay? And to be frank, you’re the one who’s unilaterally avoiding me.”

“… … .”

“Please, grow up. Do I have to educate my classmates? Two gray-haired old men?”

“Oh, I see.”

After receiving the answer, Media averted her gaze a few seconds later. Taking advantage of this gap, the sword master hurriedly brought up the topic.

“Oh, by the way, what happened to the ‘special class’ thing? Did Cheongeom accept it?”

“Oh. It was better than I thought.”

“That’s fortunate.”

“I heard that name earlier… … Ah! Leon, he said he wanted to organize the class around him. He said that since he’s a candidate for the hero, he’d be a source of inspiration for him.”

“Wow- Even though Kanggeomma has become the Heavenly Sword, he still has a competitive spirit. Of course, that’s right. There’s no end to growth.”

The swordsman’s lips curled into a satisfied smile. He opened his mouth again.

“Leon Van Reinhardt. Wasn’t it the former headmaster, Lady Meaine Poison, who found that cadet and brought him in?”

“That’s right. Leon, he came a little after the first semester started. That day, he thrust a letter at me. Well, it was a letter from my sister. It just said, ‘Found a hero candidate.’ It was really funny.”

Media burst into laughter as if she was in awe. The inspector nodded quietly.

“That’s typical of you, Mayne.”

“That’s typical of a sister. Being selfish. I wonder where that person is now. It’s been over ten years since I last saw him.”

“If it’s him, he’ll be doing well. Isn’t he the strongest of all the academy principals? If anything, if he shows up, it’s like something’s wrong.”

“That’s right. It’s better for you to just stay quiet, Sister. Even when the 6th Corps Commander was active, you didn’t even show your face. Thinking about how you fought me over that, ugh.”

“… … .”

Looking at the media shaking his teeth, the sword master felt goosebumps. It was because a scene from the past came to mind. He remembered the fight between the two Poison sisters, where several uninhabited islands were deleted.

* * *

“… What is the evil Zekha?”

Hon’s pupils narrowed. Her mouth was chewing on the luxury Korean beef, and her pronunciation was slurred. Choi Seol-ah, who was wearing an apron, scolded Hon.

“Hey, you little rascal! Didn’t I tell you to eat and talk afterward!? In front of your master?”

Hon glanced at Choi Seol-ah like that. Hon, who had been exercising his chin hard, swallowed the honey-tteok meat.

“Excuse me, Mr. Boradol. Isn’t this one-piece beef, not two-piece? The

meat is tough today.”

“You’re just a fancy-mouth! What you eat costs more than 50,000 won per piece!”

“You seem to be mistaken. Please remember that you and I have a ‘contractual relationship.’ I have the right to demand a fair amount of Korean beef.”

“This… this!”

Choi Seol-ah ran to me in a hurry after grumbling. She complained with teary eyes.

“Sir! Please do something about that little girl! She’s a real money-sucking hippopotamus. Just this month, she’s sucked in several truckloads of Korean beef! She’s a total Korean beef slaughterer!”

“… … .”

Choi Seol-ah begged. I thought about it for a moment. But I soon decided to ignore it. It was a contract that the two of them had reached, and there was nothing I could do to help.

He wiped away Choi Seol-ah’s sadly looking face and turned his gaze towards the soul. He spoke to her.

“By chance, a special class was newly established at the Academy. I can add as many people as I want, so I thought it would be a good idea if you joined.”

Hon’s expression was dumbfounded at my suggestion. Hon’s lips parted groggily.

“But… I’m not even a cadet.”

“I’ll ask the principal about the transfer process. As a special student like me. I think it’ll work out. I’ll roughly write up the reason for the transfer.”

“Even if the procedure is like that… I’m not human, I’m a demon… … .”

“I don’t think anyone in the academy will notice that you’re a demon. Isn’t it only members of the same tribe that can notice that you’re a demon?”

“Oh, yes yes. I can usually tell by the resonance of magical power.”

“Okay. Okay. Oh, right. I didn’t ask that. Hon, do you want to come to the special class?”

The soul hesitated for a moment and then nodded softly.

“… Yes. Actually, I was bored being here all the time. I was also curious about what kind of education humans receive.”

The soul’s eyes sparkled and cleared. She looked straight at me.

“Oh, if I get the chance, I definitely want to go!”

I smiled faintly.

“The doctor has confirmed it. The remaining issue is your appearance, Hon.”

As my gaze turned to his ear, the soul suddenly answered.

“If these ears are too noticeable, you can use polymorph magic to change them into human ears! Since this is the human world, you can’t change your entire body, but you can at least change your ears!”

“Can you show me here?”

“yes!”

The spirit immediately cast a spell. A hazy aura enveloped her ears and formed a short, elongated shape.

After a while, Hon had turned into a seemingly perfect human girl. A beautiful girl that men would definitely look back at at least once. Hon was proud.

“What do you think? It’s perfect, right?”

I gave a thumbs up.

“Pass.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 212

Episode 212: Signs of Crisis (1)

“Manager Seong! No, Manager Seong… …!”

A male staff member of the Hero Association came into hospital room 313 in a hurry. Section Chief Sung, who had been promoted to manager, was organizing the bedding on the hospital bed. He was good at organizing. It was thanks to the high-performance prosthetic arms and legs provided by the association. Section Chief Sung greeted his subordinate.

“Hey, Manager Park. What’s going on?”

“That’s it. Oh, first of all, congratulations on your promotion and discharge at the same time, Manager.”

“What’s the congratulations? It’s probably a promotion to fill an empty position.”

“You showed your sacrifice in the Joaquin disaster, and you successfully completed the naming of the new Chilseong Hero, so the Vice President promoted you two levels, from deputy manager to manager! It’s unusual for someone of your age to become manager again.”

“What did I do? It was all thanks to Kanggeomma-nim’s efforts. To be honest, I didn’t do anything back then. If anything, I was just a hindrance.”

Manager Sung laughed bitterly. He muttered as he finished stacking

up the blankets and pillows.

“And you’ve lost your arms and legs and your subordinates. Do you have any hopes for a promotion or anything like that? In fact, if it weren’t for the Vice President’s persuasion, I would have just taken an honorable retirement. It all felt a bit pointless.”

“I am sorry about what happened, Chief Ha… … .”

“It’s my fault for not managing my subordinates. Anyway, what’s going on that makes you come running like you’re under attack? It doesn’t seem like you came to congratulate me on my discharge and promotion.”

The subordinate, Manager Park, took a deep breath and opened his mouth.

“I just received reports that the guerrilla activity at Gehenna Gate is growing.”

The head of the Sung family’s face became serious. The artificial limbs that had been moving according to his will also became stiff. For a moment, my heart sank. To be exact, that was what happened.

“Wasn’t it just last week that it opened up by about 2cm?”

“Yes. As I just reported, the clearance there has increased by 0.5cm.”

The prosthetic hand of the head of the department touched his temple. Deputy Park was inwardly surprised to see the head of the department like that. When the other employees heard this news, there was chaos.

0.5cm. It’s smaller than a fingernail, but the implications of that gap are frighteningly large.

A sign has appeared at a gate that has been intact for centuries. If this isn’t a disaster, what is? Even if a tsunami were to hit, it would be less alarming than this.

But what about Chief Sung? On the outside, he looks calm. He has a worried look in his eyes, but he doesn’t seem to be trembling with

fear or anything. Is it because he's become more courageous after the Joaquin disaster? No. I don't think so.

This firm response from the head of the Sung clan came from faith. The strength that the Ganggeomma gave him had erased his anxiety.

"You must have reported it to the Vice President and the Inspector, right?"

"I rushed to the sickroom right after reporting it."

Originally, Manager Sung was an office worker who never went out to the field. However, he was promoted to manager. Unlike a section chief, he had to go out to the field.

'If something goes wrong at Gehenna Gate, it's most likely related to the Legion Commander.'

If it were me, I would have shrugged my shoulders at the word 'corps commander'. But Seong Hyeon-seong is different now. It wasn't just because of the weight that came with the title of division chief.

'You have to go and check it yourself.'

There must have been something wrong with Chief Ha. There may be another enemy within the association, or a villain hiding. You must see it with your own eyes and report it to the swordsman.

After organizing his thoughts, Manager Sung looked at Manager Park.

"Manager Park."

"Oh, yes, yes."

Chief Sung's eyes sank coldly. Deputy Park swallowed a breath. Chief Sung smirked and said.

"Let's go on a business trip, to Gehenna Gate."

"Manager, you were discharged from the hospital today, right!?"

"You know what? The Heavenly Sword never puts off work that has

already been done.”

Chief Sung put on his outer garment.

“Let us follow his example.”

* * *

Suddenly, the back of my head felt hot. I quickly turned my head, but all I could see was the peaceful backyard of the academy. There was no one there. If there was anyone, they would be in front of me.

‘Is it because I’m in a bad mood?’

I scratched my itchy neck for no reason and turned my head forward again. The club members were staring at me. They were waiting for me to open my mouth.

“… … .”

A very serious atmosphere was created. Weapon’s expression was particularly hardened. I asked myself why. And I immediately gave the answer. Even though we are fellow cadets, there was a clear gap between us.

Even if a friend you were comfortable with suddenly turns into a big shot, it would be difficult to remain close like before.

‘I can understand the tense faces too.’

And you might be worried that suddenly, an announcement will come out saying, ‘The travel club is disbanding!’

Seven Star Heroes, Academy Life, and Club Life. I ended up doing three jobs. Of all of them, the club life was the easiest, so it wouldn’t have been strange for me to give it up. However, the worries of the club members were unfounded. I have no intention of giving up any of those three.

It would be hard to be faithful to all three, but I will put my feet on all of them. The Seven Star Heroes is like a job, and the academy life is my daily life. Lastly, the travel club allows me to live like a human

being.

‘If it weren’t for these guys, I would have become a madman who only swings a knife by now.’

So, even though it might be a little tight, I plan to do my best in club activities. First, let’s start the conversation after relieving their anxiety.

The air was a bit too cold to suddenly say something like, ‘A special class is being opened, you all need to come.’ But I’m not good at talking, so I can’t start the conversation with a joke.

I passed over Weapon, Ryozo, and Chloe and looked at them one by one. No matter how much power I had, those eyes were as inorganic as a wax doll.

‘Senior Hana didn’t come today.’

I said in the club group chat that I might not be able to attend. It’s been over ten minutes since the scheduled time, so it looks like I won’t be able to come today.

‘But today’s issue is something that can be handled without a senior.’

Anyway, thanks to my wink, the members’ stiff expressions relaxed. I coughed. It was quite awkward to speak in front of so many people. This was usually the role of Weapon, who was good at talking.

‘Oh. And now that I think about it, I’ve never tried to persuade anyone.’

Because the knife came out before the mouth. This is the moment when I acknowledge the legitimacy of people calling me ‘Sashimi that speaks faster than words’.

I decided to just blurt out whatever came to mind after thinking about it for a moment. It made my previous worries seem meaningless, but whatever.

“The reason I called you today is because the principal and I decided to create a new class outside of the existing classes, and I’d like all of

our travel club members to be in it. That's what I called you to say."

"… … ?"

Sorry, kids. I really am not good at talking. Then Weapon slapped his knee.

"A new class has been opened… … Ah! Manager, since you became a Chilseong Hero, have you been chased by people so much?!"

Weapon This guy, I thought he was only good at explaining things. He understands even when I talk like a piece of shit. Thanks to that, I had less to explain and was able to speak comfortably.

"People are always swarming around and this is not something that will happen for a day or two. This is not only a problem for me, but also for other students. The final exams for the second semester are coming up soon. That's why I'm going to create a special class in a separate building."

Chloe interrupted me.

"That's certainly true. It could be a distraction to the students in Lang's class who are serious about their studies."

"Yes, that's right. That's the biggest reason for creating a new class. But it would be a bit odd to create a new class just for me. So the principal gave me permission to choose about ten people and create a class."

"Wow… Even if it's called that, the scale is huge. In the 700 years of Joaquin Academy's history, it's unprecedented for a class other than yours to be created. The current principal even created a groundbreaking system called 'special promotion students,' and on top of that, it's a class just for you, the president… … ."

Suddenly, Weapon's eyes filled with moisture. He thought. The president who had been ignored as a special promotion student had become Chilseong, and furthermore, he was making a bold mark in the history of this academy.

At that moment, Ryozo, who had been listening silently, opened her

mouth. She had the calmest eyes among us.

“But who are you going to fill the rest of the members besides ours? Geomma, if it’s as you said, we have to choose ten people.”

“The first thing I’m thinking about is Leon. And Abel, and Rachel.”

As the name was mentioned, Ryozo’s expression became worse. His lips twisted and his brows gradually narrowed.

‘Come to think of it, Ryozo had a huge fight with Abel before.’

But there’s nothing we can do about it. The main purpose of this special class is to train the warriors and the people around them.

To put it simply, it’s impossible to bite them because of the noise between them. Who knows. If they stay together, they might reconcile.

Ryozoh still kept her mouth shut. Her raised eyebrows reflected her feelings, but she replaced them with a snort of discontent. Even if she didn’t like the situation, she would respect my wishes. I smiled faintly at her and turned my head to Weapon.

“So, Weapon. Could you possibly deliver it to them for me?”

“Oh, me? Wouldn’t it be better for the manager to do it?”

Of course, that’s true. It’s just that I don’t have the confidence to persuade them. On the other hand, Weapon was a master of explanation and persuasion. There’s no reason for me to step forward and do all the work when there’s a talented person.

I answered with a proper mix of facts and lies.

“I want to go and talk to you in person, but since I’m doing Chilseong work and assignments at the same time, I feel like I don’t have enough hands and feet. For now, Weapon, you talk to me. If you don’t come, I’ll go and talk to you separately.”

Weapon nodded at my words. He seemed convinced.

"… Well, it must have been really hard for you, Manager, to find the time to be here today. Okay! I'll go and talk to the kids. Leon and Abel might not know, but Rachel will probably understand right away."

The story was almost over. As I was letting out a sigh of relief, I heard footsteps approaching. My teammates and I reflexively glanced in that direction.

Her hair was neatly braided and her skin was transparent. She looked like a perfect human being, but her aura was like that of a mysterious girl, a soul. She was wearing an academy uniform and looked very pretty.

Weapon muttered with dazed eyes. He couldn't take his eyes off the spirit.

"This is crazy… … . Looking at the name tag, she looks like she's in the same grade as me. Has there ever been a girl that pretty?"

Weapon is 'surprisingly' not interested in the opposite sex. The fact that he was so impressed was a huge compliment.

I know that Naya's soul is a dragon, so I'm not that impressed.

When I looked outside, I realized that the soul was a beauty… no, a dragon.

'But why am I wandering around alone without Choi Seol-ah?'

At that moment, the soul found me. And Dodo came running with a joyful expression. Dust rose up following the soul's footsteps.

"My lord!"

The members' eyes were focused on me.

"…ah."

I think some explanation is needed.

About this situation where a beautiful young girl calls me her lord.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 213

Episode 213: Signs of Crisis (2)

As I was about to pass over it, an unexpected savior appeared. Choi Seol-ah, her eyes wide, approached me with a stomping pace.

“Ah! You little punk… I told you not to wander around alone like that!”

Choi Seol-ah lightly scolded Hon. And then she explained it on my behalf.

“He’s my distant cousin, and he’s the new kid who just transferred to the academy. Calling the swordsman cadet ‘master’ is a habit he has. He probably came running because he was looking for someone to ask for directions!”

It was an explanation that was far from logical. It was just a random comment that came to mind. But surprisingly, it was effective.

“Oh, I see.”

Weapon nodded. Next to him, Chloe nodded along. They both looked like they could do that.

‘You think you can get past this…?’

Chloe may not know, but Weapon has a keen eye for detail. I was very surprised that he readily agreed.

On Earth, there is no need to even mention the title ‘lord’. Even if

there were, people around you would look at you with a look like, ‘Is that your type?’

However, this is not Earth. This is a world where names like Chilseong Hero, Chilgeol, and Sijo Hero are used openly. In such a place, if someone uses a word like lord, it doesn’t feel as awkward as it does on Earth.

Even so, if I had explained it with my own mouth, the situation would have been strange.

Whether you use someone else’s mouth or not, surprisingly, that’s where the appeal is divided.

‘It was fortunate that Choi Seol-ah came running just then.’

If not, the situation would have gotten more complicated the more I added to it.

‘It was Choi Seol-ah’s fault for losing her soul in the first place.’

But I decided to let it go this time. Thanks to that, the situation has been resolved, but it’s too shameless to call him out and scold him. Judging by the sweat dripping down my temples, I think I realize my mistake.

I turned my head slightly. Ryozo was staring at Hon with her eyes half-submerged in her eyebrows. After a few minutes, she took her eyes off Hon.

I let out a long sigh of relief inside.

‘Oh my.’

So the situation that almost turned into an accident ended up as a minor incident. I was going to reveal that it was a special class like Hondo, but I changed my mind and decided to postpone it for a bit. It seemed like I needed to discuss this with Choi Seol-ah.

In addition, it seems that the soul needs additional education in human common sense. It won’t work if it just speaks well. It’s a situation where the soul can suddenly cast magic while saying, “Hey,

look at this~!”

Just imagining it made my back go cold. At that time, no excuses would work. It would be immediately revealed that I was a dragon, and my guardian, Choi Seol-ah, would also be taken to the Hero Association.

‘Then it would be best not to put the soul into a special class.’

The role of the soul in the plan I am envisioning is indeed important enough that I am willing to take this risk. It is a gamble that walks on a knife’s edge, but even considering that, the soul is a special class that is necessary.

At that time, Choi Seol-ah said, hiding her distant relative’s soul behind her back.

“I… Chun… no, Kanggeomma Cadet. Do you have a minute? I have something to discuss regarding the… special class. Please follow me.”

Kang Geum-ma Cadet. Choi Seol-ah makes an awkward expression as she speaks. It seems like the word ‘lord’ has become a familiar word in her mouth.

A few days ago, I suggested that she call me ‘cadet’. I had originally said that to avoid such unfortunate incidents.

however.

‘I never knew something like this would happen.’

But let’s think positively. This experience was a good preventive injection.

After finishing my thoughts, I answered Choi Seol-ah’s call.

“Yes, Instructor Kim.”

By the way, Choi Seol-ah, she’s having a hard time adjusting either. Her name is Choi Seol-ah, but how long do I have to call her Instructor Kim? I guess I’ll have to tell her to change her name later.

* * *

I walked silently with Choi Seol-ah for about ten minutes.

Choi Seol-ah, who had been looking around for a while, cleared her throat. The guy with the expression of having been through ten years of hardships rolled his fist and struck the crown of his soul with a soybean.

“Hey, you little punk! Didn’t I tell you not to go out and play around?! Don’t you know you almost got in big trouble just now?”

“… What did I… What did I do wrong!”

“Hey, you don’t know what you did wrong and you’re talking back! You’re not good enough. We’re having pork for dinner tonight.”

“Hey, this is a clear breach of contract!”

“What about breach of contract? Did you have chicken for lunch today instead of tuple Korean beef? Our contract clearly states that we only have one meal a day… .”

The argument that started like that soon turned into an emotional fight. I just watched from afar.

‘Why do these two fight over Hanwoo every time I see them?’

The Hanwoo, a symbol of peace, was a trigger for a fight between the two. Those who wanted to win Hanwoo and those who wanted to stop it. The fierce debate between the two was not limited to time or place.

Normally, I would have stopped the fight between the two that was breaking the contraction, but today, I kept quiet. There was no particular reason.

‘Let’s see how far we can go.’

… A few more minutes passed as the battle came and went. Choi Seol-ah set up a tent under the tree. The sight of the tent with both arms raised in the air while kneeling. The winner of the debate was

Choi Seol-ah.

“This humiliation… I won’t let it go… … .”

Hon glared at Choi Seol-ah, muttering softly. Regardless, a smile appeared on Choi Seol-ah’s lips. Then, as if something came to mind, she spoke to me.

“That’s right, I almost forgot because of that rascal. My lord, I have something to report.”

“What do you want to report?”

“Yes, actually, this is a story that only circulates within the ‘Joaquin Academy Emergency Response Team’. I think you should know, my lord.”

Joaquin Academy Emergency Response Team. The so-called secret operation headquarters where only the elite instructors can be assigned. Choi Seol-ah was a member there.

By the way, I once asked her how she got into the countermeasures team, and she gave me a very Choi Seol-ah-like answer.

‘At the time, I was a member of the Villain Alliance, so I went in with the feeling of being a double agent! I was recommended by the late Professor Damien, who had previously been recommended to my lord!’

This is Choi Seol-ah’s way of speaking. The ability to talk about illegal activities as if they were jaywalking. That shamelessness doesn’t change even after shedding the villain’s skin. This was just Choi Seol-ah’s nature.

Anyway.

“What happened that made you look so scared?”

I asked. Choi Seol-ah smiled brightly and continued speaking.

“They say that mines frequently appear near Gehenna Gate.”

I frowned.

“Not a demon, but a mine? Why are they hanging around the gate?”

“That hasn’t been confirmed yet. The rumor going around in our team is that there seems to be some kind of problem with the gate. Why, you haven’t seen the inspector lately. He said he’s always away from his post because he’s patrolling the gate.”

“……hmm.”

I was lost in thought. I heard that the whereabouts of the sword master were unknown after the succession ceremony. He had been patrolling around the Gehenna Gate. I burst out laughing.

‘Although the Seven Star Hero has retired, he is still active on the front lines more than anyone else.’

On the other hand, I was busy internally whining about having to do both my academy life and Chilseong. I felt embarrassed all over again. At the same time, I made up my mind. I think I should bring forward my schedule for finding the short-term goal of ‘Fifth Fragment’ that I had put off to today.

I opened my mouth.

“Choi Seol-ah, you go through the process of creating a special class for me. I think Hon and I will need to leave some space today and tomorrow.”

“Surely you’re going right away? But as you know, my lord, you can’t go to Gehenna Gate via subspace warp. You’ll have to get off a few dozen kilometers away from Gehenna and take a bus to the border area, so it’ll be extremely tiring to go by land.”

“So that’s why you’re saying you’re going with your soul.”

“yes……?”

I looked back at my silently waiting soul, it seemed like I would have to fly on this journey.

“… You can just take a private plane, but why…?”

“No work.”

“yes…….”

* * *

Area near Gehenna Gate.

[No Access] A control line was tightly placed around the area, blocking access by outsiders in advance.

The association staff stopped passing cars with glow sticks and checked them one by one. The heroes also helped out with the staff’s hard work. They were armed and searching the area.

It was a scene like a sheet of thin ice. Chief Sung got out of the car, his eyes filled with faces tense with tension.

“Oh, you’re here. Chief Sung.”

The inspector greeted him with an old wrinkled lip.

“Have you been well-groomed, Your Majesty?”

“I was healthy. Oh, and the nickname ‘Cheongeom’. I thought it was a really good name, but I heard you made it up, right?”

“Yes. The Vice President gave me a good opportunity, and I was able to dare to give you the nickname of Geomma.”

“Myra, it seems like that guy with a brain made up of muscles has finally made a proper decision after a long time. After all, even a broken clock is right twice a day.”

“…ha ha ha.”

Chief Sung simply smiled with an embarrassed expression. The inspector was openly talking about his superior, and he could neither confirm nor deny it. Instead, Chief Sung changed the subject.

“Your Majesty, I heard that there have been mines appearing for the

past few days?"

"That's right. Three days ago, three 'dark elves' attacked our heroes. I stepped forward and defeated them, but that's why I raised the security on the scene."

Chief Sung said, feeling goosebumps rise up his spine.

"Aren't dark elves the type that act in groups? But the fact that only three of them moved… … ."

"It could be a 'reconnaissance team' ahead of a full-scale offensive."

"Then, instead of doing this here, how about we vacate this place first and then formally organize our forces and come back later? It would be dangerous if the dark elves come in groups."

Dark elves are a group-living species that is unique among the demon race. The original nature of the demon race is to live individually. In that sense, dark elves display an ecology that is completely different from that of other demon races, and is very similar to that of humans.

Let's think about it. What if a group of monsters, each one a monster, were to attack in a surprise attack? What if they were even preparing a reconnaissance team to properly attack?

'Even if the inspector is present, this place is dangerous.'

At least three Seven-Star powers were needed. However, a firm answer came back from the sword master.

"No. That can't be. The gap in the gate is slowly widening. It's only a few centimeters now, but if it continues like this, something big could happen before the end of the year."

"… … ."

"Besides, if we gather heroes who can come to such a dangerous place, it will cause an imbalance in public security. You know that too. Those who can come here are rare even among heroes. At best, they must be senior level. Among them, only the top level can do it."

Gehenna Gate has a high concentration of magical power. Therefore, only those who have received the appropriate training are selected and dispatched here. This is why there are only about thirty personnel compared to the severity of the situation. Furthermore, these people are also gathered from the Hero Association.

If we officially request support from each country, a large number of people will be deployed, but inevitably, the Gate's anomaly will be leaked. If that happens, the meaning of the secret investigation will fade.

'This is driving me crazy.'

Chief Sung sighed in frustration without realizing it. The situation was urgent, but the environment was poor.

At that moment, when he was feeling lost, Chief Sung's instincts responded. He raised his head and looked around the area.

The inspector also felt something was wrong. He immediately drew his sword.

A grayish-white forest of trees colored by the influence of the gate. And among the gray darkness, red dots appeared in pairs, two pairs, three pairs… Eventually, they multiplied to the point where counting them became meaningless.

Someone shouted, almost screaming.

"Dark elfaaaaaaaaa!"

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 214

Episode 214: Signs of Crisis (3)

Hooooooooong—

The high altitude wind seeps into my cheeks. My ears are stuffy. And above all, it's cold. It's bone-chilling cold. But the smile on my face doesn't leave. Because… … .

I turned my gaze downward. The scenery below was visible through my scaly skin. The clouds floating in the sky, and the artificial structures that looked like Legos beyond them.

I was struck by an overwhelming grandeur that I had never felt before. It was a completely different feeling from when I had been on an airplane before. No, it was a feeling that could not even be compared. The resonance of this primitive form of flight shook the ground.

Moreover, you can ride an airplane on Earth. But what about a dragon? Has anyone ever ridden on a dragon's back? It's unlikely that anyone has ridden on a dragon in this world. After all, dragons are demons.

The hostile demon race is carrying a human on its back? It's like a rat riding a cat.

I raised my gaze and looked ahead. Starting from the huge horns in front of me, the long back stretched all the way to where I was sitting. It was a sturdy back that made me wonder if it was the spirit that would make me drool whenever I saw a Korean cow.

After a moment of internal exclamation, Hon tilted his head back.

-Excuse me, Mr. Geomma.

The soul spoke in demonic language. When transformed into a dragon, the oral structure changed and it was unable to use human language.

The language barrier with the Hana Majok was not an issue for me, who had the 'Blessing of Communication'. I received her words in Ma.

"Why? Did you arrive?"

-Not yet. But if we keep flying at the same speed as now, we should arrive within an hour.

"Wow… That's fast. It only takes two hours from Korea to Hawaii. It takes eight and a half hours by plane."

The muscles on the wings of the soul twitched. I guess it was a shrug.

-Ahem. It's disappointing to compare our dragons to those pieces of scrap metal! Dragons fly using the magic of the atmosphere as their power source, and those pieces of scrap metal… … .

Hon lectured on the greatness of dragon-style flight. As I listened quietly, I felt a strange sense of foreboding. The way he spoke… the nuance… he strangely resembled Choi Seol-ah.

'… These two put together and it turned out bad.'

I sighed. White breath escaped my lips. Then, suddenly, I felt curious and asked the soul.

"I saw you earlier, Hon. Your Korean has gotten really good. Do Mines usually learn human language quickly?"

-That's not true. There aren't many species among mines that can learn human language. First of all, two major conditions must be met.

In short, in order for a mine to be able to speak human language,

Korean, it must have a similar oral structure to a human, and it must also be accompanied by high intelligence. He added that a mine that satisfies both of these conditions is rare.

'If a demon satisfies both conditions, then it means that he is a pretty high-level demon… … .'

However, mines of that size do not show themselves very often. This is because they are extremely reluctant to leave their ecosystem. Research is being conducted on this, but the exact reason is unknown. Even if you ask the dragon soul, he doesn't know either. He says it's just a habit.

But thanks to that closed nature, humanity has one less huge threat. Fortunately, that's a good thing.

On the contrary, their appearance is proof that the situation is serious. And they appear in large numbers? From there, the problem becomes much more serious.

The anxiety that comes over me for a moment, the feeling that each passing day is a market day.

'Wherever I go, something always happens.'

After moving for another half hour, Hon spoke quietly.

-… Sir Swordman, I've been feeling this for a while now, but I can sense the presence of the Demons near the Gehenna Gate.

"But originally, there were a lot of demons living on the Hawaiian Islands, because that's where the gate is."

-Yes… … But what's unusual is that there are too many detected presences. And also… They don't seem to be just random demons. I don't know exactly what species they are, but there are definitely a lot of them.

I frowned and asked back.

"If there are a lot of them… how many?"

-wait a minute.

The spirit immediately released magic widely. The dragon scales all stood upright. She spat out the information she had gathered with her sharp senses.

-About a hundred or so.

“Fuck.”

The soul opened its eyes wide.

-What does that mean? I’ve heard it a lot, but I don’t really know what it is. I asked Boradol, but he said it’s a bad word and wouldn’t tell me.

Oh my, a former villain is talking badly? Her main job is still a teacher, right? Choi Seol-ah, she has a variety of concepts too. It could be that she’s confused because she has several sub-characters…

Meanwhile, Hon was curious about ‘F*ck’ with a voice full of academic enthusiasm. It seemed like he was teaching a child something bad. Even if he tried to brush it off, he would keep nagging. And it was something he would hear countless times while living in the academy anyway.

I opened my mouth.

“It’s like a unique Korean exclamation. It’s usually used when something unpleasant happens, but it’s also used when you’re feeling really good.”

-aha…….

A pair of horns in sight move up and down. The spirit nods its head.

“Let’s talk about this later. Hon, can you speed things up a bit here?”

-You can raise it, but then it might be too much for you, Sword Master. Your skin will probably get torn by the cold wind… … .

Hon said with concern. I appreciate your sentiment, but I don’t really

care if your skin is cracked or damaged. I just need to manifest the 'Protection of Regeneration'.

I said it curiously, hoping to ease his worries.

"I'm fine, so just fly as fast as you can. You must be feeling a bit shaky because you haven't been able to fly for so long."

-I don't care if you regret it.

"What about regrets? Only men do that-"

Flutter!

A gust of wind blew around me with the majestic flapping of wings. My voice could not reach the ears of the soul, for the speed of movement exceeded the speed of sound.

* * *

"Haha. Put down your sword, human. We came here only to talk, or rather to negotiate."

Among the group of dark elves, an elf who seemed to be an elder came forward and spoke. At this, the chief of the castle's eyelids fluttered. He felt a strange fear.

The dark elf group that surrounded the humans from all sides was also like that, and Mine was speaking in human language. The two shocks added up and made the saint chief panic. The other heroes also all turned pale. Except for one person, the sword master.

"Wow, as expected from a descendant of Aaron the Nibelung. His spirit is just as great as his ancestors."

The elder elf pursed his lips. His tone was somewhere between admiration and sarcasm. The sword master dismissed it sharply.

"A person who came to negotiate creates such a threatening atmosphere? You have only half learned the language of humans, Mine."

“Hahaha. Sorry.”

At the elder’s gesture, the dark elves silently lowered their weapons. Half of their weapons were bows, the other half were wands made from old trees.

The tense air subsided. The elder took a deep breath and continued speaking.

“Can we start a story? I can beat these guys, but it’s none of our business.”

Dark elves were a race of demons specialized in long-range attacks using bows and magic. If they were determined, they could accurately pierce targets from several kilometers away.

As the elder said, even if we were to defeat the elf horde, their superiority would not change even if they disappeared from sight.

Knowing that fact, the inspector did not raise an objection. He simply bit his lower lip.

The elder spoke again with a puzzled face, as if patting a child.

“I know how you feel. But if you just come out like that, it won’t work. What do you think? Let’s sit down and listen to our story first?”

The swordsman put the blade away with a look of displeasure on his face. Then he whispered to the chief.

“I’ll contact the association.”

“… Ah. Yes, I understand.”

The chief took out his cell phone with his prosthetic hand, which was relatively stable. The elder seemed to know his intentions, but he just left it alone. He watched them with a relaxed expression. It was the composure of someone who had the upper hand.

The sword master turned his head. The elder was sitting on a tree stump, waiting silently. The sword master got straight to the point

without any hesitation.

“Negotiations are only successful when both parties are on equal footing and the back and forth are equal.”

“Of course. We didn’t come here empty-handed either. Before the negotiations, I’ll hand over one piece of information about the Demon Realm as a precondition.”

The elder continues with firm lips.

“After a while, the 4th Corps Commander Permish will appear through this gate.”

“““““… … !”””””

The association staff, the heroes. Their faces were filled with astonishment, regardless of whether you were with me or not. The elder raised the corners of his lips in satisfaction.

“You, the descendant of the Sword Saint, must have realized that there is not a single lie in what I said, and you must have felt the urgency of the situation even more. You must know how dangerous it is for a commander to break through the gate on his own.”

It is impossible not to know. The original power of the legion commanders was completely different from that of those who descended as ice. There was literally a gap in power between heaven and earth.

The elder elf continued speaking.

“I will say this without hesitation. We dark elves wish to join the side of humanity in the coming conflict.”

“…What the hell is that?”

The swordsman rarely got angry because he was so absurd.

“Humans and elves look very similar. Is that all? You and I are communicating so smoothly. We are two races that can live together.”

“… … .”

“Over the past few days, several of our dark elves have died accidentally at the hands of humans, but I’ll overlook that. What do you think?”

“That’s a really good offer, and it’s suspicious. So, what do the dark elves want? They must have something they want, even if it means betraying the demons and joining humanity.”

“What we want is nothing special. Just a small place to live in, outside of the demon realm, and some food. That’ll be enough.”

The elder elf’s words resonated with the saint’s chief. The sorrow he had felt a moment ago had turned into awe. Food and land. There was no reason not to accept these conditions.

However, the reaction of the sword master was different from that of the chief. He pulled out the sword he had been fiddling with.

Slurp.

“There, there, Your Majesty! Why are you doing that!? Aren’t these good conditions?”

“Do you know what the dark elves’ staple food is?”

The inspector asked back without taking his eyes off the elder. It didn’t take long for the chief priest to realize the question’s intent.

‘ah.’

A bolt of lightning struck Chief Sung’s mind. His lips opened gropingly.

“Human… human… … .”

His gaze shifted to the front of the pack. The elder elf’s black lips were curled into a mocking smile. Behind him, a hundred pairs of eyes flashed blood red in the gray-white darkness. They were the eyes of a beast watching its prey.

“Unfortunately, the negotiations broke down. It’s a shame.”

The elder clicked his tongue and shook his seat. He looked genuinely sorry.

“Since things have come to this, we Dark Elves have no choice but to side with the Legion Commander. And we must make sure that we do not hear any rumors.”

“How clever, as befitting a nobleman.”

The swordsman created an aura. The elder snickered and spoke as if warning.

“Your Majesty, I will cut off your ear and keep it separately.”

“I will cut off your head.”

It was at that moment that the swordsman took a step forward.

Goooooooo… … .

The wind direction changed. The forest, which had been lush with gray and white, was covered with shadows. Darkness covered the whole place. Everyone raised their heads as if they had made a promise.

A strange shadow covers the sun in the middle of the sky. Before I can even figure out what it is, the new entity above it falls to the ground.

Kuuuuung!

Soon the figure collided violently with the road surface. A furrow was dug. Grayish dust rose up haphazardly, filling the area around the gate.

Damn it.

A black shadow walks out of a sunken furrow. The sword master standing behind him is half-mad at the sight and spits out words.

“How could you come here… … !”

The swordsman turned around diagonally. A small line stood out beneath his disheveled hair.

“Are you disturbed?”

The inspector was still dazed, but soon shook his head. Dust clung to his white hair.

“No. You came at just the right time.”

The swordsman answered him while staring straight at him. The corners of Kang Geum-ma’s mouth curved into a smile.

“That’s fortunate.”

Kanggeomma flicked his wrist.

+ + + +

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 215

Episode 215: Signs of Crisis (4)

A human who fell from the dry sky. A boy with black hair and black eyes. The elder immediately recognized who he was.

The elder had a seizure.

“Ba, Ba, Balor Hoa… Kin! Yes, how is it that you are still alive! And even younger!”

Balor Joaquin was a man of great renown even in the Demon Realm. He was a transcendent being who had vanished after defeating the first legion commander, Lycan, centuries ago. Of the demons who had met his black eyes, only a few survived.

Even if they survived, none of them were in their right minds. They started the game and said this.

‘That… black-eyed human is to be avoided… … That, that… man is not human. He’s not a devil either… … He’s a god… a black god!’

The current Dark Elf Elder, Rogue, muttered these words 700 years ago with his eyes wide open. The Elder Elf barely managed to survive through the capricious mercy of Balor Joaquin. To be precise, he survived by begging. He even swore that he would never come near humans again.

Hundreds of years have passed since then. The dark desires that had been lurking within the dark elves began to boil over. That is why they revealed themselves to humans.

however.

Elder, Rogue's dark blue face turned pale and dead. At first glance, he looked like a standing corpse. The elf close to him whispered to the elder.

"Elder, I know this may be presumptuous of you to ask, but the author is not the hero of the Sijo Dynasty. He must be a boy who was recently crowned the Hero of the Seven Stars."

"ah."

"He is the one called 'Heavenly Sword', he is said to have cut down two legion commanders."

A strange light flashed through the elder's once cloudy eyes. The aide brought his mouth closer to the elder's to reassure him.

"But don't worry too much, Elder. Even though they were legion commanders, they were all in an unstable state. Furthermore, this is near the Gehenna Gate, and we are far outnumbered. The only problem is… … ."

After cutting off the words, the aide raised his eyes slightly. The shadow that had been circling the sky gradually grew larger. The moment everyone's eyes caught its shape, it landed.

Kuuung.

The thick dust had thickened. The scenery was hazy and blurry. The soul that had transformed into a humanoid form stood next to the strong sword. At this, the chief asked with a dazed look in his eyes.

"Your Majesty, what is this? Could this girl be… a dragon?"

"Yes, well. I'll give you a more detailed explanation later."

Kanggeomma answered, scratching his eyebrows. Then he turned his gaze towards Geomje.

"Your Majesty, please take charge of the rear. He is about fifty years old, and it will be easy if he is accompanied by this friend, the

dragon.”

The sword master still looked bewildered. He suddenly told me to join forces with the dragon. What kind of nonsense was this? However, those eyes, the gaze of the strong sword master, were calm.

‘Are you telling me to trust and follow you?’

The inspector nodded.

“Okay, I understand. I’ll take care of the rear. Please take care of the front.”

“thank you.”

Kang Geum-ma turned his head towards Hon.

“Son, you just need to help the sword master. It would be even better if you could save people with magic when you get the chance. Can you do it? If you do it well, I’ll buy you a triple-plus Hanwoo instead of a double-plus.”

Nodding. The soul was shaking violently. Droplets of saliva were flying.

“yes!”

Kang Geum-ma smiled brightly. Then he took out the remaining half-pulled sashimi.

“Kill him!”

The entourage elf shouted.

Wedge-eeeeeek.

The mouth of the elf who had been making a loud noise began to spurt out blue blood. Its body collapsed like a wooden doll whose strings had been cut.

The elf who was close to him died instantly with a Daiso sashimi stuck in his throat. He was the best warrior in the tribe. And he was

sentenced to death worth 3,000 won.

"… … !"

"I felt something today."

Kang Geum-ma takes a step forward. He turns the two sashimi in reverse and says.

"I think it's better to use a knife than words."

The smile on Ganggeomma's lips deepened. Murasame and Mannyeonsari's blades also had bright smiles on their faces.

* * *

Footsteps were heard. The brisk footsteps, as if taking a walk, became the melody of death.

"Kkiyaaaaaaaaaa!"

The female elf screamed in agony. Kanggeomma stabbed Sashimi in the back of the neck. A blade protruded from the back of the neck and was sucked out again.

"Get out… … ."

The female elf groaned, revealing her hazy eyes.

"Damn it, I can't see!"

The male elf next to him started barking. Even though he moved his eyes quickly, the human disappeared without a trace.

It was there just a moment ago. But why isn't it there now? In that moment of life-or-death question, the blade slashed at his temple.

Phew.

The half-eaten sashimi came out with its head split open. The male elf died without even realizing his own death.

"Wow, line up your numbers and shoot arrows! Those armed with

wands, pour out magic!”

The executive elf gave the order. His neck was covered in spiderweb-like veins.

“Fire, arrow. Fire, fire, shoot the arrow! Shoot!”

The elf group barely managed to regroup and fired arrows.

Peewee! Peewee! Peewee!

Arrows imbued with magic flew in succession. With speeds comparable to bullets, and with illusionary magic mixed in, each arrow caused dozens of ricochets. Countless arrows swept in like a heavy rain, and swept in again.

Kang Geum-ma slightly raised the corners of his lips.

“Those who attack from a distance always try to reduce my range of movement. The 5th Corps Commander and the 3rd Corps Commander.”

The sky was dark as if an eclipse was occurring because of the rain of arrows.

“But do you think I can handle the attacks of little rascals like you?”

Kanggeomma planted his right and left feet alternately on the ground. Darkness for a moment settled over his head as if melting.

A black man stands under the black sky. Kanggeomma takes a short, cold breath.

Crunch!

The blade flashed. It struck down the pouring hail of arrows. It was so fast that twenty silvery afterimages were left in the path of Sashimi.

Arrows fell like matchsticks. The sharp arrowheads flew in all directions without even licking the skin. It looked like a circular barrier had formed around the strong sword.

The black eyes observed each arrow.

‘There are a ton of them, though.’

Two sashimi sticks touched the red line drawn on the arrow shaft.

‘If you take away the magic, it’s just a toy.’

The magic oxidized and the arrow broke.

“Wh, what… … !”

Only after wasting his arrows did the officer elf realize that something was seriously wrong. He stopped the long-range attack, grabbed his sword, and ran forward himself.

“I, Gremfield. I will avenge my brother, the right-hand man of Elder Rogue and the first to die— AAAAAH!”

Daiso Sashimi opened a tunnel through its babbling mouth.

“Ah… that devil… bastard… … .”

Dark Elf’s Virtue. Kanggeomma kindly threw me another piece of sashimi.

The new tip was first tapped against the end of the hilt, pushing it out and taking its place.

Gremfield was better than his brother. Daiso Sashimi x2. His life price was 6,000 won, twice that of his brother.

The elf in charge died in tears of joy at the kindness of the strong swordsman.

The dark elves froze like statues. Everyone present felt their blood run cold. It was not an exaggeration to say that the air was chilly.

Kanggeomma opened his mouth, shaking his disheveled hair. His eyes looked straight at the elder elf.

“Not coming?”

Elder, Log raised his index finger and made a gesture. The finger trembled weakly like an old tree in the wind.

“Yes, yes, you. Why do you use such strength when you’re not Balor Joaquin!”

“I am that human’s disciple.”

“What, what?!”

Kanggeomma smiled. Murderous intent and madness were swirling in his black pupils.

“Anyway, if you don’t plan on coming, wait. I’ll go.”

The horse’s feet dug a furrow again.

“Eeeeeeeeeeee! Die!”

The elves also faced each other with the inertia of fear. The strong swordsman teased Sashimi. With one swing of the sword, the line cut diagonally like bamboo collapsed.

The elves’ eyes widened in shock. Before they could show off their magic, Kanggeomma swung his sword. Shouts and screams from ten people spread out.

The five elves counterattacked. They threw their bows to the ground and picked up the swords on their waists. It was a wise choice. It was a mistake to insist on using ranged weapons in close combat.

However, the elves could only pull out the blade a span because of the blue blood lines that were already engraved on their arms and thighs.

The elves, whose center of gravity had collapsed, staggered. In that split second, Sashimi split their collarbones one by one. Five of them died.

The group of elves at the rear chanted a spell. The strong swordsman also moved in accordance with it. Activating the ‘Protection of Charyeok’, the fingers that were about to flick were cut off like

branches.

Then, Kanggeomma jumped up. He landed in the middle of the elf group. Everyone's gaze was focused on him, but then dispersed. Sashimi scanned the elves' eyes even faster. Immediately after, six elves who had lost their eyesight died.

Kanggeomma wiped the blood that had stained his sword on his trouser leg. He roughly wiped his mouth with his slippery hands. Then he ran again.

"Now, Elder… … !"

The elves fled in panic, blades falling behind them like swallows laden with water.

Crunch!

Numerical superiority is meaningless. A group of elves of about fifty were halved by a single man. As the sword fight continues, their numbers will dwindle even further.

Ssung!

The elder elf lowered his head as the elves died one after another. Thick blood filled the floor.

"Hehehehe."

The elder laughed, holding his stomach.

"Yes, Balor Joaquin and Lycan. I've heard of their union, but I never thought I'd see the results with my own eyes."

The elder, who was laughing like crazy, shouted at the sword master who was fighting chaotically.

"Descendants of the Nibelungs! Even though we Dark Elves are now facing extinction, just wait and see! This demon's sword will not discriminate between right and wrong!"

The swordsman turned around and looked at Kanggeomma. His

eyebrows were furrowed.

‘Cheongeom… you.’

The swordsman slaughters the elves. Even though he has the upper hand, his blade continues to pursue the dark flesh.

‘If I keep doing this, I might lose my mind.’

I’ve heard. When he confronted the 3rd Corps Commander Vesna, Kanggeomma’s hair turned ashen. It was what they call ‘awakening.’ In fact, the tips of Kanggeomma’s hair were burning white.

‘The awakening of the One Thousand Swords is different.’

It was severe. Sashimi was endlessly thirsting for blood. If left alone, the two sashimi would not be able to distinguish between blood and blood.

However, it was difficult to approach this side rashly. Thanks to the dragon’s magic, it was easy to deal with, but I couldn’t let my guard down.

‘I guess I’ll have to approach it when I get the chance.’

The breathing sound was greatly reduced. There were no elves standing on two legs. Even if they were breathing, their limbs were not healthy. They looked up at the strong sword horse with frightened eyes.

Some struggled, some crawled, and some cast spells until the last moment. They all met the same end: death.

“under…….”

Kanggeomma closed his eyes. The area around his eyes felt stiff. The tip of his nose tingled with the smell of blood.

He slowly opened his eyes and started walking with a thump.

There were many obstacles. Pieces of bone and blood stuck under my feet like rocks. I walked, bumping into them.

I took each step forward. As each step continued, my hair began to turn black again.

Damn it.

Kanggeomma stood before the elder. The elder giggled, covering his forehead. His forehead was wet with water.

The elder, Kang Geum-ma, looked down blankly and opened his mouth.

“I know you’re in your right mind.”

“… … .”

The laughter stopped.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 216

Episode 216 Sashimi is better than words

The elder elf, Rogue, lowered his eyes and looked only at Kanggeomma's shoes. He didn't dare raise his head.

'It's not death that I'm afraid of.'

He was an elder who had lived a life that no human could ever dream of. He had long since escaped the fear of death. Rather, he had grown tired of living. He had no purpose or direction in life anymore.

That worn-out old man was sweating profusely. It was like water flowing out of a dry towel when you twist it tightly. This was because the monster in front of him, the Ganggeomma, had stimulated the elder's trauma.

The deep humiliation he had suffered from the hero of the first century. Rogue was reliving that humiliation hundreds of years later. From a human who called himself the disciple of Balor Joaquin.

'It's different from Balor Joaquin.'

Heavenly Sword, Ganggeomma. He was still weak compared to the heroes of the time. The human who cut down the 1st Corps Commander Lycan, who was called the strongest in the past and present, was Balor Joaquin.

The Ganggeomma is definitely strong. However, if you compare it to Balor Joaquin, it's a different story.

‘It’s something that can be dealt with by the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn.’

It seemed that Ganggeomma had not yet fully demonstrated his strength. It was difficult for him to be on par with the hero of the first poem.

Still, the demon’s intuition sounded a warning. This boy would one day become an indescribable being.

“hey.”

Kanggeomma, who was rubbing his eyes, said. His eyes were sore from using ‘Sword God’s Protection’ for nearly a minute.

“Are you done pretending to be crazy?”

“… … .”

Kanggeomma crouched down and looked at the elder. Rogue’s wrinkled face twitched.

Meanwhile, the situation on the swordsman and the spirit side was also sorted out. With the leader of the group, Rogue, captured, the remaining elves lost their will to fight. The elves put down their weapons, clasped their hands behind their heads, and knelt.

Only then did the sword master come running. He stopped the swordsman in an urgent voice.

“Heavenly Sword! Wait, wait!”

Kanggeomma tilted his head. Geomje spoke while panting.

“Don’t kill them right away. And look over there. There are less than twenty elves left, and even those have all surrendered. So no more needless killings… … .”

“I have no intention of killing.”

The elder elf raised his head reflexively. You have no intention of killing him?

Kang Geum-ma concluded his speech.

“Not yet.”

If the ‘Painless Protection’ time has passed, the ‘Protection of the Sword God’ can no longer be manifested. Even if I kill him, I plan to leave the aftermath to the Sword Master or the Association.

‘It’s good to have a clean finish, but not while enduring the pain.’

Besides, this old elf seemed to know something about the boss. And that’s not all. ‘The fifth fragment’. I had to find the fragment that was somewhere on this Hawaiian island. The area around the Demon Gate was the Dark Elf’s territory, so I’m sure he knew the geography very well.

‘I was going to save a few of these guys and use them as guides anyway.’

If you’re an elder elf, you should know the way. After considering this and that, it would be better to keep him alive for now. Of course, if he shows any suspicious signs, I’ll deal with him right away.

Kanggeomma lowered his gaze. Should he start by cutting off the old dark elf’s fingers? He hesitated for a moment and then shook his head. He was not a white man, so touching a body part was a bit much. If I were to cut it, I would just cut off the head.

“Tea… I’d rather kill you!”

It was Rogue’s last words. It was his last stand as an elder elf. There were still a few dark elves alive. He had to save face even when he had to go.

“I would rather die with my sword than tell you anything!”

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma frowned.

‘Even if I try to talk it out.’

It was always like this. The demons and villains didn't understand at first glance when I spoke to them.

'After all, words speak louder than words… … .'

Kang Geum-ma let out a sigh and stretched out his right arm to the side. Everyone's pupils grew as big as lanterns. It was a sight that was hard to believe even after seeing it with their own eyes.

"Ugh, ugh, ugh… … ."

Eyes as slit as a rotten fish. Unnatural movements. Daiso sashimi pierced through the throat. The close elf rises with clear evidence of death hanging from his body. Like a zombie.

The elder elf's gaze wandered. He pursed his lips.

"Galemfield… why… no… what is this… … ."

The elder elf's mind turned completely white. Even though he had lived for nearly a thousand years, he had never heard of anything like this. A corpse coming back to life? Kanggeomma, is this guy really a demon?

The complexions of the sword master, the chief of police, and everyone else sitting there were pale. It was the first time they had seen the 'power of the King of Hell.' Even the experienced Hon shrugged his shoulders.

'It's a cool ability that you can see twice… … .'

The shock didn't stop there. Kanggeomma waved his outstretched hand in the air. Then, the close elf-undead froze like stone. It wasn't a metaphor. The close elf, petrified from the soles of his feet, became a single stone statue. Looking at that, Hon's back felt cold.

'The Eyes of Petrification… …!?'

This is the power obtained by strengthening Murasame after defeating Basilisk. It is the ability to petrify the target stabbed with a sword. However, it was difficult to use in practice because there were several conditions attached. I thought it was a dud, so I kept it aside,

but I never thought I would use it like this.

‘I feel uncomfortable because it seems like I’m being insulted.’

It was necessary to instill fear in this old elf. This was called shock therapy.

‘I think this is enough.’

Kanggeomma withdrew his outstretched hand and looked at the elder elf again.

“They say the dead don’t speak, but you just saw it. I can even bring the dead back to life, if only for a little while.”

Kang Geum-ma stretched his neck from side to side.

“Rather than bothering those annoying people and bickering, I can just revive them and ask them.”

Of course, it was a joke. A corpse resurrected by power is just a corpse. However, those who do not know this fact will spread their imaginations.

“You can kill the surviving dark elves one by one and then ask them to come back to life. But I am giving you room to negotiate.”

“… … .”

“Choose. If you cooperate with us, you and your compatriots will be spared. Of course, you will be dragged to the Hero Association prison.”

“…If you’re going to save the life of a dead person, why are you making such a suggestion?”

He replied briefly.

“mercy.”

The elder elf gritted his teeth. Kanggeomma arched an eyebrow and shrugged.

“Yes, if you want to kick away the opportunity to negotiate. There, that… hero?”

“Oh, is that you? Your Majesty.”

“yes.”

Kanggeomma nodded his chin at the male hero who was standing there awkwardly. The man was armed with a greatsword that a scoundrel would wield.

“For every minute the Elder remains silent, behead one dark elf.”

“But, but… … .”

The man hesitated. He wondered if it was right to behead the enemy who surrendered.

Kang Geum-ma gave an order like a roar.

“I’m speaking as Chilseong. If you disobey an order, be prepared to be punished. And you saw it too, Hero. I clearly gave him a chance. But he refuses, so what can I do?”

“ah…….”

“It would be fine if the dark elves cooperated, but if they don’t, it will be a disaster in the end. What kind of things would the demons do when they are so poisoned?”

The man swallowed hard and answered.

“… There is a possibility that it could go ‘berserk’ and cause additional damage.”

“Yes. So wouldn’t it be right to cut the buds off before that?”

The man nodded.

“I guess I was short-sighted.”

He approached the elf, raising his greatsword in a flash.

“I will follow the command of the Heavenly Sword Master.”

And then, at that moment.

“Ewww!”

The elder elf sank to the ground, half unconscious. He hit the floor and cried. His heart had finally broken.

Kang Geum-ma watched the scene with a blank expression.

‘I feel like I’ve become a villain.’

There’s no way around it. Humans and mines, two races with completely opposite attributes, are each other’s villains. There are exceptions like the soul, but that’s because the soul is special.

Above all, dark elves enjoy cannibalism. Cannibalism is common among the demon race, but dark elves have a vulgar way of doing things. They approach with a kind face, lower their guard, and then attack.

Also, from what I’ve seen in the community, he sided with the human side during the Second World War and ended up getting stabbed in the back of the head. It’s not for nothing that he’s called a ‘sly little bastard’.

“I will cooperate… … .”

The elder elf sobbed. For a moment, he looked two hundred years older.

Kanggeomma looked at him like that and nodded to the man holding the greatsword. The man nodded back and lowered his hand. The vicious greatsword was stuck right next to the elf who was on the verge of being decapitated.

The swordsman sat down on a tree stump. It was the spot where the elder elf had been sitting.

“then.”

Kanggeomma wiped the blood off the sashimi.

“Now let’s start the real negotiations.”

* * *

Late afternoon, with the sunset hanging over the horizon.

The inspector was staring blankly at the sunset. The chief approached him with a limp. This was because he was not completely used to the prosthetic leg.

“Your Majesty, I have finished capturing all the dark elves.”

“Good job.”

“What about the hard work? Isn’t this kind of follow-up work the responsibility of our Hero Association? The hard work was done by the Sword Master or the Heavenly Sword Master.”

As the conversation went on and on, the topic changed.

Vice President Sung reported the results.

“After collecting and sorting through all the Dark Elf weapons, I found that they were made of rare materials that could not be found in the Human World. If I were to dispose of them, they would probably be quite valuable.”

“Hmm.”

The swordsman’s thoughts were brief. He spoke immediately.

“How about keeping half of it in the association and disposing of the other half and depositing it in Cheon-geom?”

“Ah, uh! Yes. According to the association regulations, anything that comes out of a demon or mine subjugation belongs to the hero involved. There’s no problem.”

“Then, please dispose of it at the association level and send it to Cheongeom’s account. If you stay in Chilseong, you’ll probably spend

a lot of money here and there. You should also earn some small money like this. Do you have an idea of how much it would be?”

Chief Sung thought. It must be a huge amount of money for a small amount of pocket money.

“Let me calculate it now.”

Chief Sung took out his smartphone and tapped on the calculator. A long number appeared on his retina.

“… The amount to be deposited to Cheon Geum is approximately 31.6 billion Korean Won.”

“The enemy, compared to the Heavenly Sword that saved our lives.”

The inspector chuckled and turned his gaze to the early evening sky. A faint crimson color spread across the old man’s face.

The appearance of the strong sword horse at an incredible timing, and the dragon disguised as a human. The sword master had a lot to ask about this.

When things calmed down, I wanted to ask Kanggeomma for an explanation. But I never did. From dragons to resurrecting corpses to petrification. There were too many questions to ask. So I decided to put aside my curiosity and just accept the results.

‘I’ll tell you when the time comes.’

Suddenly, the image of Kanggeomma negotiating flashed through my mind. He had stolen all the information from the elves.

When does Permish appear, is there a special place around Gehenna Gate, and what happens in the Demon Realm?

But the only thing they actually gave us was beans in the prison. Elves were supposed to eat only vegetables and fruits…

The dark elves nodded without making a sound. They were only negotiating in words, but they had no choice.

Thinking back on the situation at the time, the inspector sighed.

“It’s a negotiation where you suppress the opponent with fear… … .”

He added that at this age, he had gained a lesson from the boy.

The swordsman laughed without a word and walked towards the temporary outpost where Kanggeomma was resting.

“The place that Cheongeom said he had to stop by tomorrow.”

There was something to be said about that place.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 217

Episode 217: Did you eat?

I plan to stay near the gate tonight.

A place where there might be a 'piece' of information that I got from the elder elf. I heard it was close to Gehenna Gate, so I unexpectedly went there tomorrow.

It's tiring to travel back and forth between Korea and Hawaii, and I heard that something will happen at the gate soon.

'Because they said Permish would appear at the gate soon.'

The 4th Corps Commander Permish is said to have invaded the Inland Empire. And he did so by breaching the Gehenna Gate.

I asked him how he got there, but the elder elf pretended not to know. I tried pushing the sashimi in. The elder elf's answer was always the same. I don't know, I really don't know!

"Phew."

I let out a sigh. My mind is in disarray. I don't even know where it went wrong. While I was wiping my face, an exclamation flowed out.

"Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

This is a temporary outpost provided by the Hero Association. It is a tent for three people, but it has everything you need. A simple refrigerator, a simple table, and a simple chair. Although everything

is ‘simple,’ I am satisfied with the facilities.

And in front of the refrigerator, the soul is crouching like a totem. The soft light characteristic of the refrigerator illuminates her face.

Yes. I ended up wearing a tent like a soul. Even though I wear human skin, dragons are demons. Even if I reassure people, their prejudices won’t change in an instant. It’s understandable for them to feel uneasy.

So I, the guardian(?), decided to take charge of the soul. Only then did Chief Sung nod. He said he felt reassured when Cheongeom-nim was with him. I tried hard to ignore the eyes demanding an explanation.

‘If we talk about the soul, things get too complicated.’

I turned my gaze and glanced at Hon. In fact, I even considered sending her back to Korea alone.

But I, Kang Geum-ma, have become a body that can no longer be satisfied with airplanes. The private plane given to Chil-seong is now nothing more than a lump of scrap metal.

‘Since the existence of the soul has been discovered anyway… why don’t you just ride the soul instead of the private plane?’

Then Hon pointed at the refrigerator and said.

“Look at this! There’s meat, meat, meat right here!”

As expected. The corners of his mouth are covered in saliva. It seems like he’s drawing all the moisture from his body and secreting it as saliva.

After she chooses a piece of refrigerated meat, Dodo comes running. A thick, meaty beef rib.

The soul looks up at me with an earnest expression.

“I… Your Majesty, by any chance… … .”

Those sparkling, bright eyes. For a moment, my mind and soul overlap with the image of a cat wearing boots.

“Can you bake this for me… … ?”

A makeshift stove is placed openly on the table. There is no way a soul that has been living among humans for a month would not know what it is.

So what you’re asking me for is, you want to eat the meat I cooked. I know, I know what I cook is delicious.

‘I’m a little tired… … But still, I’m glad you worked hard today.’

In battle, Hon devoted himself to the rescue of the heroes. He casted barrier magic to greatly reduce the casualties on the human side. Thanks to Hon, many lives were saved. At the same time, he also showed support for the sword mastery.

She completed her assignment with more than perfection.

If it were up to me, I would really like to buy Triple (A+++) Korean beef. The problem is that there is no Triple.

‘I’m sorry, Hon. I tricked you with a fantasy meat that didn’t exist.’

But even if I can’t give you triple beef, I’m confident I can change one-ply beef into a pop-ply.

“You worked hard today, so I’ll make you something tastier than just grilled meat.”

When I open my hands wide, Hon hands me the ribs he is holding tightly in both of his hands. His eyes are determined, as if he is handing over the remains of a comrade.

I opened the refrigerator and looked at the ingredients. Green onions, garlic, onions, soy sauce, etc. Everything was there except for the things I didn’t have. The menu came to mind.

“That will do.”

Take out the frying pan and heat it on the stove. Turn your wrist to coat the entire bottom of the pan with cooking oil.

Chijijik.

Just drop in the ribs. Sizzle. The sound of rain was heard inside the frying pan.

Fry the outside of the meat and then take it out. The rain stopped for a moment.

The ribs, which were grilled to perfection, were stacked high. This locked the original meat juices inside the meat.

“You can’t eat it yet.”

I stopped the spirit from approaching the meat with a sidelong glance. She got angry like a thief kicking his own feet.

“Cold meat doesn’t taste good!”

“Let it cool for a bit. And since it’s only baked on the outside, the inside will be dripping with blood.”

“… Do you cool the meat on purpose? Why?”

I was going to give you a brief explanation of resting, but I stopped. I’ll explain it with taste. Wait, soul. From now on, the grilled meat that Choi Seol-ah made will look like cardboard.

‘As if I was treating the airplane like scrap metal.’

I quickly sautéed the vegetables in meat fat. I added green onions, garlic, onions, and all the spices that contain the soul of Korea.

“and…….”

The person who was preparing vegetables next to me twitched his nose. He realized that the smell was unusual.

The expression on his face, which had been sullen because he was not allowed to eat meat, has now relaxed.

I poured in an entire can of soy sauce. I also boldly threw in some lump sugar and corn syrup.

No need to weigh. My hands are more delicate than an electronic scale.

“Huh, don’t dragons shoot breath?”

“Oh, yes, yes. Of course!”

It’s time to show off your showmanship. To be honest, I was excited too.

“Humans can breathe too.”

“to?!”

He opened the lid of the sake container with his front teeth and sprayed it from head height. The stream of sake swirled and was sucked into the pan.

Alcohol burns itself and is reborn as savory flavor. The catalyst is fire. A red flame rose above the pan.

“Flambé.”

The transparent pupils of the soul captured the splendid fire show. I was amazed like a child who had seen magic for the first time in his life. I smiled faintly and concentrated on cooking again. The tent was filled with a sweet and salty smell.

Knock knock. The sound of water dripping. A flood finally burst out of Hon’s mouth. There was more spit to come out. Amazing.

‘That’s understandable.’

Sweet and salty. The violence of flavors that stimulate the peripheral nerves is the essence of Korean culinary science. The soul exposed to it defenselessly became dizzy.

“Now, now, can I eat it? I think it’s done. The rice is done too. Yes? Yes?”

The soul is stamping its feet.

“You have 5 minutes left to finish, so in the meantime, wipe up the drool on the floor.”

“yes…….”

Final step. Stir with a wooden spatula so that the seasoning is evenly distributed. If you mix too hard, the meat or vegetables will become mushy, so be careful.

“Wow. What’s the name of this dish?”

The soul asked after finishing cleaning. I wonder now if it came to its senses while cleaning the floor.

“LA ribs. Um… no, let’s change the name and call it Hawaiian ribs.”

The soul mutters absentmindedly.

“Hawaiian ribs… Hawaiian ribs… Hawaiian ribs… Hawaiian ribs… … .”

She became a captive of Hawaiian ribs.

* * *

“I have something to tell you, do you have a minute? Huh?”

The swordsman arrived at the barracks of the Ganggeomma. At that moment, a sweet smell wafted in the air. It was a very appetizing smell, too.

The inspector opened the curtains of the barracks as if he was possessed.

“… … ?”

Was it called Hon? The dragon was lying on its back in front of the table. On the other side, Kanggeomma was looking at her with a bewildered look on his face.

The swordsman hurriedly placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

“What’s going on? Hey, is it possible that the dragon couldn’t overcome its nature and went wild and killed you?!”

Did you hatch it? The dragon’s eyes, which had been closed, opened wide in a flash. Then, it jumped up and began a combative meal.

The soul poured out both admiration and sorrow.

“It’s delicious, so delicious. It’s so delicious that I’m going crazy! Ahh… …! My whole life has been in vain! I, Hontail- I swear on this spot that I will dedicate my life to you, Kenma-sama!”

As he was chewing on his words, Hon spat out fragmented sentences.

Kanggeomma gave me some meat with a slightly tired look in his eyes.

“Eat it all and then talk. All the rice grains will fly out.”

“yes!”

Kanggeomma’s gaze turned to Geomje.

“Ah. Your Majesty, you’re here too. Have you eaten?”

The strength left the sword master’s grip on the hilt.

“I haven’t eaten yet… … What happened just now?”

“After eating the meat dish I made for you, you screamed and fell asleep. The next thing you saw was exactly what happened.”

“what……?”

A taste that makes you lose your mind? Isn’t that just an exaggerated reaction that you see in the media?

But… looking at the way he eats so hurriedly, it doesn’t seem like it was all an empty boast.

First, the sword master accepted the invitation to eat. He took one side of the table while still holding onto the sword handle.

Whether the swordsman sat down or not, the soul didn't care. To be exact, it didn't even notice. The soul was too busy carrying Hawaiian ribs to notice.

"You have something to say."

Kanggeomma brought out a new plate. Geomje answered with a slightly dazed expression.

"I came here to tell you about the 'Nephilim Temple' you were planning to visit tomorrow, as there are some things to be careful about there."

"I see. Then let's talk while eating. Food doesn't taste good when it gets cold. If it's not enough, let me know. I made 15 servings because I'm alone."

At those words, the inspector glanced at Hon. Despite her delicate appearance, her appetite was like that of an elephant.

The inspector quickly turned his gaze to the food that had been served. Short ribs simmered in a reddish-brown sauce. The oiliness and the smell. All of these elements stimulated the salivary glands.

'I've never seen such a dish before.'

He was born into the most prestigious family, the Nibelung family, and was raised as a gourmet. He had long been familiar with cuisines from all over the world, and his taste buds were also very picky. But lately, his tongue has never been so happy.

'That's true.'

The sword master's Adam's apple gurgled. Was it the first time in decades that he had drooled?

The inspector poked a spot with his fork. He looked at the ribs carefully and then carefully put them in his mouth.

"… Uh… Uh."

Two silent words.

The sword has fallen behind.

* * *

It was ridiculous. The inspector who had promised to give instructions was only focused on eating. He put aside his noble dignity and was busy grabbing and tearing at the ribs.

There was no need to say anything about the soul. She even mixed the rice and ate it all up. Even without being taught. She has an amazing learning ability, limited to eating.

The hectic evening is over. All those Hawaiian ribs that were there were just dry bones left.

I left the barracks and went out into the night air. I wanted to get rid of the meat smell that had stuck to my clothes and get some fresh air. At that time, the inspector also came out of the barracks.

“Hmm.”

He coughed awkwardly. He was so embarrassed that his ears were red. But he managed to open his mouth.

“It was so delicious… … . I’ve tried all sorts of dishes in my seventy years, but it was a first for me to taste anything like that.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed the food.”

There was silence again. After a few minutes of silence, the inspector suddenly asked.

“Do you know what Nephilim means?”

“I heard it briefly in class. It’s a being born between an angel and a devil.”

“Oh, but you’re still attending class diligently.”

“The second semester final exams are coming up soon.”

“Hahaha. Anyway, if you know about Nephilim, you’ll understand

quickly. The ‘Nephilim Temple’ you’re planning to visit tomorrow is a sanctuary shared by humans and mines.”

The inspector brought in two folding chairs. We sat down and talked.

“Do you know that? We humans and mines worship the same god. Even though the branches are different, the roots are the same.”

“The same god? Didn’t all gods become extinct during the mythical age?”

“That kind of nonsense isn’t talking about gods.”

The swordsman shook his head. The Milky Way that decorated the night sky briefly shone dangerously.

“There is only one true God. Well, if you took the class, you would know that.”

I can’t help but know that you are the one who gave me strength.

“The Nephilim Temple is a sanctuary to honor ‘that god.’ It is a place visited not only by humans but also by demons. Nowadays, there are almost no humans visiting, and only demons.”

The inspector looks at me intently.

“I have one caveat. No matter what happens there, don’t draw your sword. If you do, it could really turn into a big problem.”

“Ah… yes, thank you.”

There was concern in his eyes, but he soon got up. Then, as if something had occurred to him, he added:

“Oh, I’m just asking, but you and that dragon aren’t related or anything, right?”

I was momentarily dumbfounded. That dragon? Could it be a spirit? I shook my head fiercely.

“Absolutely not. No, we are different races to begin with.”

“… I just said it. Humans are also born between angels and devils.”

“That and this are different!”

“Humans and mines can also reproduce. It’s just unprecedented.”

crazy.

“Ahem, if that’s not the case, then I’m relieved. Anyway, dinner was good.”

The inspector left in a hurry, leaving only those words behind. Just then, a soul came out, rubbing its eyes that were full of sleep.

“Your Majesty, aren’t you sleeping?”

“… I’ll be in a bit. Go to sleep first.”

Hon nodded and went into the tent. He stared at her back.

‘A temple visited by both humans and mines… … .’

Originally, I was planning to go alone, but I think I’ll have to adjust my plans a bit.

Intuition tells me to go to the temple with my soul.

And I trust my instincts.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 218

Episode 218: The Nephilim Temple (1)

As soon as the sun rose we headed straight to the temple.

The group for this journey consists of me, Hon, an elder elf who serves as a guide, and a male hero who tries to behead a dark elf.

The man was a warrior-class member of the association, his name was Edward. He was a hero with the nickname Black Bear.

By the way, Edward was there in place of the sword master and the castle chief. They had to manage the remaining dark elf remnants, and their destination was also the temple. The Nephilim temple was a sanctuary where armed conflict would not occur.

Even the demons, who seem to be far from faith, are said to be silent there. The sword master spoke about this yesterday, and the elder elf who is the guide also asserted it.

Both humanity and mines spoke in unison. At least, it was safe to say that there would be no conflict within the temple. It was unclear what would happen outside the temple, but Edward, a warrior-class man, was accompanying them. Most surprise attacks would be resolved within that line.

Thus, a strange half-and-half combination of two humans and two mines was formed.

Thud, thud.

We walk to the Nephilim Temple, because Hon had used up most of his magic power in yesterday's battle and was unable to transform into a dragon. But it turned out to be a good thing.

The dragon flying overhead was too conspicuous. I didn't want to cause any unnecessary commotion.

It was better to move quietly, following the guidance of the elder elf.

"From here, go about two hundred paces further and turn right. Then you will come across a huge coniferous tree. From there, go straight… … ."

The elder elf lifted his two hands, which were bound with rope, and explained. Edward looked at him with a puzzled expression and whispered to me.

"Your Majesty, why is that little brat so obedient? He wouldn't run away, would he? Or maybe you're trying to lure him to another place, away from the temple."

"That probably won't happen… … ."

A voice cut in from the front. The elder elf spoke, looking straight ahead.

"Don't worry, that won't happen."

"What, did you hear this?"

Edward flinched. The elder elf spoke in a cold voice.

"Don't you always call us idiots? We're just living up to our reputation."

"… … ."

"Think about it. If I run away, all of my surviving clan members will be beheaded. Would you call me crazy? As an elder, I can't do that. In that case, I'd rather take my own life."

Edward asked back.

“Even if we don’t run away, isn’t it possible that they’ll lead us to a strange place?”

“If we don’t hear from you before the sun sets, the humans in the main force will take action of their own. Then the dark elves will be in trouble again. Do you think I don’t know?”

I was inwardly amazed at the elder’s words. It was just as he said.

‘He’s not just an elder in name, he’s also quite insightful.’

The elder elf let out a sigh of regret.

“You are free to doubt, but you know very well that I have no choice. So, focus on finishing the work quickly and returning. I, too, feel sick to my stomach when I am with those who slaughtered my own kind.”

The elder continued walking. Arno muttered, stroking his beard.

“On the subject of mine, human language is astonishing. Anyway, I can’t understand their minds at all. Isn’t that right, Cheongeomniscient?”

“Well, I’m sure you don’t intend to hit me in the back of the head. But just in case, please keep a close eye on me.”

“As expected… Master Cheon Geum is always careful in any situation. I will follow his example.”

Respect flashed in Edward’s eyes. He gave me a half-salute.

“Jeonmyeong!”

Edward stayed close to the elder and watched him closely. The elder looked uncomfortable, but continued walking without saying anything.

Edward, that old man, I’m starting to get a feel for his character. He’s a passionate macho man, full of justice and fighting spirit. His weapon is a large sword, so I think it suits him.

‘Seeing that you’re suspicious of the elders, I guess you’re not a

complete muscle brain type.'

I looked to the side. My soul was spinning around, alert. She tilted her head as our eyes met.

"What's wrong, Sword Master?"

"No, I'm just grateful. I asked you to go with me without thinking, and you followed me without a word."

"Hey, what a sad thing to say between us."

… between us.

'Humans and mines can reproduce.'

Why do the words that the inspector said suddenly come to mind?

When I didn't say anything, Hon tilted his head in the opposite direction. Her side hair fell over her shoulder. Her ears had been magically changed, so her appearance was exactly like that of a human. Her hair was fine and her skin was smooth, reflecting her nutritional status.

I didn't know before because I was so shy, but now that I look at her, she's a stunning beauty. Even in this game world where beauties are as numerous as pebbles, her beauty is rare. She's not lacking compared to Abel, the standard for beauty. When she starts attending the academy, I can't help but imagine the male students lining up.

'I slept in the same tent as this kid.'

I scratched my temple awkwardly. Then, Hon tilted his head in the opposite direction and suddenly brought his face closer.

"Your Majesty, your face is red. Are you feeling unwell?"

"Well, what is it? It's a bit hot in Hawaii."

"It's early winter, so the weather is a bit cold… … Ah! Unlike us dragons, you are human, so your body temperature is high! If it's okay with you, would you like to exchange body temperatures?"

“are you okay.”

I don’t know what body heat exchange is, but I rejected it for now. The feeling is just too much.

The soul blinked its wide eyes and stood guard at the rear again.

After walking for about two hours, we came across a quiet, empty space. I said.

“Let’s take a rest here. Since I didn’t eat breakfast, I’ll have lunch before I go.”

“Okay! Then I’ll prepare the meal!”

Edward prepared a meal, moving quickly. He swung his greatsword roughly to chop wood and light a fire. He quickly went somewhere and brought back water from the stream.

Edward had a makeshift camp set up in just a few minutes.

It was easy to see why the chief had recommended Edward. His actions were swift, accurate, and skillful, and there was nothing to criticize.

Soon, Edward brought out the finished dish. It was a porridge made with beef jerky and root vegetables, and it smelled quite good. He served the porridge with a confident look on his face.

“Try it, Your Majesty.”

“thank you.”

I took a spoonful. Although it had a strong fishy smell, it tasted pretty good. I moved the spoon diligently to see if it suited my taste.

Edward’s gaze shifted to the side. He thought for a moment, then scooped up a ladleful of gruel and offered it to the elder.

“Eat, you little rascal.”

The elder stared blankly at Edward, then snatched the meat porridge

with both his bound hands.

“I will eat well.”

A brief thank you. The elder drank the porridge in gulps. Edward burst into laughter.

“Honestly, I thought you’d refuse, but you eat much better than I thought.”

“We dark elves enjoy gourmet food.”

The elder wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said, Edward frowned.

“So you committed cannibalism? Because of that damn gourmet?”

“Don’t humans eat various kinds of meat? Cows, pigs, chickens, sheep. We just add humans to that.”

“We humans don’t eat demons.”

“Who told you not to eat it? If you want to eat it, hunt and eat demons or beasts whenever you want.”

“Those savages. Tsk.”

Edward clicked his tongue and turned away. Regardless, the elder eagerly ate his meat porridge.

The meal was over. During the intermission, I approached the elder elf who was sitting on a rock catching his breath.

“elder.”

The elder elf tried to avoid my gaze. He turned his head with a resigned expression as my hand fumbled with the sashimi. His shoulders slumped.

“Why are you like that… … .”

“What you said yesterday, ‘the result of the combined power of Balor Joaquin and Lycan’. What does that mean?”

In response to my question, the elder looked at me with a puzzled expression.

“Didn’t your master say his name was Balor Joaquin? Why are you asking me that?”

“I just found out that my teacher is such a great person. But now something has come up and I can’t meet him.”

The elder’s eyes grew more puzzled. He mumbled something as if his mind was in disarray, listing his thoughts.

“Balor Joaquin hid the fact that he was the hero of the progenitors… and even the existence of the Lycans… … .”

For a moment, the elder raised his head and spoke with sunken eyes.

“I don’t think this is something I should be answering.”

“… … ?”

“Aren’t you going there anyway? When you get there, there will be someone who can give you a more accurate answer than I can.”

The elder stood up, his hands still tied, on his knees. It meant that he should go and check without dragging his feet.

“Isn’t the place we’re going to a temple? Then, of course, there must be a priest who can give you an oracle. He will answer your question.”

* * *

After walking for several hours, the elder who was leading us suddenly stopped. He tilted his head back and opened his mouth softly.

“They all came.”

The elder nodded toward the thick forest that blocked his view. Edward looked around. There were only trees standing densely, and there was nothing that could be called a temple.

Edward narrowed his eyes. He glared sharply at the elder.

“Where is the temple? Or have you deceived us, rascal?”

The elder elf grumbled.

“You were mocking me earlier, calling me a barbarian, but to me, you look even more barbaric. Anyway, humans shouldn’t rely solely on sight.”

“What, Emma?!”

“You have a quick temper, so just wait.”

The elder, laughing, quickly approached the old tree. Unlike the other trees that were rough, its shiny surface caught his eye.

The elder snapped off a branch from the old tree.

Kookookookookung.

The earth shook as if an earthquake had occurred. The leaves fluttering about in a flurry surrounded us in a circle. The whole place was covered in green.

“Ugh.”

I groaned faintly. My vision turned platinum in an instant. My eyes hurt because I wasn’t fully adapted to the dark. Hon and Edward were the same, covering their eyes with their hands.

The scenery gradually appeared between my finger joints. I strained my eyes. My drowsy eyes soon opened wide.

“and.”

I let out a gasp without realizing it. Gasps followed from behind as well. Hon and Edward were also looking straight ahead with wide eyes. It was an inevitable sight.

A staircase that seemed to touch the sky. At the end of it, a temple made of pure white asbestos was floating high like the clouds. If

there were no stairs, it would have been a citadel floating in the sky. It was the Nephilim temple.

I've been living a fantasy life for almost a year now. I've become indifferent to most things, but at this moment, my heart was pounding. I felt a surge of excitement.

As I was staring blankly up, the sound of shoes clicking sounded. I raised my narrowed eyes even higher.

A new form surrounded by a halo of light that is either a reflection of sunlight or its own light. A white shadow with its back to the sun comes down the stairs. Its presence amplifies the sacredness just by the atmosphere.

"Welcome, my lord. I have waited for you for 700 years."

The beautiful voice echoed throughout the space.

"My name is Kuarn, and I am a priest in the Nephilim temple."

The white being wore a gentle smile.

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Episode 219: The Nephilim Temple (2)

For a moment, I doubted my ears.

The name introduced by the being in white. I wasn't the only one who was shocked by it.

"Ku, ku, if it's Kuarn… …!"

Edward's face turned pale as he came to his senses late. His still, still spirit trembled.

Meanwhile, the white being slowly comes down the stairs.

2nd Corps Commander Kuarn. The leader of the Demon King's army and the absolute ruler of the Demon Realm Gehenna. The author currently introduces himself as the great evil of humanity.

The flow of thought was jumbled. Second Corps Commander Kuarn? Is that true? If it's true, how could he be in the human world? Acting like a priest? Could it be that this was all the elder's plan?

I suddenly turned my head. The elder was convulsing as if he had been struck by static electricity. He was in such a state of shock.

"Why are you here!? A demon of the rank of a legion commander can't come to the human world!"

The elder screamed. All sorts of negative emotions surged across his face. Fear, anxiety, panic, shock.

With this, it was confirmed that, at this moment, the elder was innocent. It was also confirmed that the man in white was the commander of the 2nd Corps.

The white being, Kuarn, smiled faintly and answered the question.

“Calm down, Dark Elf Elder. This body is not my true self. It is a clone, created by cutting off only a portion of my power.”

Kuarn spoke steadily as if trying to calm us down. But that endlessly kind voice seemed to scratch at our souls.

Kuarn stopped walking halfway down the stairs. Only now did his face come into view. His appearance was so neutral that it was hard to tell whether he was male or female. He could tell from his voice that he was a man.

At first glance, it looked like a normal human male. However, it was completely white, as if it had been bleached from head to toe.

In addition, the pure white light that was scattered and the pupils that sparkled inorganically made me realize that the author was an outsider.

The sight of it so resembling a human being made me feel uncomfortable. It was as bizarre as a walking wax doll.

And I have encountered something similar to that.

In the past, the angels who tried to exterminate the ancients. Kuarn’s appearance was very similar to them. If they had flapped their wings instead of wearing white clothes, they would have been just like those doves.

Kuarn spoke in a low voice.

“And the original priest is temporarily absent, so I am simply acting as his substitute. As the elven elders know, the original priest was a human woman. One day, she suddenly disappeared, and the temple always needs someone to guard it, so I am simply acting as that person.”

“For whatever reason, the Legion Commander is invading the Human Race!”

Edward took out the greatsword on his back, sweating profusely. The blunt blade aimed at the commander of the 2nd Corps.

“This is a clear violation of the Inma Agreement!”

Edward the Black Bear’s ferocious cry. The human facing a crisis raises his strength and takes up his weapons. This is truly the spirit of a warrior-class hero.

“As I just said, this body is not my true self. So it is not a violation of the agreement.”

Kuarn said, with an indifferent look that even felt like weariness. Even the warrior-level spirit did not give Kuarn the slightest stimulation.

“Besides, I have absolutely no fighting ability. I can swear to God right here.”

Kuarn claimed his own innocence.

“Is that bullshit real?”

I asked Hon quietly. She swallowed and nodded heavily.

“… Yes, it’s true. I’ve been detecting your magical power since a while ago, but I can’t really feel any magical power. It’s not like you’re hiding any magical power or anything. That body is really nothing more than an empty shell.”

Kuarn smiled, gently pulling the corners of his lips.

“Will you trust me now, brave hero?”

“A brave hero… …?”

Edward blinked. It was the leader of the Demon King’s army personally congratulating him. He felt strange. Should he be happy?

“Apart from my personal feelings, I would like to express my deepest condolences. You have done something wrong in this Nephilim temple.”

Edward froze when he heard Kuarn’s words. Then, his face suddenly turned grave.

“Okay, okay, just a minute!”

A final word mixed with desperation. A black vortex formed in Edward’s chest and began to spiral inward like a black hole, sucking his body in.

Screams and screams, the sound of carnage and the smell of blood.

Only the afterglow of death lingered where Edward had stayed. The warrior-class hero had disappeared without leaving a trace of his life behind.

This happened in the blink of an eye, without me even having time to do anything.

The Nephilim Temple is a place where there is no distinction between good and evil. Anyone who breaks the law, whether human or demon, is severely punished.

Kuarn shook his head as if he was truly sorry.

“The first rule of the temple, ‘No matter what happens, do not draw your weapons.’ How dare you break that most basic rule. I hope others do not do the same.”

Quarn did not interfere at all. It was Edward’s own death that he had brought upon himself by losing his composure.

“…Fuck.”

I came to the temple to find the fifth fragment. That was my only purpose.

But the greatest enemy of mankind suddenly appeared. But even the handle of the sword cannot be moved. Edward proved with his death

what would happen if you just pulled out the sashimi.

I glanced at the elder. He was trembling like an aspen tree. He looked miserable beyond his spirit. After all, he was caught by the leader of the demon tribe while working as a human's lackey. A future soaked in blood must be looming before his eyes.

As if he knew what was on his mind, Kuarn looked at the elder and smiled.

"iced coffee……."

The elder's breathing quickened. His upper teeth bit his old lower lip. The taste of blood lingered in his mouth.

The elder thought. Why did he endure all the humiliation and insults to come here?

'Isn't this all done to ensure the survival of the dark elves?'

This black demon, the Ganggeomma, was almost destroyed by the hand, but about twenty elves survived. They must be saved. The elder's only wish was this.

The old man was racking his brain. He quickly calculated a way out of this predicament, a momentary advantage. He was a dark elf known for his cunning, and among them, he was a rogue who had been an elder for hundreds of years.

Which side should he stick to in order to survive? The elder, having reached a conclusion, stuck behind Kanggeomma without hesitation.

Kuarn narrowed his eyes. His white eyebrows were gathered together. Soon, he let out a laugh of disbelief.

"You betrayed your own tribe and chose to join humans. Do you have any regrets about that?"

"None."

It was a lie. Rogue was keenly aware of the 2nd Corps Commander's strength. The empty attribute magic he cast was truly destructive.

Even if the strong swordsman flies and crawls, it is still no match for that transcendent being. It was very fortunate that the place where he encountered Kuarn was the Nephalim Temple. If it was a demonic realm, everyone would have burst like flies.

'but.'

Even though he was a cursed human who had massacred most of his clan, the elders believed that the enemy of my enemy is my friend and bet the fate of the dark elves on Kanggeomma.

Strictly speaking, it was a gamble on the potential of ginghammi.

If I can draw out that power? Of course, I will put the 2nd Corps Commander under me, and even the 1st Corps Commander under me. This is something that Kuarn also knows for sure. I guess that's why that demon appeared in the temple.

In order to prevent the unfortunate incident in advance, he killed the real priest and then pretended to be a fake priest. If that were true… Kuarn would have been an unforgivable villain.

The crime of killing a priest was enough to lose the trust of the Demon Clan, even if he was the commander of the 2nd Corps.

"I think I can hear the sound of your head rolling from here."

At that moment, Kuarn's eyes took on a murderous light. The elder felt his body tightening for a moment.

"Still, I'm glad you don't regret your choice."

Kuarn chewed and spat with twisted lips.

"Because in the future, I will be able to annihilate the dark elves without any regrets."

I wondered what was going on. They were beating drums and janggu among themselves, and the elder elves were hiding behind their backs. Come to think of it, they were all demons except me. Well, since most of them are human, I guess I should be considered an exception.

‘This is fucking crazy.’

The shock must have worn off, so I recalled the reason I came to the temple. I said with an annoyed look in my eyes.

“You are the 2nd Corps Commander, and you are currently acting as the priest. Just take it easy and focus on your main duties.”

The important thing wasn’t that Kuarn had appeared. It was that he had no intention of fighting.

You never know. That guy might really be the acting priest.

Even if you say no, it doesn’t matter. I just have to finish my business and leave right away.

Of course, Edward’s revenge will be met with a fair price. Not now, but maybe sometime in the future.

“I’ve kept you waiting for too long.”

Kuarn smiled coldly. Then he turned around and motioned for me to follow him.

“Come with me. I’ll help ease some of your curiosity.”

Still speaking kindly. I take a look at the guy just before following him.

“Kwarn, you know very well that your brother lost his head at my hand.”

“I know it well.”

Kuarn expressed his pent-up emotions in words.

“But I’m not sad at all. I’m glad that those useless guys became your food source. Let’s talk about the rest at the Nephilim Temple.”

* * *

At that moment, in the dark auditorium.

A silver-haired woman, Yu Se-in, is praying with her hands clasped together.

Beneath Sein's kneeling knees, the carpet was damp with sweat. His pure white robes were soaked with sweat and half transparent.

Soon, Se-in's tightly shut eyes opened wide. She slowly turned her eyes away.

As far as the eye could see, a blond man was leaning against a marble pillar. Above his tightly folded arms, his upper body was shrouded in darkness.

Sein gave the blond man a cold look.

"Why did you come here?"

The blonde shrugged, crossing her arms.

"I just stopped by because I was curious about what the saint did."

A neat voice. However, to Se-in's ears, it sounded like a slander. In the first place, Se-in was displeased with the fact that this hypocrite had set foot in this sacred place.

The world was furious.

"Well, it's kind of strange that in the Demon Realm, you can pray for someone."

There was a tremble in the blond's expression. He couldn't see it in the darkness, but Sein could feel it. The guy was clearly furious.

"… I told you not to mention where my hometown is… … ?"

Even in the face of the blond man's threats, Seine didn't even blink an eye. She laughed back.

"I think I've done enough by just keeping your identity and origins a secret."

"… … ."

The blonde uncrossed her arms and trudged out of the darkness. Her pupils beneath her hair, which looked like it had been sprinkled with gold dust, flashed a deep blue light.

The pitch blackness parted and a man's face was revealed.

"Isn't that so?"

Se-in stared at the man.

"Leon van Reinhardt."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 220

Episode 220: The Nephilim Temple (3)

Saint Yusein saw the warrior.

A chiseled face and a flawless personality. Is it just appearance and personality? The one and only hero-level protection of the present age, the manifester of the 'Miraculous Protection'. In addition, the owner of the holy sword and the magic sword 'Balmun'.

He had monopolized all the coincidences that existed in this world.

Everyone says that they are the main character of their own life. However, there is a separate main character that is inevitably chosen.

A boy who is favored by the world and a warrior who carries the burden of humanity. A being born to be loved without any reason or explanation. He is Leon Van Reinhardt.

but.

Those eyes, a pair of blue dots floating in the darkness. Leon approaches like a wolf, his long eyes shining. He has the aura of a vicious, evil spirit that is hardly worthy of being called a warrior.

If someone were here, they would have asked if the author was really a warrior. That beast that approached with the attitude of chewing up its opponent.

Phew.

The wind blows in a closed space. It is not the movement of natural air currents.

The warrior growled the name of the saint. Just hearing it made Se-in's eardrums tingle.

"Saint Yusein."

The golden beast's mane was disheveled. Leon spoke, baring his teeth fiercely.

"I don't care what god you worship. I don't care why you pray to Kanggeomma or what your plans are."

Se-in's body froze. His body temperature dropped like cold water flowing through his blood vessels.

"But if you ever think of revealing my secret to anyone, I will have your head cut off without mercy."

Se-in clutched her chest tightly. The wrinkles on her sweat-soaked cotton cloth were clear. She was scared. She knew Leon's 'identity'. The closer the footsteps got, the more scared she became.

However, Se-in smiled. Even though sweat dripped down her cheeks, she did not bend her will. If she had been afraid of threats and intimidation, she would not have accepted the saint's karma.

"Kill me whenever you want. But Leon, you know that if you kill me, this world will end."

"… … ."

"A world where the warrior destroys with his own hands. That's good too. People will really like it."

Leon's steps faltered. Sein continued speaking.

"You're afraid of yourself, too, aren't you? You don't know where you're going. You don't know if this is the right path to take, and you don't know when that thing inside you will run wild. That's why you hypnotize yourself every day. You tell yourself that you're human,

that you're human."

Leon's sea-green pupils dimmed.

"But why? You are not human. You are not a mine, either. You can be both, but you cannot be both. Oh, poor Leon. Why do you deny yourself?"

"… … ."

"Leon, you are a human who must defeat the Demon King, and you are a Nephilim who must become a demon who goes against God. That is your destiny."

"Shut up! I'm not the devil!"

Leon roared. The candles were blown out and the glass windows rattled. Nevertheless, the light in the church did not dim but rather grew darker.

Hurrr.

Bright yellow torches were burning everywhere. They were the holy fire, the healing fire of the saint. The sacred flames block the movements of those with evil intentions.

Leon's eyes were twitching wildly because his body was motionless. He could barely move his fingers.

Se-in groaned as she sat up. Something trickled down her nose. The blood was staining her white dress bright red.

Se-in just smiled bitterly. She walked while leaning against the back of a chair or the wall. Seong-hwa surrounded her as if protecting her.

Leon was unable to move his feet, and only held on to the hilt of Balmung's sword. Good and evil clashed within his grasp.

"Cheer up, Leon."

The saintess spoke. She was turning her back to the warrior.

“If things continue like this, you will never be able to kill the Demon King. You know that best, right?”

* * *

Nephilim Temple.

They said it was a place where good and evil coexisted. Perhaps that was why the inside of the temple was divided into half darkness and half light.

The atmosphere was solemn. The hazy, gray fog and the pungent smell of incense made the air even heavier.

Thud, thud.

As I walked, I looked around. The floor, walls, and ceiling were made of pure white limestone, just like the temples I had imagined. However, everything that filled the white space was incredibly bizarre.

A statue of a demon with a goat’s head and a human body sits on a platform, and in front of it, the minions are wearing robes and bowing repeatedly. Next to them, other minions are doing the same thing in front of other statues, and doing it again, and doing it again, and doing it again… .

Decadent acts committed in a sacred place. The shadows cast over the temple seemed to sway like the entrails of life.

A few of the mines glanced at us, but most were absorbed in a religious ritual. But this ritual was really something.

I frowned, feeling as if my mind was being polluted just by looking at it. They thought it was a religious activity, but to me it looked like nothing more than devil worship.

‘Just as the inspector said, I don’t see a single human besides Mine.’

When I came here in person, I immediately understood. It didn’t seem like a place that people would visit unless they had a strong heart. However, it seems that this isn’t just for people.

“Your Majesty… … .”

The spirit that was hiding behind me tugged at my sleeve. She pressed against my back with an anxious expression. Even the highest-level demon, the dragon, seemed uncomfortable with this scene of corruption.

“It’s okay, soul.”

I held her tiny hand tightly. A look of relief came over her face. On the other hand, the elder elf walked relatively calmly, as if he was used to it.

Of course, his expression was rotten because of what had happened before he entered the temple. The elder had a scuffle with the leader of the Demon King’s army, the 2nd Corps Commander. It wouldn’t have been strange if his life had been lost at any moment. The temple, which was an unarmed area, was like a sheet of ice to him.

Therefore, the elder elf carefully stepped forward as if walking on a stone bridge. His eyes were fixed on the pure white back of the figure walking far ahead. If he sensed even the slightest hint of something, he would immediately run away, or rather, hide behind him.

‘What kind of mines are hiding behind humans?’

The object of fear, mines, and the dragons and dark elves, who are the upper class mines, have put me forward as a windbreak. The object of fear, mines, are trembling in fear and hiding behind humans? It was absurd. Am I a human breakwater?

At that moment, Kuarn stopped walking. The elder elf flinched greatly, but Hon flinched slightly less.

Kuarn slowly turned his body like a wind-up doll. Then he opened his mouth with a faint smile.

“Here it is.”

The place that Kuarn guided us to was a huge altar. A huge stone statue that seemed to reach the ceiling. A humanoid figure with both hands placed on the end of a sword hilt. It was a statue that was

different from the other ones that looked like demons. Kuarn said.

“The ‘god’ worshipped in the Nephilim temple. That is him.”

Kuarn looked up at the face of the tall statue with a strange gaze. The lights inside shimmered as if they were surrounding only the statue and Kuarn.

“Actually, this is not his true appearance. His appearance is a shell that imprisons mortals like us. As a true god, he can be anything.”

“Stop talking nonsense. Tell us why you brought us here and what you have to say.”

I said it as if warning him. Kuarn nodded, smiling silently.

“You have a quick temper. That’s good.”

Kuarn looked at me. His eyes were as white as frost, and his eyelashes curved.

“Do you know? When this world was born, there was no distinction between good and evil. There was only chaos. It was a world where white could be evil, and black could be good. I guess you could say it’s the same as you and me, Ganggeomma.”

Kuarn’s voice, combined with the faint scent of perfume, made people feel tired.

“Since ancient times, black has been the color that represents the nature of ‘demon.’ But look. You, at the forefront of humanity, have black hair and black eyes. I, standing at the extreme, am white.”

Kuarn snapped his fingers. The pale smoke began to flow and soon drew a grayish-white circle in the air.

“This ash color is the color of chaos, the true nature of mine and human, human and mine. But.”

A long index finger cut the circle into a curve. Gray separated into black and white in an S shape.

“We were forced to separate because of false gods. Like water and oil, they can’t mix. You look like you’re saying, ‘Why?’ It’s simple. They just want to have fun. The bloody fights between Mines and Humans, and their mutual destruction, are just entertainment to them.”

Kuarn reached out his hand towards the circle and grabbed it tightly. The Taegeuk pattern circle turned back into smoke and scattered.

“How do you know if that’s true or not? It could just be your delusion.”

Kuarn smiled at my words.

“I couldn’t help but know. I was once one of the wings that protected the false gods.”

So that’s what happened… … .

With this, the guess I had when I first saw Kuarn turned out to be true.

He said it with his own mouth. The wings that protect the false god. This is an angel, that is, a dove that was slaughtered by me.

“I was the second most shining wing. My name is now abandoned, but my name back then was ‘Azazel.’ I carried out the gods’ orders more faithfully than anyone else, and I killed the most life on Earth. I am proud to say that I killed more than the most shining wing.”

So it was roughly the second of the pigeons.

It’s true that the guys I slaughtered weren’t weak, but they couldn’t compare to Kuarn.

It’s not that it isn’t, but the aura that this guy, who is his clone, gives off is more distant than a flock of pigeons.

So how strong is the main body of Kuarn? And furthermore, the strongest pigeon? I decided not to think too deeply about it. It’s not what’s important right now.

“After thousands of years of being deceived by false gods and living

under them, ‘He’ appeared.”

Kuarn showed his teeth. Up until now, he had only been smiling pretentiously, but for the first time, he showed his true feelings.

“Even though it was said to be false, they were indeed transcendent beings. However, ‘He’ single-handedly destroyed all the spirits with a single sword. Ah… …! How beautiful and majestic their appearance was!”

There was excitement in Kuarn’s voice. At that, Hon and the elder elf took a few steps back. The elder elf in particular was coughing up phlegm as if he was suffocating.

“Then I realized. He is the only one who can cut this chain of evil, black and white, the false truths created by false gods! He is the only one who can bring chaos back to this false world!”

There was madness in Kuarn’s tune. The calmness he had shown just now was gone. He scratched his face like a madman.

“Alas, but as luck would have it, he did not do that. Instead, he punished the false gods and ended his life with his own sword.”

This is the moment when it becomes clear who Kuarn is talking about.

Actually, I had noticed it ever since I heard the warning from the inspector.

God of Swords.

“But the time is near! He will soon bring this hypocritical world back into chaos!”

Within moments, Kuarn spat out the name of the being he had been ardently adoring. It was a name completely different from what I had expected.

“Adversary.”

My face was covered in complete darkness. The dim lights

disappeared and the temple was swallowed by night.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 221

Episode 221: The Nephilim Temple (4)

What is the most talked about topic among gamers of Miracle's Protection M? I can say for sure. It's the final boss of the story, the Demon King.

This was something that was only rumored in the gaming community.

A typical mass-produced mobile game – you can easily develop your character by just paying, and it's easy to strengthen your equipment, but there were no users who reached the final boss.

Oh, there were some. Most of them were just fishing posts without any verification. Even when photos were posted, they were all found to be fabricated.

At this point, users were saying things like: Is the final boss of this game really the Demon King? And why does an automatic hunting mobile game get so damn difficult as it progresses? Or is the game itself unfinished? Rumors and rumors continued to spread through the community.

Users with good action skills directly contacted the game company. The reply was.

"The final boss exists, and he is the Demon King."

Users were furious. Who wouldn't know that and ask? Of course, these games end with the Demon King.

The problem was that even in the latter half of the story, the final boss's hair wasn't mentioned. The only clue was that the final boss was referred to as 'him'. The general public assumed that he was male. Even this had no means of being proven.

Well, I guess that's because I'm not a hardcore gamer. It was just a mobile game I started playing to kill some time, so I didn't put much effort into it.

But on the other hand, I was curious. 'Miracle Protection M' is extremely difficult for a mass-produced game.

The enemies that appear in the latter half, the Demons and the Legion Commander. Were these guys really made to be broken? It was because they were so monstrous that I couldn't help but exclaim.

But how strong is the leader of those monsters? It was a very fundamental curiosity. So I diligently used Namu Wiki and the community. I was curious, but it took a lot of effort to get there on my own.

'Of course I gave up without any harvest.'

Even I, a light user, was like this, but what about the core users? They dissected the game and dug into the identity of the Demon King. There were heated discussions about it in the community. There were even users who spent several nights for weeks saying they would show the Koreans with determination.

Even the game that was called the devil's game was a half-day entertainment for K-gamers. While people in other countries were watching trailers and eating popcorn, Koreans were already tearing out the final boss's hair, in just 6 hours.

Koreans are a nation of games!

The users unconditionally poured out their unyielding will. For a whole year. That's enough time to make any decent game tattered and broken by Koreans.

But the result was… … As mentioned above, it was a crushing defeat for the users. Not only the Demon King, but they couldn't even solve

the bait for 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn or 1st Corps Commander Lycan. No matter how hard they pushed, there was no progress. The deeper they dug, the more they wandered as if they were trapped in a maze. In the end, everything was back to square one. This too would be the Demon King's swamp.

Gamers were getting tired. The market-like community suddenly became quiet, and the number of named users decreased noticeably.

At this point, wouldn't it be okay to give away the final boss bait out of consideration for the users? The remaining users unanimously said so.

The game company ignored their voices. They simply repeated the dry answer that the Demon King exists.

In this way, the biggest plot twist of 'Miracle Protection M' disappeared into the back alley along with the interest in the game.

An old mystery that has never been solved.

I think I might be the only one among the users who knew about that bait. No, I'm the only one who knew.

'I, who was appointed as a representative of humanity not long ago… … .'

The fact that he was a giant of humanity, as it turned out. Regardless of whether it is true or not, it is a shocking story in itself.

It was a really unfunny joke.

* * *

The darkness that had come before took away my vision, and the silence was suffocating.

Is it a hallucination or reality?

Is it reality or an illusion?

In the midst of darkness all around, the sound of fingers snapping

rang out. At the same time, the lights that had been out began to crackle and burn.

I regained my composure that I had lost for a moment and stared straight ahead. Knock, knock, knock. The friction sound of my index finger and thumb interlocking. Every time Kuarn's fingers moved, the room became brighter.

Secured vision. Kuarn spoke with a self-possessed face, the madness from a moment ago erased.

"It looks like the wind blew for a moment and all the lights went out. I'm sorry. I'll light them again now."

Kuarn smiled warmly. And he rekindled the flames of the temple that had gone out.

Did I get caught up in the priest concept? As I was blankly watching, it seemed like the guy really was a priest.

"That's the end of my story. From now on, if you have any questions, I will answer them accordingly. That's what a priest is like."

Kuarn had a faint smile on his lips. His smile and eyes were still white. I looked into his eyes and asked.

"Do you know that the one who killed all the false gods is called by another name among mankind?"

"Yes, I know. In rune, it's called 'Hereb', 'Shin-sal-sin', etc. The closest answer would be the name 'God of Swords'."

"Why do you call me the Demon King?"

Kuarn laughed sweetly. For a moment, it was a voice so captivating that it was hard to tell if it was a man or a woman.

"The ones who gave him the derogatory title of Demon King were the false gods who had been defeated by him. They believed without a doubt that they were 'absolutely good.' If they cut off all good, then they would be 'absolutely evil.' Therefore, they became the Demon King to him."

“It’s too dichotomous.”

“As I said before, false gods like to divide things. They like to take sides and fight over anything. That’s their nature.”

“…Why?”

“Wouldn’t that be the only way they would find themselves? In a peaceful world without conflict, mortals wouldn’t seek out gods. So the only way to make them find themselves would be to take sides.”

“Those gods are so damn narrow-minded.”

I clicked my tongue. Kuarn added with a shrug.

“That’s because they are half-divine beings. Unfortunately, we are beings created by such narrow-minded gods. That’s why we are also unstable. If the Demon King had created us, we would have been perfect beings.”

“I see… … .”

While we were talking, a sudden realization struck me.

What the heck. This kid is the commander of the 2nd Corps. It’s a friendly Q&A session with this guy, and he’s a hero of the Seven Stars. It’s a good thing I don’t have the eyes to see.

How will people see it? I’ll leave it to each person’s imagination.

Rather, the leader of the Demon King’s army and I are talking like this… Oh, that’s right. Coincidentally, the one inside me is the God of Swords, that is, the Demon King. The demon right in front of me, who is either male or female, is my follower. It seemed like a good match.

I don’t know if Kuarn knows about this strange relationship. I secretly hope he doesn’t know until the end.

‘Everything this kid has been saying so far could be one-sided claims or lies.’

I don't rule that out. As a human, it was a kind of instinct to be suspicious of the Demons. They are evil. The Demons are a group that deceives humans with sugar-coated words and then tramples them.

'The words of the demon tribe… … .'

The words caught my attention. I turned my gaze to the elder elf. I almost forgot about this.

Although my heart was heavy, I thought that opportunities like this wouldn't come often. I changed the question and asked Kuarn.

"The elder elf here told me about 'the collaboration between the Lycan and the Progenitor Hero'. Do you know anything about this?"

Kuarn's pupils fluttered slightly. He responded to the words 'progenitor hero' rather than 'lycan'.

"Well, I don't know about that."

Kuarn scratched his white eyebrow awkwardly. Then he looked at the soul. The corners of Kuarn's eyes were creased.

"However, I believe you will soon find out the answer as you spend time with this dragon lady."

"… … ?"

"Let me give you a hint. Dragons are the only mortal beings whose souls do not die. That means that dragon spirits can be reincarnated."

With those words, Kuarn cupped his hands in a circle. The hour and minute hands were drawn in the air. He checked the clock made of air. As if the time was up.

"I would like to speak with you further, but the temple is now closed."

As he said that, Kuarn passed us and walked towards the entrance. I called out to him.

"One more thing. Kuarn, you and I are clearly enemies. But why are

you answering all of these questions?”

Kuarn stood there pondering. It took a moment for his lips to open. Kuarn said.

“I am kind to you because you are my enemy. You are currently inferior to the hero of the first dynasty, and you will never be able to defeat me with your skills. That is why I will answer anything. While waiting for the day you will come to kill me… … .”

I felt that voice was somehow hazy. There was silence for a moment. Silence replaced the air.

“When you and I meet again, we will fight to the death.”

Kuarn broke the silence. A gloomy smile was mixed in.

“Or maybe the fight won’t come to fruition. You might die before it happens. By my brother, the 4th Corps Commander Permish, who will be visiting the Inheritors soon.”

“… … .”

“Permish enjoys killing. He likes to soak his body in red blood, and he is a cute little brother who has a hobby of collecting human bones.”

I sighed. The image of the priest who had been kind to me disappeared without a trace, and the face of the devil took its place.

Bipolar disorder? There’s no way a commander would suffer from such a mental illness. This trait of the troop commander was just Kuarn’s nature.

As such, the goals and morals of the Demon Tribe are very different from those of humans.

I am not a person with any grand beliefs. I just happened to wander into the world of games and by chance, I was imbued with terrible powers.

Good and evil, black and white. I don’t care about such questions.

Whether the power that resides in me is that of the sword god or the demon lord, I don't care.

What matters is that I use this power to fight against my enemies. Whatever it is that is harmful to me, I will cut it down. This selfish thought is what drives me.

Kuarn advanced, his white robes swaying. Only then did the demons bow to him. Praise and worship erupted from all directions.

"Quarn."

Kuarn and the demons all look at me. Their eyes flash like wild beasts in the night.

"I will cut off Permish's head and throw it at your feet."

The shadows deepened within the Nephilim temple. In the temple where good and evil were supposed to coexist, there were only demons. I was the only human.

Kuarn lifted his lips up.

"I look forward to it."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 222

Episode 222 Concept (1)

As I exited the Nephilim Temple, a status window appeared before my eyes.

[【???】's fifth piece, 'The Unholy Name of the Great One' has been acquired. Total acquisition count (5/7).]

-Pfft!

＝＝ ＝＝

『To obscure the splendor of the great, false beings add names.

However, it is impossible to completely erase that light.

Therefore, the false stars are atoning for their blood.

And it will all end with the end.』

＝＝ ＝＝

[Sudden Quest: Complete 'Confirm the Truth' in the Nephilim Temple.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Thank you for your effort.]

* * *

Chief Sung paced around in circles, looking at his watch and the floor alternately.

“I think it’s past the time for the Heavenly Sword to arrive… … .”

Chief Sung, who had been looking at the ground, raised his head. The sun was falling through the gaps in the palm trees. The outline of the moon, which had been curved, gradually became clearer.

The corners of the Sung Bujang’s eyes turned crimson. The worries about the strange events at Gehenna Gate, and the sense of loss he felt during the Joaquin disaster. At this moment, they seemed to melt away like the sunset over there.

“No, this is not the time to be doing this!”

Chief Sung shook his head. His brain was stiff, perhaps because he had not slept well recently. The cause of this damned insomnia was obvious.

“…the invasion of Permish is planned.”

This alone is enough to make the situation desperate. Unfortunately, the swamp of despair was even more muddy and deeper.

Everyone who knew this, including the Sung clan leader, knew that this was only the beginning. The invasion of the 4th Corps Commander Permish was just the beginning. So what was the inside story?

‘Second World War.’

It was horrible to even put into words. You know it because there is precedent. Countless lives will die. Blood will fill the earth. Because of that, even after death, heroes will not be able to return to the earth.

“A hell filled with nothing but empty screams and meaningless deaths.”

A passage describing the horrors of war 700 years ago. The chief of the castle looked around with a miserable expression. The Hawaiian scenery he was seeing now would be the first to turn into hell.

The chief of police pinched his nose for no reason. He could already smell blood. The palm tree leaves looked like the claws of a demon.

In such a place, in such a dangerous situation. And the return of the Heavenly Sword Master, who had left in the morning, was also delayed. The growing anxiety was inflated to the point of exploding.

“Damn it, Edward said he’d contact me if something happened, so why haven’t I heard from him until now?!”

Soon, anxiety turned to irritation. I asked the Inspector to start the search right away. It would be impossible if it got completely dark.

‘He is a strong man, but he is also a human being made of flesh and blood.’

Kanggeomma is the hope of humanity. At the same time, he is a teenager and an academy cadet. Although he lives in dignity, he forgets that Cheongeomnim is still a minor. He is at an age where he needs the protection of an adult.

“If by any chance there is any problem with him… … .”

Chief Sung’s hair stood on end. Of course, a war can only be possible if both sides are balanced. Otherwise, it wouldn’t be a war, but an indiscriminate massacre by one side.

And the one who made that balance was the swordsman. His power is estimated to be equivalent to two or three hero divisions. Conservatively speaking, this is the level, but in reality, it would easily surpass a nation.

Hero Points – Estimating HP didn’t mean much to the swordsman. Would you rate the heavens too? That was arrogance.

Chief Sung walked to the temporary headquarters with a limp. The high-performance prosthetic limbs and arms felt as heavy as lead.

“Shit, really.”

Originally, it was not as good as the arms and legs. This urgent feeling was not conveyed in the cold plastic.

As he was muttering about his life mixed with cursing, a cloud of dust swept over the back of his neck.

Phew.

His own shadow stretched forward. Sensing the huge presence, Chief Sung turned around. His eyes grew wide.

The dragon flies in, flapping its wings. With its bow that divides the sun and moon, it seems to cut through the sky.

The shadows on the eyes of the chief of police cleared. Fresh oxygen was also supplied to his brain. He felt his brain, which had become dull after staying up all night, becoming more flexible.

Before the dragon could even land, the strong sword horse jumped down. Just like yesterday, the road surface caved in and dust flew up.

The swordsman appeared beyond the dust. He approached with brisk strides.

“I have something urgent to tell you.”

Chief Sung nodded absentmindedly. He felt the worries and anxieties that had been building up for a while disappear completely… … .

* * *

I stopped by the barracks of the Inspector General with the Sung Bujang. My body and mind felt heavy as if they were weighing a ton. However, I could not delay reporting.

The situation was getting that serious.

So I skipped dinner and told her what happened at the temple. How Edward died, who the priest was, and what Kuarn had predicted… … I added my own opinions to the uncertain facts. For example, why

Kuarn had appeared at that place.

“Oh, oh, that’s ridiculous.”

Soon, Chief Sung couldn’t control his fear and covered his face with his hands. His pale lips trembled. At least, the inspector tried to maintain his senses. Despite that, his face was still pale.

I kept quiet. It seemed like the two of them needed time to digest the shock.

After a while, when the atmosphere in the barracks had gradually calmed down, I opened my mouth again.

“But listening to Kuarn, it doesn’t seem like they’ll invade right away. It’ll take at least a year and a half.”

The two continued to listen to me, their mouths drooling.

“The invasion of the 4th Corps Commander Permish will not take place this year. In short, we have time. If we prepare a countermeasure system before then, we can do it.”

Of course, Kuarn didn’t give any specific details on when he would invade. He treated me kindly, but he was still the enemy.

But would he be crazy enough to give a date for the invasion? Oh, of course Kuarn is crazy, but he wasn’t the type to say something like that.

The basis of my argument is my knowledge of the game I played in Miracle Guardian M. The 2nd Inma War is the main scenario.

This is a major incident that would normally occur in two years. It is not something that can happen overnight.

Of course, this was not a hasty judgment based on just this one thing. It was a conclusion reached after sufficient thought with reason and intellect.

In the end, the Demon King’s army was left with only two commanders. One of them was going to attack soon, so the only

commander who could go to war was Kuarn.

No matter how confident he is, it is still impossible for him to command the Demon King's army alone.

'The elder elf said that there are many among the demons who disobey Kuarn.'

It took time to control the momentum of those demons and set the system straight. In short, the demons will now take steps.

However, there is no time to relax. The Demon King's army will prepare for war faster than humanity.

'If Kuarn comes out, the noisy local broadcasts will end in an instant.'

So I estimated the time until the war would be shortened by half a year from the original time – one and a half years. This was a conclusion drawn from a combination of knowledge and cognition.

'Above all, the core of this story is.'

That it was worth it. I made this point to the inspector and the chief of police.

"It's true that the situation is desperate. But we can't just suck our thumbs, right?"

"… … ."

"It's true that the odds are against you. But you can still do it. Think about it. Didn't our ancestors prove it 700 years ago?"

"That is… possible because there is a hero of the poem… … ."

Chief Sung trailed off.

"We can do it too."

I furrowed my brows.

"I just need to become as strong as Balor Joaquin in a year and a half."

“… … !”

The eyes of the inspector and the chief of police widened. They were surprised by my gaze, not my words.

Of course, the hurdle is high. I have watched the master’s dance with my own eyes.

‘The realm that the Master has achieved.’

The protections I possess – the protection of painlessness, the protection of transference, the protection of strength, and the protection of swordsmanship – were all at the limit. It was a long way off from being a short-term goal.

Nevertheless, I assure the inspector and the chief of police.

“No, I will become stronger than that hero of the poem.”

There is a saying, “A disciple learns better than his teacher.” Since ancient times, the virtue of a disciple has been to surpass his teacher.

And in my previous life, I was a swordsman who surpassed my master. There was nothing I couldn’t do in this life.

“And not only me, but the current generation of Joaquin Academy is the most brilliant since its founding. If they grow together, they will be able to deal with the Demons.”

It wasn’t for this purpose, but a special class was created.

Saki Ryozo, Abel von Nibelung, Rachel de Murat, Chloe Auditore, Speed Weapon, Horntail, Leon van Reinhardt.

If we focus on nurturing them, it is possible. I will make it possible.

The inspector, who had been standing quietly beside me, looked at me silently. After a long stare, he bowed his head to me.

“Please give orders to this old man, Heavenly Sword. What should I do?”

A seventy-year-old veteran greeted me with contempt. I was momentarily taken aback, but quickly regained my composure and answered.

“War is not a fight between individuals, but a fight between generations. We need to gather not only Academy level heroes, but also Senior level and Warrior level heroes to form an army.”

“You are asking me to train your juniors.”

I nodded. The inspector burst into laughter.

“I wonder if it’s possible. I will teach the Nibelung swordsmanship to my worthy heroes. And you happen to be an experienced instructor at the Academy. Perhaps it was a necessity for this time.”

I smiled brightly. Then I turned my gaze to Chief Sung.

“The association should be the one to summon the heroes. Please do not reveal the reason for the summoning right away. It may cause confusion. So… please give us a reasonable reason. Is that possible?”

“Yes, it is possible. No… … .”

The chief answered again, correcting his pronunciation. As if he were swearing to me.

“I’ll show you how to do it.”

* * *

Inside the barracks where Kanggeomma left, the dark clouds had become much brighter.

“First, I will report to Master Changseong and establish an organization. I will do my best to create an environment where Master Geomje can teach the heroes without any inconvenience.”

“If you’re running on a tight budget, let me know. I’ll open up the Nibelungen mentality.”

Chief Seong was startled by the inspector’s words.

“You’re opening an accident! It’s out of the question!”

“Oh, this guy too. Are the current situations a bit serious? It’s pointless to accumulate money in these times. In that case, it would be better to use it for the sake of humanity’s fate.”

“I’m so grateful, how can I… … .”

“Thank you. Oh, I know it’s not like I’m your substitute, but could you do me a favor?”

“Of course.”

Chief Sung nodded his head quickly.

“Please arrange a meeting between Victor Poison and Cheongeom as soon as possible.”

“The president and Mr. Geomma… …?”

The inspector smiled brightly.

“I said this because I thought it was a much-needed meeting before it was too late.”

The inspector, who was about to leave, added a word.

“Oh, and by the way, I’m thinking about something. I’d like you to also find out the whereabouts of Poison, the Wanli Mea. I’m sure you know the reason, Chief Sung, so I won’t say much.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 223

Episode 223 Concept (2)

As soon as day broke, I climbed onto the soul's back.

"Please do what I said yesterday."

He gave his final words of advice to the inspector and the chief of police.

"Don't worry. I'll do it no matter what."

"I will also show you results that will satisfy Your Majesty in the near future! Drive safely… … ? Anyway, fly safely!"

In that way, as the two people saw each other off, the soul flapped its wings and flew up.

Flutter.

In the middle of the flight, the spirit suddenly opened its mouth and asked.

"Master Sword, you haven't forgotten the promise we made back then, have you?"

Promise? What promise? Was there a promise you made separately from your soul?

When there was no answer, Hon turned his head back slightly. She muttered, narrowing her eyes.

“Triple Hanwoo… … .”

Ah, that. That blatant lie about trying to trick my soul. I had completely forgotten about it.

The problem is that triple beef is a mythical meat that doesn’t even exist. Double beef is the Maginot Line for triple beef.

But I was too shameless to keep my mouth shut. The soul helped me in so many ways that it was hard to put a price on it.

I opened my mouth as soon as I thought of a solution.

“Hon, have you ever heard of Wagyu?”

“Wagyu… …? What is that?”

When this guy is in dragon form, he always ends his sentences with a slur. Is that a concept? The intimidation is definitely reduced.

“It’s similar to triple hanwoo, but it’s so expensive? It costs 300,000 won per serving.”

“T-Thirty thousand won!?”

The back of my soul shook.

‘Until recently, I thought of Shin Saimdang as just a piece of tissue to blow my nose with… … .’

Now, the value of money seems to be engraved in my mind. It is an economic sense that was awakened by beef.

‘Let’s think positively.’

It would be better for her soul to be absorbed into the universe quickly. Even if it is shallow, she should fill in some human common sense so that her academy life will be easier.

… But apart from that, I can’t help but feel bitter. Is this how it feels to watch a newborn baby grow up? It’s just a feeling. If this continues, I think he’ll ask me to buy him a smartphone later.

I smiled bitterly and continued speaking.

“Anyway, since you worked hard, I’ll buy you as much as you want to eat.”

Of course, with Choi Seol-ah’s money.

Even though I receive sponsorship and have income from Chilseong, I can’t afford the enormous amount of food that Hon eats.

Even if I can’t do it, 20 servings of wagyu will be sucked into my soul’s mouth.

‘And once you buy me some Wagyu, you have to keep buying it.’

The zeros stamped on my bankbook will evaporate into a single zero. Oh my gosh, it’s dizzying.

Flutter!

The wings flapped even more vigorously, tearing apart the clouds. Land was visible between them. Return home was imminent.

* * *

At that moment, Weapon let out a long sigh.

“Whew… … . I expected it, but preparing to create a new class is harder than I thought.”

While the headmaster was away, Weapon was faithfully carrying out his assigned duties. He even split up his spare time between classes and even his sleeping time.

Weapon had been living the hardest he had ever lived in his entire life for several days. Saki was amazed at his enthusiasm.

“Weapon, aren’t you overdoing it?”

Why do we do this? Because it is a mission given by the manager himself.

Kanggeomma was a Seven-Star Hero. He was a big shot who had the

authority to give orders to anyone.

However, the manager asked him to do it. This was due to the trust they had built up over time.

‘This speed weapon was chosen by the Heavenly Sword Master!’

He could never disappoint his manager. He was a man whose duty it was to live up to expectations.

In addition, there was a strange thrill that came with the ‘creation of a special class!’ This was also the same as when Kanggeomma became Chilseong. It was an unprecedented event.

The Joaquin Academy has a reputation for being conservative. To put it positively, it is solidly based, but to put it differently, it is lukewarm to change.

It wasn’t just the Joaquin Academy that was unique. Rejecting change is a trait shared by all institutions with a long history.

“That’s why the academy easily rots.”

There are even nobles who are trying to get into schools illegally by paying bribes. Weapon shook his head.

‘This theory won’t work.’

The wind of change must blow through this academy, which has been established as a university.

‘This special class will be the first step.’

And he himself is stamping his stamp on the history of enlightenment. Weapon clenched his fist.

“You can do it.”

It’s something I’ve recently come to realize, but Weapon is exceptionally good at this kind of practical work. Much better than Saki.

A meaningful smile appeared on his lips.

‘Well, just because you’re smart doesn’t mean you’re good at doing things that require running around like this.’

Weapon carefully looked through the folder in his hand.

“It’s almost finished now.”

Special class creation. Weapons had to do three main things.

First, the recruitment and organization of the members that the manager had mentioned. The most important first step. If it was blocked here, everything would have been in vain.

Weapon has painstakingly analyzed the three Holy Class members.

We organized a personality chart for each student, ran an interview simulation, and even guessed their MBTI.

With such thorough preparation, Weapon walked towards the Holy Class. He approached each person with a friendly smile and asked them carefully. The answer was… .

“Okay, fine. I’ll go in. Thanks for the suggestion.”

The next warrior, Leon van Reinhardt ☑

“Wow, the new class that the Sword Demon is creating? You want to recruit me there?! I’ll go in! I’ll definitely go in! If you don’t let me in, I’ll break down the door and get in!”

Rachel de Murat, niece of Changseong ☑

“He called me personally? Oh, I’m not saying I don’t like it! I’m just a little flustered! I don’t need time to think about it… … . I’ll go in for now. Uh, I have one favor to ask.”

“ask?”

“It’s nothing special, but… can you keep it a secret from the swordsman that I told you I would find out right away?”

“Uh, well… that’s about it… … . But why?”

Golden eyes filled with compassion.

“Weapon, you noticed too… No. Just pretend you didn’t hear what I just said.”

“… … ?”

Granddaughter of the Sword Master, Abel von Nibelungen ☑

The three members of the Holy Class readily agreed. There was not a single hesitation or question.

Just by saying the magic word ‘Ganggeomma’, he nodded quickly. To the point where his efforts were in vain.

“What is this?”

Weapon felt empty. If this was going to happen, what would become of me, who had been naked all night? I know the manager’s popularity is thick, but this is too easy. This is not just a high pass, it’s a super pass.

‘It was all for nothing!’

The weapon was a little mouth-watering. Anyway, the first step was successfully completed. It was time to move on to the second step.

The manager gave us another task: naming the classes!

Originally, it was a procedure that the manager was supposed to do. However, since the manager left in a hurry, Weapon ended up taking over that role.

Weapon was overwhelmed by the burden. He spent the night clutching his head again.

“No, that’s not it either.”

Crumpled papers piled up like a mountain in the trash can. After a long struggle with dawn.

“This… this, this is it… … !”

The weapon was finally written down.

『Heavenly Class.』

A class name that reminds me of Ganggeomma’s nickname, ‘Cheongeom’. It feels grandiose, but I like it even more because of that.

Shouldn’t it be higher than the word “star”? The sun and the moon are not enough. The sky that encompasses them! This really hit home.

‘Of course. This is the class that the Seven Star Hero Cheon Geum will reside in, so it has to be at least this good.’

Weapon, who was proud of himself, danced around at dawn. It was a habitual antics that came out when he was having a hard time containing his joy. Cousin Rachel called it monkey magic.

So far, it was smooth sailing. The only remaining procedure was the final one. It was, of course, the approval of the principal.

In fact, the proposal to establish a new class came from the head of the academy. Therefore, the request for approval was merely a formality. However.

Weapon, standing in front of the principal’s office door, was covered in cold sweat. He just stared blankly at the glossy nameplate. The hand that had been raised to knock kept going down.

The weapon was tense.

‘A private meeting with the principal.’

It was rare for alumni to have a conversation with the current dean. This was because the dean was so busy with work that it was difficult for him to find time. Even professors had to make time six months in advance.

‘The head of the academy visits the principal’s office like it’s an

arcade from the beginning of the first semester.'

That's what's unusual about the manager. The weapon's reaction was actually normal.

"Don't be nervous, Weapon. If we just do this, it'll be over. I can live up to the boss's expectations."

As Weapon was muttering to himself, an agitated voice was suddenly heard from beyond the door.

"What?! Why are you calling me out of the blue?! Where have I been stuck for ten years!"

Following the principal's voice, another voice flowed in.

-How have you been, Doori?

The voice is a bit noisy. It seems like the call is on speakerphone.

"I, I told you not to call me that! What kind of country bumpkin are you!"

-Why~ If it's second, why don't you do it~!

Weapon pressed his ear to the door. The tone and voice of the person on the other end of the call were familiar.

Who is it?

* * *

As soon as I got to my dorm room, I threw myself on the bed.

I lay there like a corpse for a few minutes. I buried my face in the blanket and slowly got up.

"Even if you sleep, you have to wash before you sleep."

I felt really uncomfortable because I hadn't washed properly for three days. I saw too much blood in Hawaii. I got covered in the blood of dozens of dark elves. And I just wiped it off with a wet towel.

There was a shower room in the barracks, but I couldn't use it because I was staying with my soul.

You might wonder why I'm being so sensitive, but sharing a shower with a girl? As someone who's been single my whole life, it's beyond common sense.

I got out of bed and walked to the bathroom. I grabbed my smartphone and listened to some music while taking a shower.

It was then. Boo-woong- The phone trembled several times. Missed calls, text messages, and other notifications came rushing in. The Hawaiian Islands were outside the call area, so they were only just now coming.

I undressed one layer at a time and checked the contacts. A list of status reports from Weapon. Weapon organized them neatly and sent them to a file.

A snicker escaped my lips. You've been doing a good job while I was gone.

'But I can't check each and every one of these.'

Public and private communications were all mixed up. At this rate, I wouldn't be able to sleep, let alone wash.

I quickly figured out a way. I spoke into my smartphone.

"Bigsbig, please sort out only the private contacts and recite them to me orally while I shower."

[I thought I had some free time… … .]

A soft sigh bounced off the bathroom tiles. Bigsbig sorted through the contacts while ticking.

[uh?]

Bigsbig was surprised that it didn't match.

[Sir, the sender is a bit strange.]

I was concentrating on controlling the water temperature, so I answered calmly.

“If it’s spam, block it.”

[It doesn’t seem to be spam. But what should I say? The first number is 019, and it’s a really old phone number format. So I tried backtracking and…]

There was silence. Bigsbig’s mouth opened again.

[This is a text message from the former headmaster of the academy.]

Swish.

The shower head blasted out icy cold water.

Oh, shit. The temperature control is failing.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 224

Episode 224 Concept (3)

I just finished taking a shower.

“So, the contact information of the former headmaster of the academy was mixed in with all the contacts?”

I asked Bigsbig while shaking my slightly dry hair. She started to pour out her words as if she had been organizing what she wanted to say while I was washing.

[Yes. I checked several times and it is certain. This is definitely a missed call from the former head of the academy.]

“I understand who the sender is. But who exactly is the former headmaster?”

[You don’t know the headmaster of the academy…? That famous person? Where in the world did you come from, Mr. Geomma? I, Bigsbig, can’t help but be shocked.]

The absurdity was dripping from his tone. But in this situation, I was the one who was being dumbfounded.

How famous is the headmaster of the academy that he’s acting like this? To the point where he’s treating someone like they’re from another world just because he doesn’t know who they are? Well… I have nothing to say since he’s actually from another world.

‘Why was such a famous person never mentioned in the game?’

I felt curious about that. During my time as a player, there was quite a lot of information about the current principal, Media. Because of the spirit of sacrifice he gave to his students right after the war broke out, he was later recorded as the greatest principal.

There was a time when the community was filled with all sorts of miscellaneous stories about media. Posts like, “You can still be in the media even after you’re over 70.”

‘No matter what, isn’t that a bit much?’

I know the outline of such a popular character. But what about the former school president? There wasn’t even a single word about him in the game. It was said that he wasn’t famous, at least from my perspective as a gamer.

[I can’t believe I don’t know who the former headmaster of the academy is… … I’m really, really shocked. I even joined his fan club!]

In the end, it wasn’t my common sense that was shallow. He was just a fan of the former headmaster. Looking back, it’s strange.

Even if it’s an artificial intelligence, it’s impossible to know who someone is just by looking at the number. It must have just popped out because it was a number I already knew. I couldn’t help but laugh out loud.

‘I should have noticed it a long time ago.’

I sat on the windowsill, feeling my hair drying out. The night breeze gently swayed my hair. After all, there is nothing better than natural drying for hair.

“Putting aside the question of why you were contacted by the former headmaster, explain who that person is.”

A call from the former headmaster of the academy. It was a little surprising, but not shocking.

Just looking at the recipient list, there are a lot of contacts from politicians and businessmen. Of course, my current status is that of a

Seven-Star Hero.

It's time for the President of the United States to send his greetings three times a day. As the former head of the academy, he may have sent a congratulatory message as a courtesy. To be honest, I don't think this contact is particularly strange or anything.

'It's a bit out of the blue, though.'

Bigsbig's words burst out like a dam during the rainy season.

[The former headmaster's name is Meain Poison. He is also known as Meain of Wanli. This nickname was given to him because he alone possessed the strength of ten thousand heroes. Among the heroes of the current generation, there is no one who can gain the upper hand over him in terms of strength.]

"If it's poison… … Are you family with the current principal?"

[Yes, you two are twin sisters. Meaine is the older sister.]

The former and current are twin sisters. This is a bit surprising. What kind of family is Poison? It would be interesting to hear that they have produced two school presidents, but there is little to hear. In the meantime, Bigsbig continued to talk.

[To continue, Meain-sama's greatness is not limited to her strength!]

He is very excited. Bigsbig showed their fandom towards Maya without any filter. The appearance of him always complaining and being annoyed is gone at this moment.

[He was so intelligent that he served as the headmaster of Joaquin Academy. He is a near-perfect hero who possesses both intelligence and physical strength, you could say!]

"Question. If the hero is that strong, why isn't he in Chilseong? If what you said is true, it sounds like Meain-nim is stronger than Geomje-nim."

[To answer the question that follows, Meain-nim is actually stronger than Geomje-nim. Although it is an unofficial story, Geomje-nim also

readily acknowledges this fact. Even so, the gap in strength between the two is not that big. It is probably just a difference of one degree.]

“Whatever it is, the sword master was called the strongest in humanity, but you’re saying you’re stronger than that? That’s a bit much, then.”

Bigsbig raised the corners of his lips. That’s how it felt.

[That leads to the first question. Why isn’t such a great person a Seven-Star Hero? And why doesn’t he claim to be the strongest in humanity? That’s because you, Meain… !]

As if at the end of a speech, he leaves space in his speech. What a grand reason. Saying it like this makes me feel hopeful.

[Because he is the epitome of eccentricity! ‘I leave this world because everything is bothersome.’ Ah, isn’t that really great? It’s truly romantic! Since hearing those words, I, Bigsbig, have been trying hard to be like you, Mayin!]

“… … .”

The back of my neck was stiff. The reason I refused to become Chilseong. So, was it because I was annoyed that I didn’t join forces when the 6th Corps Commander Basmon invaded? Even though I had a stronger force than the Sword Emperor? My cheeks twitched because I was so dumbfounded.

‘Come to think of it, I told you before why Media became the principal.’

The former principal pretended not to know anything and then disappeared. At the time, I thought he was just saying that, but it was true.

I had suddenly forgotten that normal people are rare in this world.

Even this AI has a twisted mind. I respect the Meain for being at the forefront of the guichanism. There is clearly a screw loose in the system. It seems that verification is needed.

I should tell Ryojo. If I do, Bigsbig won't be able to avoid the format.

As if he had read the narrowed gaze, Bigsbig hastily picked back the words he had blurted out.

[Oh, of course I am an honest AI when working for humans. I respect you, Mayan Poison, not because you are simply lazy! I respect you because you have left a distinct mark on the Academy!]

Your wits are as quick as a ghost. This is the moment when the danger of AI in your mind increases even more.

"So, even if I didn't say anything, you would have sent a text message to the headmaster of the academy, right? While I was washing up, on your own."

[A little hot.]

He said, pressing his eyelids hard.

"Don't be scared. What did you send?"

[Dear Mr. Meain Poison, I am deeply moved that you contacted me first. What brought you here-]

"summation."

[-Please reply when you see this message.]

"The reply is."

[Not here yet… … .]

Rollin~

[…was, and now it's here.]

The timing is just incredible.

"What did you come here to say?"

[He said that he would like to meet up with me soon to talk about the new special class. He said that he would come to me in person, so

please wait.]

"… How did you know about the creation of a special class? Did the story get out of hand already?"

[That's impossible. I'm wiretapping all the CCTV and white goods, but I haven't leaked the story. The parties involved are also strictly maintaining confidentiality.]

"Then how did the old academy director know?"

[It's not written that far… … . But, when I looked down, there was a postscript.]

"Read it."

[P.S. Please don't bring Daiso sashimi when you two meet.]

Bigsbig delivered the notice in a low voice.

[To the Demon King of Swords,]

[Main Poison Compensation.]

* * *

A week has passed. It has been a crazy week, the events of Hawaii seem like a midsummer night's dream. The phrase "blind" could not be more appropriate.

During the day, I attend classes without fail, and when the sun goes down, I take care of the public affairs that have piled up. In addition, there are four days left until the special class is created. Oh, that's right. Today is already over, so there are only three days left.

"I'm so busy that I don't even have a sense of time."

Fortunately, there are assistants to help with each of these three things: academics, public affairs, and creating new classes.

Ryojo is studying hard. She gives private tutoring after school.

'Studying might be a little boring.'

Ryojo immediately dismissed the desire to loosen up a little. The higher one rises, the more knowledge he must have. Wisdom is based on knowledge, he said.

I had nothing to say in rebuttal. So I kept quiet and devoted myself to my studies.

‘For the theory of special properties of Gaho and history, you only need to memorize the period from 563 AD to 741 AD. Only this will be on the test.’

‘It didn’t seem like it would come out, it just came out?’

Ryozo tapped his temple with the eraser attached to the end of his pencil.

‘I memorized all the past exam questions from the past 20 years. So I can see the general pattern. What’s on the test and what’s not.’

oh my god.

In this way, he made it easy to understand by only giving the main points and completely omitting unnecessary content. This was Ryozo’s consideration, knowing full well that I was busy.

‘It’s hard to see studying for a test as accumulating knowledge, but it’s still necessary. It’s a descriptive problem set by Joaquin Academy professors. It’s not a multiple choice question. It’ll definitely help you when you’re working at Chilseong.’

The Seven Star Heroes’ official duties are assisted by Bigsbig. Although he is an artificial intelligence who calls himself a ghost, he diligently does whatever he is told to do.

‘Beep! I, Bigsbig, declare a strike today.’

On days when he whines particularly badly, he makes the sound of a knife. Then, Bigsbig would process the documents without a word.

‘Dud, dud, my life… … .’

Even though the thoughts are subversive, thanks to him, the piles of

paperwork have been reduced.

The creation of a new class is Weapon's job. He submitted a report with unassigned tasks and his own ideas. Weapon was particularly enthusiastic about this.

'Father… no, Your Majesty! I am reporting the situation!'

'Can't I just call you manager like I always do? It makes me feel so uncomfortable.'

'Ah, I see… I see.'

So, once I receive the flawless report, all I have to do is sign it and that's it. All I have to do is act as the approver.

A study room prepared by the principal for official business.

"ha……."

I slumped down on my desk, completely exhausted. Once again, I am deeply grateful to Ryozo, Weapon, and Bigsbig. If it weren't for them, I wouldn't have had time to lie around like this.

I was like a zombie, but then I picked up the pen again. Even if they do the process for me, I am the one who ultimately approves it. So there is a mountain of things to deal with. It is not a metaphor, but a mountain is really towering over my desk.

A laugh escaped my lips. So that's why Media wanted to step down from her position as the principal as soon as possible. Her dark circles under her eyes, which couldn't be erased even with makeup, were thick. That dark fatigue had settled under my eyes as well.

His blistered right hand toyed with the quill. The feather fluttered gently.

'Quilt pen, I thought you used this for show, but I wasn't.'

I used it because it was more practical and lighter than I thought.

The darkening ground spiders, the moonlight shining on the

windowpanes, the stars crumbling like fine particles in the deep night sky, and the sound of paper rustling echoes in the stillness of the evening.

Knock knock, a knock was heard. He spoke with his eyes fixed on the papers.

“Come in.”

The people who will visit are decided. A few people from the Weapons or Association. As if responding to the call, the crack in the door slowly opens.

Squeak.

As I glanced at who it was, the fluttering feathers stopped, as a completely unexpected person entered.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 225

Episode 225 Teacher (1)

Her green hair was braided like a model student's, and her skin was so white that her veins were visible. Her skirt, which was not altered at all, reached down to her knees.

Up until now, these were her characteristics that I knew well. But today, something was different. It was very different.

'Senior… …? You're a senior?'

Senior Hana smiled faintly and quietly closed the door. He approached her lightly, carrying his luggage on his back, and asked.

"Are you busy?"

I looked at her with a dumbfounded expression.

"Senior Hana, where are your glasses?"

Yes. Right now, Senior Hana is not wearing glasses. That's all. But how can a person change so much?

Senior Hana is a girl with an ordinary face. It may seem like something to say about her face, but that's the truth. In an academy full of pretty girls, her ordinary appearance stands out.

"Ah, that?"

Senior Hana smiled faintly and took out her glasses from her skirt pocket. She shook them with her white fingers.

“This is not a prescription. Why, it’s better to wear glasses?”

“… That’s not what I meant.”

“If it’s not good, should I write it again?”

“no.”

He shook his head. The senior smiled and put his glasses back on.

“Sword Demon, haven’t you noticed already? These aren’t just any glasses. These are glasses that the Association processed from an artifact called the ‘Veil Mirror’, and they’re great for laundering your identity.”

I am currently in an unusually bewildered state. The reason my eyes are wide open like this is because of Senior Hana’s change in appearance.

A man named Sanhana approaches me, but I have never met him before.

“Why did you, senior, make something that the association made…? More importantly, why did you suddenly show your bare face?”

“Well, there’s no reason to hide your face anymore? To put it simply, you take off your glasses when you go for a job interview! It’s similar to that!”

Job? What on earth does that mean? More than that… … .

Thanks to my ‘mental toughness’, I can maintain my composure in most things. But at this moment, unlike my straightforward senior, Hana, I stutter.

‘I don’t think it was like this when I met Kuarn.’

He didn’t wear glasses. That one difference completely changed him. Ordinary appearance? I’ll correct that. That’s not an ordinary appearance. Even in this place full of pretty girls, his beauty stands out.

It would be okay to stand shoulder to shoulder with Abel, the most beautiful woman in the world. I thought that some people might give her more credit.

Crescent-shaped eyes and dazzlingly long eyelashes. The word pretty is not enough. Those atmospheric facial features were more appropriately described as beautiful.

'Why do you hide your face like that with glasses?'

I don't think any actress should stand next to me. She'll get all the attention from her senior. She won't be able to maintain her acting career.

I was alone with such an overwhelmingly beautiful girl at night, and that too in my study. Maybe it was because of the sultry lines around her lips, but the atmosphere was getting a bit erotic.

Again.

Senior Hana stood right in front of me. The distance between her and me was the width of a desk. She spoke first.

"Look at my mind. This is the first time I've seen you since you became a Seven Star Hero, and I almost forgot the basics. Sorry, sorry~ It's because of my age."

One of my seniors lightly patted my head with a bean. Then he grabbed my skirt and greeted me politely.

"Meaine Poison, former headmaster of Joaquin Academy, and the great Heavenly Sword."

The senior slowly raises her head. Her neatly braided hair covers her left cheek. She tilts her white neck and looks at me.

"Would it be better to call you Demon King?"

A block of ice settled on my chest.

* * *

Starbox, 1st floor, Joaquin Academy main building.

As expected of a cafe during exam period, it was crowded with students even during dinner time, and Saki and Weapon were sitting at a corner table. The two of them had come to prepare for the exam and discuss 'Thousand Class'.

"Hmm."

Weapon rested his chin on his hand and stared blankly. He had a pencil stuck between his teeth. Saki frowned as she watched him.

"Weapon, you whined so much that I skipped my nap, but why are you sleeping with your eyes wide open?"

"Oh, sorry."

The pencil that fell from the bridge of his nose rolled around on the table. Weapon scratched the back of his head in embarrassment.

"I just remembered something that happened right before I met the principal."

"If you're going to brag about having a private meeting with the principal, then that's fine. I'm not that jealous."

"I want to brag about that too… … No, that's not it!"

Saki glared at the weapon with her eyes wide open. She spoke, bringing the straw to her lips.

"What happened, tell me."

I wasn't particularly curious. It just seemed like a small distraction during this boring time. That was the reason.

"that is……."

Weapon paused for a moment. He looked around once. Then he leaned closer to Saki.

"I happened to overhear the principal talking on the phone right

before I got to the principal's office and opened the door. But the person on the other end of the phone was."

"Are you eavesdropping? Don't you know that's a crime?"

Ryozo threw his shoulders back. Weapon shouted loudly at the sign of disgust.

"Oh, no! That's not it!"

At that moment, all eyes were on Weapon.

"… … ."

The cadets stared at the weapons with sharp eyes. The pencils in their hands were sharpened like weapons. The cadets during the exam period are sensitive.

"Ugh."

The weapon crouched down. There was silence for about 30 seconds. Only then did the focused gaze disperse.

Weapon, who took a breath, quickly glared at the seat next to him. Saki was drinking her iced Americano with a look of disapproval in her eyes.

'Fuck, really.'

Weapon set out to clean up, his voice barely audible but filled with anger.

"I wasn't trying to listen in, but you were talking on speakerphone… …!"

"Me too. Then you should have said that first. You should know that if others heard what you said, it would have been easy to misunderstand. And would someone who says, 'I will become the right-hand man of the Heavenly Sword!' be so easily surprised and scream? Just look at him now, he immediately panicked and screamed. The higher the position, the more careful you have to be with your words."

Weapon gritted his teeth and swallowed the blazing fire. Saki's words were so right, it really made him angry. As she said, from now on, his mouth and actions should be as heavy as a rock.

"Ugh."

Weapon took on a resigned look. Saki looked at him indifferently.

"So, who's on the other end of the phone?"

"… It's nothing special. … It's just that the voice on the other end of the phone sounded familiar, no matter how much I thought about it. So I thought about it carefully. And then at some point, I realized. It was the voice that spoke so casually to the principal."

Saki tilted her head. Weapon's expression was serious.

Who are you to hold such weight? Weapon continued to speak.

"Senior Hana… … . Yes, it was definitely Senior Hana, in that voice. And you even called the principal 'our second younger sibling~' in a friendly manner?"

The blue pupils doubled in size.

* * *

"… … ."

I was filled with absurdity and confusion. It was the same when my senior added a postscript to the text.

But at the time, I thought it was a joke using my name, 'Ganggeomma'.

'That's true.'

Sanha, the mayor of Poison, draws a thin curve with her lips.

I'm sure of it after seeing that. It was Media's twin. A slightly younger version of the academy director is now the senior.

The senior speaks again with a clear pronunciation like an

announcer.

“Hello, Demon King?”

… Even when I listen to it again, my heart feels cold. It was hard to keep my composure.

“Tchcha.”

The senior jumped up and landed on the desk. She turned her upper body around to look at me. She laughed out loud.

“Phew, isn’t that a ‘how did you know that?’ expression? Well, it’s not unreasonable to react like that. After all, the being possessed by you is the Demon King.”

My spine tingled. It was a remark that hit the nail on the head, unexpectedly, and completely at the core. My senior was spouting off things that I had only recently found out about, as if he had already known about them.

“I have no intention of telling anyone. So please don’t make such a scary face.”

“… Where. No, how did you find out?”

“Ugh! Suddenly speaking formally feels too distant. Can’t you just speak informally like you usually do?”

“That can’t be… … .”

I felt a sense of foreboding. I said the same thing to Weapon as my senior had said.

“okay.”

The senior smiled. He looked satisfied.

“Enough with the private stuff. Where did you hear that story?”

He raised his tone. Whether his senior was the head of the academy or not, he had a wary look in his eyes. He was prepared to take out

the sashimi if necessary.

At that moment, my senior thrust his face in.

“They say a place makes a person, so no matter how long you’ve been together, it’s a good habit to be suspicious! I’ll praise you, Kanggeomma Cadet!”

She stroked my head, like a teacher praising a student.

“You’ll know if you ask Doori… Ah! Doori refers to Media. My dad and I call her Doori.”

First, one, second, two. Her last name, ‘San’, is probably ‘Me’ in pure Korean – Me Ain, so San, one.

‘I thought your last name was unusual from the moment I saw you.’

The two of them fit together. The senior withdrew his hand, which he could not refuse.

“Anyway, about 40 years ago, after I handed over the position of principal to Doori, I went for a walk around the Demon Realm. I learned quite a few things there, one of which was that the power within you, Geomma, was that of the Demon King. If you ask me where the exact information came from, I can’t tell you. It was so long ago that I forgot!”

She shook her head, untied, her mint-colored hair fluttering in the air.

The senior opened his mouth again, looking a little refreshed now.

“Actually, I didn’t really believe it. The Demon King? How absurd. So I secretly returned to the human world to check and enrolled in the academy. It was a bit annoying, but I can’t help but be curious. After all, you’re a former academy director, right?”

The senior stuck out his pink tongue cutely. I ignored him and urged him on.

“Why did you have to be a cadet? And you even had to wear those

weird glasses.”

“If I come like that, I’ll get caught by Doori, and then I think he’ll try to hand the position of principal over to me again.”

“Wouldn’t it have been possible for an instructor or professor to do that too?”

“You’ll get caught right away. The cadets were the easiest. That guy Doori, he’s so old-fashioned that he never looks at the cadets’ information. Even though we’re both principals, Doori’s love for his cadets is something I can’t help but give in to.”

The senior lightened the mood with his innocent voice.

“So somehow I ended up joining the travel club~ and I also observed you while I was at it. I wondered if it was really true. But my goodness, if you look at it up to now, it matches ‘that prophecy’ exactly, what is it?”

“prophecy?”

“Oh, I misspoke just now.”

It’s a clever thing.

Is this a way of speaking that comes from experience? If you are twins with Media, then you are also an old person.

“If you’re not willing to be kind and tell me everything, I have no intention of prying into it.”

I crossed my arms with a blank expression.

“More than that, why did you come and show your face now?”

The senior made a V sign with his hand.

“There are two reasons. The first is that humanity will likely be destroyed within two years, and we can’t just sit back and watch. And the second is what I said earlier!”

“… … ?”

“This time, I want to get a job as a professor in charge of the special class you are creating, Geomma.”

She showed off her neat teeth.

“We’re in the same club. It would be a shame to leave me out, wouldn’t it?”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 226

Episode 226 Teacher (2)

Ryozo, with a stern expression, walks through the dark corridors of the early evening. The November air is chilly. Even though it is indoors, her breath is white.

Thud. Thud. Thud.

Her footsteps were rough against the pavement in the hallway. Weapon reached out.

“Wait a minute, Saki… …! Why are you going in such a hurry?”

“I should tell the swordsman.”

“Oh, no. I’m not sure about that either!”

“If you really care about the swordsman, it’s right to tell him even if you’re not sure.”

“And if Weapon, what you said is true… Is Senior Hana an ordinary person? You should know that too, Manryuk Meain Poison.”

Ryozo narrowed his eyebrows.

‘Now the legs fit together.’

When I questioned Sanhana about the list of faculty members the other day, Ryozo hit him in the face.

Saki also admits that she was careless at the time.

Back then, I was too blunt and my words and actions were rash.

It's a good thing there was no one there, but if someone had seen the situation at the time, it would have been incredibly absurd.

Since then, I have reduced my rash judgments.

I refrained from being unnecessarily suspicious of those around me.

But even so, the thought did not easily go away.

'Sanhana.'

My first impression of my senior was colorless and odorless.

His speech, his grades, and all his other behaviors were just right, neither more nor less. I felt uncomfortable with it.

How can a person, especially a teenager, maintain such a perfect neutrality in everything? Without a single flaw.

'That doesn't make sense.'

Ryozo changed his thinking.

Not all of those actions are an act.

The senior's mental state is already in a vegetative state.

Among those who are deeply twisted inside, some tend to throw away their emotions like grass.

'There was that kind of person very close by… … .'

The ultimate Saki Kojima.

Wasn't he also as parched as a drought-stricken land?

The discomfort I felt towards Sanhana stemmed from Ryojo's experience.

Not everyone can enter that realm.

Even among the heroes of the upper realm, only a very small number were able to transcend all things.

Heroes called Awakeners.

As humans get closer to the awakening of the guardian angel, they become more like gods.

In this way, the gods collect emotions in exchange for greater power.

‘It doesn’t matter whether Senior Hana’s true identity is the former academy president or that old man.’

The image of a person with a different heart overlapped with that of my senior.

That alone put her at high risk.

It must be separated from the Ganggeomma. Access to it must be blocked at the source.

‘It’s not just seniors.’

Three days later, under the leadership of Kang Geum-ma, the Cheon class opens.

It was a plan I still didn’t like.

However, Ryozo stopped at being upset because he did not want to cause any trouble.

However, the circumstances that make Senior Hana different from us have been half revealed.

‘The only basis is Weapon’s words.’

Ryozo’s eyes were filled with confidence as he reflected on the events of the past.

‘I hid my identity and approached Kang Geum-ma.’

Ryozo’s obsessive suspicion arose again.

The suspicion that had been simmering for some time was triggered by this incident.

‘I can’t trust Abel or Rachel anymore.’

So, you have to stay right next to Kang Geum-ma.

Her crimson desires were fueled by the deprivations of her childhood.

‘So that those who are not like me can’t just pass by and look down on me.’

The sky-blue pupils, shimmering with light, swirled around and around.

A cold sweat ran down Weapon’s back as he watched her back.

Even he, who was so oblivious, could tell that Saki’s footsteps were unusual.

“Wait, wait!”

Weapon, who had been following Ryozoh, suddenly overtook her. His words were slurred due to his rapid breathing.

“Ha, ha. Let’s think about it rationally. It doesn’t make sense that Senior Hana is Meain Poison-sama. They don’t even look alike, and they’re shorter than the principal, and… … .”

Weapon hesitated. He rolled his eyes while sweating profusely. Ryozo glanced at him and sighed.

“Why, your body is different from the principal’s?”

“… Ugh.”

Weapon grabbed his chest as if he had been stabbed by a knife. His conscience prickled with a sense of betrayal. Weapon, who looked like a punk, hated being judged on his appearance.

Ryojo took a deep breath. The early winter air cooled her head. She regained her composure and answered.

“You, don’t you know what kind of place the Poison family is?”

Weapon shook his head. Ryozo explained briefly.

“The Poison family are the only descendants of the Ancients.”

“If you are an ancient person… … . No way.”

“That’s right. A human whose lifespan is several times longer than ours. If Senior Hana is the former headmaster of the academy, then he would be the same age as Media-sama since he is a twin. In that case, he would be seventy years old, but if converted to our age, his appearance would be in his late teens.”

Weapon’s mouth fell open. The principal was the old human that I only heard about during class? Ryozo continued.

“For your information, I also found out while researching materials, but that’s not the way Media-sama looks right now. To be exact, she’s been made to look older by the protection.”

“Why… … ?”

“You, what did you think when you imagined Senior Hana just now?”

Weapon hesitated and answered Ryozo’s question.

“Because you’re so skinny… … .”

“You wrapped it nicely. I was thinking to myself, ‘What a child’s body.’”

“Ugh.”

“Anyway, it’s for the reason you mentioned. The principal of Joaquin Academy and the hero of the Seven Stars seem like a child. How could they stand up to him?”

“… That’s true.”

“So it’s not strange that Hana-senpai looks like a child. And her glasses, from what I can see, aren’t ordinary glasses. There must be

some special device hidden inside to hide her identity. Weapon, do you remember Hana-senpai's face correctly?"

"Oh, of course… Huh? What? Why don't I remember… … ."

"You know? I have an absolute memory. But I can't remember Hana's face either. When I see her face, I think, 'Ah, that's the kind of person she is,' but when I turn around, I can't remember."

Weapon, who had been listening, nodded. The more he listened, the more his doubts grew. Ryozo said.

"If we examine them one by one, the hypotheses will eventually converge on one point. At least one of them is that the senior is not an ordinary cadet. We will have to find out later whether the senior is the headmaster of the academy or not-"

At that moment, my ears perked up through my blue side hair. It was because the sound of conversation reached my ears. Because the building itself was quiet, even small sounds could be heard well.

-… So, what do you think of me, Geommaya?

The voice of Sanhana.

-I think I'm okay…

Ryozo kicked the stone plate.

* * *

The senior sat on the desk with his legs crossed. He rested his elbows on his thighs and supported his chin. He came closer and made eye contact.

Her deer-like eyes were fatal to the man. She barely managed to regain her sense of reason with her 'mental sharpness'.

"How about my suggestion?"

The senior smiled and whispered.

“There hasn’t been a professor assigned to the 1000 class yet, right? And you’ve been watching me for a year. What do you think of me as a professor, Geommaya?”

This woman asks even though she knows everything.

“Even if the purpose of the first class isn’t academics, you still have to study as a cadet. I’ll teach the class. I’m pretty good at teaching. I think I’d be a decent educator.”

She was the head of the academy, so she must have talent. Her insight will easily surpass the current professors.

I closed my eyes and furrowed my brow. That sparkling gaze made my tongue twist. I asked anyway.

“Even if you ask why your senior wants to be your professor, he won’t tell you.”

“huh!”

… Yeah, I didn’t expect that. I opened my mouth again.

“Let’s say a senior takes on the role of professor. Then, of course, the principal of the academy… … .”

“Oh, I didn’t say anything. Doori knows now. I got into the academy illegally under the alias of Sanha.”

“…what?”

“I’m applying to be a professor in charge of a thousand classes! I told you over the phone a week ago. Your scared voice was so cute. I recorded it separately. If you don’t believe me, should I play it for you?”

I declined. Do you usually record phone conversations with your family? Where did their relationship go wrong?

I opened my closed eyes. I straightened my back and looked at my senior. There was a big smile on my lips, as if something was so happy.

‘This guy is the Manryuk Meain Poison.’

After cutting off all the branches, I thought about what kind of person Wan Lik was. A hero with power equal to or greater than the strongest human power, Kenji. The head of the academy. Just the titles that came out one after another were incredibly flashy.

Manryuk Meain Poison is the professor in charge of the Cheon class? If you don’t bring up minor issues, no one will object. Even if there are problems, no one will be able to express their dissent. They don’t want to get into trouble.

‘I heard that there were quite a few heroes who were beaten with clubs by Wanli.’

In terms of ability, there is no fault to be found. In terms of personality, there was a time when he was a bit quirky, but after being close to him for a year, he seemed harmless. At least on the outside, that was how it seemed.

As my thoughts continued, I began to lean more toward hiring my senior.

It’s not just because of love. I hope you don’t misunderstand.

My tolerance is not wide enough to embrace someone who has hidden his identity and contacted me. It was the opposite. I felt annoyed with Wanli. However… … .

The Cheon Class was created to prepare for the Second World War. The Demons will quickly notice this purpose. And they will continuously attempt to invade. In order to kill the warrior and those around him.

‘If that happens, they will be exposed to all kinds of threats.’

Even if you block the source, they’ll still find a way out.

“… … .”

If there was a breakwater that could protect the thousand class cadets from the dangers of a reef… … .

Isn't it a situation where you want to borrow even a pair of bracken fern hands? It relieved my worries by a little. No, it couldn't have been better.

That's why I was very tempted by Senior Hana's offer. I definitely wanted to hire her.

'I don't know exactly what kind of person my senior is, so I can't just accept it.'

I was in a brief agony. Even if I looked at her, it didn't seem like she would answer. My brain was busy. After thinking about it, I lowered my voice.

"Before I hire you, I have one question to ask."

"Oh. Is this really a job interview? I'm so excited because it reminds me of 50 years ago~"

It was 50 years ago… … . Childhood memories really do seem to last a long time.

"Okay. I've avoided answering questions many times, so this time I'll definitely tell you. Ask me anything!"

"40 years ago."

The senior's expression became slightly colder.

"When the 6th Corps Commander Basmon invaded, why did you ignore me? It was a disaster that killed three of the Seven Stars. It is by no means a light matter to avoid a major incident without a proper reason."

"… … ."

"I'm not here to bring up the past. I'm just curious as to why that happened. I hope our class professor has a strong sense of responsibility."

The senior didn't answer right away and came down from the desk.

“I told you not to come.”

Her lips returned to a faint smile.

“40 years ago, I was in the state of ‘Awakening of the Guardian.’ If I had stayed that way, I might have ceased to be human.”

The voice was hoarse.

“As you may have heard, the reason I fought with Doori decades ago was because he restrained me from going wild.”

Mint colored eyes.

“Because of that… I… ended up hurting Doori. So… So… It’s too late, but I really want to atone for it. Somehow.”

The senior’s eyes sparkled. I looked at him with a slightly dazed expression, and then finally made up my mind.

“okay.”

I still distrust my senior. What is this all of a sudden? But one thing seems clear. Those words that she squeezing out and condemning were her true feelings.

“I will hire a senior professor to be in charge of the 100th class-”

That moment.

Boom!

A loud roar. The door to the library opened wide.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 227

Episode 227 Teacher (3)

The moment the door opened, the sky-blue eyes came into view.

“… Ryozo, why at this hour?”

No, but more than that, why is your face like that? It’s an expression that shows absolutely no emotion.

‘It’s different from Chloe’s ‘it’.’

If Chloe had a blank expression, Ryozo had a look that could be described as ‘blank’.

Ryozo came closer, stomping his feet.

She didn’t even glance at me. To be exact, it seemed as if I wasn’t even in her field of vision. Ryozo had her pupils fixed on her senior without moving an inch.

I also turned my head to my senior. My senior, who had already wiped away all of his tears, had a bright smile on his face.

“Hello, Saki?”

The senior waved his hand gently. Ryozo ignored the greeting and stood tall in front of the senior’s feet.

Ryozo stared at his senior. The senior crossed his arms and met his gaze. The atmosphere was not ordinary.

I felt like I had to explain the situation. The moment I was about to get up, Ryozo was the first to bow his head to his senior. He greeted me politely and respectfully.

“Nice to meet you, Manlik Meain Poison.”

“Oh~! As expected of Sakiya, you recognized me right away. If there had been someone like you when I was the principal, I might have lasted a little longer.”

“I don’t know what to do with myself.”

“Honestly, Saki, I thought you knew a little bit. Given the circumstances and the conversation that spread outside the hallway, your suspicions must have turned into certainty. But the fact that you opened the door so noisily is probably because you still haven’t completely controlled your emotions.”

“… … .”

Ryozo didn’t respond. Then Weapon came running in, panting.

“Saki, Saki! What the… … all of a sudden! Huh? What is this?”

Weapon looked back and forth between me and Saki. His eyes, which had lost their way, stopped on his senior’s side. It only took a moment for his dazed eyes to grow as big as lanterns.

“Sun… Bae… … ? Are you there?”

The tone of voice was quite funny. My senior also laughed quietly, covering his mouth.

“I didn’t know that not wearing glasses could be such a surprise~ If I had known that such a funny reaction would come out, I would have hidden it more tightly. What a pity!”

Weapon stammered nonsense. I understand that guy’s reaction. If she was pretty when I first saw her, I would have said she was pretty, but a close acquaintance turned out to be pretty. This unexpected element was a device often used in dramas. So-called clichés.

A stale formula. But why is the cliché of the reversal, a synonym for cliche, used? It's because it's guaranteed to be effective. It's a kind of cheat key between men and women.

"Ah, ah, no. How… … ."

It seemed to have had a greater effect on the weapon. He collapsed as if his legs had lost their strength.

Ryozo looked at him pitifully and then looked back at his senior. She spoke politely.

"I know that Palpun-i is usually like that, so I ask for your understanding."

"Saki! Why are you suddenly using formal language? Just speak informally like you always do! This is so uncomfortable!"

"I'm sorry, but that's not possible."

Ryozo explained the reason without changing his expression at all. In a voice that was frighteningly flat.

"The headmaster of the Poison Squadron, Manryuk Mea. I cannot commit such an act of disrespect to you, Lord Manryuk, who is at least equal to the sword master in terms of military power."

The senior playfully teased Ryojo.

"You speak politely, but this sounds sarcastic."

"No way."

"This too!"

"I'm sorry, but the age difference between you and me is almost half a century. So it's only natural that we can't talk."

"Even if I'm okay? And Saki, you probably know a little bit about the Poison family's traits."

Ryozo shook his head firmly.

“That’s why I think the engineering school is right. Not only you, but Media is also the current principal of the academy, and Victor Poison is the one who laid the foundation for the Hero Association. We cannot tarnish the reputation of the Poison family.”

Meain, the class gap between you and me is huge. That’s why I can’t treat you comfortably like I used to. It’s like that in name, but in reality, I don’t want to treat you comfortably.

“Oh, really. If you’re upset, just say it. You need to act like a kid! Why are you beating around the bush like this?”

“You said a little while ago, ‘I can’t control my emotions because I’m in my twenties.’”

“Don’t lose a single word!”

The senior tapped his chest as if he was frustrated. He didn’t look upset. Rather, his lips drew a pleasant curve.

Ryozo turned his face from his senior to me and asked with cold eyes.

“Can you explain the situation?”

A cold rage, a momentary darkness came over my skin. I have felt something similar to this before with someone.

She couldn’t bring herself to say that name out loud. Because he was her father, the man she hated the most, Saki Kojima. Especially, his eyes, which sparkled with strong desire, were exactly like hers.

‘… … .’

I was lost in thought for a moment, then sighed.

“Not my senior… but the headmaster of the academy, Meain Poison, has decided to be the professor in charge of the 1000 class.”

Ryozo’s eyebrows furrowed. It was obvious that she was not pleased. She tried to keep her composure and asked again.

“why?”

“Oh, that.”

“I said I wanted to do it.”

The senior who interrupted the conversation continued speaking on my behalf.

“Saki, as you know, Kenma is busy with various official duties. That’s why I said I wanted to help him and take on the role of professor in charge. Then, Kenma’s workload will be reduced a little.”

“I think the work will increase rather than decrease.”

Ryozo insisted. She was looking straight into Meain’s eyes.

“It is an honor for you, Lord Wanli, to be the professor in charge of the Cheon Class, but think about it. The media will cover this for days. Not only that, but the attention of the academy, the association, and the noble society will all be focused on the Cheon Class.”

The senior listened quietly. Ryozo glanced at me and then turned his gaze back to the senior.

“If the ripple effect is solely yours, then I have no complaints. However, that interest will definitely affect Geommahan as well.”

“So what you’re saying is that even if I relieve you of the burden on Geomma’s shoulders, the opportunity cost will be greater?”

“yes.”

A firm answer. The senior gently tugged at the corners of his lips. It was like a teacher’s reaction when a student asks the right question.

“That’s why I support you the most, Saki.”

“… … !”

Ryojo flinched. Only then did the senior release his arm. Then he walked briskly and stood right next to Ryojo.

“I’ve been watching you for almost a year, Saki, but your concerns

are always directed towards taking care of Kenma."

"… … ."

"I know what you're worried about. But I was the principal. I wasn't as good of a principal as the current one, but at least I won't be a burden to the students, so don't worry too much."

Meain patted Saki on the shoulder and walked past her, heading towards the door.

Weapon finally came to his senses and cleared the way by wiping the floor with his butt.

The senior, who had just reached the door, turned around slightly. Then he opened his mouth softly.

"Class opens in three days, right? See you then!"

Leaving those words behind, the senior left the library. For a moment, the library, which had been bustling, became silent as if nothing had happened.

After a while, Ryozo and Weapon looked at me. Their eyes seemed to have a lot to ask. It seemed like I wouldn't be able to sleep well tonight either.

* * *

After leaving Ganggeomma's library, Meain took a walk around the academy grounds.

The nights between late autumn and early winter were cold. Perhaps that was why it was so quiet and deserted.

In this way, Meain arrived at the bottom of a mountain.

The scale of Joaquin Academy is much larger than a small city. In just three years, you can never know the whole story of this place. The same goes for the professors and instructors.

The Joaquin Academy was full of secrets. This unsightly mound was

one of those places. It was a place Meaine visited regularly.

Deep in the back of this mountain, there exists a well that suppresses the awakening of Gaho. The reason for this can be found in the past.

The seven disciples of Balor Joaquin, the Seven Heroes, all awakened to the Blessing at different times.

‘Yes, it’s true that I was hit.’

Awakening occurs regardless of the person’s will. Even if they reject it, it will still eat away at their spirit and forcefully awaken their power.

Of course, thanks to the Seven Heroes, who were the Awakened Ones, humanity won. Those who saw their immense divine power recorded it like this.

“The Awakened are blessed heroes chosen by God.”

However, there was a contradiction in this record. Why did the seven heroes chosen by God end their lives so early? Is it really a blessing that their health quickly declines and their lifespan is reduced as soon as they awaken?

No, that wasn’t the case. The blessing would be on those who aren’t, not the awakened ones. Because they sacrificed their lives on their behalf. The awakened ones are the ones who are destined to sacrifice their lives to the great god.

Balor Joaquin, the teacher of the Seven Heroes, deeply felt this absurdity and sought a solution. He thought:

If the Awakened are chosen by God and die quickly… … .

He delayed it by doing something against it. Balor went straight to the Demon Realm. He brought all sorts of things from there and hid them in various places in the Academy, in addition to the special room he had openly created.

The ‘well of corruption’ that Meain was heading towards was also created at that time.

“The awakened one is someone who struggles to be hated by God.”

As Mayaine was about to step onto the slope, she snorted and blurted out,

“Is it really okay for the Prime Minister of a country to be absent from his post so often?”

Thud, thud.

A man walked out as the bushes swayed. Saki Kojima, a sharp-tongued man, was dressed in a neat uniform. He then bowed to Meain.

“I wanted to see you, Master.”

“You don’t look like that at all, but you talk the talk.”

His sharp gaze was fixed on Jeolgung. Mayin said.

“I didn’t really want to see you, so just tell me what’s going on.”

“Master, haven’t you known since I came here?”

“Haa… … . I told you decades ago. Awakening is never a good thing. You, who know everything, should know that.”

“I know. But if you can take that much power, you can contribute to humanity.”

“You’ve always been good at talking. Well, it’s your freedom to want to die quickly, but it’s already too late for you. If you were going to awaken, you should have done so when you were young. Old people who have lived their whole lives can’t awaken.”

“Not me, but my daughter.”

At those words, Meain’s expression distorted into a fierce expression. It was as if the whole place was crushed by a terrible pressure. Nevertheless, Jeolgung raised his gaze with his eyes wide open.

“My daughter is still young.”

Maya burst into laughter.

“Kojima.”

“yes.”

“You deserve to get hit.”

“I was prepared to lose my temper.”

“Yeah, it looks like that. But you tripped. You’re not unconscious.”

Kuuuung… … !

The axis of the earth shook with a huge vibration. A confusion arose as if the sky, not the earth, was shaking.

“I’m probably going to die.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 228

Issue 228 (1)

The axis of the earth twisted for a moment. The sound of a flock of birds preparing for hibernation soaring. Confused wild animals were driven from their habitats with eyes gleaming with fear. The full moon hanging over the mountain peak was trembling slightly.

Against the backdrop of a turbulent world, Meaine was walking down the stairs step by step. The earth, sky, and heaven and earth shook to the beat of her elegant shoes hitting the ground.

Kwung- Kwung- Krung-

He looked at his master, Man-ryuk, pretending to be weak. The only thing he showed in surprise was a brief flinch. That was all. He had seen this power several times in the past. However, back then, he had only seen it from a distance… … .

'Your body must have been weak from wandering around the demon realm, but you still have the same spirit.'

It was thrilling. Is this scene truly the realm of awakening?

Thanks to that, he became convinced. Decades ago, when he had seen it in passing, he had been dubious. But now, he was seeing it clearly with his own two eyes.

The corners of Jeolgung's mouth twitched. Man-lik spat out in a cold voice.

“I’m telling you this so you don’t misunderstand, but this isn’t the awakening of the power of awakening.”

“I know. But I also know that the depth of that power has deepened thanks to the awakening. And… … .”

Without saying a word, Jeolgung looked around. A purple veil was surrounding the area in a hemispherical shape. A subspace curtain was unfolding.

“Despite your threats to kill me, you are still kind. You even gave me the entire subspace curtain for my disciple.”

Wan-lik snorted. Her footsteps were slow and leisurely, but she walked towards her disciple, Jeol-gung, with certainty.

“Unfortunately, murder is not allowed within the Academy. And it would be a shame to wake the kids up by making a fuss when they’re all asleep, right?”

“I’m sorry… Ira… … .”

The corners of his lips that had been twitching suddenly drooped. Jeolgung, whose face had suddenly become sad, stretched out his hand to the side.

“Don’t you feel sorry for my wife who lost her life 40 years ago because you didn’t go to war?”

A long shape suddenly emerged from the ring on his ring finger. A bow with only the texture of cedar, without any decoration. S+ rank weapon, Ameno Habaya.

“If only you had this power, my wife would not have died, and even if she had died, she would have awakened to the power of protection and would not have been forgotten.”

The archer fired an arrow at the protest.

“… Kojima, you’re really crazy. Now you’re demanding the reason for Cheolsim’s death from me.”

“You can criticize me however you want, Master. But no matter what happens here, I must learn the secret of awakening.”

A close distance of about twenty steps. The sharp arrowhead is aimed at Wanli.

“Because I absolutely cannot allow my daughter to be forgotten by people.”

Wan-lik furrowed his brows.

“Are you saying this because of your selfishness, without any consideration for your daughter’s health or life expectancy?”

“My daughter will understand someday. Of course, she is Saki Kojima’s daughter.”

Man-lik finally couldn’t hold it in any longer and burst out laughing.

“Phew! I don’t think that’s likely at all.”

“I am very offended by your statement. What is the basis for it?”

Man-Lik returned with cold eyes and said.

“Because we’re members of the same club.”

Kwaaaaang!

The explosive leap was followed by a series of loud crashes.

The commotion only lingered within the subspace curtain that covered the area.

* * *

One day, two days, three days passed.

I leaned back in my chair. The backrest was thrown back. I was completely exhausted, my neck shaking from side to side.

“Oh my, if I keep doing this I’m going to herniate a disk in my back.”

To exaggerate a bit, I think I only slept for three hours, one hour a day for three days.

Even that wasn't the comfortable sleep I got in bed. It was a kind of housework sleep where I briefly lay down on a chair like I do now.

I was really struggling with work until I was on the verge of collapse. But what's really fortunate is that starting today, I'm a little bit free from work.

I muttered, looking up at the ceiling of the library.

"Tomorrow is finally the opening day of the first class."

Speed was of the essence as this was a task that had to be carried out in secret, and we achieved our goal within a week of the decision being made.

My team and I were able to make it within the time frame by sleeping soundly. Some of the association staff who were based at the academy also helped, but most of the practical work was done by the team members.

Looking back, I couldn't help but laugh.

The fact that the cadets themselves were creating the classes that they were supposed to attend seemed a bit ridiculous. These were usually things for adults, not for teenagers. And the club members had no obligations whatsoever to do.

However, the members cooperated voluntarily with a sense of calling.

Their enthusiasm began the night their senior visited.

I explained the reason for creating the class, which I had been vague about. I am usually one to muddle through, but I took this opportunity to unpack the bundle of words that had been building up.

Of course, I couldn't explain everything in detail. There were some parts that I couldn't explain unless I was a psychic.

So, I summarized it somewhat and told it briefly to fit the context.

Here's the gist of it. I formed a thousand classes, led by Leon. And all of the class members were carefully selected by me after much deliberation. All of this was done with the purpose of helping Leon awaken as a warrior.

I gave a passionate lecture with my lack of speaking skills.

The members asked if it was really necessary to create a new class. I answered that the movements of the Demon Tribe were suspicious to that extent.

Also, since they are people around me, there is a high probability that they will become targets of the Demons. So, they must have clearly known that the situation was unstable.

Immediately after hearing my words, the members' expressions became serious. They had also noticed it at first glance, so it must not have been a completely new announcement.

In just one year, two legion commanders have appeared. It was a clear signal that the demons were up to something. And on top of that, I, a Seven-Star hero, spoke with a firm hand.

It was a natural reaction for the members to have shadows around their eyes. And they were exposed to danger. It was even stranger to just listen indifferently.

But the anxiety was short-lived. The members recognized the seriousness of the situation and immediately took the initiative to help me. They spent the night together without hesitation, saying, "Can we just suck our thumbs and lose our minds?" At that time, I felt my heart pounding.

I am an orphan in this life. I had parents, but they disappeared. I would have lived in extreme loneliness, but my club members fill that void. If it weren't for them, I would have been no different from a gangster holding a sashimi.

"I feel embarrassed for no reason."

I laughed once without thinking and slowly straightened my back. Then I read the daily newspaper on my smartphone. It was a habit I developed after receiving the Chilseong position.

'You should get to know the faces of people in the political and business world even if it's beyond the screen, so that you don't feel embarrassed when you see them later.'

If I leave without knowing anything as soon as I see it, my reputation will hit rock bottom. I don't care, but I have to think about the reputation of the inspector who recommended me.

"From the morning… really… … ."

In my previous life, I used to follow the boss around the fish market at dawn. Now, instead of the fishy smell of the wind blowing through the street, I smell the smell of ink.

『The previous representative of the Lancelot Agency resigned due to corruption and bribery. Therefore, "All Mute, Khan Elizabeth" was appointed as the new representative.』

『Mao Twins of the Iron King Family "I deeply regret the evil deeds I have committed in the past. I have decided to take refuge in Shaolin Temple as a sign of reflection."』

One-sided names that decorate the written word.

"Even if Olmute became the representative of the Lancelot Agency, those evil twins are going to the Shaolin Temple?"

I can't imagine it. I thought they were fakes, so I looked at their pictures carefully. They had shaved heads and were holding lottery tickets. Their eyes were serious and solemn. The eight moles on their foreheads were also impressive.

"Are these scumbags really reborn?"

Well, that doesn't mean the things they did didn't happen. It's better for them to be isolated from society like this.

I scrolled down. I skimmed through the headlines and it was time for

the smaller articles to appear.

At that time, the words were written on my retina. They were written so small in the corner that I almost missed them.

『During his visit to Korea, Saki Kojima was transferred to the 'Joaquin Academy Hospital' due to his deteriorating health. The spokesperson stated that it was just a simple flu. (…)』

I tilted my head.

"Why is this written so succinctly?"

Even if it's just the flu, Chilseong's health issue is clearly an international issue. Age is no match for anything. The average age of Chilseong is close to seventy. There is a risk that minor injuries or minor illnesses could turn into serious illnesses.

Therefore, the health of Chilseong was the safety of mankind. If Chilseong Hero was sick, the whole world would be turned upside down. It was common for the media and the people to go crazy.

But this article was barely visible when I squinted my eyes. This is only one case.

The palace is intentionally trying to hide the truth.

"This article is just a piece of debris that was spilled and not picked up."

And, logically, does it make sense to send a child to the hospital with the flu? This is not a newborn, but a man in his 60s.

As if to prove my hypothesis, the article was published in the blink of an eye.

"Then it's not just the flu."

I stared at the screen for a long time, then quickly closed the phone. Then I gently massaged my eyelids.

"I'm going to be hospitalized, so don't worry about others."

Moreover, Jeolgung is a man of many words. He is so angry that he can make Geomje and Changseong, who are busy growling at each other, join forces for a moment. He is even more hateful to the point of swearing at his own daughter.

My impressions were not much different. Although he seemed friendly on the outside, his twisted nature was revealed here and there. From the way he spoke, I got the feeling that he treated people like objects.

'If he was really critical, he would have returned to his home country instead of the Joaquin Academy Hospital.'

The moment I finished my thoughts and slowly got up to wash up, the smartphone I had been covering vibrated. I stared at the back of it and put the screen to my ear.

"Yes, principal."

[Oh, Geommaya. I got it right away.]

A slightly rambling voice. The emotions the principal felt were completely conveyed. An awkward situation.

"What's wrong?"

[That… that… … .]

Media then continued, smoothing out her tone.

[Did our older sister, Mayne Poison, tell you?]

"You came to me three days ago and told me that you would be the professor in charge of the thousand class. That's why I put your name on the list yesterday. As everyone knows, the official announcement will be made this afternoon. It will also include news of Man-Rik's appearance."

[Oh, that was something too… … . But that's not what I was talking about… … .]

Media, who had been silent for a while, let out an even deeper sigh.

[That's… I think a wanted notice will be issued for Sister… Mayne Poison… … .]

"yes?"

What is this? A wanted notice? A bounty? Why?

[Don't be surprised and listen carefully…]

The media laughed bitterly as if they were in pain.

[… Your professor… made the Japanese Prime Minister half-crippled.]

The phone fell out of my hand. The LCD screen, which had been touching the floor, crumbled like a cookie.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 229

Issue 229 (2)

[Chijijik- check… Chijijik- ma… ya… … .]

A voice mixed with noise. Media is desperately looking for me from beyond the broken cell phone.

I came to my senses, paralyzed by shock. It was not the time to be feeling down. I quickly picked up the phone and tried to continue the call.

[Chijijik——]

My phone is completely dead. Well, there's no way it'll be fine when the LCD screen is this messed up.

I headed straight to the principal's office. I thought it would be a bit much to talk about something like this over the phone anyway. I had to put my head against the wall and roll the ball. This was a situation that required collective intelligence.

"Director, this is Kang Geum-ma."

Arriving at the principal's office, I knocked and called Media. Creak- The door opened with a feeble sound. Through the crack in the door, I could see Media, her eyes shadowed down to her chin.

"Hey, Geommaya. I thought something happened when the phone suddenly disconnected!"

“Sorry, my hand slipped and I dropped my phone.”

“No… I understand… … . When I first heard the news, I smashed my phone. Compared to me, losing my cell phone was like that, you know.”

“okay…….”

We exchanged concerns for a while. But I had to figure out the situation, so I spoke first.

“Please explain what happened. As much as possible.”

“Look at my mind. I just passed on the information and didn’t say anything else, haha… … .”

Media laughed in a half-souled voice.

Why did the senior who was supposed to be in charge of the Thousand Class make the Japanese Prime Minister, Jeokung, paralyzed? Even though I am not directly involved in this, I am someone who should know anyway. The Thousand Class opened tomorrow. I barely managed to get the schedule together by staying up all night with the members.

An arrest warrant was immediately issued to the professor in charge. If he makes a single move, the entire class will be ruined… It may not be that bad, but the situation will become annoying. Of course, he will have to reduce his sleep time, and the deadline may be pushed back day by day.

‘If that happens, my plans will be ruined.’

Why are you so concerned about the opening date being delayed? Because the 4th Corps Commander Permish will soon attack the human world. Moreover, he will not descend from the ice but will come through the gate. It was a situation where preparation was essential.

That’s why I worked my body hard and made a tight schedule. I can’t spend a lot of time on this case. Also, Meain’s role is not just a professor in charge. I hired her to stop me if I clash with Permish or

get involved in other incidents.

‘I wonder if there’s another person as great as Meaine… But she has more work to do than I can leave it to the principal.’

If it can be fixed, it must be done. In the grand scheme of things, it is for the good of humanity. I intend to hold her accountable, but first, I need to understand the situation.

Media, who had been sighing heavily, explained the whole story. She had her legs crossed and her forehead covered.

“It seems like Kojima secretly entered Korea yesterday afternoon. No one knew he was coming. Oh, it pisses me off when I think about it. That bastard lives in the neighborhood next door, so it’s easy for him to just fly in.”

I could feel myself suppressing my rising anger. The cross-shaped veins on my temples and the sound of my teeth grinding also contributed to my emotions.

“Anyway, Kojima waited for his sister on the outskirts of the academy last night and had a conversation… no, it’s better to say conversation, but I think he actually provoked her.”

“What did you say to provoke me?”

“I don’t know exactly. But that kid, he’s a master at picking on people and he has a free mouth. Whatever it was, Kojima must have accidentally flicked his tongue. That must be why this whole thing happened.”

Mint-colored eyes trembled between her delicate, slender fingers.

“There’s something I don’t understand. If Man-Rik and Jeol-Gung were in a relationship, I should have felt something strange, but I stayed up all night last night and nothing unusual happened.”

“My sister deployed a subspace curtain.”

“Can’t the curtain be deployed anywhere but certain places?”

“That’s right… but the problem is that my older sister is the head of the academy, so she can deploy anywhere, ha-.”

“No, but then the subspace curtain was deployed, so why did the palace become like that?”

“that…….”

Media licked her lips. She showed signs of hesitation for 30 seconds. Then she confessed her situation obediently.

“I think the word ‘ha-deul’ would be right for this too. The mountain where the two of them were fighting was the problem. To be exact, it was a well inside that mountain that was the problem.”

“A well?”

“Yes. It’s a well hidden deep in the mountains, and it’s called the ‘Well of Corruption.’”

I tilted my head. The Well of Corruption? The name is… . It doesn’t seem like it would be located on the mountain behind the Academy. Media smiled faintly, as if agreeing with my thoughts.

“Just hearing the name, it seems like it would be in a demonic realm, right? But that’s right. It’s a place where the founder, the hero of the first dynasty, brought water from the valley of the demonic realm and made it. The well shape is a kind of seal. In horror movies, you see them cover it with a lid to prevent curses or ghosts, right? It’s similar. The water in the well there is very dark in color.”

“Why is there a well like that in the academy? I understand that the special building where the first semester final exams were held is for educational purposes, but it doesn’t seem like it should be in the back mountain.”

The media readily agreed.

“Right. It doesn’t make sense that such a profane place is hidden in Joaquin Academy, which is supposed to pursue goodness. But there are people who need that profaneness.”

“I don’t know the details, but I guess that’s what Man-Rik is.”

“Oh, as expected. Our swordsman understands right away even when I just say it. He’s so smart! That’s right. He’s my older sister.”

She uncrossed her legs and suddenly sat down next to me.

“Because Mayan Poison is the only one in the present age who has awakened the guardian.”

“……?”

Awakening of the Guardian? What is that? A concept that even I, who played the game up to the middle part, don’t know? That means…

‘It’s a concept that only appears in the latter half of the game’s narrative.’

Or maybe it’s just a MacGuffin that exists as a concept but is passed over as unimportant. Either way, I felt like the word ‘awakening’ was the key to this incident.

It was then that Media began to unbutton her robe. Little by little, her bare skin was revealed.

“Ha, ha, principal. What are you talking about all of a sudden?”

Embarrassed, I suddenly distanced myself from Media. She blinked her eyelashes and looked at me as if to ask what the problem was.

“Geumma, I think you don’t know about ‘Awakening of the Guardians’. Let me explain it to you quickly and simply! Nothing is more certain than seeing, and above all, we don’t have time to waste, right?”

“Does a quick explanation have anything to do with taking off your clothes?”

Media’s eyes narrowed at my question. She stared at me and smiled.

“I thought you, our swordsman, didn’t care about the opposite sex at

all. You're a man, aren't you?"

Media said smugly. The triangular shape of her torn robe had already reached her upper abdomen.

"……."

"Geumma, it is an honor as a woman that you blushed when you saw me."

Media's white lower abdomen came into view. I quickly turned my head away, but then returned it to its original position. For a moment, I thought I had seen it wrong.

"Director, that scar… … ."

A burn mark on the bare skin. It was a mark that felt somewhat strange for a wound.

"I was going to show you this."

Media caressed the wound. The smile was sad.

"My older sister engraved this for me."

"That… Manryuk-nim?"

"Don't misunderstand. My sister didn't mean to hurt me. On the contrary. A few decades ago, I was on the verge of 'awakening'. To prevent that, my sister destroyed my lower abdomen."

"……."

I was silent. I didn't know what he was talking about. Only one thing was clear: Media wasn't covering up my twin sister.

"The healing energy circulates from the lower abdomen, that is, the danjeon, through the blood vessels and into every corner."

"That means if the dantian is destroyed… … ."

"Yeah, usually you don't lose protection."

“But the principal uses the guardian deity, doesn’t he?”

“That’s why our older sister is so great. She was able to use the protection while preventing it from circulating and spreading throughout the body. She precisely pierced the blood vessels.”

Media came to my side, where she had been far away. Her head rested on my right shoulder. She looked a little tired. I spoke while keeping my gaze fixed straight ahead.

“Honestly, I thought awakening was a good thing.”

“If you awaken, your lifespan and humanity will melt away at the same time. Should we call it the price of receiving God’s grace? Isn’t that funny? God himself takes the life of a human he loves.”

It was a story that would have made me feel cold if I had heard it for the first time. However, my face was not shaken. Isn’t it familiar to me to take away humanity? There was a point of intersection between the characteristics of ‘assimilation rate’ and ‘awakening’.

“Then, that ‘Well of Corruption’ is a means of distancing oneself from God. That must be it.”

Media nodded, leaning on my shoulder.

“You have to drink sewage water that has the exact opposite properties of the protection to dilute the ‘awakening’. That’s why my sister visits the well periodically, and the fact that the subspace barrier wasn’t functioning properly was also due to that.”

The sound of breathing can be heard nearby.

“I don’t know the details, but I think she must have told her sister about the awakening of the palace or something. She’s had a tendency to go through fire and water since she was little, and because of that, she’s in the hospital now. Honestly, I think she’s pretty cool.”

“Where is Ms. Mayan now?”

“Sister, I’ve prepared a separate hiding place for you. There’s no

warrant out yet, but if Jeolgung makes a fuss about it, it's not a big deal. I think it's better to just wait and see what happens."

"That would be the best option."

"yes."

The next moment, silence fell. The afternoon sunlight filtered in through the curtains. The white dust caught in the light floated in the air.

In the midst of this pastoral atmosphere, Media opened her mouth again.

"Hey, Geommaya, should we just throw everything away and go live on an uninhabited island and make a romantic movie together? That's what I said when I first saw you."

"It sounds like a proposal."

"As time goes by, I want to rely on someone. It's hard to explain, but I live longer than most people, so if possible, I want to be with someone who will be with me for a long time."

Media lifted her cheek from my shoulder. She smiled as she buttoned up her shirt.

"But, Geomma, I feel a little calmer after talking to you. What I said earlier was a joke. I will take responsibility for this matter and do something about it, so Geomma, go inside and rest. Your handsome face will be ruined."

I thought about it for a moment and then answered.

"Rather than a romantic film, I think film noir would suit the genre better right now."

"Huh?"

"The academy director, please go see Man-Rik and find out why he did that. I will go to Jeol-Gung and ask him."

The media looked at me with eyes that were utterly bewildered by my words.

“Sword Demon, you… …?”

“In order to recover as quickly as possible, it’s right to divide up the roles. I’ll go straight to the affiliated hospital.”

“Ah… that’s certainly true, but.”

“There is no time to hesitate. This is a situation where a warrant could be issued at any moment. The principal should also go to Meain immediately.”

“okay.”

She looked at me with a trembling expression. Then she asked again in a hazy voice.

“But… why are you carrying so much sashimi on your way to the hospital?”

“Oh, that.”

Noir is sashimi, and shisami is noir. But I can’t answer like that.

“They’re trying to cover up an issue with another issue.”

I answered differently.

* * *

Affiliated hospital of Joaquin Academy.

Dark-clad men were lined up on both sides of the hallway. They were neatly dressed in suits, but their faces were covered in scars. Their eyes showed the roughness that comes from working on rough floors. They were the security guards protecting the palace.

Damn it.

At that moment, footsteps descended the hallway. The men’s eyes were instantly focused on the source of the sound. A young boy with

a familiar face was walking toward them.

‘Heavenly Sword?’

Kang Geum-ma, who had come within a stone’s throw, spoke.

“I came to see the palace.”

Jeolgung? Where did you go and sell it? Dozens of scarred eyebrows curved fiercely. Among them, the man with the best appearance stood in front of Ganggeomma. Although he was scared, the man had to do his job.

“I don’t know how you found out, but you can’t pass through here.”

The swordsman tilted his head to the side and spat briefly again.

“Get out of the way.”

“sorry.”

Kanggeomma frowned at the stubborn answer. Then he glanced at the number of people in the group.

About fifty people were blocking the hallway. There is no other nuisance like this.

“Disobeying orders and causing trouble within the hospital are grounds for severe punishment, but I don’t want to see blood in the hospital.”

Kang Geum-ma said coldly.

“Go to sleep.”

At the same time, a wide field of scattered images covered the group of young men.

dump.

The procession collapsed like wooden dolls whose power had been cut off, without even being able to utter a single word of disobedience.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 230

Issue 230 (3)

The interior was stylish, and the space looked like a hotel. However, the atmosphere was heavy, as expected from a hospital room.

Saki Kojima was lying on the bed, leaning against the wall. The bed had an adjustable backrest.

Next to him, his daughter Saki Hina nursed her father. Since her father was hospitalized, she had not left the temple for even a moment. No, Subald could not escape his debt. It was not the right thing to do as a child. It was no different from the relationship between a master and his subordinate.

Square, square.

Saki Hina is peeling an apple. She glances at the temple.

My father was reading a book. Judging from the cover, it was a history book about the Seven Heroes of the Past.

“Do you have anything to say, Hina?”

Hina’s shoulders shook at the words that Jeolgung casually threw out. Her thumb was cut and bleeding. She quickly pulled out a tissue and wrapped it like a bandage as she answered.

“No. I just came to check on the Prime Minister’s condition.”

“I’m fine.”

“yes…….”

Hina cut the apple into bite-sized pieces.

‘There’s no way it’ll be okay.’

Last night, my father was admitted to the hospital with both of his ankles broken. Hina heard the news in the middle of the night and flew in from Japan.

Is Jeolgung seriously injured? Before the Seven Star Hero came, Hina thought he had just fallen down the stairs. Seven Stars are people too, and they can break their knees due to carelessness.

It was hard to believe, but it was the most convincing assumption. But when I actually came, it wasn’t true. My father, Chilseong’s palace, had been beaten up badly by someone.

At that moment, Hina’s eyes widened in shock.

‘Your father got hit and came back?’

Although he may not be the top, he is one of the strongest on the human side. Why is he the greatest person in Japan? It is because he is strong. The Prime Minister and the head of the prestigious Kojima family are just the foundation. His military power is the foundation.

It is a palace called the ideal of an archer. It was also his influence that firearms were not able to gain popularity in the civilized era. The arrows he shot were comparable to subsonic speed, and the killing power was also at the level of ballistic missiles. He reduced firearms to machine guns or BB bullets.

Someone was hit with such a curse? Is that possible? By whom? The only faces that come to mind are two people.

‘Your Majesty the Sword and Your Majesty the Creator.’

However, judging from the fact that it wasn’t a sword, it didn’t seem to be the sword master. I had heard that he was currently living near Gehenna Gate. In the same context, it wasn’t the master Changseong either. He was also on official business in Europe.

‘First of all, the two of you are currently busy with construction work.’

Ultimately, after eliminating and considering various cases, the candidates are narrowed down to two.

‘Tyrant Media Poison… or… … .’

… the Heavenly Sword, the Strong Sword Horse.

Hina’s fingertips trembled slightly. The tissue that had been used to stop the bleeding on her thumb turned red. She squeezed her eyes shut and shook her head.

‘No, no.’

Kang Geum-ma ended up with a broken ankle? No way. He could have cut the Achilles tendon with a sword. There’s no way his hands could be this gentle. A scene from a noir film was projected in my head.

‘Black, sashimi, drum.’

Hina twitched as if she had static electricity. Her spine tingled and her face turned pale.

Even the sight of black made her feel scared. She was afraid of the dark, so recently she would sleep with all the lights on.

‘I’ve been suffering from insomnia lately because of the nightmares about him… ‘

Hina took a deep breath. Calm down, calm down. She repeated it over and over again in her head like a prayer. She took a deep breath and assessed the situation again.

‘If it’s not Ganggeomma, the only person left is the academy director.’

Given the bruised ankle and the relationship between the two, it seemed most likely. But at the same time, it was ambiguous.

‘Mediah is strong, but… … .’

The three people above – Cheon-geom, Geom-je, and Chang-seong – were definitely stronger than Jeol-gung. On the other hand, the tyrant was Chil-seong, who was outstandingly intelligent. He was not in a position to unilaterally assault his father.

Hina slowly rolled her eyes to the side. Despite being seriously injured, Jeokung looked extremely calm.

The only specific instructions he gave were to keep the news of his hospitalization a secret from the press. Other than that, his father simply read a book without saying much.

'If you ask who did it, they'll never tell you.'

Because the corruption will be obvious. If you ask, you could get kicked out of the house.

At that moment, Jeolgung felt the gaze and turned his gaze. His pupils narrowed with anxiety.

"What do you want to say?"

Hina was startled.

"Ah… that's… … ."

If I were to even try to pass it off, I would definitely be suspected. My father, the ideal archer, had a keen eye like a ghost. His empty talk would be immediately discovered. No matter what I said, I had to say it at least once.

"…I suddenly wondered where Ryozo's mother, or stepmother, is."

This is what I ended up saying. But I had to ask this question anyway.

'I promised Ryozo.'

There was no reason to protect it, but Hina's conscience was not anesthetized to that extent.

"……."

But it seemed like a bad choice. Judging by the wrinkles on her father's forehead. Hina bowed her head. The back of her hair fell forward, looking like a curtain.

"I apologize, Prime Minister. I spoke harshly to you while you were sick… … ."

"Okay."

chin.

Seol-gung closed the book. Hina brushed her hair and makeup. Seol-gung, who had been silent for a moment, opened his mouth.

"I don't know why you're curious, but Ryozo's mother is in Korea."

"Huh? Korea? Why… … ."

Before he could ask again, Hina swallowed a breath. Goosebumps rising, the weight of the air becoming dull. Her gaze naturally turned to the door. She heard a sound.

Thud, thud.

The sound of things collapsing one after another, and my knees breaking.

This is better than that.

'This gloomy atmosphere… This is… …!'

Memories of the previous day came flooding back.

Knock knock.

The door to the sickroom opens, shoes click against the threshold, and the sickroom is engulfed in pitch-black currents.

"You… are… …!"

Hina's pupils opened and closed repeatedly. Black eyes. Hina opened her mouth.

“A thousand… swords.”

Kang Geum-ma said.

“Because the situation was urgent, I skipped knocking. Oh, right. And.”

He leans his shoulder against the wall and nods toward the door.

“I think I need to re-educate my subordinates.”

Hina bit the bubble and fell backwards. Perhaps because it was a hospital, it was a moment when her insomnia was instantly resolved.

She closed her eyelids just before fainting and thought, Nightmares always come without warning.

* * *

“… You’ve made quite a splash, Cheongeom.”

Jeolgung frowned. I picked my ear and replied back.

“The Joaquin Academy hospital is a public facility. But what if the hallways are clogged with clumps of garbage like a sewer?”

“Ha- Okay. Now that we have a seat, let’s sit down and talk.”

The gaze of the palace was on the chair where Saki Hina was sitting. However, as soon as I entered, she started foaming at the mouth and fainted.

I lowered my head slightly. My navy blue hair spread widely on the floor. I looked down at her and then stared at the temple again.

‘A father whose expression doesn’t change even when his daughter falls down.’

Now I was sure. It was proof of character. Just as Media had said, one of the bows had gently scratched the inside of the senior. Now that I had figured out the situation, it was time to change my attitude. I put my hands in my pockets.

“I will stand and speak. It doesn’t seem like the story will be long, and I’m not here to argue, I’m here to make a report.”

The cold gaze of the palace grew cold.

“I’m telling you this because I’m worried. If you act so high-handedly just because you’ve climbed Chilseong, it could cause problems later on.”

“This is how I treat you.”

My right foot stepped on the chair. Then I pulled my upper body forward and looked down at the arch. Our eyes met in the air.

“Only you, Jeolgung. I am not deep enough to be polite to just anyone.”

“…….”

The area under Jeolgung’s eyes trembled. His pupils burned with anger.

“As expected of you, you are a very brave person. You have a lot of guts. Alright. Let me hear what you want to do. Why did you break through my security guard and invade my hospital room? I hope it was for a legitimate reason… … .”

“Didn’t you say it was a notification? I’ll be the one asking the questions.”

“What the heck!”

Finally, Jeolgung revealed his bare face a little bit. The veins on the back of his hand were visible. But I covered up the words he was about to say. I whispered near Jeolgung’s ear.

“What the hell are you talking about, Man-lik?”

“…….”

In response to my question, Jeolgung chose silence. He glared at me with his mouth shut. His spirit was fierce. I responded by lowering

my eyes.

A silence swept through the room. Suddenly, Jeolgung burst into laughter. A distorted and twisted smile appeared on his lips.

“I asked you to awaken my daughter, Saki Ryozo.”

“…what?”

“Originally, you asked me to awaken you, but I’m too old to do it. So what can I do? The Kojima family must produce someone who awakens, and the only one with any hope is Ryozo.”

“…….”

“And, did you think I didn’t know? Meain Poison, that hypocrite, is playing around in your club as a student. I already noticed it during the succession ceremony. Of course. He’s my teacher, so how could I not notice his spirit? I’m a bowman. Others may not know, but you can’t fool me!”

A muffled laughter echoed.

“But I laughed. I took it as an opportunity. If there was a bond between the two, Ryozo would accept Manryuk’s request without hesitation.”

The palace continued to struggle.

“If you had heard from Media that I ended up like this, you would have heard about the Awakening too. That’s right, I will make my daughter an Awakener in exchange for her life and humanity.”

“You crazy kid.”

“No, I’m perfectly normal. My daughter will understand me in the future. In fact, she’ll be grateful to me for breaking my ankles to turn me into an Awakened One!”

The palace, which had been pouring out its words, had an exhausted expression. I barely managed to get my voice out with superhuman patience.

“Without Ryozo’s consent, on your own… What was the reason for doing such a thing in the first place?”

“Cheongeom, you should know better.”

Jeolgung raised the corners of his lips. Cold sweat ran down his cheeks.

“No matter how hard you fly and crawl, you will eventually be swallowed up by the light of the warrior. Even the youngest Chilseong will not be able to overcome that fortress. The world will forget you and only look to the warrior. I cannot allow my child to experience that humiliation and disgrace. My wife alone is enough for that!”

There was madness in Jeolgung’s two eyes. They were blue.

“So at the very least, you should become an Awakened One and sacrifice yourself for humanity, even if it means staying behind like Saki Ryozo.”

Jeolgung grabbed my shoulder. My expression turned rotten.

“Cheongeom, aren’t you a close friend of Ryozo? Please. If you persuade my daughter, the wanted order for Wanli will be undone. And on top of that, I promise to provide all possible support to the Cheon Class, as the Prime Minister of Japan.”

“…….”

After hearing that, I looked down at my temple blankly and shook off the hand. Then I patted my shoulder. It felt like something dirty was stuck to me.

I turned my gaze. The ugly figure of Saki Hina lying down, her faint breathing. She was awake, pretending to faint. However, her breathing was uneven, perhaps because she was somewhat shocked. I was about to poke her with my foot, but I stopped myself. It would be better to just not see what was about to happen.

Damn it.

I walked to the window and closed the curtains. The light went out and darkness descended. Jeolgung let out a roar.

“What do you want to do!”

He didn’t respond. Instead, he took out a pack of Daiso sashimi from his bosom. It would be a waste to waste Murasame or Mannyeonseori on this brat.

Slurp.

Jeolgung opened his eyes wide. He shouted as if he was having a seizure.

“This is a hospital! And I will never tolerate threats like this, Cheon-geom!”

“You’re right, this is a hospital.”

I extended the tip of the knife in front of his nose.

“This is a scalpel, not a knife.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 231

Episode 231: The Daughter of the Palace

Kojima faced Sashimi. This look of intimidation, full of hostility. This situation was all too familiar to Jeokung.

Jeolgung glared at the boy holding the sashimi with his blue eyes. Kanggeomma's expression was static, but his eyes were fierce.

'This is a scalpel, not a knife.'

Jeolgung laughed inwardly.

'Okay, I'll give you that one bit of courage.'

He stormed into his hospital room with a Daiso knife. Just now, the bodyguards' presence had suddenly collapsed, but he felt that his vital signs were still there, so he must have dealt with all of them in the 'realm of the mind'. At this age, he can manipulate the realm so freely.

'The Heavenly Sword is definitely a bad guy.'

To a genius, age is nothing more than a game of numbers. Those who consider age a privilege are those who have nothing else to boast about. The person who can empathize with the young genius the most is none other than Jeolgung himself. He too is a little over twenty and has become Chilseong.

'But Cheon Geum and I are very different.'

This is the difference in power. Externally, they are the same Seven Star Heroes, but he himself is not even close to them. Jeolgung was aware of this. Kojima thought. If the Heavenly Sword were to 'awaken', if Manryuk were to bestow its essence upon him, how strong would he become?

'The Heavenly Sword that has become an Awakened One.'

He would become a transcendent being who cannot even make eye contact, let alone be humble. He might surpass Balor Joaquin and step into the next realm. But even he was not a warrior. In the end, he faced an invisible wall.

"Strong sword horse."

Jeolgung spoke that name instead of Lee Myeong. It was a voice that was between stern and cold.

"If you want, you can cut me with that knife. No, you can kill me."

Jeolgung said as if giving advice. As mentioned above, Jeolgung is a seasoned politician. He reads and controls the psychology of his opponents. This is a blind spot of talent, an area of experience. Aside from his power, he is still mentally immature. A three-inch tongue would be enough to gently intimidate him.

"I won't say such boring things as, 'Don't be swayed by emotions like everyone else.' However, the responsibility for this is entirely yours. In other words, if you are swayed by emotions, you may end up making mistakes later. I will definitely take this situation to the national level… … ."

Before Jeolgung could finish his words, Ganggeomma's hand moved. The sashimi he had caught in the opposite direction pierced through his thigh flesh. It was a swift sword.

Sigh.

Only after hearing the sound of a crash did Jeolgung lower his eyes. The plain, patternless quilt was slowly turning blood red. His solemn eyes wavered.

“Eww… Up…!”

Kang Geum-ma’s left hand muffled the scream.

“Did you pay the hospital rent? Be quiet.”

Empty pupils where emotions were dead. After a quiet stare, Kanggeomma turned the hilt of his sword clockwise. A sharp pain enveloped Kojima’s groin.

Kojima tried to scream again, but the salty taste of his hand remained in his mouth. He tried to fight back by extending his hand, but before he knew it, sashimi was stuck in his palm like a stake. Even the archer’s eyes did not notice it.

The pain that was pounding again made Jeolgung’s brain tangle. All kinds of negative emotions were rubbing together in his brain.

“Jeolgung, you’re right.”

Kanggeomma opened his mouth. His eyes, filled with light, were low and deep. And yet, they were rough and fierce like a wild beast.

“You broke your ankle by wagging your tongue, and now you’re wagging your tongue again? You’re just below Media in intelligence. But why is your learning ability so bad?”

“… Ugh… Ugh!”

Kanggeomma tilted his head as he watched Jeolgung struggling. There was something Jeolgung had overlooked.

A seasoned politician? Kanggeomma had been a drinking buddy of such people in his past life. Having dealt with all sorts of political thugs, Kanggeomma was used to dealing with such types. The phrase they always used was ‘what happens in the future.’

To avoid the present moment, to avoid trouble, they lie and sweet talk.

Plan for the future?

‘This is crazy.’

On Earth, I dreamed of a blind future and worked hard to save money. I didn’t want to live a comfortable old age, a better home, or a miserable life. But this world is not a strong swordsman. War will break out soon. It’s foolish to wait for the distant future. Even now, Permish is about to invade.

In dark times, the future is like a candle. It would not be strange if it were to flicker out at any moment when storms came.

So, don’t look far ahead. Think only of the present and completely trust the judgment you have made in the present.

The biggest reason why the Ganggeomma of this world has survived until now is because of their belief in themselves. Thanks to that, they have been able to respond flexibly at every moment.

‘I’m a swordsman, not a politician.’

Kanggeomma took his left hand away from Jeolgung’s mouth. Then he shook his wrist and said.

“Do you know what writers like you are saying at this time? How can you handle this! How dare you insult me! Words like that. Well, judging from your face, it looks like you were going to say exactly that.”

Kanggeomma took back three sashimi sticks one by one. Then he put his hand up and poured the ‘protection of regeneration’ into them. New flesh began to grow from the wound.

Jeolgung lifted his palm. The pain was still there, but the sword wound had completely healed. I knew that he could handle the sword like a ghost, but he was using it with a healing protection? And why did he bother to treat it? Jeolgung, lost in thought, suddenly felt a sense of desolation.

“Could it be that you cured me… … .”

Only now did Jeolgung look at the monster in front of him.

“You’re quick-witted.”

Kanggeomma nodded. Jeolgung guessed what would happen to him in the future. At the same time, he realized why the sword was called a scalpel.

‘This guy has no intention of killing me.’

Cutting with sashimi, suturing with uncanny ability – he will perform this brutal surgery.

It was a palace far from morality. But even he couldn’t help but be terrified by this devilish idea. This kind of person is not a hero. It was questionable whether he was even human.

‘Did the Inspector know the truth about this evil spirit and succeed to the throne of Chilseong?’

He must have known. The sword master’s insight easily sees through the essence. He knew that Kanggeomma was like this and gave him his position.

Kanggeomma said while watching the shocked palace.

“Jeolgung, you have a face that looks like you’re looking at the devil, but in my eyes, you look even more evil. At least, someone who treats my daughter like an object shouldn’t make that kind of expression on me.”

“Why on earth are you doing this!? Because Ryozo is your friend? Are you thinking of turning Japan into your enemy for that simple reason?”

“no.”

“Then for what!?”

Kang Geum-ma took out a bundle of sashimi from his outer pocket. He answered while selecting a suitable knife.

“What I denied was the question, ‘Are you thinking of turning me into an enemy of Japan?’”

I picked up some sashimi. It was sharp and shiny.

“Just Japan? No, even the United States can be turned into an enemy.”

It was a bluff. It is impossible for him, who has only one minute to deal with an entire country. He just spat it out to break the spirit.

One, Jeolgung’s face turned pale.

Wasn’t Kang Geum-ma a hero sent from heaven who had defeated two army commanders? This Baekjeong had the power to change the geography of the world. Judging from this, these words could not have been so heavy for Jeol-gung. Of course, this was all his own delusion.

Kojima felt his heart sink. The composure he had always maintained was broken. Lying in a hospital bed is a weak human being.

“… You’re crazy, you’re really crazy. Your thinking is just like that of a demon.”

This is a demonic idea. I would be shocked if I knew what the entity that is supposedly possessing me is. Ganggeomma snickered.

“I guess now you understand what I felt for you earlier.”

“stop……!”

At that moment, two hands suddenly appeared and grabbed Sashimi. It was Hina, who was pretending to faint. Because she was holding the blade tightly, drops of blood were spotted on the blanket.

“As your daughter, I apologize. Your Majesty, please show mercy to my father. I will accept whatever you ask.”

“Hina!”

A sudden outburst of anger. Hina glared at Pack with moist eyes.

“Prime Minister. No, Father! Stop it now! You, who usually tells me to be rational, are the most foolish person in this room.”

Hina felt a sharp pain in every joint of her hand. She tried hard to avoid the gaze of Kanggeomma, who was tapping the side of her face. She was so scared that she would die. Still, she raised her voice.

“And how could you do that to Ryozo!? If you become an Awakened One, your name will be engraved in history? You’ll be grateful later? That’s just your father’s selfishness. Are you saying that after having a proper conversation with Ryozo? I didn’t expect a normal family, but you don’t need to do that!”

The daughter of the palace poured out her anger, sadness, and disappointment to her father.

“Tell me, Father. Shouldn’t your children fulfill your ego? Why should we, your children, fight each other because of your greed? And you even think of Ryozo, the heir apparent, as a tool for your wrong desires!”

Her tears melted into drops of blood.

“… Is that… Is that important enough to risk your own life right now? If your father gets into a more critical condition here, what are we, no, what are we supposed to do with me! No matter how disorganized your father is… .”

Even though I can’t call my father ‘father’. Even though he’s far from being kind. Even though he takes on all the dirty work.

In the end, I stayed by his side because… even though he begged like this, he was my father, he was still family, and I still respected him.

“I don’t want you to be kind, Dad… … . I just want you to realize that you have a family… That’s all I want.”

Saki Hina collapsed to the ground. She began to sob, holding the blade with her bare hands.

Kanggeomma glanced at Hina like that, then took a bite of the sashimi. Then he grabbed Hina’s two injured hands.

“… This, this is.”

Hina stared blankly at the halo of light surrounding her wrist. It felt warm. After finishing the treatment, Kanggeomma turned his gaze back to Jeonggung.

“Originally, I was going to completely mentally slaughter you here.”

Jeolgung was half-listening. His face had lost its color and his focus was out of focus. He seemed shocked by Hina’s voice. Kanggeomma let out a sigh.

“I’ll stop here for today because of your daughter. Instead, I’ll add two things to what I said. In addition to the generous support for the Heavenly Class you mentioned earlier, I’d like you to deploy a large number of Japanese heroes to Gehenna Gate.”

Jeolgung looked up at Kanggeomma with desolate eyes. Kanggeomma stared back at him and urged him on.

“If you understand, nod.”

“… … .”

Jeolgung nodded with a half-mad look. A few strands of hair stuck out from his forehead.

Kang Geum-ma scratched his head and walked toward the door. Just before leaving the hospital room, he suddenly turned around.

“What, what is it? Saki Hina? Was it?”

Hina opened her eyes brightly. Her eyes were swollen.

“Instead of using strange temptations, show your true self like you are now.”

“… Yes, yes?”

“You’re beautiful, so you don’t need to use any kind of seductive charm. On the contrary, I find that objectionable. Anyway, since I’m going today thanks to you, ask that old man for something. If he has a conscience, he’ll drop something.”

Hina didn’t listen to the gossip. Her face just turned red like a persimmon in late autumn.

I wondered why Kang Geum-ma was like that, but I soon turned it off. He had somewhere to go right away.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 232

Episode 232: A Thousand Classes (1)

A luxury villa near Joaquin Academy. It was the residence that Media had prepared for her older sister.

The interior was as splendid as a palace. Compared to the large area, the furniture was all white appliances, so it was bare. Furthermore, the shiny marble floor seemed to add to the bleakness.

Media nagged, putting her hands on her hips.

“Sister! Are you crazy? Because of you, Geomma just went to see Jeolgung! He said he was going to take care of it!”

Towards the puffy blanket in the corner of the spacious living room.

“… … .”

The return was silent. Media sighed, beating her chest.

“The dog is barking, the dog is barking! When people talk, you should at least pretend to listen. If you ignore them so blatantly, they’ll only get angry! Oh my, Duya… … Why is my family always like this? In my opinion, the problem is the Poison family, no, the Ancients themselves. I told you, no one has a normal personality except me.”

The blanket moved slightly and a voice leaked out.

“Duri, you don’t seem normal either… … .”

“I’m not normal!? The one sister who suddenly jumps out and destroys the Japanese Prime Minister. My father, who is the head of the Hero Association, is said to be undergoing closed-door training, and his whereabouts are unknown. If I, the head of an abnormal family and the daughter, am not normal, then what?”

“But you’re showing extreme favoritism to ‘So-and-so’, who’s still a cadet. If you do that, you can’t be used as the principal!”

Meain burst into laughter. At the same time, Media’s patience was running out.

My younger brother rolled his eyes.

“This, this… Damn sister!”

Her younger sister, Media, kicked her feet and ran to the blanket. Her older sister, Meaine, quickly rolled up the blanket and wiped the floor. Quick and nimble movements.

Media chased after him as if she was going to chew on the blanket. Meain escaped from his grasp as if she had been oiled.

The chase begins in a spacious luxury villa measuring over 100 pyeong. At first glance, it looks like a very funny scene.

“Stand there!”

“I don’t like it~”

It was too childish to be called a fight between a wise man and a giant called Wanli. To put it nicely, it was a fight between sisters full of innocence. The problem was that the combined age of the two was one hundred and fifty.

If anyone saw it, it would make their respect for the two melt away like snow. But that… … .

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma was standing at the entrance, watching from afar. He let out a silent laugh.

‘I came here right after meeting with Jeolgung and Dokdidae… … .’

What is this? There was nothing to say. Kang Geum-ma was thinking of intervening, but he just watched from afar. It was a fight between sisters that he felt embarrassed to even intervene in.

Let’s see how far he can go. Kanggeomma leaned against the wall with those eyes. During this time, Media did not notice his presence.

I have to catch that damn twin sister somehow. Media was completely obsessed with this thought.

A long time passed like that. Eventually, the commotion died down.

“Haa… haa… … .”

A drop of sweat formed on the tip of his sharp chin. Mediah rested her knees and ran the back of her hand over her chin. Then she raised both hands.

“I surrender. I surrender. So that’s enough.”

At those words, one side of Kim Mal-i’s face popped up. Her light green hair fluttered in the air as if it was filled with static electricity.

“This time, my victory… … .”

The corners of Maya’s mouth went up mischievously, but then went back down.

“… Uh, what is it? When did you come, Geomma… … .”

The media tried not to miss that moment.

“My sister told me before! You can’t let your guard down!”

The moment Media was about to throw herself, she felt a new sound tapping her back. She awkwardly turned her head back.

The figure of Kanggeomma quietly leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. Mediah’s eyes grew blurry, and she stammered as she asked.

“Uh… How long have you been there? Oh, no, how did you get in through the door before that… … ?”

“I just got in.”

The words “quickly” were a lie. It had been about twenty minutes since Kanggeomma had come in. I just answered tactfully, fearing that Media would feel embarrassed.

‘But the second question is a bit tricky.’

Kang Geum-ma scratched his cheek with an embarrassed expression.

“The door… was opened cleverly and I came in.”

This was also a joke. It was Kanggeomma who had been calling from the front door several times, asking her to open the door. However, Media was arguing with her twin sister, so she didn’t answer.

Kang Geum-ma wondered what had happened. Even though he had just ordered sashimi, what if Jeol-gung had harbored feelings of resentment? He might have broken his promise and issued a large-scale arrest warrant for Mea-in. Or he might have even sprinkled some chili powder on her.

Is he a great man who would give in to Jeolgung’s temper just because he scared him a little? He is also a true hero of the Seven Stars. In addition, his family’s prestige and status are also great.

‘That means he’s not the kind of author who’ll bend completely with just one threat.’

If that were the case, of course there would be a price to pay. I saw Saki Hina, so I got over it with a few stabs once. But not twice. I got rid of the aftereffects cleanly. In a violent way, unlike the first time when I was polite.

Anyway, it’s true that he was a little anxious, so Kanggeomma ordered Bigsbig to break through all the security walls in the villa.

‘But this is clearly a crime.’

In addition, there are many things to explain, including the existence of Bigsbig. Since such long and drawn-out words are just disgusting, Kanggeomma brought up the main topic.

“I just came back from talking with the Jeolgung side. I told them to issue a warrant for Man-Rik. They have already accepted the request.”

Media’s eyes widened. That archer had just bowed down? It was a story that she couldn’t easily believe, knowing the person Saki Kojima so well.

‘He’s the kind of guy who’d rather bite his tongue than bend his will.’

Well, who knows. Maybe the swordsman used some magic to wake up that madman.

There was no case that the Swordmaster had intervened in that had not been solved. It seemed that the word impossible was missing from his dictionary.

‘The more I look at it, the more it seems like Geumma is someone sent from heaven for humanity.’

In the end, Media went beyond trusting Kanggeomma to worshiping him. She even believed the story that he had cleverly opened the door and entered.

“But since the official announcement hasn’t been made yet, I think we’ll have to wait and see today.”

Kang Geum-ma claimed.

“Until then, I think we should keep an eye on the trends in Japan. Oh, there’s no need to hire someone else. I’ve already hired someone.”

“… You already hired him?”

Yes. Not a person, but an artificial intelligence.

“I’ve left it to someone who is quite capable and trustworthy. If there

are no problems until today, the situation will be resolved there. Then, Man-lik, you can attend the opening ceremony of Cheon Class tomorrow as normal."

Media sighed inwardly once again. They were careful. Their preparations and responses were also thorough. There was no room for extravagance.

While Media secretly exclaims in admiration, Kanggeomma continues to deliver the news.

"If the wanted notice is no longer issued, support and supplies will be sent from Japan to Gehenna Gate. Oh, and additionally, support for the Cheon Class."

"Hey, wait a minute. You came here with a promise to have the wanted notice removed and something like that?"

"yes."

Kang Geum-ma nodded with an indifferent expression. At this, Media's legs suddenly lost their strength. An exclamation of admiration came out.

'How on earth did you negotiate this?'

Telephone recovery. The ability to instantly turn a crisis into an opportunity. Not only that. Like an eagle flying high, the range of vision was different. Kanggeomma was looking at the forest, not the trees. This is the most important virtue for a leader.

'No matter how much a position makes a person,… it hasn't even been three months since Chilseong ascended the throne, and now it's like this?'

Is it possible that this isn't the second time in your life? Media, who had been surprised by Kanggeomma countless times, was once again dumbfounded.

"Wow- Sword Maiden, I knew you were great, but I didn't know you were this good?"

At that moment, Meaine came out of the blanket, groaning. Kang Geum-ma looked at her for a long time and said a word.

“I heard about the situation. I heard that Jeolgung told his senior, ‘Make Ryojo an Awakener.’”

Mayain answered, lowering her disheveled head.

“Yeah, that’s right. Honestly, before you said that, I was going to kick you out by talking nonsense, but then I got really worked up.”

“Do you know that the country almost turned upside down because of that?”

“I know.”

Maya shrugged. The next moment, her eyes turned stern.

“But I don’t regret what I did. Ryozo is not only Kojima’s daughter, but she’s also a member of the same club and a precious junior.”

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma’s eyes narrowed. His pupils were half-submerged in his eyebrows. His lips twitched as if he was about to utter a harsh reprimand.

One, what he said was unexpected.

“good job.”

compliment.

A look of confusion appeared on Maya’s relatively calm face.

“To be honest, until yesterday, I was hesitant about making my senior the professor in charge of a thousand classes. Even if she’s the principal’s twin sister, I can’t just trust her.”

Thump thump. Kanggeomma crossed the wide living room and stood in front of Meain. There was only a head difference in height. Her vision was filled with Kanggeomma’s chest.

“But now I have some faith. The attitude of being willing to sacrifice even the country for the sake of the students. I think that’s the attitude that a professor of the 1000 class that I want should have.”

As he said that, Kang Geum-ma extended his hand, asking for a handshake.

“Please continue to do so. Maintain that attitude of not caring about anything for the sake of the students. It may sound a bit presumptuous to say this to the great Man-Rik, but I will take care of your back, so don’t worry about what others think.”

Maya blinked blankly. Her throat felt ticklish. She suddenly laughed and tied her hair up neatly.

“He’s a real player, a player. And he’s a very high-level player.”

“… Player? What player?”

Kanggeomma tilted his head as if he didn’t know what she was talking about. Instead of answering, Meain held his hand.

I had no choice but to admit it. This guy was a deadly creature to women.

* * *

After a day that felt particularly long, the next day finally dawned.

I got ready and left the dorm. The air was different than it had been the past few days. It felt even colder and lighter. Thanks to that, my shoulders felt relieved.

“It’s not just my mood.”

I found myself humming. My breath would blow out and disappear to the beat repeatedly.

Yeah, I’m feeling good right now. That makes sense.

‘It’s finally the opening day of the thousand class.’

There was a lot of noise and trouble during the founding process. It was such a turbulent time that I wondered why it kept going round and round.

Still, somehow I reached the destination.

Maybe that's why the sense of accomplishment and pride doubles. I, who rarely felt my heart pounding, am humming a song.

On the one hand, there was also a sense of unease. Now, the political situation was such that there was no turning back.

Once you've started something, you wonder if you can pull it off. The uncertainty of the future makes you anxious.

But let's think about it the other way around. What if I knew all the future?

I must have just wasted my time, drunk on comfort.

The uncertain future stimulates me with anxiety.

It is the influence of uncertainty that keeps us on edge and on edge.

As I was walking and organizing my work, I arrived in front of the class before I knew it.

I tilted my head back and looked up at the nameplate. The letters were engraved in my own handwriting. Perhaps because they were not neat, they seemed more human.

"Originally, a real man has bad handwriting."

He muttered something like that and took a deep breath. Then he opened the door and stepped inside.

Knock knock.

The eyes of those who were already sitting gathered on me. They looked at me with their own expressions.

Damn it.

A gathering place for warriors, heroes, ancients, and demons.

A thousand classes.

It’s the moment to take a step towards the final chapter.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 233

Episode 233: A Thousand Classes (2)

The class I entered had a strange atmosphere typical of the beginning of a semester. It was an atmosphere that was awkward yet thrilling.

That's probably why it was basically quiet. The class members – Leon van Reinhard, Abel von Nibelung, Rachel de Murat, Saki Ryozo, Speed Weapon, Chloe Auditore, and Horntail – were all very unique.

I didn't expect to have a proper conversation or anything like that from the first day.

'And the original purpose of opening this class was to separate it from other classes that were causing a lot of trouble.'

This suffocating silence was, after all, what the principal and I had intended. But… … .

I tried to raise my left hand to say hello. But the guys, or more precisely the majority of the girls, just moved their lips. Then they suddenly turned their heads away.

I lowered my raised hand and scratched my chin. It's dirty, it's dirty.

But among them, the ones who smiled at me were Horntail and Chloe. But they also seemed to notice and greeted me only with their eyes.

I looked away. I saw Speed Weapon, one of the few men in the class. He spoke to me with his eyes. 'I can't breathe. I feel like I'm

suffocating.' I agreed with him with my eyes.

'I guess I'll have to ask later why the atmosphere was like this on the first day.'

Although the primary goal is to train warriors, the Cheon class is basically part of the academy. Even though the dark clouds of the Second World War are expected, I want them to enjoy their school life.

-How to meet people and build bonds. That's something you can only learn by mixing with friends your own age.

This is what my first teacher told me in my previous life. And this applies to everyone here. Even if in a few years, they will be destined to fight and bleed on the front lines. Until then, they are students who have the right to call upon their youth.

My personal hope is that as they grow, their friendship will become stronger.

'Because they're real teenagers, different from adults like me who have seen everything.'

I walked slowly and looked around the class. The remaining seats were… … .

'Why is only the middle seat left?'

He's really the main character over there. Even though he's the center of the class, his sons-in-law are female students. It's like a peacock spreading its tail.

Anyway, anyone can see that this is the seat of the warrior Leon. However, Leon was sitting in a corner away from the center of the class.

'Leon, did you step aside for me on purpose?'

There's no need for such consideration, Inma. I was dumbfounded for a moment. I had no choice but to go over to that spot and sit down.

dump.

The back of my head feels prickly. I try to ignore it, but it seems clear that all the other students are looking at me. I can feel the idiom, “a bed of thorns,” on my skin.

But there was no other choice but to do this. The seats were arranged exactly according to the number of people. The garden will continue to be like this anyway, and since we are close to each other, we will be able to talk a lot. But I thought it would come back to poison.

I leaned forward, feeling uncomfortable. Then I checked the wall clock hanging in the center of the upper wall near the blackboard. It was five minutes to nine in the morning. Here, the classroom door opened with a loud bang.

Crack, crack.

The rhythmic sound of footsteps. The cadets’ colorful irises grew as big as lanterns. The suffocating silence was swept away. It was worth it.

‘crazy.’

Even I, who knew exactly who was coming, jumped up. Ryozo and Weapon were the same.

Fresh, light green hair. Mint-colored eyes. These are the features we know about her. However.

She took a refreshing stride and soon stopped at the podium. Then she opened her mouth pleasantly.

“good morning!”

The podium, which would have originally risen to her chest, only reached to her navel.

“As everyone knows, I am the professor in charge of the 1000 class from now on, Mayne Poison.”

Until recently, our senior who was with us under the pseudonym

Sanhana… … .

“I ask for your continued support, my children.”

… appeared before us as a girl growing up into an adult.

* * *

At the same time, in the principal’s office.

The media circled around the reception table, biting its thumbnails repeatedly.

“Sister, this isn’t something that’s going to cause an accident, is it?”

She muttered with obvious impatience. At that moment, the intercom rang nervously. Media hurriedly apologized into the receiver.

“Hello, who is it? Did Mayne Poison get into some trouble? I’m sorry that she’s my twin sister.”

-The weather is nice.

The owner of the voice was the swordsman. The telephone line that had been pulled taut suddenly became parabolic. Media’s stiff shoulder muscles also relaxed a little.

She let out a deep sigh and then grumbled.

“Oh, my gosh. My heart was pounding so hard I thought I was going to die.”

-Don’t you know that you shouldn’t talk about death so carelessly? Think about our age. We’re already seventy. If you say such negative things so easily, it could really happen.

Media furrowed her brow at the swordsman’s scolding. She spat out in annoyance.

“I’ve lived several times longer than you, so it doesn’t matter.”

-Are you deceiving modern people by saying that you are an ancient person?!

“Yeah, it’s true that you’re deceiving me. If you feel wronged, you should be reborn as an ancient person too.”

-… … .

“If you’re going to talk nonsense, just hang up. Today, even breathing makes my head hurt.”

-I saw the news. I heard that Man-Rik returned to Joaquin Academy.

“It’s not a return. He’s been hiding since the beginning of this year as a cadet.”

The inspector laughed heartily. Media said, fiddling with the phone line.

“As the saying goes, the darkest place is under the lamp, and there’s no better place to hide than the Academy. Security and everything else are world-class. And the person who knows that best is my older sister.”

-You’re still as unpredictable as ever. I tried to find you through the association, but I couldn’t find you for a while. I didn’t expect you to be at the academy. Well, I guess I understand.

After Kanggeomma left Hawaii, Geomje inquired about Manryuk’s whereabouts. His intentions were the same as Kanggeomma’s. He wanted Manryuk to stay at the academy and protect the students.

Such a powerful force entered the academy on its own. It was reassuring that it aligned with the purpose of the inspection, but it is also true that I am not entirely at ease.

Man-Lik has revealed himself? We can guess that the current situation is not normal.

An anomaly at Gehenna Gate, the sudden appearance of the Manryuk Meaine Poison. The signs are interlocking like clockwork.

The inspector erased the ominous thoughts that were floating around. And then he spoke again.

-Reporters must have been swarming in like a tidal wave. What about the Academy?

“Whatever, it’s a mess. Still, the association staff are standing guard at each entrance and dealing with the reporters. Thanks to that, the cadets aren’t getting hurt.”

-The association certainly does a good job in that regard.

“Instead, the parents are making a fuss. They say that we opened a class without their knowledge. What kind of class is that? It’s discrimination. What kind of class is that?”

The inspector snorted.

-That’s funny. Up until now, we’ve discriminated based on class, but now we’re treating the differences that are right as discrimination.

“Anyway, I’m so tired… Seriously. Outside, reporters are making a fuss, and inside, parents are calling to complain. And that’s not all? I’m worried that my sister might get into trouble. It feels like my lifespan is shortened by a year every minute. Oh, but I’ll still live longer than you.”

-… Jokes are in bad taste.

The inspector shook his head excitedly.

-Oh, come to think of it, Man-Rik must have also manifested the unique protection of the Poison family like you?

“Yeah. If you show up in your true form, it’ll be revealed to the world that Poison is a descendant of the Ancients. Well, it’s a long story. After all, it’s a future that’s a few years away. Oh, by then, it might be a future where you don’t exist!”

-Mediah! You- What the hell!

Media giggled mischievously. She felt better after chatting with the inspector. The two met at the academy and were friends for life.

“But as we talk like this, I’m reminded of the old days… When I think

about it, it was my older sister who taught us back then-”

Media’s eyes trembled for a moment. Her green pupils trembled violently. She traced the past with her eyes and soon opened her mouth.

“… Ttaktak, do you remember the lesson you received from my older sister?”

-How could I forget… that… … .

The swordsman made a sound. His teeth were chattering.

-Honestly, I question whether you can even call that a class. The method is so extreme.

“Damn, I forgot! I have to go and stop them now! If I don’t, our kids might end up like you and Changseong, losers of character!”

-You? Why are you leaving me out?

Media ignored the remark. The inspector added with a tired face.

-Stop making a fuss and calm down. Even if you say that, don’t you admit it? Even though Master Meain is eccentric, there is no disagreement that he brings out the maximum potential of his students. He is a natural educator.

“That, that’s… that’s right. To be honest, it was thanks to my sister’s special training that I was able to strengthen all of the Chilseong attributes… but still… … .”

-I know you’re worried about the cadets, but this is a class they need.

The swordsman was silent. His breathing was full of worry. When he thought that his granddaughter would experience this, he felt a sense of emptiness.

-Well… it’s a little, no, a lot sadistic… … .

* * *

Man-lik scanned the classroom and smiled slightly.

“Since you are all famous faces and you probably know each other, I’ll skip the self-introduction. I’m also someone who doesn’t really have anything to introduce myself besides my name, so I’ll skip it! By the way, if you ask me about my first love or anything like that, I can’t answer because I don’t have any! So let’s get straight to class.”

Man-lik turned around. He picked up the chalk and wrote on the board. Everyone’s eyes were drawn to the pure white nape of his neck.

“Battle, fierce battle, fight, sparring. There are many words, but in the end, what do you think is the most important thing when it comes to fighting?”

“It’s training and discipline.”

The answer came from the weapon.

“You must improve your basic abilities through constant training and cultivation.”

“Why?”

“Because you can only maximize your skills when you have a healthy mind and body. That’s why the academy’s curriculum focuses more on strength training and practical exercises than on written ones.”

“As expected, weapon.”

Weapon bashfully touched the back of his neck. Thanks to that, Man-lik’s lecture went with the flow.

“That’s right. The ability for us humans to maintain a balance of power with the magic-wielding demons. As the weapon cadet said, it’s in ‘training.’ Demons are born strong and slow to develop, but humans are born weak and have to continually whip themselves.”

The clear tone of voice immediately caught everyone’s attention. The cadets’ eyes were focused on the blackboard.

“Instead, humans can become strong enough through training without consuming resources. However, it is accompanied by pain. Muscles tear and heal, and become stronger, right? The same goes for mental strength. The more you cut it, the more it seems to wear out, but it becomes stronger. The greater the mental shock, the more effective it is. It is called shock therapy.”

The cadets straightened their backs. They listened intently, even forgetting to take notes.

“Increasing strength is something that individuals, not the academy, should work on. Let’s each figure that out on their own. They’re not kids, so it’s a bit much to nag them to exercise right next to you. That’s why our class curriculum will encourage increasing mental strength.”

Leon, who had his arms crossed, asked.

“How do you say that?”

The chalk that had been scratching the blackboard stopped. White rosin powder fell from the tip of the chalk.

Man-lik turned around diagonally and met Leon’s eyes. His mint colored eyes sank deep into the air.

“Do you know what the real deal is when it comes to building mental strength?”

Meain engraved a single letter the size of a door.

『Death』

“You get used to it.”

widely!

She snapped her fingers. The subspace covered the ceiling, walls, and floor of the classroom with a dense purple film.

“From now on, let’s eliminate the fear of death by dying twenty times in subspace every day. Customized learning for each cadet comes

next.”

The cadets’ eyes became blank. Man-lik put down the chalk.

“What are you all doing? Don’t push the desks and chairs to the side.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 234

Episode 234: A Thousand Classes (3)

Abel spoke hastily as the class was completely swallowed up by the subspace.

“Now, wait a minute, Professor. You’re telling me to die twenty times in subspace? Are you really telling me to die literally?”

When Man-Lik appeared, Abel was so surprised that he just opened his mouth. The classmates’ reactions were not much different from Abel’s.

The professor in charge is Manryuk Meain Poison?! I didn’t even hear the slightest hint.

Who is Wanli? He was a legendary figure who disappeared before Abel was even born.

‘The teacher of the Seven Star Heroes.’

As Mediah’s twin, Meaine was the same age as Chilseong. Despite this, it is said that all of the Chilseong heroes followed her guidance without question.

Just being strong and being good at teaching are two different talents. And of the two talents, Meaine’s specialty was the latter. She was excellent at teaching others. Furthermore, her martial arts skills were also great. Therefore, Chilseong took Manryuk, who was the same age, as his teacher.

The teacher of the Seven Stars. Such a great hero is the professor in charge of a thousand classes!

If the students of the Sung class had heard this, they would have been shocked. It was obvious that there would have been a huge uproar as everyone wanted to enter the Cheon class.

I heard that Kanggeomma invited her.

'Where on earth did you get Manryuk and how did you get him?'

Up until this point, it was a huge shock. But an even greater shock covered up the previous ripple effect.

'To increase your mental strength, you want me to die twenty times in subspace?'

Meaine answered Abel's question with a warm smile.

"Originally, I was going to estimate it as thirty times, but that seemed too harsh, so I reduced it to ten times, exactly twenty! By the way, Abel, your grandfather's generation died thirty-five times?"

"Thirty… five times… … ."

"But now that I look at you guys, I don't think that's necessary. Kids like Zig and Richa from Seven Stars were less talented than you. That's why I had to be stricter with them."

Abel suddenly remembered what Meain had said. When he had asked what kind of education his grandfather had received in his grandfather's time, he had said he had the chills and left the room.

"I object!"

Then Rachel intervened. She was in better shape than Abel. Her face still had a lively glow.

"Isn't it too weak-minded to just tell someone to die? I've been prepared for death since I entered Joaquin Academy, so I guess that's what happens, but dying gracefully… I'd rather not die!"

“Oh, that’s right!”

The weapon was quickly intervened.

“This… human being’s greatest fear is death. But, if you experience it twenty times a day without even being able to resist it… … . Instead of your mind becoming stronger, it will be completely destroyed… … !”

“Good point, Rachel, and Weapon Cadet.”

At another compliment, Weapon’s expression became blank for a moment.

“But I told you to get used to death, not to accept it.”

Meain smiled faintly. It was the kind of smile a master would give to his beloved disciple.

“What progress would there be if I just kept getting hit like you said? There’s a difference between getting used to something and giving up.”

Mayaine walked briskly and stood in the center of the class.

“What I want from you is the determination to die. And the determination to not be intimidated by any strong opponent. There’s a saying from a Korean hero. ‘If you want to die, you will live, and if you want to live, you will die.’”

Meain kept saying ‘death’. However, her eyes were serious. It was not a word she said lightly.

“So you have to fight desperately and then die. You have to clench your teeth until they break, and you have to struggle until your limbs become rags, and then you die.”

“… … .”

“Your lives, no, the lives of the Academy cadets, are priceless. You are the next heroes who are willing to fight against the Demons for the sake of humanity. Be proud. Of course, there may be cadets who

enter the academy with the glory of their family on their backs, but at least in our thousandth class, there are no such kids, right?"

Meain helped the cadets regain their self-esteem and identity.

"So, if you spend that precious life, a life of incomparable value, and gain experience by consuming such enormous value, how high can you, the most talented people since the beginning of time, grow? A Seven-Star Hero? No. I think you're above that."

She raised her index finger and pointed to the ceiling. Perhaps the sky beyond the roof.

"I should have done it."

"… … !?"

"There are exactly seven of you. The picture is nice!"

Chloe questioned those words with wide eyes.

"…There are eight of us?"

Mayain smiled broadly.

"Right. But that was the case 700 years ago, and there's always one person who's excluded."

Then he gestured towards a certain place. The cadets also turned their gaze in that direction.

"The hero who led the Seven Kingdoms."

Everyone in the thousand class.

"Balor Joaquin."

I looked at the strong swordsman, not the warrior Leon.

* * *

I was embarrassed.

‘Why is everyone suddenly staring at me?’

Because when my senior mentioned the hero of the poem, he looked at me as if he had made a promise.

“… … .”

It was only after a while that my senior broke the silence by clapping his hands. The attention that had been focused on me dispersed and turned back to my senior.

“Okay. Now, I think I’ve stated my intention clearly, so shall we begin the lesson in earnest?”

“yes…….”

The voice was gloomy. Except for a few – Leon, Rachel, and Chloe – everyone else had a sad look on their faces. Even if they had learned their purpose, dying twenty times was not pleasant.

“Hmm- I don’t feel very motivated.”

The senior stroked his chin and became absorbed in thought. Then, the next moment, a pair of exclamation marks appeared in his light green eyes.

“Guys, how about this? As I just said, the purpose of this class is to ‘become calm in the face of a strong enemy.’ Then, let’s change the direction of the class. It’s like having you risk your life fighting an ‘unbeatable opponent.’ That’s how I’ll measure your mental endurance.”

The senior persuaded the cadets. The snow that had fallen to the ground began to rise one by one.

“You never know? If it’s more than I expected, you could reduce the number of times you die each day by ten, or even less. Honestly, even if it’s a subspace, I don’t feel good about harming you with my own hands.”

As soon as he finished speaking, Weapon’s face lit up.

“When you say ‘unbeatable opponent’, are you referring to the training demons managed by the Academy? B+ grade? Or A grade demons?”

The guy asked quickly in disorganized, fragmented sentences. It was better to be beaten by Man-lik than to be beaten by the devil. But the senior shook his head.

“No. Our class will set the main enemy as ‘Mines’, not ‘Demons’. You know that Mines are several times more dangerous than Demons, right?”

“Ah… yes.”

“You have to fight a powerful enemy with ‘easy’ skills. What determines life and death in a split second is not a strong body, but a moment’s wit.”

The cadets nodded their heads in agreement at their senior’s clear explanation. They were convinced.

“But as you all know, even the Joaquin Academy can’t train Mine.”

Hontail flinched. She trembled slightly and looked at me. The senior calmly continued speaking as if to reassure Hon.

“Even if it were possible, it wouldn’t be possible because it would violate the Human-Ma Agreement. Here’s a quiz. What is something that is not a demon but has awareness and can replace a mine?”

“human being…….”

Ryozo muttered. His senior snapped his fingers briskly.

“As expected, you’re smart! As a teacher, I’m happy to have a student like Ryozo. It gives me something to explain. That’s right. We humans are infinitely similar to Mine, even though we’re polar opposites.”

“… So what you’re saying is, if we join forces and face Wanli, that’s it?”

In response to Ryozo’s question, the senior shrugged his shoulders.

“I would like to do so, but I can’t. That’s because Mr. ‘Who’ is so unbalanced. If you look at it, you have the upper hand and I have the lower hand.”

“… … .”

The cadets looked at me again as if it was natural. I’ve been getting too much attention since the first day, it’s burdensome. My senior said.

“Then how about you all fight against the Heavenly Sword?”

…what?

“It’s not that it’s not, but in this place, there’s no one more overwhelming than Cheon Geum.”

I was secretly amazed that it could be twisted like this. I guess this was what my senior had intended all along.

“I’ll tell you for sure. If you all join forces and give Cheon Geum even one living wound, I can reduce the number of times you die by five.”

The senior winked at me in a mean way. She continued to spur the cadets on.

“Also, the person who holds out until the end will be given private tutoring with Cheongeom. Even though we are both cadets, Cheongeom is Chilseong, so he can also act as a skilled assistant.”

The devil’s whisper. Hitting the ball means the kids are seriously thinking about it.

Did he compromise in the face of the fear of death? Judging from his expression, he didn’t.

They are the golden generation. They are brave and bold. That is why what is in their eyes is not an escape from death, but a desire to win. It is a desire to compete with me.

What really bothers me is that girls especially have such cold eyes… … . I can’t figure out why.

‘her.’

I laughed for a moment and then changed my mind.

‘This might be a good opportunity to check the children’s level.’

The first year was almost over. I was curious about what level I had reached during that time.

‘But I don’t think I can just accept it.’

I didn’t like the way things went according to my senior’s wishes. She owed me something. I had every right to ask for something out loud.

“great.”

The request is accepted for now.

“In return, I will make one offer to you, Man-lik, in exchange for your help.”

“Huh? Any suggestions?”

The senior tilted his head and asked back. Where are you trying to sneak in? He was so cocky, like a professor who treats his teaching assistant like a slave.

“Let’s talk about that separately after class.”

I took out the sashimi and held it. Since it was delayed for a long time, I started class right away.

* * *

The moment when the cadets were frozen was brief. The first to start was Leon, who had remained silent until now. He placed his hand on the hilt of his sword without hesitation. And he gave instructions to those behind him.

“Everyone, take out your weapons.”

Leon’s eyes were cold and indifferent. More than half of the cadets frowned in disapproval, but they obediently followed his words. This

was because the moment Kanggeomma pulled out the sashimi, it was as if the alarm bell had rung. It was Rachel who opened the sparring.

“Me first!”

She ran fiercely with a shout. She was Rachel, the successor of the Murra family, a fighting race. Controlled by adrenaline, her brain contracted while her muscles expanded.

Boom!

The distance was shortened in one leap. In an instant, he was within arm’s reach of the strong swordsman, and he held the spear by the end and thrust it out with all his might. It was as if he was extending a billiard cue.

Wedge!

The long, elongated Bangcheonhwageuk targets vital points. Unlike the sword blade, the spear blade is split on both sides, giving it a wide attack range. Its reach is also long.

Kang Geum-ma stared calmly at the bars and thought. The subspace does not repair damaged weapons. Therefore, if he were to destroy Bangcheonhwageuk, the compensation would be entirely his own. Therefore, he had to touch only Rachel, the owner of the weapon.

After finishing his thoughts, Kang Geum-ma raised his right elbow. At the same time, he moved his right shoulder back a hand.

Phew!

The blade lightly pierced the empty space under his armpit, and stabbed the air beyond. Kanggeomma did not miss a moment. He immediately lowered his raised elbow and grabbed the spear shaft. The inner arm muscles wrapped tightly around the Bangcheonhwageuk as if they were tying it up.

“Uh, uh… … ?”

Rachel tried to hurriedly retrieve the spear. Her back was soaked with cold sweat. She didn’t have time to regret rushing in too hastily.

Kang Geum-ma's left shoulder shook.

A flash of light curved into a crescent moon. The blade flickered across Rachel's transparent retina. The blade struck her throat as if it were being struck.

Denggeong!

A tall plume of blood clung to the ceiling.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 235

Episode 235 Genius (1)

Rachel was knocked out in an instant. The class members who were watching the scene were shocked. Among them, Weapon's face turned completely white. He wasn't the only one. Everyone was shocked.

'Ugh… Ugh, crazy.'

Weapon cursed. His lips, where he had been biting the recorder, were parched.

Thinking back, it was the first time that the chief had faced off against Kang Geum-ma. Kang Geum-ma had always been their reliable ally, standing by their side. However, the chief they faced as their sparring partner had a different look in his eyes.

It was a sword-wielding demon itself. It was a weapon that made it immediately clear why those who had clashed with the chief even once would tremble in fear.

The glare of the dark eyes swept over the crowd. Their eyes seemed to have calmed down as their emotions reached their limit. In fact, a typhoon was raging beyond them, but their pupils were the eyes of the typhoon. They were black and still.

The cadets swallowed dry saliva and each raised their weapons. The teenagers, exposed to dizzying fear, lost their reasoning and were left with only the instinct to survive.

Kanggeomma and the rest stood facing each other in the class, keeping their distance.

Tilt your sword forward, straighten your stance as much as possible. Despite the tension, the cadets somehow managed to keep their composure.

In the uncomfortable silence, it was Chloe who opened the floodgates of battle. The afterimage of her drawing her katana rippled. She stepped forward as she manifested [Raven's Protection].

The next moment, a red hot ray of light rushed forward in a straight line. And in the blink of an eye, the red figure came close to the strong swordsman.

Weapon was quite flustered, as Chloe's speed was unusual.

'Was Chloe that fast?'

I knew that he was a combat power among the members of the travel club. That speed was amazing. If he had been just a little bit higher, he would have broken the sound barrier. With the [Protection of the Crow] and speed that was trained through actual combat, he was truly an assassin.

Whirl!

Chloe, who was close to her, turned her body around. She swung her katana low. The sword strike, which contained both elasticity and rotational force, was almost subsonic.

However, in a speed battle, no one could gain the upper hand over Kanggeomma.

He was more likely to receive a few blows than to cut his neck with a single sword. It didn't matter if they fought each other directly, but this was just a training exercise. And that was only within one minute of [Painless Protection].

The swordsman took a step back diagonally. The katana swept past the lower area without a trace.

Kang Geum-ma pushed Chloe with his shoulder. For a moment, she lost her balance and stumbled. He tried to break her balance by stepping on her from behind. However, Chloe hit her lower abdomen and fell.

fault-

Kanggeomma sighed as he looked at Chloe, whose reflexes had become extraordinary. Can she endure this? He was surprised for a moment. He immediately lifted Chloe's chin and hit her. He tripped her again by her ankle, which had her head tilted back. This time, he hit her between her legs.

"Ugh… … !"

She didn't have the strength to endure even this. Soon Chloe's feet got tangled. She fell on her butt and hit the back of her head on the floor. The impact on the back of her head caused her vision to blur.

In response, Kang Geum-ma stabbed the sashimi into her carotid artery. Crunch. The blade caught once in her cervical vertebrae.

Phew!

The spark of life went out in Chloe's eyes. She was the second victim after Rachel.

At that moment, another blade flashed from the side. It was Abel, who had come closer. She aimed for Kanggeomma's side with a momentum like a rage. Because it was a stance close to the standard, the momentum was stronger than Chloe's. However, because it was the standard, it was too honest. This type of attack was vulnerable to variables.

Kanggeomma twisted his waist as if he was trying to evade and counterattack at the same time. While Sashimi lightly cut through his slender waist, Abel's straight sword narrowly missed Kanggeomma's pelvis.

A feeble sound echoed through the air. Kanggeomma regained his composure and turned his body over in one breath.

Whirlyrick.

Abel's golden irises, which had only been visible on the back of his swordsman, were now covered in black eyes. The flow of the moment slowed down. It was as if the world had frozen.

Abel thought. Is it possible for humans to move with such elasticity? Without a stepping stone, they even do somersaults in an unstable posture.

She couldn't help but be momentarily dazed by the elastic movements of a gymnast. At the same time, it was strange. Normally, Kanggeomma would use a quick sword, but now he uses his body more than his hands.

'Why on earth…?'

While her doubts were still there, something heavy pressed down on her head. Kanggeomma put one hand on Abel's head and did a handstand.

Before Abel could even marvel at the skill, Sashimi cut off the nape of the neck like a fruit. The light from the golden irises disappeared, and the curved body collapsed.

Slap.

This whole process was so slow that it seemed like water flowing. Because it was slow, it was even more eerie to those watching.

Kanggeomma, who landed lightly, clicked his tongue slightly. He was used to working hard every day, so doing it slowly felt completely unfamiliar. That's why he ended up showing off this circus-like trick.

'right.'

He quickly checked the time. There were about 30 seconds left until [Painless Protection] ended. Kanggeomma shook off the blood and shifted his gaze. Then he counted the remaining opponents. Leon, Ryozo, Horntail, Weapon. Everyone was lost in thought.

'Only those who are difficult to cut are left.'

However, it is not that the previous three were cut down so readily. In any case, the three, excluding Leon, had a strong bond with Kanggeomma.

‘Should I treat them like Rachel, Chloe, and Abel?’

A moment of worry. Then I shook my head. If I did that, I would be the one who would suffer. There was a warrior and a dragon together.

Today’s preview was enough to show, so I guess I can end it here. Strictly speaking, that’s what I wanted to do. I was starting to get tired of following Mea’s rhythm. No, I was getting more and more annoyed.

‘Dealing with these guys isn’t just for educational purposes.’

He had a gut feeling that there was something more to me than what I had said.

‘I would like to stop here, but.’

The inertia of the battle did not allow giving up. Furthermore, it was only natural that once the sword was drawn, it had to be seen to the end. In short, it was fair play between swordsmen.

Kang Geum-ma took out another piece of sashimi and held both of them. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The pungent scent of blood filled his nostrils.

Everyone except Leon hesitated and stepped back. Instead of the friends who had been laughing and chatting until yesterday, a black beast approached. Their faces were filled with despair, with their teeth and fangs bared.

The sight of his friends trembling as they looked at him. Even though his eyes were closed, Kanggeomma could feel it, and it was very unpleasant.

‘Let’s finish it all at once, at once.’

Kang Geum-ma, who had made up his mind, slowly opened his eyes.

Then, he exhaled the air he had inhaled in short gulps and exhaled his body.

* * *

The result was a set match. Even for those who were called the golden generation, the difference between them and Kanggeomma was clear.

And there was no twist. Kang Geum-ma won by a landslide.

The reason why Meain suggested 'Ganggeomma vs. Jeonwon' was to see how far the cadets of a thousand classes could hold out against Chilseong. She planned to create a curriculum based on that and provide customized instruction to each individual.

one…….

'I never thought it would be this bad.'

Meaine had been keeping an eye on Kanggeomma since he was a mountain boy. It was only natural. In order to watch him closely, she washed her identity and sneaked into Joaquin Academy.

The reason for doing this was because of a prophecy that Meaine had seen in the Demon Realm.

It was so long ago that I couldn't remember exactly, but the content was roughly about 'humans with black eyes and black hair'. Humans with black features were said to have the power of a 'being' that the demons held in high esteem as a god. The representative example was the hero of the first generation, Balor Joaquin. My doubts about this were quickly resolved.

It was Meain who had wandered the Demon Realm for decades in order to suppress the awakening of Gaho. The information she had seen with her own eyes and heard with her own ears during that time confirmed that the prophecy was true.

'So, the black-eyed and black-haired humans are closely related to the gods of the demon race, that is, the foreign gods.'

There, Mayain felt a sense of irony.

Why did the god of the Demon Tribe give power to a human instead of his own? Also, what kind of ending will the human who uses that power meet in the end? What kind of backlash will the holder have to endure? At the very least, will that dark power have any negative effects on humanity? Nothing was revealed, and everything was full of questions.

The last of Balor Joaquin, who was believed to be the forerunner of 'that power', was not revealed. It was only briefly recorded in the history books that he suddenly left for somewhere.

Curiosity grew along with anxiety in Meain's chest. The more she walked through the magic realm, the more uncontrollable it became.

So, as soon as he heard the news that a black-haired cadet had enrolled at Joaquin Academy, he returned to the human world.

'You have to check it with your own two eyes.'

If the prophecy were true, he would have to make his own judgment.

'If the user of the power is judged to be harmful to humanity… … .'

And you have to be prepared.

'Forty years ago, I lost three disciples because I couldn't participate in the war.'

I can't just sit back and watch it happen twice. I'm determined to deal with it in advance if it becomes harmful to humanity, no matter what the cost.

But she realized that this was an extremely self-centered arrogance. As time went on, she realized it clearly. It was still the case now.

The cadets were panting, gasping for breath, constantly touching their necks to see if they were still attached, groaning softly. Or they were just sitting there, staring blankly at the ceiling. Kanggeomma approached them one by one and asked if they were okay.

Every time that happened, the cadets were terrified. It seemed like it would take quite some time for the shock to subside. This wouldn't make their relationship with Kanggeomma any less strained, but it wouldn't be the same as before.

'If it had been a melee, it would have been different.'

Meain lowered her eyes slightly. The hour hand on her wristwatch had just completed a full circle. It had only been a minute. In other words, Kanggeomma had cut off the necks of all of them in less than 60 seconds. He was blatantly lenient, and even if the next warrior was involved, he was no match for him.

Meaine turned her gaze back to Leon. His face was distorted, and his once dark blue eyes were as clouded as if covered with a curtain. Just looking at that, she could tell how he was feeling. After all, she was the one who found him and sent him to Joaquin Academy.

Humiliation, frustration, helplessness. The warrior was feeling discouraged in front of the huge wall.

That was when.

"senior."

Kang Geum-ma approached her. His eyebrows were furrowed, as if he was in a bad mood.

"It seems like the kids were shocked today, so how about we end the class here?"

It was a demand disguised as an offer. What can I do when the Heavenly Sword speaks? I have no choice but to accept it. Meain nodded very slowly.

"Okay. Looking at the current situation, I don't think we can continue the class any longer. We'll end it here for today, and continue tomorrow… ."

"senior."

A voice as cold as ice interrupted the words. Kanggeomma twisted his

neck from side to side.

“Talk to me for a minute, outside.”

A dullness that was difficult to describe struck Mea’s mind.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 236

Episode 236 Genius (2)

While the class members were half out of their minds, I took my senior out into the hallway.

Just before leaving, I turned my head to check the guys' expressions. Fortunately, a few of them started to show a different color in their eyes. They seemed to be recovering from the mental shock a little.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Still, it seemed like it would take some time for me to come to my senses.

I quietly closed the door and came out completely. Then I called out to the senior who was standing in front of the hallway window frame.

"senior."

"huh."

My senior laughed awkwardly. I stared at her for a long time and then covered my forehead. They say you can't spit on a smiling face, but when she made that kind of expression, I couldn't speak. But I had to say what I had to say.

I said.

"I was the one who appointed you as the professor in charge of the 100th class. Strictly speaking, it was you who suggested it first, but I was the one who accepted it anyway. So the aftermath of that is also on me."

I crossed my arms and leaned against the wall. A cold breeze seeped into my shoulders. I continued speaking in that position.

“That’s why I didn’t want to criticize my senior’s teaching methods. To be honest, I don’t think I’m in a position to lecture my senior about education. That’s why I just let the somewhat crazy statement, ‘Die twenty times a day,’ go.”

I hardened my voice. From here on out, my speech will become harsh.

“But I can’t just sit by and watch if there’s an ‘other intention’ behind the class, even if it’s part of the class. They came to Cheon Class just to hear me say one thing. But if someone uses that intention as a ‘means,’ I, as the creator of the class, can’t help but point that out.”

“… … .”

“I’m not asking you to tell me everything you’re hiding. In fact, I don’t really care what you’re hiding. If that were the case in the first place, I would’ve questioned you when you called me the ‘Demon King.’ And… even if you were curious, you wouldn’t have gone out of your way to say it.”

Sashimi speaks faster than words. I am a man who sees solutions through violence.

“But, no matter how much I think about it, the class just now seems to have been a personal matter for the senior. The problem isn’t ‘Dying twenty times a day.’ The senior will probably adjust the intensity of that part. But me pointing a knife at the kids is a different story. As you know, I can’t do it in moderation.”

The senior nodded quietly. I continued speaking.

“Look. The person who knows full well that I am being made to act as a rascal is saying this. Then, you are also confirming that there was adulteration in the class just now.”

He lifted his shoulder from the wall and brought his face closer.

“So tell me, senior, what was it that you wanted to confirm in class a

little while ago?”

“… … .”

The senior looked straight at me. Even though it was winter, her eyes had the color of spring.

For a moment, silence fell in the hallway. Then, the senior muttered as if he couldn’t take it anymore.

“Geumma, when did you become so good at reading people’s minds? You had zero empathy until the first semester. The more you know about it, the more variables you find. You’ll never be able to figure it out.”

“It’s not like I have zero empathy.”

My senior burst into laughter at my words.

“Then you must have had no clue. Anyway, after hearing what you said, it was clearly my fault. I admit it, even though it was a class, my personal curiosity got in the way. I made a fool of myself as an educator.”

The smile on her lips disappeared. She bowed her head to me, her waist almost at a right angle.

“I’ll apologize to the cadets separately later. But before that, I’ll apologize to you, the person in charge of the 1,000th class.”

“…not to that extent.”

I scratched my head and eventually remembered.

“Okay, I got it.”

The senior slowly straightened his bent back. The eyes are the window to the soul. Looking at his mint colored eyes, I knew it wasn’t a lie to cover up the situation.

“so.”

The awkward atmosphere lasted for a moment, so I asked my senior. I wanted to end this conversation.

“What does the senior want to know in that class?”

“hmm…….”

The senior looked like he was thinking for a moment. You could hear his eyes rolling. But soon he opened his mouth as if he had made up his mind.

“Before we get to the main point, do you know the difference between protection and magic?”

“Protection is about strengthening the body, and magic is about reprocessing elements into magical power and casting it.”

“Stop talking about such one-dimensional things.”

The senior shook his head and added.

“In theory, ‘protection’ is said to be a god lending power to humans, while ‘magic’ is said to be the use of evil energy. My opinion, after wandering around the magic realm for several decades, is that this is wrong.”

“… … ?”

“‘Gah-ho’ is not a god lending power to humans.”

The senior said something that turned all common sense upside down with a calm expression.

“There’s a contradiction. They say that the gods were destroyed in the mythical age, so how can we borrow their power? My conclusion is that the power that humans use is not that of the gods.”

“That means… … .”

“Yeah. I think ‘Protection’ is the same as the ‘magic’ that the Demons use. The reason we humans can’t control the elements like the Demons is because someone is being unreasonable. That’s why

humans have come to use magic clumsily, and that has been distorted into the name of ‘Protection’.”

To summarize what my senior said, it was like this. Gaho was the dregs of magic. Furthermore, what humans believed to be the power of the gods was on a par with the power of the demons, whom they hated so much. If this conversation were to leak out, the world would be in an uproar. In a bad way.

I asked back.

“… Then, senior, are you saying that there was no such thing as ‘guardianship’ in the first place?”

“Since what we use has already been solidified as the name ‘Guardian,’ it’s not that it doesn’t exist. The gist of what I’m saying is that it’s not the power of God. And my argument also has some questions. With this logic, the ‘awakening of Guardian’ still can’t be explained. However, this year, I’ve begun to guess what ‘Guardian’ truly is.”

Suddenly, my senior reached out his index finger and poked my lower abdomen. I was startled and took a few steps back. She smiled faintly.

“What I wanted to know through today’s subspace training was about the being you are borrowing power from. I’ve seen it a few times, but I thought I would only know it if I confronted the warrior ‘Leon’. And thanks to the class just now, I’ve become somewhat certain of it.”

The senior blurted out the last words.

“You are the only one among humans who truly demonstrates ‘protection’. Therefore, the only human chosen by God is you, Sword Demon. Not Leon, the warrior.”

* * *

Meanwhile, inside the thousand class.

Weapon, who had regained some energy, massaged the snowball. He had just experienced death a few minutes ago.

‘Oh… When I think about that time… … .’

As soon as the sparring was over, Weapon felt around my groin area. He was worried that it might be wet and yellow.

Thankfully, no such unfortunate incident occurred. If it had, it would have been a source of constant ridicule.

He looked around, his chest shaking with surprise. Everyone seemed to have come out of the swamp of shock, even if they were still in shock.

Looking at that, Weapon inwardly stuck out his tongue. He was once again in awe of the strong swordsman.

‘How can the manager take all these guys under his wing?’

The name he gave himself, the Cheon Class. The lineup was amazing, living up to the name ‘Sky’. Even if you look at them individually, they were at a level that only comes once every ten years. Beyond being extraordinary, each of them must have lived their entire lives hearing that they were geniuses. In fact, these guys were geniuses.

‘I’m somewhere between an ordinary person and a genius.’

It was a weapon that was well-objectified. However, it was meaningless to distinguish between a genius and a genius here. In front of the absurdly large existence called Ganggeomma, everyone was equally helpless.

‘I knew I would lose, of course.’

It was obvious. Kanggeomma is Chilseong. He is also the successor of Geomje, the strongest warrior in humanity. It was widely known that he was much stronger than Geomje during his prime. It was no wonder.

Let’s take a closer look at the enemies that Kanggeomma has faced. Special-class demons, demons, and legion commanders. Just thinking about it makes my heart shiver. He is a superhuman who single-handedly slaughtered monsters. How can he defeat such a heavenly being? It was not a spirit, but a guest.

“…still.”

Even if I couldn’t do it, I thought I could at least make a shallow living. I thought it would be worth it to try to organize the seven members of the golden generation. There’s no business before a dagger, right? But this was also an arrogant mistake.

Even if the result of defeat is set aside, I didn’t think they would touch me. Even though the manager was gradually letting me go, I just kept poking the air. And after a while, I was separated from them like a Lego toy.

I neither hated nor disliked the manager. I didn’t feel angry because he was so overwhelming. Instead, my respect for him deepened.

‘The difference in the Chief’s power now compared to when he was fighting Mermaid and Cow King is like heaven and earth.’

Still, it was incredible. Kanggeomma was no longer at the level where he could be considered the strongest in humanity. His strength had already surpassed a certain point. He was at a level that could be compared to a legion commander-level demon.

“No, but is that really a blessing? What kind of blessing is it that allows you to wield a sword so amazingly?”

In the hero society, asking for protection from others was the most taboo of all taboos. It was like asking for a bank account password. Even in the hero law, it was clearly stated that ‘you must not reveal your protection to other heroes except your family.’ However, at this point, I was so curious that I couldn’t stand it.

Is the power that the chief uses really a protection? It’s not something that strengthens the body or anything like that. Or is it some other power that is beyond the protection?

While Weapon was lost in his thoughts, he heard Rachel muttering to herself from the side.

“If we apply the movements of the swordsman to spearmanship… the spearmanship of the Murah family, which relies solely on brute force, will gain flexibility… … .”

Rachel sat there like a statue, mumbling something. Weapon was taken aback by her unexpectedly serious face. Why is she like this?

“It was too obvious to the Sword Demon Army that they were blocking the sound and aiming from behind. It would have been better if they had aimed from above or from the front… … .”

This time it was Chloe. She took a deep breath and reviewed the drill. Was that all?

“The Nibelungen swordsmanship was too rigid. In contrast, the Kanggeomma swordsmanship used the body freely… … .”

Abel was the same. He savored the skill he had seen with his eyes.

Weapon, who had been watching, laughed briefly. He was foolish for judging them so harshly.

They were born with extraordinary talent. And today they suffered a crushing defeat. But they do not get discouraged. They find something to learn from their defeat. They stand up and expand the horizons of their talent.

I also want to try to resemble it, even though I know that it is an area that I cannot reach through effort.

They are geniuses because they don’t just look up to others.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 237

Episode 237 First Snow (1)

The class that seemed creaky from day one.

As the actual founder, I was secretly worried about the future.

I also felt a sense of unease that I might have done something that was against the law. In any case, the Cheon class was a class that did not exist before.

The blueprint for this world is 'Miracle of Protection M', so let's use a game analogy.

'System errors and bugs.'

The guy who was supposed to be a background character A not only became a Chilseong hero, but he also created a class. So it wouldn't be strange if something went wrong. Of course, this was something I was prepared for.

'There's a difference between being determined and accepting reality.'

But as time passed, I realized on my own that all these worries I had been talking about above were unfounded.

The class members followed Man-Rik's teaching direction without question. Yesterday, today, tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, every day. They died twenty times every day.

The ways of death also vary. For the sake of protecting their human rights and the mental health of some, I will refrain from going into detail.

anyway.

Despite the harsh lessons, the boys did not give up.

Even if they threw up their breakfast, even if they fainted from nosebleeds, even if their faces turned pale, they stood up on their wobbly knees. They straightened their backs, which were bent like shrimps due to their lack of core strength. They somehow revived their bodies and minds that were weakened by exhaustion.

To develop peripheral fear and immunity to death.

'Why like this?'

Why do they do this? Even though there is no material compensation. I felt uneasy because they didn't complain at all.

If you said you were going crazy, I would have gladly suggested to one of my seniors that the class be a little less intense, that it was bordering on abuse.

Since they are the ones who came to class just to see me, I can say that much, if not more. And I have already received a promise of support from Jeolgung.

But the guys were quiet. They didn't even complain, even though their faces looked like corpses.

'Even though they are cadets of Joaquin Academy, they are only the most carefully selected cadets.'

But even so, they are still minors. If they don't like something, they don't like it. If they like something, they like it. They are at an age where it's okay to be honest about their feelings. No one will scold them for that.

That's a right every teenager deserves. At least that's what my first teacher taught me.

-It's okay for a child to be a child. Rather than pretending to be mature, it's better to whine and say that it's hard when it's hard. If you suppress it to look like an adult, it'll just fester inside.

'Master, but why are teenagers in your world like this?'

So, about a week after the first class opened, I asked Weapon.

The answer he got back was this:

"Honestly, it's hard. I still can't get used to the idea of dying. I get anxious when everything goes dark. Am I really going to die like this? What if I open my eyes and find myself in the afterlife instead of reality? Why do they all hold on? Well… I haven't really thought about it these past few days because I've been so out of it… … If I had to pick a thing, it's probably 'greed.' A greed that's close to a desire to become stronger and deeper. That's probably why they clench their teeth and hold on. At least that's how I am."

At that time, I was shocked. That was because those words calmed my anxious heart. Weapon, who had been trembling in front of Mermaid until half a year ago.

'I never thought I'd hear something like that coming out of that guy's mouth.'

At this age, I learned strength again from someone much younger than me. I regretted it too late.

"I was secretly ignoring them because they were teenagers."

It seems like I've become the type of person I used to hate when I was little – an old fart.

* * *

Time passed relentlessly.

It had been a month since the yellow and red colors of autumn had faded. The weather was repetitive with gray clouds floating across the gloomy sky. In line with this, the cadets' clothing had gotten thicker day by day.

Whew.

The cold air swept over my liver. It was early winter. The wind was cold.

“Ugh… ugh.”

I buried my mouth in my scarf. I buttoned up my coat neatly and rubbed my hands like a fly.

“Why is it so cold?”

I don’t have a mirror so you can’t see, but my lips are probably blue. But my hands, ears, the tip of my nose, and the peripheral areas where blood vessels gather are red because the blood is rushing to them.

The winters of this world felt particularly cold. Before leaving the dormitory, I checked and it was slightly below -10 degrees. Even considering that it was December, it was extremely cold.

‘If early winter is like this, how cold will midwinter be?’

I walked diligently, grumbling in the cold. The place I was going was the principal’s office. Since the opening of the class, I have had a meeting with the principal every week.

‘It’s more like a meeting than a private tutoring session.’

When we met with Media, we usually discussed our future. Not only the silk class, but also the international situation, the movements of the Demon Tribe, etc. We discussed topics that were not taught in the classroom.

Thanks to that, I can feel my narrow field of vision opening up day by day. Of course, there is one more official duty, but it is the same situation for Media. She is also busy with work and struggles to make time.

It might be unconscionable for me to complain that I don’t have time. However, on this day, when it was noticeably cold, I couldn’t help but hesitate to go.

“If you are a reasonable distance away, I won’t talk.”

Joaquin Academy is big. It’s really big. It’s so dirty big. I feel it again as the cold wind blows.

In addition, the dead leaves that crunched underfoot added to the chill. If there was snow, it would be nice to feel the crispness of the snow underfoot.

I tilted my head back and looked up at the sky. The gray sky was gloomy and the clouds were moving slowly. It didn’t look like it was going to snow.

It was the moment when I sighed and lowered my head. There was a color in the corner of my vision. Sky blue. A color forgotten in the winter weather, swaying gently. I unconsciously called out its name.

“Ryozo.”

Ryozo turned her head towards me. She was wearing a red muffler, which matched her hair color very well.

Ryozo said with a dull look in his eyes.

“What’s going on? It’s the weekend and everyone is out.”

The tone was cold. I laughed awkwardly.

“I’m on my way to the principal’s office. I have a private meeting with the principal every weekend.”

“I see. It must be hard in this cold weather.”

“Well, okay.”

A dry conversation. In fact, since the opening of the Cheon class, Ryozo and I have become a bit distant. There is no particular reason, but it is because we have less opportunities to meet. I have a lot to do, and Ryozo also seems busy in her own way. After all, I have to die twenty times in the subspace every day, and I have to study. It wasn’t just me who was struggling with a lack of time.

‘But this is so awkward.’

Ryozo is a founding member of the Travel Club, the predecessor of the Ten Class. Although we have grown apart, she is still a special friend to me.

‘I still have some time left until my appointment with the principal anyway.’

I decided to just talk about anything.

“Ryozo, you don’t go out much on weekends either.”

She looked at me with a tired look in her eyes. Her eyes were strange. Cold yet warm, but not lukewarm.

“me…….”

After a moment of silence, Ryozo opened his mouth. The process seemed a bit difficult. But he finally finished speaking.

“… Go see Mom.”

I blinked. From the perspective of Ryozo, my expression must have been acceptable. She smiled as if she agreed.

“Ask me and then make that stupid face. Isn’t that embarrassing?”

I was embarrassed.

“Oh, that’s… what is it… okay, that’s fine.”

“Pfft.”

A short laugh. Ryozo’s thick lips were licked and his breath was disturbed.

“Geumma, do you know that your image has changed a lot since the first time I saw you? I embarrassed you a bit when we first met, you threw sashimi at the target and all.”

“… … .”

At that time, it was a time when humanity was being worn down due to the rapid pace of assimilation. It was, so to speak, the period of adaptation to the ‘protection of the swordsman’ or puberty.

And after going through that series of processes, things have improved a lot due to the rise in ‘human status’.

‘Now that I think about it, I must have been a really crazy kid.’

He scratched his eyebrow with his thumb in embarrassment. “I’m going to miss it,” Ryozo said mischievously.

“At that time, I really thought, ‘What kind of person is this?’ But now, his expressions have become incredibly rich.”

Ryozo turned around and stood next to me. I could occasionally see the side of his face through his sky-blue hair.

“Actually, I got a text from Saki Hina yesterday. It was a link to my mother’s current location.”

“… … .”

“Honestly, I didn’t expect anything at all. I thought the promise I made back then was just an excuse to avoid a crisis. I don’t know what happened, but Hina really was unexpected.”

I suddenly felt a sense of discomfort in Ryozo’s words. She is very suspicious. She is the type of person who knocks on a stone bridge several times before crossing it. But Ryozo is now.

‘I’m sure.’

I have no doubt that the address that Saki Hina sent me was that of my biological mother. This was completely different from the Ryozo that I knew so well.

There’s also a small chance that his personality has changed in the meantime. If that had been the case, I would have noticed it as soon as I met him today.

‘We’ve been together for almost a year.’

Well then. Why is Ryozo so determined? It's a simple reason. Well… … .

Ryozo tilted his head.

"Did you notice?"

"… … ."

He didn't answer. Silence is sometimes the best answer.

Ryozo looked straight ahead again, as if he didn't want to reveal the expression he was making on me.

"Yes, I already knew your address. When I created Bigsbig, the first thing I did was find your address. And Bigsbig was so good that it found it right away."

Perhaps because he was digging up old secrets, Ryozo's breathing and pulse were irregular.

"After I found the address, I didn't know what to do. I mean, I couldn't just go to my mom and say, 'Your daughter is here.'"

Ryozo must have been scared when he was young. He was worried that his mother, who he went to see, might not want to see him and might treat him poorly. He might have started a new family.

"What good does it do to know where someone lives? I don't know what they want, and even if I knew, if they don't want it, it's just a nuisance. That's why I pretended not to know even though I knew. But… … ."

The wind suddenly stopped. At the same time, a faint voice became clearer.

"… The fact that Saki Hina found out probably means that the other person, that is, my mother, implicitly agreed that it was okay for me to tell her the address. Yeah, that's right. That's right."

Ryozo clenched his hands into fists.

“Hina, if he knew, it means he found out from the palace. Of course, he would have asked his mother, asking if he could give her the address.”

She thought, the words she was saying now might just be self-rationalization.

“Because I agreed to that. Hina must have sent me the address link.”

Saki Hina might not have asked her mother for advice.

One, I just wanted to erase that slight possibility. I knew it in my head, but my heart rejected it.

Even if it is a rationalization to reinforce a weak cause, it must be done that way.

She made up her mind. She had to muster up the courage to go see her mother.

‘but…….’

In reality, it was not easy to move. The reason I was wandering around the academy in the middle of winter was because of hesitation.

At that moment, Kang Geum-ma appeared. Looking at his face in the midst of my confusion, I felt like crying.

I tried to quickly get away, but my feet were stuck to the floor and wouldn’t budge.

A face I saw up close after a month. Because it was a face I really wanted to see and missed.

Even though I knew full well that I would be embarrassed, I just stood there.

This was the result. I was mumbling about past mistakes and self-justification.

I chewed my inner cheek in shame, and the taste of blood lingered in

my mouth.

That was when.

“Ryozo.”

Ryozo raised his gaze at the soft call.

He said with a smile that melted the chill of early winter.

“Let’s go together.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 238

Episode 238 First Snow (2)

Ryozo blinked. His thoughts and expressions froze. A beat later, embarrassment washed over him.

‘You want to come with me on the way to see Mom?!’

I don’t know how to react to this sudden suggestion.

‘I’m already going crazy because I keep spewing out complaints!’

On the other hand, Kang Geum-ma’s eyes… as always, were filled with sincerity. Yes. That’s the kind of person he was. A plainness that didn’t let a lie slip through his lips. Because of that, his words had weight and appeal.

‘I’m not just saying that.’

It wasn’t just a brief moment of comfort. He truly wanted to be with Ryozo.

‘It’s probably because he noticed that I was anxious.’

Kang Geum-ma made a kind suggestion. Then let’s go together. Ryozo’s cheeks flushed. He was embarrassed. He was ashamed. But he was also happy. He was so happy that he could jump for joy. Ryozo glanced to the side.

“Even if we go together… … .”

She mumbled, covering half of her face with the muffler. The rough

texture of the knit made her lips itch.

"…Geumma, you said you were on your way to the principal's office."

"Oh, that."

Kanggeomma scratched his forehead. It was a habit he had when choosing words. Even this small gesture was enough to break her heart.

While Ryojo's heart was pounding, Kanggeomma smiled awkwardly.

"Since we go every week anyway, it's okay if I miss a day. Of course, I'll contact you. And Ryozo, you know that the principal isn't the type of person to say anything if I go somewhere with a friend. In fact, he'd probably be happy about it. The principal feels bad that I went to Chilseong too early and can't enjoy things at my age."

"ah……."

Only then did Ryojo begin to see Kang Geum-ma's face in more detail. Dark shadows in his eyes, his gaunt complexion. He could vaguely picture what kind of daily life he had led over the past month.

'You've been busy, really.'

It couldn't be otherwise. Kang Geum-ma was working a murderous schedule that made it seem like 24 hours weren't enough. Schoolwork, official duties, and secondary tasks. It was different from him, who just took classes comfortably. Knowing this, the academy director must have felt sorry for Kang Geum-ma.

'To that kind of kid, I… … .'

He made a sad face like the most unfortunate person in the world would make.

The world only talks about the glory of Ganggeomma. The youngest hero of the Seven Stars, the strongest force in the world, the Heavenly Heaven. Each expression is different, but they are all

modifiers that express the peak.

The peak.

A place that anyone would have dreamed of. Kanggeomma went there at a very young age. In other words, he became alone very early.

‘Even though he’s alone, he doesn’t complain at all.’

Ryozo knew his family history, which made his heart ache even more.

‘I… am truly a lucky person compared to him.’

The area around my eyes felt tingly. I rationalized this feeling because of the cold wind.

‘I’m a coward.’

He always pretended to be strong, but he was just a brat.

‘The one who actually had the hardest time was the one who reached out to me first.’

On the contrary, this weakness was condoned.

Ryozou secretly wiped his eyes with his muffler. Then he asked cautiously.

“My destination is Busan, so I need to clear a whole day. Is that okay?”

Kang Geum-ma didn’t hesitate. He just nodded.

“It’s Saturday. I have plenty of time.”

* * *

A little later, in the principal’s office.

“Of course! Yeah, yeah. Okay. Have fun~!”

Stop.

After finishing her conversation with Ganggeomma, Media walked towards the window. The view outside through the frosted glass window was hazy.

“What’s going on, my dear Geomma? You even go out with your friends on the weekends.”

A smile appeared on Media’s lips. Then she stretched her upper body.

“I was going to say that you should rest a bit, but this is a good opportunity. I don’t think Geomma has been overdoing it lately.”

Just a little while ago, I received a call from Kang Geum-ma. He asked if I could postpone today’s meeting until next time. He apologized repeatedly with an apologetic look on his face.

Media gladly accepted the request. In fact, she actively recommended it. She didn’t even ask why. It was because she also desperately wanted Kanggeomma to rest.

The promise of the path? It was trivial.

Media sipped her coffee. The steam that rose like a mist over the mug turned into frost when it touched the glass window.

“I should take this opportunity to ask the association to reduce the amount of work for the swordsmen.”

It was while I was enjoying such a peaceful atmosphere.

-♬♭♩♫♪

The smartphone on the desk started making loud noises. Media frowned.

“What kind of guy is calling me on the weekend?”

The principal of the academy is strictly an office worker. He or she must work from 9 to 6. He or she must adhere to the five-day workweek.

‘however.’

The reason why Media went to this boring workplace on a precious weekend was because she had an appointment with Ganggeomma and didn’t want to stay home. Because the house was a mess. The ‘shit’ part was when her twin sister, Meain, started living at home.

In stark contrast to the neat Media, Meain was a person who was far from being neat and tidy. My sister had delivery food for all three meals and didn’t even clean up after eating.

I tried nagging her. My sister didn’t even listen. I apologized, saying I was sorry, but I didn’t mean it. It was a medium that was less disappointing because I didn’t expect much.

‘If you don’t like the temple, you should leave.’

Media escaped from the worst place in the world, ‘home’, to the lesser of two evils, ‘the principal’s office’.

‘I can’t keep living like this.’

We’ll have to have a discussion sometime.

Until then, I had no choice but to give up my weekends. But for the time being, I had to hold on with the mindset of practicing the Tao.

“Oh my, my fate. It’s really hard, it’s hard.”

Even as Media sighed, her smartphone showed no sign of stopping its song. She clicked her tongue and soon answered the phone.

“hello.”

-… … .

The other party remained silent. Only then did Media take the LCD off her ear and check the number. It was an unknown number.

Media furrowed her brows. Was it because she had to work over the weekend? Suddenly, irritation welled up in her head.

She spoke strongly into the phone.

“What, who are you? If someone speaks, shouldn’t you respond?”

-… … .

“Ah- What is this? Is this voice phishing or something? Hey, who are you? Do you even know whose number this is? You criminal bastards who suck the blood of the common people. You guys, just wait. I’ll trace this number… … .”

-Second.

A hoarse voice that seemed to scratch the eardrums. At that moment, Media’s expression and attitude changed into shock.

Because there was only one person in the world who called her that.

-I’m sorry. But this is my first time using a smartphone, so I don’t know how to make a call. It seems like only yesterday that pagers came out, but who would have thought that things like this would come out already?

An ancient man who lived for over two centuries.

-Second, it’s been forty years since we talked at the Seven Star Enthronement Ceremony, so it’s the first time I’ve heard your voice. It’s still as loud as if you’ve boiled a firecracker. It seems like you’ve gotten healthier with the Sinabro.

The leader of all heroes by rank.

-Anyway, I’m sorry for suddenly contacting you and asking you this out of the blue.

President of the Association. Victor Poison.

-Can you arrange a meeting between the newly crowned Cheongeom and the boy?

He wants to see the new star.

* * *

One thing that came in handy about attending Joaquin Academy. If I had to pick just one, I would say this subspace warp.

I close my eyes, enveloped in a purple halo. I feel a momentary dizziness as I open my eyes, and the place I wanted to see unfolds before my eyes. Just like now.

“It takes 30 seconds from Wonju, Gangwon-do to Busan, Gyeongsang-do.”

Salty smell. Ships anchored in the harbor. A flock of seagulls flying around the docks, squawking.

“haha.”

A hollow laugh comes out of my heart. Subspace warp. This means of transportation that lightly ignores the laws of physics is astounding. No matter how many times I’ve experienced it, it’s still amazing every time.

‘In the curtain, in the warp, in the pocket.’

It was just versatile. There was no need to think deeply about why such a fraudulent function existed. The subspace is probably a device for the convenience of the user. I wonder if there is anything better than this to shorten the boring movement process. This was an advantage of the game being based on a fantasy worldview.

‘Still, it’s too much of a scam.’

Some people get to Busan in 6 hours on a jam-packed highway. Others get there in 30 seconds. We call those ‘others’ the privileged.

When we lived on Earth, adults used to say that time is given equally to everyone. That was wrong. In this world, time can be bought. It is a commodity that can be purchased.

There is no absurdity like this absurdity. If it were original, I would have thought, ‘What, there are such unbalanced games!’

“… … .”

I am silent now. I am no longer qualified to say such things.

I am a hero of the Seven Stars. I am no longer a member of the ruling class, but of the ruling class. And I have immense power that rivals that of the president of a country.

That’s why I can monopolize the many privileges that exist in this world. I can use the warp that is strictly forbidden to regular students as if I were going to the bathroom. I can no longer avoid the absurdity that I have been criticizing.

‘I can’t help it.’

Suddenly, I felt a gaze from the side. When I turned around, Ryozo was staring at me with bright eyes. Was it because the weather was cloudy? Today, the sky-blue irises were unusually bright.

‘Do people look different because they can freely use subspace warp?’

That could be the case. I, as the person involved, feel nervous too.

I felt awkward and asked Ryozo.

“How long does it take to get to your mother’s house?”

“Oh, that’s right.”

As if he had come to his senses, Ryozoh hurriedly took out his smartphone. Then he showed a map app with the address he had searched for.

“If you take the bus, you’ll get there quickly.”

We moved right away. We walked along the coast, strolling along the quiet harbor. The sea breeze was cold. But it wasn’t as cold as when I was alone.

After that, I got on a city bus. Maybe because it was the weekend, the bus was full.

‘It would be a big deal if people found out about me.’

The sense of defeat was fleeting, but fortunately, my outerwear had a hood, so I covered it up. Thanks to that, people didn’t know I was a celestial sword. It was an indirect experience of being a celebrity.

The bus started. It passed the first stop. There were two seats left, so we were able to sit down and move on.

After that, the second, third, and fourth stops passed by the window. The port city of Busan had a leisurely atmosphere.

I glanced at the seat next to me. Ryozo was leaning her forehead against the bus window, her face getting darker as the village bus stopped. Her two hands were trembling faintly above her skirt.

Swish.

He held her hand tightly. It was cold. After being exposed to the sea breeze for several dozen minutes, it was understandable for her hand to get cold.

“… … .”

Ryozo flinched, but said nothing else. Instead, the trembling in his hands decreased. The shadows on his face cleared and faded a little.

The bus stopped at the last stop. We got off the bus and walked for about five minutes. Then we entered an apartment complex.

“Here.”

It was an ordinary apartment, neither nice nor shabby. However, it felt ordinary considering it was the residence of the ex-wife of a high-ranking official.

‘I thought you lived in a place like a mansion.’

Ryozo took a leisurely look around the apartment complex and soon took the lead. Since only she knew the detailed address, I followed silently.

Damn it.

Soon, Ryozo's steps stopped in the middle of the apartment hallway.

'Room 504.'

She double-checked that the address on the lake matched the number on the stamp. It couldn't be wrong. She had checked it several times.

When it actually came down to it, Ryozo hesitated.

'Should I ring the doorbell, knock, or just go back?'

Standing in the hallway, she hesitated for a while.

Thud.

Then a large palm wrapped itself around her fist. The two hands became one.

"You did well to follow me."

I guided Ryozo's fist, which I had held tightly, right up to the door. Then, with great difficulty, I reached out and knocked on the iron door. The two of us together.

Knock knock. A couple of knocks were heard low in the apartment hallway. The next moment.

Squeak.

The door slowly opened with a clicking sound of hinges engaging.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 239

Episode 239 First Snow (3)

The one who opened the door was a woman. She had a mature air about her, and I guessed she was in her mid-thirties. However, she looked much younger. If I saw her on the street, I would have mistaken her for someone in her twenties.

'This person… … .'

I could tell just by looking at her. I couldn't help but know. She looked so, so much like Ryozo. Ryozo's mother. She was exactly like your daughter, except for her hair and iris color.

A strange current lingered in the apartment hallway. The eerie wind added to the awkwardness.

The woman's eyes were first fixed on me. Since I was relatively large, her gaze naturally went to me. The gaze tends to move from large to small.

"who are you……?"

She had no idea who I was because I was wearing a hoodie. She tilted her head and turned her gaze toward Ryozo. Now, the woman's pupils had doubled in size. Her lips opened gropingly.

"Ryo, Joe?"

Ryozo had his head bowed low. Like a puppy that had encountered a tiger, he could not bring himself to raise his eyes.

“… That, that.”

The tightly closed eyelashes fluttered. It was at that very moment.

“Our… our daughter… … .”

The woman, Ryozo’s mother, hugged her daughter. Unexpectedly, Ryozo’s eyes became completely blank. What flashed through her sky-blue eyes was more than just surprise and bewilderment. It was just a positive emotion.

“There, there, there.”

Ryozo’s two hands, which had lost their way, were flailing in the air. She turned her head toward me in a panic. Help, asking with her eyes!

I smiled and avoided the call for help. I also took a few steps back. At this moment, I did not want to interrupt the mother-daughter reunion that was taking place in the hallway of an apartment building.

* * *

Meanwhile, at Joaquin Academy Hospital.

Saki Hina walked down the hallway carrying a bundle of medicine bags. Her father had finished the discharge procedures for the palace and was returning after getting medicine from the attending physician.

“Hehehe~”

Her arms were heavy because of the medicine bag, but Saki Hina hummed. She was secretly delighted.

‘Finally, today! Nurses are liberated, oh yeah!’

Hina had been taking care of him for a whole month. At first, it was out of filial piety, but later, she stayed by his side out of a sense of duty. Even that sense of duty faded over time. To be exact, it was right after Kanggeomma visited him in the hospital.

For Saki Hina, life was all about the temple family. The people around her were either temple family or people from the Japanese government. Although there were some classmates from her days at Joaquin Academy, they were of no interest to her.

But recently, Saki Hina has begun to think that her life is colorful. This is because she has met a meaningful person in a life that was filled with boredom.

'Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword.'

A bashful smile spread across Saki Hina's lips. A faint blush spread across her cheeks, visible through the medicine bag. The lady, who was well into her twenties, had the face of a young girl.

After Kang Geum-ma left, many things changed. His father did not treat him rudely, and even took care of him in secret.

'Of course, it's different from general consideration.'

Still, it was a change that would have been hard to imagine if it had been the father of the past. It wasn't just her father who had changed. She herself had also changed from before.

Saki Hina regarded human emotions as nothing more than a means. When she displayed the 'Protection of Temptation', men would willingly become her servants. Because of that, she never had the opportunity to understand emotions deeply.

however.

'You don't have to use things like the Protection of Temptation.'

Suddenly.

'Because you are naturally beautiful.'

The words spoken by the Heavenly Sword Lord were fragmented.

'It's beautiful enough even without that.'

It was distorted and lingered in my mind.

“Oh, really. I’m not that kind of person.”

Even as she said that, Hina’s lips went up in a smirk. The nurses passing by glanced at her and whispered.

“Isn’t that person the daughter of the palace? Why does she look like that? I think I should contact a psychiatrist.”

“About a month ago, Cheongeomnim raided the hospital room where Jeolgungnim was hospitalized. He’s been going crazy since then.”

“It’s true, but honestly, I think what Cheon Geum-nim did was right.”

“Why, what happened?”

“You know? I’m the nurse in charge of Jeolgungnim’s hospital room. Jeolgungnim looks very polite, but he always looks at me like I’m looking at a bug.”

“As expected of the superiors… …. Every time Cheongeom sees us, he always bows his head to greet us.”

“That’s true. That person is the true Chilseong, ahem.”

Warm, warm.

The nurses’ mutterings were drowned out by the brisk sound of wooden shoes. Even if Hina had heard them, she didn’t care.

‘I wish I could see your face one more time before returning to Japan.’

Hina, who had been walking cheerfully, suddenly looked out the window. She muttered while looking at the gloomy sky.

“I wonder if he found it well… … .”

Saki Hina found the address of Ryozo’s mother, the youngest stepmother, just yesterday. It took her a whole month to hide so well. She was dying because she had to take care of the sick.

However, she couldn’t ask her father, who was not in good condition.

So, Hina went out and asked around herself.

Finally, I sent the detailed address to Ryojo yesterday. There was a long wait for a reply, and it came late in the morning.

[thanks.]

It seems that Ryojo has become very absorbed in Korean sentiment.

Hina, who had finished her musings, started walking again. She had reached the hospital room. Men in black uniforms were waiting for her. They were the palace guards.

“Miss, please give me your luggage. I will carry it.”

“It’s okay. Are you unaware of your father’s obsessive-compulsive disorder? If you touch the medicine bag, your wrist will be cut off.”

“Oh, yes… … .”

The bodyguard, who had been scratching the back of his neck in embarrassment, briefly leaned over Hina’s ear. He whispered softly.

“Do you remember sending our Japanese Hero Battalion to Gehenna Gate?”

“I know, of course. It’s been a few weeks. Why, did you ask for material support? Don’t be stingy and give it generously. If there are any members who say anything about the budget, tell them that Cheon Geum-nim ordered it. Then they should know to keep their mouths shut.”

“… That’s not it. It seems like there are ominous rumors going around the gate area.”

“A rumor? What rumor?”

Hina blinked. The man pressed closer.

“You see that gap at the gate? It’s now big enough for a child to squeeze through. I think there’s going to be a big change in a week.”

Hina's face hardened seriously. The bodyguard asked again.

"Should we give the order for our children to withdraw based on the timing?"

"No."

Hina shook her head with determined eyes.

"The current situation is not good. In times like this, we should not act based only on short-term losses. We should take a long-term view."

"then."

"Please cooperate as much as possible. If something happens, Japan can be heard saying that it was on the front lines."

Hina spoke smartly. She was a seasoned politician who had followed the Japanese Prime Minister around.

"Instead, for the safety of our heroes, please improve the quality of the supplies you provide. Please also provide them to the Association and the Sword Master. It will help our reputation in the future."

"Yes, Miss."

"Please let the association working at the academy know, as well as the academy director and Cheongeom-nim. If something like this happens again, tell them so they can skip my father or me and report it right away."

"yes."

As the man picked up his cell phone, Hina was a little late in stopping him.

"I will contact you, Cheongeomnim."

"Yes? You yourself?"

The bodyguard raised his eyebrows in confusion. The young lady was

the one who had been treated badly by Cheongeom. But she was contacting him herself? It was strange.

Hina said, coughing in vain.

“Don’t you know your father’s personality? He hates having too many people talking. It’s right for me to personally convey such important information. Even if the story gets out, you’ll get hit with an arrow in your mouth, too.”

“Oh, yes… … .”

Same pattern as before. The bodyguard nodded with a sheepish expression.

* * *

Ryozo’s mother welcomed us into the house.

“I’ll bring out the tea, so both of you wait on the sofa for a moment.”

She guided me to the living room with a friendly smile and headed to the kitchen. I slowly looked around the house. The interior of the apartment, which looked ordinary from the outside, was spacious and nice. The Busan sea was spread out refreshingly outside the window.

‘It’s really nice to live alone.’

Ryozo paced around the living room like a meerkat. After confirming that no one was there except her mother, she took a breath.

“Let’s sit down for now, just like your mother said.”

“huh…….”

We sat side by side on the sofa while Ryozo’s mother brought out the tea. The only sound was the faint clinking of teacups.

At that moment, Ryozo gently pulled my elbow. His sky-blue eyes, not looking at me, were full of tension.

‘That makes sense.’

Ryozo must have been prepared to be rejected. But on the contrary, the mother hugged her as soon as she saw her. It was not the kind of expression that a person who would abandon their daughter would make.

This will confuse Ryozo. This kindness will rather seem unnatural.

I left her touch alone. At times like this, it was best to keep my mouth shut.

'By the way, I've seen a lot of different sides of Ryozo today.'

There was no cold and indifferent appearance. A sensitive and timid girl was sitting next to me. It seemed that Ryozo had a special mother.

"You've been waiting for a long time."

After a while, Ryozo's mother placed a luxurious tray on the side table. The scent of herbs wafted faintly. When he sniffed the scent for the first time, his mother smiled.

"It's very windy, isn't it? It's chamomile. It has a warming effect on the body."

I nodded as I was handed the teacup.

"Thank you for treating me so kindly when I suddenly came, Mother."

"What are you talking about? I am honored that you are accompanying my daughter, Your Majesty."

"…did you know who I was?"

"Oh my! Is there anyone in this world who doesn't know the Lord Cheon Geum? However, I couldn't recognize him at first because of the hood. Please forgive my rudeness."

Ryozo's mother placed her hand on her chest and bowed deeply.

"I, Cynthia. I greet you, the great hero Cheongeom."

“If your name is Cynthia… … .”

“Yes. Just like you, Cheon Geum, I am Korean.”

I quickly turned my head. My eyes met Ryozo’s.

‘You’re of mixed Korean and Japanese descent?’

When I asked with my eyes, Ryojo nodded lowly. Then, without making a sound, I moved my lips and responded.

‘I didn’t ask.’

‘… … .’

That’s right, Ryozo was like that. A fox-like personality who didn’t even ask about the secret of her lineage or the huge plot twist. I forgot because the mood was so girly today.

‘Yes, it was my fault for mistaking mixed Korean and Japanese people for pure Japanese.’

Cynthia, who had been watching us with her chin resting on her hand, looked away and tilted the kettle. In the tense atmosphere, she was the only one who acted softly.

Cynthia said to Ryozo.

“You came here to ask me, right? Why did you have to leave? Or was it that your father, the Jeolgung, forcibly kicked you out? Our daughter would probably be convinced of the latter, right?”

Ryozo shrugged his shoulders slightly. He cut the bean jelly into bite-size pieces and handed it to his daughter, picking it up with a toothpick.

“Would you like to eat this while you listen? What I’m about to say is going to be a bit bitter.”

Ryozo swallowed hard and glanced at me. Then he looked back at his mother.

“I quit eating rice cakes.”

Cynthia smiled happily.

“You’re all grown up, my daughter.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 240

Episode 240 First Snow (4)

“Um- where should I start?”

My mother was picking up a cube of rice cake with a fork and munching on it. I glanced at her and made a suggestion.

“If my presence makes you uncomfortable, I will leave the seat for you.”

“It’s okay. I don’t know if it would be different for someone else, but if Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword listens to me, I would be grateful.”

“Ah… yes.”

“I live alone, so I have fewer opportunities to talk to people, so I just can’t speak well. I apologize for any inconvenience.”

My mother treated me with extreme courtesy, to the point where I felt embarrassed.

‘I knew this world was a class society, but it’s incredibly embarrassing when I actually find myself in this situation.’

My son, Ryozo, speaks informally to me, but his parents treat me respectfully.

It may seem strange to me as an outsider, but it would be perfectly normal behavior to the people of this world.

However, I felt uneasy in this strange situation. It was even more awkward because my mother, who looked exactly like Ryozo, was acting like this.

'Ryozo resembles Jeolgung only in hair and eye color, and his appearance is just like his mother's.'

Somehow, even though they were half-sisters, Saki Hina and Ryozo didn't look alike at all. It seemed that Ryozo had more Korean blood in him than Japanese blood.

With that thought in mind, I quietly stroked my teacup. It felt like my frozen fingers were starting to loosen up.

Then my mother opened her mouth.

"If I were to tell you the reason why I left you, Ryozo, I would have to tell you about your father, Saki Kojima. How was it since then that our daughter began to resent me?"

"… … ."

As his mother opened her mouth, Ryozo's expression slightly distorted. It was probably because the name of the palace was mentioned.

Mother fed Ryozo honey and chestnuts to his forehead.

"Of course your father is a strange person, but you can't make that kind of expression in front of Cheon Geum-nim, you punk."

Then he put his hand on his daughter's waist and scolded her.

"How can you not be as upright as Cheon Geum-nim, even though you are the same age? You pretend to be all grown up, but you are still a complete child inside. Try to be half as resembling Cheon Geum-nim next to you!"

Ryozo covered his forehead and muttered softly.

"That guy kicked Mom out because of me. Do you know what Jeolgung said to me? He said Mom left me on her own! But I know.

Mom didn't leave me on her own… … ."

"Your father is right. I left Jeolgungga on my own."

"what……?"

Ryozo's eyes shook wildly as he questioned her. His mother's eyes remained calm and settled.

"…Why on earth, why on earth? Mom left me? Why? How come?"

Ryozo spewed out a rambling, disjointed speech. His mother laughed bitterly.

"I know my daughter will absolutely hate me if I say this, but-"

Before she could continue speaking, my mother turned her gaze to me. She made a meaningful line at the corner of her mouth.

"Maybe if my daughter were all grown up now, she would understand my feelings a little."

"Heart? What heart? How can you expect me to understand the heart of someone who abandoned their daughter?!"

"Is it already time for resentment? I was prepared, but it's coming in so quickly that my heart is pounding."

Ryozo suddenly got up from the sofa.

"Honestly, I thought you'd say sorry first. If you had made an excuse, I would have tried to ignore it even though I knew everything!"

"You can't make excuses. People should be honest about everything. That's how sincerity comes through. Didn't you say that a lot when you were young?"

"Even now! Just now, you were comparing me to that guy, Geumma! What right does Mom have to nag me!"

"I only pointed it out to you as a conversation partner because you kept getting off topic, not as a mother."

Ryozo asked with a fierce look in his eyes. His mother accepted it leisurely. The two bickered like a normal mother and daughter.

'her.'

I laughed inwardly. There is a saying that no parent can beat their child. That is probably why the new word "daughter fool" came into being. However, this mother and daughter easily deviated from that common sense.

"Mom was like that before too. No matter what happened to me, she would always scold me!"

"You can't persuade people with just appeals, Ryozo. And when a child presents weak evidence, it's the parent's job to adjust it."

To Ryozo who kept lashing out, his mother responded with certainty, acknowledging what needed to be acknowledged. She defended Ryozo's emotional offensive with a straight argument.

"After ten years, I'm acting like a mom again!"

"Then should we speak to each other like complete strangers, Sa-ki-ryo-jo-ssi? I think that would be more comfortable for me."

My mother wasn't a doting daughter. She was a genius daughter.

I was stuck between the two, unable to do anything. I just sat there, sipping tea with an awkward expression. I felt like if I tried to mediate somehow, it would cause unnecessary sparks to fly.

But I can't just take out the sashimi and growl at them to stop. My sashimi only shows its teeth to the wicked.

'By the way, that mother is amazing too. She doesn't lose a word to that Ryojo.'

My mother was a silver-tongued person. Even the eloquence of a top student in her class couldn't match her. The longer the argument went on, the more my daughter, Ryozo, became on the defensive.

Ryozo grumbled and then sat down on the sofa. His mother smiled

and put another piece of yokan in her mouth. Her smile was sweet.

“I knew this would happen, so I suggested we eat some rice cakes and talk. No one knows my daughter’s temper better than I do.”

Ryozo quickly turned his head toward the window. His face flushed as if he had realized belatedly that I was with him.

“Anyway, now that you’ve vented your anger, can I tell you my story?”

“Or so.”

Mother shrugged and opened her mouth again.

“I admit it myself. I am a selfish person who abandoned my daughter. I have nothing to say about that. I will atone for my sins for the rest of my life, but I do not expect forgiveness from you. I do not want to become a more selfish mother here.”

A mother of one child was self-deprecating.

“But you know, Ryozo. At that time, I was probably too foolish to be a mother. I was more aware of being a woman than of being someone’s mother.”

The living room, which had entered a lull, was quiet.

“It’s embarrassing to say, but I really liked your father.”

“… … !”

Ryozo’s eyes grew wide. His face was blank, as if he had heard something he shouldn’t have heard.

“That Saki Kojima? Are you serious? You’re not brainwashed?”

Ryozo screamed in a way that was almost like a scream. He grabbed her by the collar and shook her, telling her to come to her senses.

“There’s nothing he can’t say to his mother. Emotions are inherently incomprehensible. They can’t be explained by theory. That’s why

people become foolish."

"No. But still. How could that shameless man… How many human wives does he have in the first place!"

"That doesn't really matter. Polygamy is common in heroic society."

Oh, dear. The person involved is confirming it. I have lived here for over two years, but I still can't get used to this feudalistic way of thinking. I still have a long way to go.

"I know, your father is a perfectionist and a crazy person. And he is not loyal to his family. He doesn't care about any of his wives except his first wife, Lady Cheolsim."

His mother also agreed with Ryozo's words. She was more than sympathetic; she was rebuking him. Her tone was so soft that it was even scarier.

"But what can I do? It's love at first sight. Should I call it a bad boy complex? And even if it's a political marriage, keeping a wife like that is purely a matter of her ability. Her power is formidable, but she's also handsome."

"No, no matter what, it's still like that. No matter how much you wash it, that guy isn't a bad guy! Going around flirting with multiple women, that's just a bad guy… …!"

Ryozo looked at me instead of shouting.

'What? Why are you looking at me after calling me a bad kid?'

Mother looked at us like that and muttered quietly.

"I guess my daughter has become too much like me. Even in the bad ways."

* * *

After that, Mother and Cynthia's story continued for about two hours.

"Mom really loved your father, Jeolgung. Even though she knew it

was a love that would never come true.”

At that time in her early twenties, Cynthia was just a young bride who was true to her feelings.

One of the bankrupts of the human nature, Jeolgung, did not betray our expectations. He did not pay her any attention. He did not coldly reject her, but treated her with indifference. Cynthia’s passionate love for him gradually cooled down. Free attention had its limits.

Years passed like that.

Sensing Ryozo’s extraordinary abilities, Zelgong took his daughter away from Cynthia. This was essentially a warning from Zelgong to her, to stay away from Saki Ryozo.

“At that point, I couldn’t stand it any longer.”

Cynthia willingly came out on her own two feet. It was a kind of trick. A trick that made her hope that the palace would regret it if she disappeared.

“Keep this in mind, Ryozo. I came here on my own two feet, not because of Saki Kojima.”

Cynthia was a Busan woman. She had a free spirit like the vast ocean. She also had a strong sense of morality and integrity. It was her choice to love Jeolgung and leave him. Choices come with responsibility. The guilt of leaving her daughter behind was a debt she had to bear for the rest of her life.

anyway.

So did Jeolgung regret it? No. Our Jeolgung was just like that. He didn’t catch Cynthia.

Still, as a show of consideration, he gave her a large mansion in the heart of Tokyo. A luxurious mansion worth hundreds of billions of won.

“We’re not even divorced, so they just handed me over the money as alimony.”

Cynthia rejected the offer outright and returned to her hometown of Korea to start a new life.

‘Jeolgung, I knew that guy was a crazy person, but he really is crazy.’

When I got to know him, I realized that he was a gentleman with deep thoughts. There was no such thing as a cliché. As Ryozo said, the Jeolgung was a piece of trash that couldn’t be burned.

Because it was so uniform, people seemed bland. In a negative sense.

‘How much did you love your first wife?’

When I heard about it, the circumstances were very bad. But what can I do? Is there anyone in this world who has no circumstances? I have seen all sorts of people while doing business.

From my experience, I can say for sure that Jeolgung is just a crazy kid. There is no room for argument.

‘Next time I’ll have to stab him in the neck.’

The first time, I ended it with a thigh because I was afraid it would become a diplomatic issue. But now that I know the ugly truth, there is no need for diplomacy.

Are we hearing such things again? I intend to provide true education to all of Japan and the surrounding areas, even if it means facing difficulties.

I will put an end to the Japanese invasion with sashimi.

‘Japan Sinks. The title and the size fit perfectly.’

Thus ended the secret affair between Cynthia and Saki Kojima. Looking to the side, Ryozou looked confused. She was confused by the gap between Cynthia the woman and Cynthia the mother. However, her eyes still had the same pain in them.

‘Well, I don’t think a ten-year-old grudge can be resolved with just one conversation.’

That was the kind of melodrama you would see in a drama. Reality is not that dramatic. There are countless cases where the aftertaste is unpleasant.

“Oh my, it’s already this late! I’m sorry, Your Majesty. I’ve taken up too much of your precious time.”

“No. We’ll come via subspace warp anyway and be gone soon.”

“But it is not right for your Majesty to be away from the Academy for too long. Now, Ryozo, you too, get up quickly. We can talk about what we haven’t finished yet next time.”

“uh…….”

We left the house.

My mother escorted me to the apartment entrance. She said her last words to me just before leaving.

“I feel ashamed to say this, but please take good care of my daughter. I’m worried because she has a personality that resembles me.”

My mother bowed her head slightly. I smiled faintly.

“Ryozo is doing well at the academy without me. He has many friends besides me.”

“Friends… … .”

My mother pursed her lips a few times and then finally sighed.

“It seems my daughter’s type isn’t a bad man, but a man with no tact.”

“…yes?”

I blinked. Ryozo cut in urgently.

“What are you talking about, Mom! Hey, don’t bother me anymore. Let’s go, quickly.”

Ryozo roughly pulled my sleeve. I said goodbye to my mother, who

was being dragged away. Despite the cold weather, she stood there for a long time.

Thud, thud.

The view of the apartments disappeared and the elevated coastal road was revealed. There seemed to be a pungent smell of water, perhaps because of the sea. At that point, I spoke.

“Stop for a moment. I need to catch a taxi to the subspace warp terminal.”

“Let’s take the express bus instead of the warp.”

“It’ll take a full five hours. It might take longer because of the traffic because it’s the weekend.”

“So. No, but still, the bus. The warp sickness is so bad.”

Hey, I don’t think you had any motion sickness when you came.

“And using Warp for personal gain like that is an abuse of power.”

“… Okay, then let’s take the express bus.”

“I wish I could walk to the bus terminal. My head is hot, so I’d like to get some sea air while I’m walking.”

Ryozo said, sniffling. Seeing that, I took a step forward and stood facing him. Then I tied my muffler carefully.

“If you’re going to say that, you might as well look cold.”

“… … .”

Ryozo looked at my face and hands alternately. His complexion was a bursting pink.

“There… there. I… … .”

Ryozo licked his lips. That was when.

Sarak.

A whitish flake seeped down the muffler.

We both tilted our heads back at the same time. The gray sky, the turquoise coastline, and the pure white powder fluttering between them. The landscape, like a mixture of paints, was exquisitely beautiful.

“This is.”

It’s the first snow.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 241

Episode 241 The Butterfly Effect (1)

The popularity of heroes in this world is comparable to that of celebrities on Earth.

For that reason, the existence of fan sites that praise famous heroes, the so-called ‘named heroes’, is not particularly surprising.

Let’s take All Mute and Khan Elizabeth as representative examples. She is the most popular among the heroes.

All Mute’s fan site, [All Chat Prohibited] has 50,000,000 members. Exactly fifty million, without adding or subtracting.

This will probably be a very familiar number to Koreans.

‘Fifty million.’

This number is the total population of South Korea. There may be some variation, but we call it an approximate number of 50 million people.

Here, some may wonder, and the following questions are also natural phenomena.

-Anonymous 156: It drops to exactly 50 million?

-Anonymous007: Does that make sense? No, it was All Mute, which was popular to begin with, so isn’t that too little?

Moreover, aren’t heroes those who sacrifice themselves to fight for

humanity?

If the popularity of Guga is greater than that of celebrities, it would not be less, but more.

-Barbarian: It's a fabrication, of course.

It's a reasonable doubt. And congratulations.

You said the right answer.

Before we get into the main topic, I need to briefly touch on the system of this world. It's complicated in detail, so I'll explain it as briefly as possible.

This world is based on democracy and feudalism. Strictly speaking, it is ambiguous to say that it leans towards one side or the other. It is roughly half and half. However, it is not like half and half chicken in a neat box.

-Barbarian: Democracy? The people are the masters of the country? This is disgusting.

-Cheonma_Toxic: King? Nobleman? What era is this… … .

-Barbarian: Cows live like cows, eating grass. It would be bitter if they were to eat meat presumptuously.

-Cheonma_Toxic: That's such an ancient and primitive way of thinking.

-Barbarian: You speak like an ancient person.

So how can this uncomfortable situation be maintained for both sides? There are three possible reasons.

First of all, it is 'protection'.

Humans who have manifested the power of protection are several times stronger than ordinary people. What's more, even the weapons of civilization, such as firearms, are not effective against them.

I think it might be the result of the special nature of fantasy. When you think of fantasy, you think of swords, but when you hear gunshots, it's a bit like that.

-Anonymous 338: I heard that villains mix magic and use it.

-Narsystem: Yeah, and bullets are expensive so I can't buy them anyway.

The weapons that turned the tide of warfare are nothing more than scrap metal here.

Therefore, the common people have no proper means of resisting the nobles.

-Barbarian: Hero 1 = Commoner 100. (Based on Senior Hero)

-Barbarian: Warrior class would be several times that. Your rebuttal is correct.

-Cheonma_Toxic: In what country is the city you are talking about?

-Barbarian: Report the gag. sg

-Cheonma_Toxic: Does ㅅㄱ mean report?

-Barbarian: At the level of an old man's joke. So, his nickname is Cheonma Monopoly.

-Cheonma_Toxic: That's not what I meant~^^

-Barbarian: Are you a alpha?

If they rise up? The nobles will easily suppress them with physical force. So, powerless commoners have no choice but to submit to the system and follow it quietly.

-Barbarian: But our country's king, these days, has opened up half of his thoughts to win the hearts of the people.

-Narsystem: Well, to maintain the system, you need citizens.

-Barbarian: Woof! Honey!

The second one requires less explanation than the first.

-Barbarian: Tells the story of fighting with a mine.

The second reason is because of the demons.

There is a public enemy. But humans are fighting each other? What if the demons invade when the time is right? The result will be mutual destruction.

In this situation, ideological conflicts, democracy vs. feudalism, are trivial issues. They know this well, so they do not find fault with each other.

-Anonymous338: It's better to be uncomfortable than to both die.

However, violence has been an inseparable means of communication throughout human history. It is a human instinct and habit.

-Anonymous 338: Those who have more are more, the personalities of the nobles are really different.

The nobles are the ones who are willing to draw their swords when the spark of democracy spreads in their country. The authors who froth at the powers that threaten their interests.

Here, as information develops and times change, new threats have joined the ranks. They are the 'named heroes' mentioned earlier.

-Barbarian: Tells you the conditions for a named hero.

1. It's really that strong.

2. Pretty or handsome.

3. Must be from a good family.

-Cheonma_Toxic: Whatever it is, it doesn't seem to apply to you. Haha

-Barbarian: A bastard.

Celebrities, even when they become well-known, do not exercise

political power. Of course, they have influence, but it is an indirect influence.

On the other hand, heroes are closer to politicians. They have a direct influence. If they are popular, they can be burdensome to the existing vested interests.

Democracy and feudalism may have compromised, but they are not capable of stopping the changes of the times.

It was a time when a coordinator was needed to maintain this precarious balance. The Hero Association was born at that time.

The Hero Association first and foremost classified heroes into ranks, objectively classifying them.

To facilitate this, we later created something called HP.

-Barbarian: I have HP, can I join Lancelot Company? (with photo)

-Cheonma_Toxic: It's possible to get it at a local hole-in-the-wall store.

-Barbarian: Seriously, where do you live?

Additionally, in order to curb the influence of 'named heroes', the number of fan site members was limited to 50,000,000.

-Narsystem: They say limiting the number of fan site members was secretly effective. The influence of influencers comes from numbers. But if you block that, it can't help but be effective.

-Barbarian: Please summarize in three lines.

-Cheonma_Toxic: That's three lines.

So, the 50 million members of All Mute's fan cafe is the maximum allowed by the association.

-Narsystem: Well, I don't know why it was set at 50 million. Only the person who built the system would know.

-Narsystem: As far as I know, even Vice President Changseongdo cannot intervene in the system.

-Barbarian: So who is that?

-Narsystem: If the vice president doesn't exist, are there more than one?

But here's where things get weird.

"49,998,724 people. ???? Refresh."

There is a theory called the butterfly effect.

"49,999,827 people. ???? Refresh."

The flapping of a tiny butterfly's wings.

"Fan site of Seven Star Heroes and Heavenly Sword.

Number of members of [Sashimi Sensitivity]

: 50,000,001 people. ???? Refresh. 」

The hypothesis that it could cause a typhoon.

-Narsystem: (Photo) Cheongeom fan site.

-Narsystem: What is the number of members?

-Anonymous192: ??? Isn't it just a bug?

-Narsystem: Refreshing, but still going up. And it hasn't happened in over a decade.

-Anonymous 109: Wow, it's already close to 55 million?

-Anonymous338: No, but why is it only the Cheongeom fan site that's like this? All mutes are still the same?

-Barbarian: You've been hacked. The Hero Association class.

-Cheonma_Toxic: No, I'm an association employee, but it's absolutely

impossible. There are over 20 security walls, and ten of them are analog.

-Barbarian: Association staff? You're being a jerk.

-Barbarian: So what's your rank? Low-level intern?

-Cheonma_Toxic: Me.

Knock, knock.

-Cheonma_Toxic: President of the Association.

The winds of change began to blow.

…

-Barbarian: Block.

* * *

Early Monday morning, two days after returning from Busan.

♪♫♬♪♭

The loud ringing of the phone tormented my eardrums. I felt my head against the pillow in my sleep.

"…who is this."

I squinted my eyes and looked at my phone screen. It was none other than Speed Weapon that had woken me up from my morning slumber. And it was 30 minutes earlier than my wake-up alarm.

Should I answer or not? I hesitated for a moment in a dazed state before touching the call button.

"Uh, weapon."

"Ah! You were sleeping, sorry, sorry."

At those words, I opened the curtains with my phone screen pressed to my ear.

Even taking into account that it was early winter and the east was slowly rising, the sky was pitch black.

It's probably not even 7 o'clock yet. School starts at 9 o'clock.

I scratched my messy head and straightened my back. I was mentally preparing myself. Once a weapon is detonated, it will remain silent for at least 30 minutes.

In fact, Weapon only calls when the matter is serious. The fact that he called on a precious Monday morning is proof that something is not right.

I opened my mouth again.

"So what happened?"

"Before I speak, I'll send you some pictures. Could you take a look at them?"

I did as I was told. I had to do it if I wanted to sleep even just one more minute.

At the same time, I checked the photos sent by the weapon.

'… … ?'

The drowsiness that had been hanging over my eyes was completely gone. Weapon was whining over the phone.

"Did you see it?"

"Uh… but what is this site? Sashimi Emotion?"

"Huh? You didn't even know the name of the fan site until now?"

"I just found out that there is a fan site."

"Wow- Manager, I knew you weren't interested in this kind of thing, but I didn't think it would be this much… … Anyway, do you see the number in the corner of the photo?"

"Yeah. Five thousand… Tens of thousands."

“That’s the number of members on your fan site, Manager.”

“what……?”

My fan base is over 50 million? It was an absurdly large number, but it was easy to estimate. It was the same number as the population of South Korea.

However, it is difficult to imagine how much that total amount is physically.

‘How many soccer fields can be filled with this number?’

Meanwhile, the weapon was chattering excitedly. It was a rapid fire gun. The lips could not keep up with the speed of the tongue.

“Are you surprised? Well, I didn’t even know that fan sites existed, so that reaction is natural. But the most important thing here is that the number of members has exceeded 50 million. That’s the most important thing. According to the Hero Law, the number of members on fan sites is limited to 50 million. I’ll explain in detail later.”

Oh my gosh. That weapon skips the detailed description.

I looked out the window again. The sun was rising on the eastern horizon, not the western.

“Anyway, it’s incredible that we’ve surpassed that limit. It’s almost like an enlightenment revolution!”

Weapon spoke breathlessly, as if he was very agitated. Dude, no matter how much you like to talk, it’s not like that. Just breathe while you talk.

“Because the membership limit has been lifted… …!”

Unfortunately, the weapon did not finish its sentence.

♪♫♬♪♭

It was a phone call from the principal that pushed his words away.

“My cell phone has been in the queue since morning.”

I feel popular in a different sense than the fuss about weapons.

I sighed and changed the caller. I’m sorry Weapon, but adults come first.

“Yes, principal.”

“Ah! You were sleeping, sorry.”

I never thought I’d hear this line again. I have a reasonable suspicion that they might be plotting something together.

“I was just awake, so why did you call me?”

“Nothing else, but Geomma, can you spare some class today? I have to go somewhere urgently with you. I’m really sorry for the suddenness… … . But it’s really urgent… … .”

Media muttered like a sinner. It was only yesterday that she had told him to enjoy his life as a cadet, and now she was going back on her words.

“it’s okay.”

But she doesn’t have to feel so guilty. I’m a cadet and a Chilseong.

“Huh? Really? It’s really far. Are you okay?”

“Anyway, we’re going straight to the subspace warp, so I’ll get ready right away.”

“Are you really, really okay?”

“Yes. Don’t worry. Anywhere is fine.”

Regardless of age or status… … .

“Even though it’s Antarctica?”

“… … .”

I am a seven-star hero.

It’s really not easy.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 242

Episode 242 The Butterfly Effect (2)

I quickly got ready and headed straight to the warp terminal inside the academy. At the terminal, a female secretary and a male attendant were standing side by side behind Media. The secretary was a face I had seen a few times before, and the man was my first time meeting him.

““Hello, Lord Cheon Geum.””

When the two men saluted me politely, I nodded back. I was used to such formalities by now.

“I’m sorry for bothering you so early in the morning, Geommaya… … .”

Media sighed deeply again and again.

“What is the purpose of going to Antarctica?”

I shook my head and asked. Because the destination was so shocking, I didn’t actually ask what the purpose was.

“Oh, that’s it.”

Media hesitated and fell asleep. It seemed as if she couldn’t open her mouth easily. At that moment, the secretary standing to Media’s left answered instead.

“I am sorry to ask, but let me tell you.”

My left eyebrow is crooked.

“I’m sorry to say that, but you can say it without saying anything like that. If the protocol is too excessive, it can be burdensome to the listener.”

“No, that won’t work.”

The secretary shook her head with stubborn eyes. The man next to her poked her in the ribs, but she continued to speak without flinching.

“I have met the hero of the Joaquin disaster, the youngest hero of the Seven Stars, the hope of humanity, and the Heavenly Sword. Even this courtesy is the minimum before the Heavenly Sword. If you ever ask me to be rude, I will commit suicide… …!”

“The main point.”

“yes.”

The secretary pretended to put her hands behind her back and fixed her gaze 45 degrees in front of her. She opened her mouth like a soldier reporting to his superior.

“As you may have heard from the principal, we are headed to the southernmost point of the Earth, Antarctica. Furthermore, the purpose of this sudden journey is to meet Victor Foy, the head of the Hero Association and the principal’s biological father… .”

“I’ll explain later. I’m the one who called you, and the person who’s sure to cause trouble today is my dad.”

Media brushed her hair back and dismissed the secretary.

“Ah, ah, no, Principal. I am the one who… … .”

“I’m already tired. So don’t make me say it twice, okay? Please.”

Media said, half kindly, half warning. The secretary bit her lip reluctantly.

“I will accept it.”

A thin stream of blood flowed out from between the secretary’s upper teeth. Media did not see it. Only the male attendant rolled his eyes with a nervous expression. It seemed that the secretary was higher in rank than the man.

‘By the way, this world is really convenient. You can go to Antarctica as if you were going to a local bar.’

I heard that on Earth, where there is no subspace warp, traveling to Antarctica is quite expensive. I heard that one of my first master’s wishes was to ‘go sea fishing in Antarctica’. The minimum cost is said to be around 30 to 40 million won. But we travel without paying a single penny.

‘The money is frozen.’

If that guy knew this, he’d be so sick to his stomach.

“As the secretary said, my father, Victor Poison, is currently living in Antarctica. That’s why we’re going to see him. I begged him to come to the Academy, but the old man said he’d get homesick the moment he left home, and he kept getting angry and saying he wanted to see you, Geomma.”

I was momentarily stunned. In these few sentences, there were already two surprising things.

The president of the association was living in Antarctica and he wanted to see me.

What should I be surprised about first?

Meanwhile, Media was mumbling in a bold tone.

“I really thought it was dementia. Oh man, but what can I do? It’s been decades since Victor Poison showed up. And it’s even more unusual for him to show up to see someone. It’s not like it’s normal.”

“okay.”

The Poison family is always in trouble whenever a member appears. What kind of family is this? Mediah's tired voice sounds pitiful for no reason.

"But I thought it would be too shameless to call you on the weekend, so I called you on Monday morning. Oh, right. I almost forgot. Would you like to eat this before going into warp?"

Media handed me two pills. A red pill in my right hand, a blue pill in my left. A scene from the classic sci-fi film The Matrix suddenly flashed through my mind.

"Our destination is Antarctica. If we go there wearing just a padded jacket like that, we'll probably freeze to death."

"That may be true."

Media cupped her thumb and index finger to pick up the pills.

"That's why I prepared it! This red medicine here is a medicine with heat-radiating properties. It's a medicine that traps body heat inside the body. To put it simply, if you have this one medicine, no matter what kind of cold region you're in, you won't freeze to death!"

She spoke powerfully.

"On the other hand, it is possible to maintain a constant body temperature even when going to a hot region."

Long-term training is not possible in the physical world. Therefore, humans fall down one by one in the face of illness. Even superhumans who have to fight against demons are no exception.

The environment of the Demon Realm of Gehenna is harsh and dry. The weather changes constantly. In addition, a toxic element called magic floats in the air.

In this way, all elements of the devil torment humans.

The only way to build immunity to environmental changes and diseases is to adapt. Coincidentally, this also applies to magic power.

However, it was impossible to accumulate both, because magic and human physiology have completely opposite properties.

However, this does not mean that mankind would just suck its thumb helplessly. At least on Earth, humans are the apex of all creatures, occupying the top of the pyramid.

The brilliant scholars sought a method.

If I could do just one of those two things… … .

At the moment of choosing between the two, the research team chose the electronic-environment-and-disease-study. After that, they put their heads together and squeezed out their collective intelligence.

For the heroes of hope for humanity who fight against the demons.

In the battlefield and laboratory of Baektak, they fought their own war for many years.

And the fruit is this gorgeous, shiny, red-and-blue grain.

‘Fighting isn’t just for heroes.’

Each position is its own battlefield. Everyone is equally burdened with the task of the Great War.

‘But the nobles oppress and crush others just because they think they are superhumans. They want to solidify the privileges they have acquired.’

The only difference between a hero and an ordinary person is the presence or absence of protection, but that alone clearly creates a gap in status and treatment.

‘Those piglets who are completely ungrateful for the hard work of ordinary people.’

I think this is human arrogance, and I wonder if this is why the demons have been so powerful recently.

‘In a situation where even if we join forces, it won’t be enough.’

I smiled bitterly and looked at the media again.

“This blue pill prevents various diseases. By the way, Antarctica is an environment where most viruses cannot survive due to the extreme cold. But there are some that survive. What if you get infected by one of those? How many days would you be sick? If you were to catch a severe infectious disease, the whole world would fall into a pandemic.”

“So, does this medicine prevent all diseases?”

“That’s right, if you take it in advance, it can prevent 99.99% of diseases.”

“The people who created it are amazing. It’s a total panacea.”

Was it because of the existence of Gaho, or was it because it was 2034? This world’s scientific power was more innovative than that of Earth.

“It’s amazing. The unit price is a bit high, so it’s not yet widespread. But the research team deserves respect just for creating this medicine. In a way, they’ll save more people than our heroes.”

Media continues with a bright smile as if she is happy.

“And of course, our swordsman is deep.”

“yes?”

“Normally, I admire these drugs, but I don’t care about the people who made them. But you immediately thought of the research team. That’s why I praise you so much whenever I see you!”

What should I say?

‘It’s embarrassing.’

I feel like a newborn baby because I get so much support from just one casual remark.

I swallowed the two pills I was handed at once. After the foreign

body feeling in my throat…

‘oh.’

I felt my arm. There were no visible signs, but I could feel it. The essence of cutting-edge pharmacology was spreading to every corner of my body.

Then the secretary, attendant, and media took turns taking it. The man clenched his fist and repeated it.

He shouted in an energetic voice.

“Oh… oh. This is the new drug Morpheus that I’ve only heard of… … . There’s a reason it costs 2 billion!”

I blinked. I thought I heard wrong. 2 billion?

“Excuse me. The pill we just swallowed was worth 2 billion?”

“To be exact, one party is 2 billion won, Cheongeom-nim. Since we took them at the same time, we would have swallowed a total of 4 billion won worth. Ugh- Thanks to Cheongeom-nim, I am able to enjoy such luxuries! Your name!”

I instinctively looked around. The secretary, the attendant, the principal, and me, the four of us… … .

I burst out laughing.

The money is frozen? No, it’s not.

We gulped down about 16 billion before we even started our journey.

If my first teacher had seen this, he would have held his stomach and laughed out loud.

“Fuck.”

* * *

We arrived at Antarctica almost as soon as we set off. To be honest, the word departure was meaningless. As soon as we set foot on the

warp, we were at our destination.

“This is Antarctica.”

It’s pure white.

My first impression was like this. The upper part of the blank sheet of paper seemed to have been painted blue. Above the pure white horizon, mountain ridges rose up intermittently.

It was a fantastic scenery, like a scene from a dream cut out with scissors. The body temperature was also different, so it felt less real.

‘But it’s really not cold at all.’

Even though my breath and nose would blow out every time I breathed, my hands and feet didn’t get cold. Naturally, my fingers didn’t get cold or red.

‘The medicine is killing me.’

At that moment, I felt eyes on me and turned my head. In the distance, I saw a black and white flock struggling. It was a group of penguins. They were jumping into the sea, rubbing their bellies against the ice.

“What the-?”

A few of them looked at us and tilted their heads as if they sensed our presence. I thought their stupid expressions were quite cute.

One of the penguins broke away from my group. It waddled toward me, its orange flippers making alternating paw prints on the white floor.

Chop, chop, chop, chop.

I’ve heard that penguins are curious animals. They approach humans without hesitation when they first see them.

…but that penguin.

“Isn’t that too big?”

The male attendant said. As he said, he was of a different size. The secretary next to him muttered with a look of bewilderment.

“Emperor… Penguin… … ?”

I don’t think so.

Whatever the hierarchy, there’s no way that guy is a penguin, because he’s as big as a person.

However, it is too penguin-like to be called a demon. Moreover, it would have been strange for it to be hanging out with a group of penguins.

“… … .”

Until this moment, the principal had kept his mouth shut and said nothing. Even while remaining silent, his face only grew pale.

The penguin soon stood tall within arm’s length of us. The -76 degree Far East wind whipped between us and the penguin.

Phew.

The wind was chilling. The atmosphere was like a gun-toting scene in a Western movie. Instead of tumbleweeds rolling across the dirt, there was a blizzard.

Media frowned and let out a breath of white air. She spoke nervously.

“How about we stop joking around? How much more embarrassing are you going to do to your daughter in front of everyone?”

Swish.

The next moment, the penguin lifted both wings and grabbed the nape of its neck, then whined and twisted its neck from side to side.

The torso and head began to separate. No one could open their mouths at the strange sight.

Bbong-!

With a cheerful sound, the penguin's head was pulled out. Then, like a Russian matryoshka doll, a new head sprouted inside. It was the face of a young man with green hair.

"Phuha!"

The young man breathed with a refreshing face, perhaps because he was stuffy. He shook his green hair and sprinkled sweat. In an instant, frozen beads of sweat fell to the floor.

The group of penguins who had been watching from afar were in an uproar.

"Keep on-! Keep on-! Keep on-!"

The way it flapped its wings and waggled its paws seemed to express its betrayal towards the human-faced penguin.

The most impressive reaction of all was that of a penguin who appeared to be a female. Her round eyes were filled with tears, as if she had been heartbroken.

Either way, the human-faced bird unzipped the zipper on its belly. This is the moment when birds evolve into primates.

"Victor Poison. He's a marine biologist by profession, and a part-time employee of the Hero Association."

The president of the association greeted the man with a penguin head tucked under his right armpit.

"Cheongeom, I've been waiting for you with bated breath! It's been a century since I've felt this way, haha!"

"… … ."

It wasn't all an exaggeration to say that I had been waiting with bated breath.

"I have prepared a gift for you, Cheongeom. You came all this way! It

is a rare and precious gift, so I think you will like it."

"Oh, yes… … ."

The association president had a sad smile on his lips.

"Okay! Let's move for now. It's a bit noisy."

The president of the association took the lead and guided us. We followed him with unsteady steps. Behind us, the sobbing of a female penguin echoed throughout the Antarctic region.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 243

Episode 243: The Butterfly Effect (3)

Antarctica was cold.

Chop, chop, chop, chop.

“… … .”

All of us at Joaquin Academy were quiet. No one spoke first. Everyone was just silent as if they had made a promise.

because…….

“ha-.”

Media sighed as the ice floor gave way with each step she took. Her breath escaped sadly through her teeth.

Yes. The reason the secretary, the attendant, and I remained silent. Our silence was a consideration for the blushing media.

I glanced to the side. Media was swallowing the words that were rising to her chin.

‘Even if I were to see my parents for the first time in decades, what if they showed up in a penguin suit… . . . ‘

Even though I am an orphan, I understand her.

I turned my gaze forward again. It felt strange to see the penguin’s swaying rear end.

‘That weirdo is the head of the Hero Association… … .’

Victor Poison.

I had heard about it from Ryozo several times.

-The president of the association is a mythical figure.

A short but impactful one-line review. It was rare for Ryozo to show respect. Thanks to that, I remember it clearly.

-If the president of the association makes up his mind, the international situation will be in turmoil.

Ryozo added that this was not a metaphor, but a fact.

The Joaquin Academy, the United Nations, and the Hero Association. The world is essentially divided between these three forces.

Separation of powers. Because it is the most effective way to prevent power from being concentrated in one direction.

Of these two forces, the Joaquin Academy is an educational institution that produces heroes, and the United Nations is a cooperative organization that coordinates diplomacy and major international issues.

Therefore, the Joaquin Academy and the United Nations do not have separate commanders. The academy director and the secretary general are temporary representatives, and it is a misnomer to call them the person in charge.

one.

-The Hero Association is different.

Why? Because the association was run by one person alone.

Joaquin Academy was also founded by Balor Joaquin, but he lived 700 years ago. He is a great man in history.

In addition, the United Nations is literally a ‘union’, a group of people

united by vested interests. The very existence of the founders deviates from the purpose of the union.

For this reason, among the three powers, the association was the only one with a clear overall person in charge.

I think you probably know who it is without me having to tell you. That's right, it's that penguin.

Victor Poison created an algorithm that could graphically represent HP (hero points). He also built a data center to store that vast amount of information.

A whole 70 years ago.

In addition to this, there is no end to the things that came from the hands of the association president, such as the association computer system, division of management by association branch, etc.

'But now instead of hands, I have penguin wings.'

Chop, chop.

The sound of cute footsteps lingers in my ears.

'What would Ryozo's reaction be if a person he respected was wearing a penguin suit?'

I'm really curious to see what kind of expression he'll make.

After moving for another ten minutes, the president of the association stood tall like a grasshopper.

"Let's see, it should be around here."

He gently placed his penguin head down next to him. He knelt down and wiped the snow with his wing. He looked like a penguin gathering food.

"After spending weeks with the penguins, I've lost track of where I am. Ah! This is it! I found it!"

The wings sank into the ice at some point. The president took three or four steps back, shaking his snow-covered knees.

That was the moment.

Kookookookookung… … !

The Antarctic continent is shaking. An avalanche occurs on the snow-covered mountains in the background. The attendant and secretary fall down.

An earthquake occurred out of nowhere. The attendant looked up.

“What, what is this!?”

A huge shadow was rising behind the chairman. It took some time to secure visibility due to the thick fog.

Phew.

The wind blew from south to north. The south wind drove the low-lying snow fog northward.

The secretary muttered with her eyes half-empty. The ice fortress had come into full view.

“In this wasteland… how… … .”

The Ice Citadel was enormous in scale. Its height and grandeur rivaled that of St. Peter’s Basilica in the Vatican. Geometric snowflake patterns and ice sculptures were carved all over the walls. It was aesthetically valuable even for a simple base.

“Welcome.”

The president turned around and smiled at us. He proudly raised his wings high in the sky.

“Here, Angel Factoria welcomes you!”

The penguin’s body formed a Y shape. It was a sacred posture, as if worshipping the sun.

* * *

The association president guided the group.

“Hey- this is the first time in my two hundred years of life that I’ve let anyone into my house.”

The attendant let out a sigh.

“oh my god.”

The exterior was impressive, but when I went in, my tongue just stuck out.

“Each and every machine here is thirty years ahead of its time, right?”

The attendant’s eyes sparkled with anger.

“I see you have an interest in these things.”

The association president raised the corners of his mouth. The attendant nodded quickly.

“I majored in science.”

“I guess you’ll be able to get a job. But since these are things I made to kill time, they’re not worth looking at.”

“This is ridiculous, Chairman! This is just a way to pass the time! If just a few of these were published, the world would turn upside down!”

“I don’t care if the world turns upside down or falls down. But since you like it so much, take one with you when you go. As a souvenir from Antarctica.”

“I, I, really… …?! Ugh, ugh-!”

As the attendant started to fuss, the secretary covered his mouth. Then, he quietly nodded to one side.

“Let’s be more mindful, okay?”

The secretary whispered. The attendant's Adam's apple moved up and down.

Crack, crack.

The heels of her shoes roughly hit the pavement. Tyrant Media was currently having her patience tested.

'I wondered where you had been hiding for over twenty years.'

Who would have thought that it would be in such a polar region? There was a reason why it was not found even after searching the entire country.

'I'd like to shout out a few words, but.'

The media stopped at just staring at the back of the association president's head.

Victor Poison was an eccentric, a man with a loose screw.

However, even the media could not help but admit that Victor Poison was a genius beyond compare.

'My father's achievements are evaluated as having advanced human civilization by a hundred years.'

Victor's footsteps were bold. He also provided the clue that allowed mankind to launch satellites and glimpse into space. However, he insisted on living in seclusion, never going to the front lines. He did not care if the world criticized his irresponsibility. Victor was a man who did not care about the world.

'How much has Dad done for them?'

There was a mixture of love and hate in Media's eyes as she looked at Victor. He was a father whom she hated but could not help but respect. He had already lived for over two hundred years with a brilliant mind. It would not be surprising if his mind had become distorted by that point.

There have been many suicides in Poisonga for generations. The

ancestors felt the futility of life and gave up their given lifespan. That's why there are only three left now.

That's why Media couldn't say anything harsh to her troublesome older sister or her father who was tottering around in a penguin suit. Even though they were crazy, the two of them were her only family.

'I also need to keep my sanity.'

Media looked at Victor's back, who had become a madman while sighing. The joy and sorrow of mother and daughter's reunion. Joy and sorrow crossed in her mint-colored pupils.

Soon we entered a space. It was Victor's personal study.

"oh……!"

The ceiling was a round dome, densely packed with thousands of monitors. Wires poked out through the gaps between the screens, making sparks. Papers were scattered in a mess on the round table in the center of the lab.

"Everyone, please sit comfortably."

The president of the association, sitting at the top, unzipped his stomach. His black legs were sticking out from between his split stomach. He was wearing black tights as an inner layer.

Victor immediately asked Kang Geum-ma.

"Isn't that ironic?"

Kang Geum-ma asked back. He suddenly wondered what was going on.

"What do you mean?"

"I know you came to Antarctica by taking a new drug worth 2 billion won each. But look. Penguins can withstand extreme cold with their bare bodies."

"… … ."

“We humans are such weak and arrogant creatures. Rather than adapting to nature, we try to find ways to overcome it. But that’s why we’ve been able to survive so far. We don’t want to lose to either one. To nature or to the demons. Anyway, slap- you’ve finally taken it all off!”

After undressing, Victor did some stretching. His movements were so flexible that it was hard to believe he was two hundred years old.

He took a breath and then began to tell his story.

“Cheongeom, let me show you the gift I have for you right away. I don’t want to waste the young man’s time.”

Kang Geum-ma looked trembling. The timing of the gift didn’t matter. Where was the gift?

“It’s good that the feedback is fast.”

Victor snapped his fingers. The screens that filled the walls and ceiling lit up simultaneously. A crackling noise crackled within the screen.

“I was contacted by an association employee. He said he visited the ‘Nephilim Temple’ not long ago.”

Kang Geum-ma’s face hardened. Did you know that much? It wasn’t something you could hide anyway.

Kang Geum-ma nodded.

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Have you met the priest?”

“We did meet….”

“The 4th Corps Commander Permish will soon breach the gate and invade the Inse. That’s why you came to the temple to ask why. This is what I’ve been told. Is that correct?”

Kang Geum-ma accepted the words without hesitation.

“you’re right.”

“Then you must have heard a little about Permish.”

“I even have a unique hobby of collecting human bones and flesh.”

“I guess you didn’t hear the reason.”

“Well, that’s just because he’s crazy.”

“Haha, this guy too. In my entire life, I’ve never seen anyone call a commander a crazy person. What a terror!”

“Didn’t the chairman just say that humans are amazing at overcoming obstacles? To me, the corps commander is not an object of fear. Because I’ve overcome it.”

“I had high expectations because they said he was an unparalleled hero, but he exceeded my expectations. Of course, his skills are outstanding, and his spirit is amazing. He truly has an indomitable gaze that is not afraid of anything.”

Victor crossed his legs with a sad smile. His back was turned to the screen, casting backlight on him.

“But Permish is not a commander that can be dealt with with just fighting spirit. Especially not Permish, who personally broke through the gate.”

“…Is it that strong?”

“He uses earth attribute magic to create a ‘golem’. Human bones are used to make the frame. As befitting his rank as a general, he can be seen leading an army.”

Hearing that, Kanggeomma clicked his tongue. A battle of wits was the most undesirable form of fighting. But if we gather heroes here, we can do it.

‘There will be many casualties.’

Kuarn, that parasitic brother was so smug. Kanggeomma ground his

molars.

“As I said, humans are weak.”

Victor opened his mouth softly.

“Permish’s golem army would crush even the strongest heroes. That’s only natural, since golems are made of stone and humans are relatively soft.”

Victor gestured in the air like a conductor. The dense screens became one screen and transmitted images.

“… … !”

Both you and I trembled under our eyes and lips.

“You know what’s great about Antarctica?”

Amidst everyone’s shock, the president of the association, Victor, crossed his legs. He placed both hands on the armrests with dignity and spoke.

“It’s called a natural freezer. It’s something that will never spoil even if you leave it out naturally, and it’s so cold that it’s automatically sterilized.”

Victor raised his thumb and pointed behind his shoulder.

“Thanks to that, they have remained like that without mixing even after thousands of years.”

Hundreds of new models on the monitor.

“Humans are arrogant. To the point of modifying them into cyborgs and using them for their own purposes.”

It was the mortal enemy of the ancients, the being that the Strong Sword Demon had slaughtered.

“This is a gift I prepared for you.”

They were angels.

An accidental flap of wings returned as a typhoon.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 244

Episode 244: Association President Victor Poison (1)

The class routine for the thousand classes is simple: die, die, and die again in subspace.

“Oh, really.”

Weapon caressed the wounded man’s heart and soothed his aching stomach.

“… But even though a month has passed, I feel less pain when I take classes.”

The term ‘Salza Class’ is an abbreviation and slang for ‘Getting Used to Death Class’.

Weapon smiled bitterly and recalled something from earlier.

…

As soon as the class bell rings, he runs towards Professor Meain.

The cadets swung their weapons desperately.

Sometimes he swings his sword honestly, sometimes he flanks cowardly, and sometimes he throws his weapon from a blind spot.

I will try everything, regardless of the means and methods.

The result is… … .

puck!

I close my eyes, letting the sound of bones breaking be my lullaby.

“Kkung.”

My vision is getting blurry. The warm sunlight streaming through the window gradually becomes hazy. A curtain of darkness falls over my eyes. Even a single ray of light disappears.

The next moment, I open my eyes. It’s dark. I don’t even know if my eyes are open or closed. The ink is eating away at my skin and mind.

Gulp.

The son-in-law is a pitch-black sea. Black foam pouring out of the nostrils and eye sockets. A pressure that squeezes the whole body from all sides. Struggling is useless.

The process leading to death is static, and the end is an abyss.

Now, let’s open our eyes from death.

I barely roll my eyes. My colleague who was a bloody corpse with me is writhing like a zombie. A strange feeling passes by his hazy eyes. I breathe roughly. I supply fresh oxygen to my brain to confirm life or death. And I feel relieved.

‘I, I survived… …!’

Tears of joy are fleeting. Before we can feel the preciousness of life, Man-Rik seizes power. His fist cuts through the air. Every rugged joint is reflected on the transparent retina.

puck!

The jawbone shifts out of place, the nose and cheekbones collapse. The narrower the hit area, the more the pressure increases. The pressure from inside pushes the optic nerve and eyeball, spitting out the eyeball like a snail.

“Save me… … !”

Correct it.

puck!

The process leading up to death is horrific.

“Kkung.”

The ending is miserable.

…

He was like a moth jumping into a light. He had to jump in blindly, looking only ahead, even though he knew he would die.

Twenty times a day, five days a week, excluding weekends.

Weapon crouched. His fingers trembled as he hugged his knees tightly.

“Ugh… … .”

Then someone sat down next to the weapon.

“Is this seat empty?”

Abel sat down and apologized. Why did you ask me if this was going to happen? Just as he was about to ask back, Abel covered his mouth.

“I feel like I’m going to throw up.”

“… … .”

Weapon sucked his lips and sealed his snout. Vomiting is contagious. If the person next to him shows off his breakfast, he wants to do the same.

‘Not today.’

Weapon swung his butt and opened the distance. Abel glared at him with a stinging gaze. She thought. It was annoying to see a guy who had been a pizza factory owner until a few days ago act like that.

But he didn't show it. He had a purpose in approaching Weapon.

"There, that… there is."

The conversation began with a cough.

"Do you know why Kang Geum-ma was absent today?"

"Reason for the manager's absence?"

The weapon tilts its head.

"I know. I heard about it in the morning when I had to make a quick phone call. He said he had to go on an urgent business trip with the academy director. But I don't know for sure. I didn't ask."

"On purpose? Why?"

"The manager and I are playing different games. It might be confidential, but it's a bit much to ask."

"Oh, right… … ."

Abel paused before continuing. Since we had already started the conversation with a small talk, now let's get to the main point. She spoke secretly, like a spy making contact in a back alley.

"By any chance, what are you doing on December 18th?"

Weapon shrugged.

"Well, I didn't hear anything specifically from the manager. The manager is the type of person who doesn't care about such events. He even knew about the existence of his own fan site because I told him about it. He probably forgot that that day was 'Chilgeol Festival'."

Feast of the Seven Heroes. A day to honor the noble deeds of the Seven Heroes, disciples of Balor Joaquin.

The holiday was initially a solemn one, with people gathering in chapels, fasting, and praying in tears.

'It was like that just a century ago.'

But there is no business that can stand the test of time.

The holiness of the holiday has become commercialized. Some adults complained about this, but the public was already swayed by the commercialism. This was better than starving and praying.

Thus, the Chilgeol Festival became an event that marked the end of the year. Unused candles were replaced with colorful decorations and lights, and fasting and prayer were replaced with gift exchanges.

The Joaquin Academy also holds a celebration event. Furthermore, the scale is grand because it is based on the Seven Heroes.

“I see. That could be possible… … .”

Abel wiggled his fingers. For a moment, Weapon felt frustrated. Abel, do you think I don’t know?

“I guess that’s what I’m asking you, who’s your partner at the ball on the holiday?”

Abel’s face changed strangely and he immediately turned bright red.

* * *

one side.

The Antarctic base, Angel Factoria, was in chaos. Only Victor Poison was leisurely crossing his legs.

‘oh my god.’

The attendant’s eyes widened in shock. He couldn’t close his gaping mouth.

While working as a trainee, I saw and experienced all sorts of situations. Thanks to that, I was able to maintain my composure even when I met the president of the association after decades.

One, the performer’s emotions were clearly shown on his face. It was difficult to hide his emotions. The images transmitted by thousands of monitors were a huge shock.

The new models were lined up tightly in a gray-white cavity. They were covered in iron bars, but you could tell they were there by their ivory wings.

An agent of God. An angel.

“Are they really angels?”

The association president raised the corners of his mouth at the attendant’s question.

“Of course. I have my pride. I wouldn’t insist that a fake is real. There’s no certificate of authenticity, but it’s still an angel. And.”

The association president, sitting on his chair, stomped his feet.

“It’s underground in Antarctica.”

The attendant didn’t open his mouth anymore.

I just silently looked back and forth between the monitor and the doorway beneath my feet.

Victor burst out laughing.

“It seems like a lot of people are surprised. Well, if it wasn’t a dinosaur fossil but a complete remains, I think I would have reacted the same way.”

The secretary, who had been silent, joined the conversation.

“Ha, but Chairman, if that’s a real angel… … .”

“Why. Do you want to say something like blasphemy? But what can I do? It is blasphemy. And you, the second secretary and attendant, don’t you know that?”

Victor’s gaze sank. His secretary and attendant held their breath.

“The secret of our Poison family.”

It was an angel who cursed and killed the ancients. According to oral tradition, it was because the ancients committed blasphemous sins.

It was a misunderstanding, but the modern secretary and attendant learned it that way. Even the ancient Medea did not tell her about that part. She did not know the truth either. That is how little information there was about the inside story of the ancients. This was because it happened before humans used the unit called ‘century’.

Modern people do not even know the origin of the Chilgeol Festival 700 years ago. They had no way of knowing what happened thousands of years ago.

It was not just because humans were ignorant and foolish. It was because false gods interfered with human history. They preached distorted information.

“I’m telling you this because there seems to be a misunderstanding. My discovery of the angels was purely coincidental. The reason I came to live in Antarctica is also unrelated to the ancient tragedy of our Poison family.”

The secretary frowned as she listened to the president’s words.

“… But the world won’t believe it. If people find out about this, the chairman, no, the Poison family itself, will not be able to avoid criticism. If the person who turned the angel into a cyborg was an ancient person… … .”

“I know what you mean. You might say that he is the victim who became the perpetrator. Or you might say that the ancients and the demons are in cahoots.”

Victor stood up and walked closer to the screen. Then he reached out to the monitor.

Knock knock.

Static electricity ran through the gap between my fingers and the screen. It seemed as if man and machine were communicating.

“When I was born, there were no such things as electronic devices. There were mechanical devices, but they were very primitive compared to today’s smartphones that are rife with things that burn coal and emit steam.”

Victor looked at the monitor. His gaze was deep as he looked at the old analog TV.

“But do you know what’s really funny? The times changed so quickly right after I was born. The sound of horse hooves in the streets died down, and one day, things with wheels started rolling. And soon, iron blocks were flying through the sky.”

He took his hands off the monitor and swung them around widely, not at one, but at hundreds of monitors.

“In the rapids of those times, I was always the same. I never changed.”

Victor once had a close friend, a friend from his childhood.

His friend knew that Victor was ancient. Still, the two got along well.

One day, my friend said,

-Victor, I don’t care if you’re an ancient. Any hero who fights for humanity deserves respect!

And time passed.

A long time for his friends, but a very short time for Victor.

Ten years. The friend had grown up, and Victor remained the same boy.

Only then did my friend realize.

The gap between ancient people and humans, the unfairness of even the time we take for granted, and this green-haired man is not at all pleased with it.

hook.

His friend threw a stone at Victor.

-Cursed Ancient! The only reason you live so long is because you’ve dragged out the lifespans of ordinary people like us!

Ten seconds. That's how long it took for yesterday's friend to become today's enemy.

"Around the time humans launched artificial satellites into the sky, the Hero Association was also founded. Around that time, I looked up what that guy was doing. I was curious. Just curious about what was going on. And then I found him. He was in New Zealand."

"… … ."

"So I went there right away. Then, guess what? That guy, looking young, was there to greet me! I was so surprised that I called his name! Do you know what he said?!"

The president of the association turned around and shouted at us.

"I got this question back: 'How do you know my late grandfather's name?' I felt like I'd been hit in the head with a hammer."

"…dad."

Media unconsciously withdrew her outstretched hand. Victor continued speaking.

"It was from that time. I decided to live in seclusion. I looked for a place. A place untouched by human hands, and yet isolated from the flow of time. And the place I finally found was the Antarctic land you are standing on."

Victor's dream was simple. He wanted to clink glasses of beer with a friend and reminisce about the old days.

I just wanted to live with people.

"But by pure coincidence, the enemy of our ancient people was sleeping under this ice field. How surprising!"

The world wouldn't allow that. So he chose to become a madman. It was a world where it was hard to survive without going crazy.

"At that moment, I decided. I would turn those damned wingmen into a legion for humanity! I considered that my remaining task and

devoted decades to it. And today, I will finally put an end to it.”

Victor strode over to me and stopped right in front of my nose.

“That Angel Legion will be helpful when dealing with the 4th Legion Commander Permish. Even though their durability may be a problem after thousands of years, using them will reduce the bloodshed of humanity. If you have any additional settings you want, I will prepare them. I will not spare technical support either. In return… … .”

I flinched and took a step back. Victor’s gaze was not ordinary.

Hot.

Suddenly, Victor’s two hands wrapped around one of mine.

“When this is all over, can you cut me with these hands?”

I could feel the madman’s regret in the hands I held.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 245

Episode 245: Association President Victor Poison (2)

The greatest challenge for ancient humans was survival.

I was always worried about how I would survive today, tomorrow, next year, and the days after that.

A naked human is weak.

It was a tasty prey to the beasts with sharp fangs and claws.

He is no match for chimpanzees of a few weight classes below him.

Our ancestors readily acknowledged the limitations of the human species.

The fighting power of a single human being was only slightly better than that of a rabbit.

They also have less fur to protect them from the winter cold.

Fingernails and toenails can break even when hit on gravel.

Their skin was scratched by the branches and was vulnerable to disease.

All they had was a blade of grass to cover their lower abdomen.

Humanity put its heads together.

If we are to prosper… … .

‘Gather more people!’

The united humanity pondered with reason and rationality, and presented answers through the group and intelligence.

Even if it wasn’t the right answer, I did it believing it was a better direction.

Thanks to this, mankind was able to develop civilization.

They armed themselves to hunt wild beasts and dealt with natural disasters.

Freed from the shackles of survival, humanity prospered and multiplied.

The radius of life has expanded to the land, the ground, and even the sky.

Even though it was an area that was out of reach, I ended up setting foot in it anyway.

The teeth and claws of wild beasts had become luxuries, and natural disasters were no longer a threat.

‘Humans are arrogant.’

The spears and swords that had been aimed at the beast turned towards each other.

In order to occupy a little more of this tiny blue star in the cosmic gaze, they took what belonged to others.

The blind man took the lives of others without any hesitation.

Humanity is fallen.

It was a dark time, overflowing with greed and selfishness.

The appeal to humanity was reduced to a vulgar joke that wasn’t even funny.

like that.

When human history was stained with crimson blood, an unexpected enemy invaded.

Demon King's Army, it was the first Great War.

As the war broke out, humanity was pushed to the edge of a cliff.

Humanity was defeated and helpless on every front.

It was natural. When humanity was complacent and lax, the demons gathered together with one purpose.

The annihilation of humanity.

"That beautiful land flowing with milk and honey is too precious for humans. Submerge it all!"

3rd Corps Commander Vesna shouted, causing a tidal wave.

…

"Drive out the humans. Burn all their traces. Show them clearly that true evil is like a flame."

All things in the universe were engulfed in flames by the 5th Corps Commander Agor.

…

"Make the earth fertile by wetting it with human blood."

4th Corps Commander Permash was assembling human flesh and bones.

…

"When the air of the blue star becomes clouded with a clear red color."

2nd Corps Commander Kuarn smiled bitterly.

…

“We will prepare for His coming in the promised land.”

1st Corps Commander Lycan declared.

…

Only after the declaration of annihilation did humanity put down the swords they had pointed at each other and unite in purpose.

Because humanity also had an intuition about it.

Even if you beg for your life, those demons won’t even listen to you.

Humanity has come together again under the pretext of ‘survival’, a cause that was forgotten long ago.

But the situation was extremely unfavorable.

The evil spirits were rushing in at a rapid pace, but the soldiers were busy panicking.

There were many situations where even battles could not be fought.

One-sided massacres were common.

It was because human society was deeply rotten and corrupt.

It is impossible for them to unite overnight.

It wasn’t a miracle, it was luck.

The human flag was broken and the morale of the soldiers hit rock bottom.

In the Demon King’s army, the sound of the battlefield’s trumpet grew louder day by day.

It seemed as if even the last glimmer of hope for humanity, shining like a candle, was going out.

‘The fate of humanity is over.’

Everyone gave up.

But heroes only emerge when everyone else is in despair.

“Humanity will triumph.”

“possible.”

“The spark of humanity will not be extinguished here.”

The hero of troubled times lit the bonfire of hope and achieved victory.

The hero of the poem, Balor Joaquin.

Here, Victor Poison thought.

‘Humans are weak and arrogant. Without support, they easily break and rot.’

One step away from humans who live only for a hundred years.

‘It’s the same even today. The current society is rife with corruption, and sooner or later the demons will invade.’

I looked at human history and evil from a third party’s perspective.

There was plenty of time to reflect.

He was an ancient man free from the shackles of life.

‘At times like these, there needs to be a savior. A savior who will save humanity from falling into the swamp of evil! Not only humanity, but I will be saved too!’

Victor also added a small personal wish.

‘So if I could just end this miserable life… … .’

It was a twisted wish, though.

‘I want to die for that guy!’

This could truly be called a madman’s idea.

* * *

I was dumbfounded.

My thoughts were so tangled that this was all I could say.

“…What are you saying?”

“I said, please cut me with that hand, Heavenly Sword!”

The president’s remarks were incoherent.

However, the clear eyes staring at me were full of madness.

Is this the ‘clear-eyed madman’ that people talk about a lot these days?

I thought to myself, this gentleman who is over two hundred years old is living so youthfully.

“dad!”

Eventually, the media, unable to bear it any longer, stepped in.

She grabbed Victor’s wrist, almost twisting it.

“Even if your brain is gone, what? Asking the black magician to kill you? What are you talking about? It’s nonsense!”

The media screamed.

His voice was sharp, but his expression was pale.

“Second.”

Victor stares blankly at Media, not knowing whether he is aware of his daughter’s distress or not.

“Don’t you know that among our Poison family, there is no one who has lived his entire life. So… …!”

Media’s sword flies to the right of the mouth pouring out a long story.

slam.

The media didn't give me a moment to panic.

Her raised arm draws an arc again.

slam.

This time, left.

'Oh.'

Was the tyrant's hand spicy?

Victor's cheeks quickly swelled up.

Our society is based on respect for elders.

If I just talk back to my parents, they will scold me.

But your child is committing violence?

We call it immorality.

In other words, a son of a bitch.

Now Media has become a bastard by beating my father.

Even though he had three pairs of eyes watching him, he slapped my father's cheek coolly.

The principal who always set an example for the students.

'… But that makes sense.'

How do you feel when you see parents begging their children to kill them in front of them?

A thick spike is visible on the left side of Media's chest.

Her father was a nail that was driven in without thought.

The sorrows of the ancients are not only felt by Victor.

Your daughter, Media Poison, will be the same.

Still, the media did not go crazy.

'… … .'

I looked at Media with sad eyes.

From her position as principal, she looks down on the students as a beacon of a new era.

Because he never ages, he always stands in the same place, acting as a beacon for future heroes.

Media was content and grateful for her life.

He was willing to sacrifice his life for the cadet he loved so much.

The love for the Academy cadets can be seen just by looking at the love story of Miracle Guardian M.

[Poet's Protection] As soon as he sensed the signs of war, he took action.

First of all, I reported it to the Hero Association and the United Nations, but they turned a blind eye.

'What war in this age of peace?'

'Stop political interference and just do your job properly.'

If there is evidence at the scene, even those stupid guys will be convinced.

Media, who judged that it was reading sutras to a deaf ear, went straight to the Demon Realm to inspect it.

And he meets death in the barren land of Magical Realm.

Very slowly and painfully, by the hands of the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn.

Only after the cold corpse returned did humanity realize that Media

was right.

Media's death has raised alarm bells in the lax royal court.

After that, the academy, the association, and the union were united in one breath. At the center of the cause was the sacrifice of the media.

'sacrifice.'

When someone was about to give up their life, Media sacrificed herself.

That dedication became the seed that bore the fruit of victory for humanity.

Later, the wise Medea, along with Balor Joaquin, ascended to the throne as one of the only holy heroes.

"dad……."

That media was weeping with their shoulders drooping.

"It wasn't really to this extent. Why on earth did it change so much?"

"… … ."

Victor's answer was silence.

At this point, it seems like the media has sensed it too.

That his father went strong even though he was a good person.

"You two, get out for now… … ."

She gave orders to her attendants and secretaries without taking her eyes off Victor.

"Yes, yes… … !"

The tactful secretary and attendant hurried out of the lab.

But he never forgets to salute.

It is probably more to prepare for future troubles rather than to have a strong sense of professionalism.

‘Well, they are the ones who guard the tyrant’s side, so their discernment is no ordinary thing.’

My gaze moved from the door the two people had left to the other two people.

There the Poison women were arguing.

“Second… I don’t want to say this… but I find this life difficult now.”

“How can you give up on life because it’s too hard? What about the association your father founded? Is that gorilla, Changseong, who believed in you and followed you for decades, an idiot?”

“The Association proved it. We’ve been going strong for twenty years without a backroom old man like me. And we have a successor. Second, that Murah guy you mentioned will do better than me. Of course, he’s an ordinary person like them.”

Media snorted after hearing the excuse and rebuked him.

“Oh my, you’ve prepared so many excuses. But you forgot the most important part. Asking the swordsman to cut you up. What’s that? Is that an excuse for life being too hard, or is it a symptom of dementia?”

“It is a bad habit to commit suicide like our ancestors. It is time to stop it. In that case, put it in the hands of the Savior…!”

“This, this… crazy old man!”

Her hand, which was rising, stopped. I had stopped Media.

I paddled the whale.

“No matter how much you hate your parents, it’s not right for a child to hit them. The principal has lost his cool.”

Media couldn’t continue speaking.

His face hardened as if he was belatedly overcome by guilt.

I spoke to her as if I was comforting her.

“But I’m not saying that the academy director’s methods are wrong. I think the president of the association has a strong taste.”

I lightly pushed Media away and stood in front of Victor instead.

“I understand a little bit why the president asked me that. He must have felt bored, empty, and weary of life.”

“… … .”

“I understand, but the president is crazy.”

At my words, the association president looked dumbfounded.

Is it really that shocking to be called crazy by a crazy person? No.

They say a truly madman doesn’t know he’s mad.

“You’re not in your right mind. You asked me to kill you even though you had the option of dying while fighting the demons.”

I won’t deny that there is a sharp edge to my tone. I am angry at the president of the association.

It was because he asked me for something that seemed like an absurd request, but I was even more angry that he had made Media sad.

I was so angry that I had to get hurt by such a pathetic man.

“So here’s a suggestion.”

I took out the sashimi that Victor had been wishing for so badly.

After calming down Media, who was momentarily startled, he continued speaking.

“I can’t kill you, but I can cure your madness. I’ll do it with physical therapy. Sashimi, think of it as a shot or a scalpel.”

“… … ?!”

I ran my finger over the blade once.

“There’s a saying that a knife is better than a madman. I tried it on Jeolgung first, and the results were amazing.”

The look in the eyes of the association president, who looked at me like I was crazy, was the best.

Why are you making that face?

“It stings a little.”

Treatment was continued.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 246

Episode 246: Real Madness

Conversation would be the most ideal means of resolving conflicts between individuals.

Unfortunately, reality is not so easy.

Sometimes, there are situations where you have to give up your dignity and resort to violence. For example, when you are dealing with someone you can't communicate with, a crazy person, a crazy person…

anyway.

This is exactly the situation. Dignity is far away and violence is close. This is because the chairman of the association who runs away while spewing blood is a crazy person who cannot communicate.

Sigh.

I couldn't stand to see a seriously ill patient, so I 'had no choice' but to give him a knife injection. The eyes of the association president, who was hit in the side with sashimi, widened.

"Kkaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!"

A tearing scream echoed. The lab was spacious and the interior was made of iron, so the echoes lingered. At the center of the scene were the association president and I, with blood gushing from our mouths.

“Tingle-hearted.”

The president of the association, who was injected with a knife in the abdomen, is foaming at the mouth and fighting. His condition looks very bad, as his eyes are revealed as being cloudy.

Oh my… It seems like the madness is severe.

At times like this, you have to be strong-willed. The screams of a two-hundred-year-old man make your heart ache, but it’s all part of the treatment.

Let me emphasize that this is by no means simple violence.

I don’t want to do this to the principal’s father either.

‘My heart hurts.’

It hurts so much it feels like it’s going to tear apart.

So I need to cure the madness as soon as possible. [Painless Protection] only has about 40 seconds left.

“I’ll give you one more shot.”

“S, stop… stop… … !”

“It hurts more when I move… … Oh, that’s right.”

I scratched my head with the butt of the knife.

“I said I was sick.”

“Gyaaaah!”

Ignoring the wave of his hand, he took another bite of sashimi. Blood- The spurt of blood stuck to his cheek.

“Damn, I’m going to have to use a lot of soap when I wash my face later.”

The chairman’s face begins to turn pale, like a corpse. Around this time, he manifests [Protection of Regeneration]. [Protection of

Regeneration] also regenerates blood in the body, so there is no need to worry about excessive bleeding or shock.

If the timing is right, the patient will never die. No, he cannot die. I will not let him die.

This is a thought that comes to mind, but I think that if only this protection were distributed, wouldn't the medical community be turned upside down?

'Even a street vendor like me has already treated several people.'

Of course, it was impossible with just Gaho. It was the result of my precise swordsmanship and my sense of survival to save people.

With this, wouldn't I be a divine doctor?

.

.

.

No, not that.

* * *

"You're sick, Mr. Chairman."

Sigh.

"It will feel like a nail is being driven in."

Sigh.

"Think of this pain as the pain the principal just felt."

Sigh.

"A nail isn't just for children."

Sigh.

“Parents also drive nails into their children’s hearts.”

Sigh.

“I know this because I am the victim.”

* * *

“Hey… it’s a sword.”

Media, who was watching the scene of the association president’s madness treatment, called out to Kang Geum-ma. He turned around and looked at her. Her face was as pale as a sheet of paper.

“I completely understand how you feel, principal. You must be upset because of your father. Don’t worry. It will be over soon.”

Kanggeomma said as if to reassure her. Mediah’s lips trembled, then she shook her head.

“Geumma, no matter how I look at it, this isn’t treatment, it’s just torture… … .”

“Director.”

Kang Geum-ma spoke to her with stern eyes.

“Even though it may seem a bit extreme, don’t you know very well that this is the only way to cure the president’s madness?”

Media responded to Kang Geum-ma’s lecture with silence.

“… … .”

And then I thought, Victor Poison is a madman. My father was a madman who knew he was mad.

On the other hand, what about Kang Geum-ma? I’m sorry to say this to my beloved student, but Kang Geum-ma was also a madman. Just by listing his actions, you can see how crazy he is.

However, in normal times, he acts according to the correct moral consciousness and common sense. Except for when the so-called

‘madman switch’ is turned on, Kanggeomma is a Bardibareun(?) cadet.

The occasional unloving side of him is probably due to his early maturation due to his parents’ absence. His mental instability is also probably due to that.

He was in a miserable situation where he had no one to rely on in this world but himself. Despite all the adversity, he was a genius sent from heaven who achieved incredible feats.

‘The one who endured without being broken by the storms of life was Geommaya.’

Media vowed. It was her role to be the moderator who would keep this lovely yet pitiful genius from going astray. Even if he was a strong swordsman who vacillated between normal and mad, he could certainly change depending on the people around him and the environment.

‘But the problem is… … .’

Kang Geum-ma was not aware that he was a madman. He did not know that he was crazy. He thought of himself as a normal person.

“It may seem like simple violence. But to realize the preciousness of life, you have to experience the process of approaching death, that is, the pain, with your whole body.”

“… … .”

“I feel uncomfortable saying this to the president. It’s uncomfortable. But what can I do? It’s all part of the treatment.”

Even at this moment, when he was lecturing to himself, Kang Geum-ma was sincere.

Because I truly thought about it, I put it into practice without hesitation.

‘Okay, let’s make a hundred concessions and say that what Kang Geum-ma said is correct.’

Even in a heroic society, it was not uncommon for situations to be resolved through violence.

If not, then what Kanggeomma did to Jeolgung was absolutely wrong.

Although Media held back from striking due to some circumstances and the palace, she held back from beating him up.

But Kang Geum-ma couldn't hold it in. He went to the sickroom and started poking sashimi. At that, Media felt a deep sense of pleasure inside.

'Yes, you have to mix swords and fists in your words to get the noble heroes, the flying and crawling ones, to open their ears.'

Without going any further, didn't Media herself slap her father first?

The only difference is the degree, but violence is violence. I am not in a position to say anything to Kang Geum-ma.

But still, it is like that.

"Kkaaaaaaah!"

How can you treat Victor Poison, the leader of the Hero Association, like a fish?

'The ambassador also said 'tingling' and 'surgery'.'

Also, when I said something because it seemed too cruel, he treated me like I was weak-hearted.

'They say a truly crazy person doesn't know he's crazy.'

Media was silent. She wondered if she could really correct Kang Geum-ma into a normal person. If it was pure madness that had not been refined, there was nothing she could do.

at that time.

"But isn't the president of the association a combat-oriented hero? He

does resist, but he seems weaker than I thought for a position called ‘president of the association.’”

Kanggeomma wiped the blade on his clothes and then suddenly asked. The president of the association was unconscious in the chair right next to him.

Media swallowed dryly and replied.

“My father is not a hero specializing in combat. But he does have the fighting ability of a warrior.”

“is it so?”

Kang Geum-ma looked at the fainted association president with a look of surprise. That filthy parasite brother?

“I don’t think it’s to that extent.”

“That’s you… … .”

…you’re so crazy strong, you damn bastard.

The unfinished words lingered around Media’s throat. This was because the one sashimi had grown into two sashimi.

“If it’s warrior-level, it might be better to take out one more just in case.”

“Isn’t it okay if we don’t go that far?”

“You can’t let your guard down.”

Kang Geum-ma shook his head.

“If the president of the association decides to rebel… no, resist, I could stab him in the gut. This could result in loss of life.”

Kang Geum-ma insisted. Media just massaged her temples as the dizziness that was coming over her began to wash over her.

Meanwhile, the president of the association, who had been slumped over, opened his cloudy eyes. It seemed as if he had returned to the

living world after completing his third tour of the underworld.

The president groaned in pain. His focus was blurred. Drool dripped from his chin.

“Save me… … .”

After hearing that, Kang Geum-ma approached the president of the association.

“Please tell me clearly. Are you asking me to save you or are you saying you want to live?”

“I said I wanted to live!”

Kang Geum-ma lowered his voice. Then the association president poured out his words as if begging.

“Cheongeom, thanks to you, I realized that death is more painful than eternal life. I was ignorant. Life is not a continuation of pain. I learned that even if I roll around in shit, this world is better… … .”

“short.”

“I want to live. I don’t want to die. I don’t want to. I’ll try my best to live.”

Victor continued to beg for his life. His appearance was so miserable that it belied his position as the president of the association.

“Don’t ever say anything like you’re going to die again. If you do, I’ll see you again.”

“Even if my lifespan is over, I will still be alive thanks to life-extending treatment.”

Kang Geum-ma looked down at the president of the association and then turned his gaze to Media.

“It seems like the treatment for madness has been successful.”

Kanggeomma smiled, revealing his teeth. His fangs flashed sharply.

“If you need additional treatment, please let me know, Director.”

“… … .”

Media couldn’t say anything. She just let out a sigh that was barely enough to create an echo.

* * *

The physical therapy was over. Media called her attendant and secretary to the lab.

““… … !””

As soon as they set foot in the lab, both of them pinched their noses. The pungent smell of blood made their heads throbbing.

“What is this?”

The lab was covered in blood everywhere. Blood was everywhere. It was as if at least twenty people had bled excessively.

Media, who had anticipated the commotion of the attendants and the secretary, briefly explained the situation from earlier. The two were dumbfounded.

The attendant and the secretary stared blankly at each other. To summarize what the principal had said, Cheon-geom-nim had soaked the association president, that’s about it…

“It’s not that you guys are being deaf. I understand how you both feel. So let’s just… accept it.”

“If the principal says so.”

“Of course, this is a silent treatment. The story must not leak out. Absolutely not. Do you know what I mean?”

“yes.”

The secretary answered.

“If the story gets out, we’ll both commit suicide. That’s what we

swore.”

“Suicide? I never swore anything like that… …!”

The secretary glared at the attendant with a stinging gaze. The attendant cursed inwardly.

‘Fuck.’

This guy is always committing suicide. Even the president of the association tried to commit suicide and ended up like this.

The attendant furtively cast his gaze toward the corner of the research lab. Kang Geum-ma and the president of the association were having a heated discussion in front of an old computer.

The attendant who saw that sight was shocked. The two were talking as if nothing had happened. The mental world of madmen was beyond his common sense.

“What the chairman is saying is, let’s put these cyborg angels on a spaceship and send them out of the stratosphere. That’s it.”

Kang Geum-ma summarized the conversation so far.

“Why go to the trouble of sending it all the way to space?”

“It takes a lot of effort and resources to send it into space against gravity. But there are many advantages after that. For example, power is supplied by solar energy, and space is close to a vacuum, so there is less risk of decay. Do you understand?”

“Let’s say that’s true. But if we want to launch the spaceship, we’ll need help from the United States, and that’ll cause a lot of delays.”

“Why are you looking at the Yankees? I’ve even set up a spaceship launch facility under my Antarctic base. I can launch it at any moment with the push of a button.”

“Alone?”

“Even if I were an ancient being with an abundance of time, that

wouldn’t be possible. The lab is my personal space, so I don’t have one, but there are robots all over the Antarctic base that help me.”

The association president manipulated the keyboard and turned the monitor screen. The monitor showed the robots moving busily. However, the robots looked funny. They resembled penguins, seals, and animals living in Antarctica.

“Why do they all look like that?”

“It’s a matter of personal taste.”

“I respect you.”

“Anyway, the spaceship you launch will circle the Earth like a satellite. And Cheon-geom, only when you say a specific ‘command’ will it fall from space to Earth like a meteorite.”

“Falling from the sky would be an angelic appearance.”

“If we’re going to do it, wouldn’t it be good to have a concept as well? If angels fall from the sky, Permish will probably be secretly disappointed. What do you think, my plan?”

“To be honest, it’s crazy. Everything from beginning to end.”

Kang Geum-ma said with a serious expression.

“Let’s do it right now.”

Humanity has made every effort.

All that remains is a worthy opponent, that devil who will storm through the gate.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 247

Episode 247 Blood Clash (1)

It is not uncommon for yesterday's friend to become today's enemy.

How about the opposite?

It's rarer than the above case.

Even minor wounds can leave scars easily, but it can take several months to heal.

How much worse would human relationships be? They would only get worse, not worse.

Unless there is a common interest, yesterday's enemy rarely becomes today's friend.

But occasionally, something like that happens.

The president and I were one of those rare cases.

"Come visit me whenever you have time. I'm so happy to finally meet someone I can talk to."

The president of the association saw us off with a bright smile. His eyes, which had been showing a dark madness, had become much clearer. As I watched him waving his hand, I thought about this for a moment.

'Is it a compliment or an insult to say that I can communicate well with that gentleman?'

After the treatment, I had several conversations with the president. He passionately explained the project he was planning. I was surprised to see the president like that. Of course, it was a surprise in a good way.

‘I thought he was just a madman, but it turns out the president of the association is the president of the association… … .’

I was secretly impressed by the knowledge and wisdom of the association president. I could understand why he was called the greatest intelligence of mankind. However, the terms here and there were so difficult that I could only understand about half of them.

Still, I nodded my head in sincerity. I had worked in the service industry in my past life. I was a master at talking back to the elderly.

But the association president seemed to have misunderstood that service spirit as ‘communication.’ That can’t be true. There’s no way I can communicate smoothly with a madman!

Still, it is professional to not reveal one’s true feelings.

“I had fun too.”

The chairman’s smile widened as he felt better at my words. Then, as if something had come to mind, he suddenly asked.

“I almost forgot to mention it. Cheongeom, are you aware that the number of people on your fan site has been lifted?”

“Yes. I heard about it through a friend just before I came.”

“That’s what I am.”

“… … ?”

The president of the association took out his smartphone and showed it to me. It was a screen with my fan site on it. The president’s nickname was also written in small letters.

‘Cheonma_toxic?’

I thought it was a really strange nickname.

“The reason we limited the number of fansites was to reduce the influence of a single hero. That’s why the Hero Association was founded. You may or may not know, but groups are very afraid of individuals gaining too much power.”

“Why?”

The association president shrugged.

“There must be some reason for those fools to do that. They’re just afraid that their authority will be undermined.”

I couldn’t help but feel a strange feeling about him.

The one who reigns over the upper class is mocking them.

“But the group, or more precisely, the vested interests, cannot suppress the individual forever. That would be too anachronistic. Besides, the world is too noisy. It’s almost nonsensical that three legion commanders appear in one year. In these turbulent times, humanity needs a representative, a leader.”

“Isn’t the president the person closest to that leader?”

The attendant carefully opened his mouth. The president laughed heartily and said to Media.

“Second, your subordinate seems to be ambitious. He is good at saying nice things.”

“That’s not what I meant… … !”

“I’m joking. But I can’t help but think you’re not joking, seeing as you’re so flustered.”

“… … .”

“I appreciate your high regard for me, but I am not a chosen one of heaven. If I, who cried out for death just a few hours ago, were such a great person, wouldn’t the future of humanity be too bleak? And

above all, I belong to a group called the Hero Association. The qualities of a true leader do not come from the power of a group. They come from an individual. In addition, I must be chosen by the times."

While speaking, the association president looked up at the sky for a moment. He let out a small sigh.

"You are all so lucky. Before we leave, the heavens have given us such precious gifts."

My companions and I also raised our heads. The next moment, everyone opened their eyes wide. The curtains of the night sky filled our eyes. A spectacle of purple and blue-green lights tangled like vines. At first glance, it looked like a curtain woven from a carpet of light.

"Aurora……."

Someone muttered. It was a woman's voice, so it must have been either the principal or the secretary. Maybe it was just a mixture of their voices.

Knock knock.

My heart is pounding. At this moment, the only thought that comes to my mind is.

'beautiful.'

Any further vocabulary, at least I don't know of any.

Aurora. It was a mystery different from the subspace curtain.

It was a piece of Mother Nature, and the twilight of this blue planet on which we live.

"It's an astronomical phenomenon that can only be observed around the South and North Poles. It's also called the 'Curtain of Heaven' among scholars. The polar natives also call it the 'Spirit of God.' It's a meteorological phenomenon that's as difficult to see as its grand name suggests. This is the second time I've seen it since I came here."

The president of the association spoke to me while everyone was in a state of rapture.

“As expected, you were chosen by the times, Cheongeom.”

The association president’s hand gently pats my shoulder.

“Let’s change the times. I will not spare my support from behind.”

The weight of the words was not light at all.

* * *

As soon as I returned from Antarctica, I was greeted by a pile of work. I had only been away for a day, but the pile of paperwork had grown as high as a mountain.

My shoulders slumped in frustration. But what can I do? If I put off today’s work until next time, it will come back to me twice as much.

It’s better for your mental health to finish one more page instead of complaining.

“Are you pairing up some documents? Why is it that no matter how much I do this, it seems to increase rather than decrease?”

… I’m afraid that the guy who makes me promise to do this will lose his temper. But what can I do? It’s so annoying. It’s just pathetic to be sitting at my desk while everyone else is sleeping.

“Should I ask Weapon to come play?”

I’ll also pass on some of the work.

This too, the thought made me shake my head. The current time is 11:30 PM. Not only is it rude to call at such a close hour, but more than anything, I’m sure I won’t be able to work because of the weapon’s chatter.

When you call in a weapon, you have to give up work and sleep.

‘I can’t give up sleep because of immediate boredom.’

At that moment, the office door opened slightly. Thinking it was a thief, I instinctively reached for the sashimi. After all, there was nothing to steal here but documents.

Besides, I secretly hoped that the thief would steal these.

Well, I was thinking of turning a blind eye to that thief whose liver was sticking out of his stomach. If I wanted to, I could even pretend to be asleep.

This is the kind of person I am. I am even merciful to thieves.

Squeak.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a thief who came into my office. It was just Abel, who was sneaking around like a burglar cat, watching me closely.

'What's he doing at this hour?'

Abel asked, peeking his face through the crack in the door.

"Busy… …?"

"No, it's okay."

It was true that he was busy, but he didn't answer straight away. The person asking the question must have felt embarrassed. How embarrassing it must have been for him to be squirming like that.

Abel came in, quietly closing the door.

"I was worried that I might have bothered you… but thank goodness."

She coughed and tried to appear calm.

'what.'

This scene somehow feels eerie. When was it?

'Ah, it was like this when I was a boarder in the Nibelungen.'

When Abel came to my room to return the rabbit blanket. By the way, I am still using that blanket. It is a blanket with good fur quality, so just covering it with it makes me fall asleep easily.

“So what’s going on at this late hour?”

I asked. Abel hesitated for a moment and then opened his mouth as if someone could hear him.

“I heard from my grandfather. He said that something big will happen near Gehenna Gate soon. Oh, but I didn’t hear anything confidential!”

“It doesn’t matter if you hear it.”

Abel blinked at my clear tone. I rested my chin on my hand.

“Your Majesty, Abel, you are my family. I heard that your grandfather is facing a big problem, so at least you, as a family member, should know. It’s natural to worry about the safety of your family, even if it’s confidential and private. I’ll tell you.”

Then he spoke honestly about the current situation.

I explained exactly what the Inspector was doing at the gate, why, and what would happen. I explained the cause-and-effect relationship as I organized it.

In fact, this time, it is more difficult to predict the outcome than ever. Even the power of Permish, who breaks through the Gehenna Gate, is unclear. It is not clear how strong he is or what kind of magic he uses in detail. We can only guess based on historical records.

So, we have to keep in mind that in any case, it would be nice if all the participating heroes returned alive, but we can’t guarantee that ‘certainly’.

It’s not something that can be solved with effort. You have to rely on luck. But as someone who leads heroes, I can’t say anything but hopeful words.

I am a general, not a soldier. A general must always consider the best

and worst possibilities.

“Anyway, that’s it.”

“… … .”

Abel, who had been quietly listening to my story, surprisingly showed little change in his expression. However, his slightly stiffened expression did not seem to be a sign he had already known.

“I see.”

Numb to shock. The results of a thousand class lessons are now revealed.

“Of course you will join the fight too.”

“Yeah, that’s how it is.”

“Aren’t you scared or anything? If what you say is true, it wouldn’t be strange if someone died.”

“It’s scary.”

I didn’t deny it. There are other implications – perhaps the damage to our allies is severe – but it is true that I am afraid.

I lightly made a fist and knocked on the desk in my office.

“But my position is my position. If the person who has to stand on the front line is trembling, what will happen to the morale of the heroes in the rear? Even if I’m scared, I have to pretend not to be scared and act calm, because this is my position.”

Abel laughed softly and said teasingly.

“Add one more to that, and pretend to be cool.”

“Hey, people are talking seriously.”

“It’s funnier when you’re serious!”

Abel smiled and headed back toward the door. For some reason, she

looked relieved. Just before leaving the office, she slowly turned around.

“Still… I feel reassured knowing that you, Geumma, are by Grandfather’s side.”

Between the hair, the earlobes are as red as cherry tomatoes.

“So, I’ll specifically leave out the ‘Chuck’ at the end.”

Abel left the office with just those words.

* * *

Hawaii Island, right in front of Gehenna Gate.

The chief of police and the inspector stood side by side, looking at the gate. The gap carved into the gate was now large enough for one person to pass through.

Behind the two men, association staff and Japanese heroes gathered, all with grave expressions on their faces.

A gloomy silence enveloped the area. Only the top warrior-level heroes, including the Sung Bujang, were in good condition. Their expressions were equally serious.

“Finally.”

Chief Sung muttered. The inspector nodded.

“Call the Heavenly Sword.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 248

Episode 248 Blood Clash (2)

I stopped by Choi Seol-ah's house for the first time in a while. I visited to have dinner and chat with Hontail.

"How is life at the academy? Is it worth it?"

"yes!"

The soul that had been munching on Korean beef nodded vigorously. The area around his lips was glistening with fat.

When I handed him a tissue, he wiped it off and then opened his mouth to speak.

"Everyone was much nicer than I thought! At first, they were shy, but soon they started taking great care of me. Especially Speed Wagon."

I corrected my friend's name.

"Weapon."

"Oh, that's right. Anyway, that Weapon guy helped me a lot with my adaptation."

"He's a nice guy. We're close because he's Jin-guk."

"He's a really nice person, except that he talks a lot and explains things I don't even ask about!"

Oh my, my Korean has improved again, I can beat people up with

words. At this rate of growth, the final stage of Korean language, ‘K-satire’, will soon be reached.

At that moment, Choi Seol-ah, who was diligently grilling meat, intervened.

“Didn’t I tell you to eat with a fork and knife instead of your hands? When someone speaks to you, you should at least pretend to listen. You do that at the Academy too, right?”

Choi Seol-ah kept nagging while wearing an apron. Hon picked at his ear with his little finger as if he was tired of it.

“Do you use proper utensils when eating at the Academy cafeteria?”

“But why do you eat with your hands at home, Miss Yonggari?”

“It’s your house. And it’s in front of you. I don’t think there’s any reason for me to maintain my dignity. Besides, according to the contract, I’m A and you’re B. Keep that in mind.”

The argument between the two was not intense. Hon was beaten unilaterally, and Choi Seol-ah was beaten back. It was a fight where there was a clear winner and loser.

“this……!”

Choi Seol-ah eventually grabbed her head as if she was squeezing it. Was she angry because she lost the argument with the person who had only been learning Korean for half a year, or was she realizing the importance of the contract? It was none of my concern.

I silently put a piece of Korean beef in my mouth. The meat tasted sweet. The meat was tender. I dipped a piece in the Himalayan pink salt contained in the paper and tried it. The light saltiness settled on my tongue like a slush, and the elegant meaty flavor filled my mouth.

I looked at Choi Seol-ah and thought. She was quite good at grilling beef, perhaps because she only grilled beef.

Meanwhile, Choi Seol-ah knelt down and struck the ground with her fist. The vibration was transmitted to the soles of my feet.

“The black-haired beast wasn’t supposed to be taken in!”

Black haired beast? Isn’t that thing blatantly sniping me?

As I was writing, my soul spoke up on my behalf.

“What are you going to do if they chase you from downstairs? The noise between floors is so annoying!”

“Yonggari, don’t you think about the trouble you’re causing me, huh?! My lord! I really can’t live with this rascal. Can you kick me out to the Demon Realm now? Yes? Please.”

As Choi Seol-ah was expressing her anger, the cell phone on the table began to shake. It was Bixby Big.

[Your Majesty the Swordmaster.]

Bixbig spoke from inside the lit LCD. His tone was very subdued.

[This is a message from Mr. Inspector from Hawaii. If you would like, I can read the contents to you.]

For a moment, silence fell in the room. Choi Seol-ah stopped talking. Hondo put the meat he was holding back on the plate.

The two of them knew what was going to happen in Hawaii because I had told them roughly. Choi Seol-ah was a villain and Hon was a demon, so it was good for them to know.

So, thanks to the two keywords – ‘Hawaii Island’ and ‘Inspector’, you’ll notice right away that this is just the beginning.

It was I who broke the silence.

“No. Go outside and tell them. And contact the principal and Man-Rik. I’m going to Hawaii right away.”

I gathered up my coat that had been hanging on the back of the chair and stood up. At the same time, Hon grabbed my wrist.

“I will go with you, Your Majesty.”

The soul spoke. Choi Seol-ah also joined in.

“I will go too, my lord.”

I couldn’t help but be dumbfounded for a moment. They had shown their willingness to join the battlefield. Even Choi Seol-ah, who was full of the will to survive. My nose is stinging.

“I am grateful to both of you.”

I shook my head. Then, the hand that was holding my wrist was gently bitten.

“But this time I have to go alone.”

I said, looking at the soul.

“Son, if you show up, things could get a little worse. Dragons are a neutral race. But if a dragon shows up in the conflict between humanity and the Legion Commander, how will the other side react?”

The soul responded softly.

“The dragons are on the side of humanity… … .”

“I captured a whole group of dark elves before and no word got out, but that was just luck.”

This time, I turned my gaze to Choi Seol-ah.

“And the Academy staff have already discussed with the Association that they will remain in the Academy. That’s why the academy director and Man-Rik will not be participating in this incident.”

“Why?”

“If everyone is gathered in Hawaii, the Academy’s security will be weakened. What if the Demons attack the Academy?”

We have already learned, albeit at a bitter price.

“The second coming of the Joaquin disaster… … .”

“That’s right. That’s why it’s right to always have standing troops stationed at the Academy. So if anything happens at the Academy, you guys move, voluntarily. I won’t stop you until then.”

“yes.”

Choi Seol-ah and Hon answered almost simultaneously. They were bickering until just now, but now they really fit together. Well, that must be why they live so well together.

“My lord.”

Just as I was about to leave, Choi Seol-ah, wearing an apron around her waist, called out to me.

“We will prepare it with the most expensive Korean beef.”

I chuckled and waved my hand.

“I’m sick of beef now. Let’s have fish.”

After I got out, I immediately walked to the subspace warp. The first destination was Incheon Airport. After arriving at the airport, I took a private plane and went through a transit point before heading to the Hawaiian Islands.

The procedure is quite cumbersome. But there is nothing we can do about it. Because the Hawaiian Islands are in the sphere of influence of the demonic realm, subspace warp does not work.

“How long will it take if I hurry?”

[It takes about 10 hours.]

Bigsbig received the monologue.

[If I use my abilities to the fullest, I can reduce it to about 7 hours.]

“If I try harder?”

[6 hours and 30 minutes.]

“Okay. Five hours.”

[… … .]

I hurried to move as I heard Bigsbig's soft sigh. I had a long way to go.

* * *

The area around the gate was bustling. Workers installing barricades and barbed wire, association staff running around between them, heroes checking their weapons and equipment. Everyone was doing their jobs in silence, looking heavy or tired.

In the middle of the site was a huge temporary barracks. Only a few people entered and exited the barracks. They were the commanding officers and those in charge of the site, the association executives, and the Japanese military generals.

"@#*%^$&!"

They held strategy meetings for hours, with occasional shouts and scoldings leaking out of the barracks.

The laborers would occasionally glance at the barracks curtains and go their separate ways as if it was none of their business. On the other hand, the association staff Jin and the Japanese heroes looked anxiously toward the barracks. They held their breath.

"… … ."

Both sides wanted their commanders to speak up, because that would increase their chances of survival.

People gathered under the slogan of subjugating the 4th Corps Commander. However, it was also human to become infinitely selfish in the face of life. And as if reflecting the public sentiment of my subordinates, the people in charge shouted for the barracks to leave.

"Are you kidding me? Now you want the Japanese to take over the rear? Isn't that too shameless of you to think you're trying to preserve your strength?"

The chief of police bared his teeth at the woman across from him and

gritted his teeth. The woman's name was Remi. Her rank was 3-star General, the head of the Japanese Army.

"We, Japan, came to the scene only as an 'assistant'."

Remy said, crossing his arms. The chief's prosthetic hand slammed down on the desk. Pencils and pens popped out like popcorn.

"Look here. Are you doing this for our own good? The commander of the legion is going to invade tomorrow. And yet you came all the way here and brought up such an excuse. You should be ashamed of yourself!"

"Chief Sung."

Remy arched an eyebrow. She said, uncrossing her arms.

"We belong to different groups, but I am higher in rank than Chief Sung. Don't get excited and make a slip of the tongue."

"I will act as I should. What kind of beggarly attitude is it to sneak out like that?"

"Beggar's feet?"

Remi tilted her head. She was the type of person who reacted belatedly only after her aides came and interpreted the meaning of the words.

"Are you swearing at me just now!? I consider this a great insult to Japan."

"Yes, yes, whether you consider it or not. If we back out here, Japan will be criticized by the whole world anyway, so I think I opened the door. Wow, it's an honor."

As the conversation continued, the gestures and language became more intense. When the level and intensity were about to increase, the inspector, unable to stand it any longer, stepped in to mediate.

"I have been staying still since I retired from my job, but I can't bear to open my eyes and watch."

Remy took a step back, the old man's spirit pressing down on her shoulders.

"If you want to fight, clash swords fair and square. You can't say anything with your mouth."

The swordsman spoke as if warning, then placed his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"It might be quicker to just cut out the refund here."

Remi's face lit up with embarrassment, but the feeling soon turned to shame. She opened her mouth bitterly.

"It's embarrassing to say, but… I don't have full authority to command the situation… … ."

She was also a hero and soldier of the warrior rank. Who would want to act so unconscionably? It is a disgrace for a soldier to hang around in the rear. However, at the same time, obeying orders is a principle of a soldier. She was ordered not to go to the front line, and she obeyed. It was an absurdity of the military.

"Remy, I know your circumstances."

The inspector said with a calm expression.

"But don't you know very well that now is the time to follow your conscience, not your principles?"

"… … ."

Remy couldn't answer. He felt miserable at not being able to confidently say, 'Yes, that's right.'

In order to turn this suffocating situation around, even if it is not possible, the Seventh-Grade must take action. Coincidentally, there is no Seventh-Grade here. The inspector was a retired Seventh-Grade, as he had said. He had little say.

Only then did Chief Sung understand the situation and stop attacking her. Instead, he felt pity for her.

‘It turns out that the reason I stood there longer than necessary was because of internal conflict.’

Ssuk.

Suddenly, a huge noise was felt at the entrance. Everyone turned their heads in surprise.

“Please do some ventilation. I can’t breathe.”

Changseong opens the tent door and comes in. Everyone looks stunned. Even Chief Seong didn’t know whether Changseong would show up.

“I heard something before I came in. It seems like there’s a problem among the commanders. In times like that, shouldn’t there be someone to command the commanders?”

Changseong raised the corners of his lips and moved out of the way he had been blocking. Then the tent door shook once more.

“I was flying in from France and got in touch with you to pick you up. It was perfect timing. I never knew the timing could be this perfect.”

A dark presence entered the barracks. The anxiety and conflict that had been overflowing suddenly subsided.

“There are so many chairs, why are you all standing?”

Kanggeomma said, scratching the back of his neck. Everyone sat down as if their legs had lost their strength.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 249

Episode 249 Blood Clash (3)

Hijacking. It's a four-letter word, but it's not an idiom, it's an English word.

anyway.

It refers to the act of hijacking an airplane. As a country bumpkin who had just ridden an airplane for the first time in his life a few months ago, it was a very unfamiliar word to me.

[There was no other way, Master Sword. If we were to somehow make it within five hours, it would be impossible by any means necessary.]

The reason why I was able to cut the time from Korea to Hawaii in 4 hours and 57 minutes was because our smart AI Bigsbig hijacked Changseong's plane.

I don't know how I did it, but it's easier to imagine that I just filmed a famous movie starring Tom Cruise.

That guy at least uses a stuntman. I did it naked. I almost got sick from eating expensive Korean beef.

I've seen so many amazing things today. I've been a hijacker, and I've seen the wheels of an airplane disappear with my own eyes. It's all thanks to Bixby.

[How is my competence?]

When Bigsbig asked proudly, I tried to send a text message to Ryojo. It seems like there was an error in the Bigsbig system. If we leave it alone, it will grow into an artificial intelligence that is harmful to humans, etc. I wrote it with my sincere feelings.

Just before sending it, Bigsbig started to cry as if the world was unfair to him.

[Why me! What did I do so wrong! It was just for the sake of you, Sword Master… … !]

This is the problem with AI. It tries to overcome the situation only with reason and rationality. It is already starting to encroach on many fields, but it seems like there is still a long way to go.

“But I still feel sorry for you so I’ll let you go.”

[Thank you! Thank you so much! Sob, sob, sob.]

Even though it was a crazy AI, it was an undeniable fact that it benefited. I decided to give it a big break once. To be honest, it was because Bigsbig needed to help in this expedition, but anyway.

‘I’m a human. Then, I look more calculating than artificial intelligence.’

I’m not that shameless. Oh, this is an idiom. If you break it down, it means a shameless brat. It’s one of the two idioms my first teacher mentioned when evaluating me.

Another one is ‘불광불급’. It means ‘If you don’t go crazy, you won’t be able to go crazy’, but the boss slightly twisted the meaning and interpreted it.

-Here, the word ‘미치다’ means ‘to reach’, but to you, it just means crazy. Know this. You’re crazy. You’re out of your mind. You’re not just crazy, you’re the crazy of crazy people. Just because you have morals and common sense doesn’t mean you’re normal. If it weren’t for me, you’d be a social misfit. Oh man, thinking about it makes me mad. I raised animals and made them into humans, for free!

No matter how much I think about it, I just can’t understand it. Isn’t

it a bit harsh to call someone who served in the military for three years a social misfit?

“Just because I slapped a few of those bastards.”

My code of conduct, whether in my past life or now, is simple. If you are polite to me, I will treat you like a king. If you act like a dog, I will beat you like a dog on a lucky day.

If you live with reference to others, you will get sick. In that case, it is better to give yourself a disease.

I admit, I have a fiery temper. It’s an unspoken secret that I’ve moved stores because of that temper. Perhaps the reason the gangsters tried to scout me was because of my temper. Since I’m good at even making sashimi, I must have been a great prospect for a gangster in those scumbags’ eyes.

But that’s it.

If even such a teacher saw me struggling in this world, he would have evaluated me differently.

1. Bigsbig, the hijacking AI.

2. Vice President Changseong laughs off the hijacking of his plane, saying it’s just fun when you’re young.

3. Victor Poison, the president of the association who wears a penguin suit and is the superior of such creation.

4. Poison, the mighty power of Mea, who crushed the ankles of the Napda Palace.

5. Me, Kang Geum-ma.

I can’t even hand out my business card in front of a lineup that looks dizzying just by hearing it.

At least I tried to solve things through conversation whenever possible. I only had to pick sashimi when I couldn’t communicate with someone.

What do you think? Compared to number 4, isn't this very common sense?

'But when I think about it again, it's rare to find a normal person, whether an adult or a child.'

They say that parents are the mirror of their children, and at this point, I have a reasonable suspicion that the M in Miracle Protection M is not 'Mobile' but 'Mad'.

"… … ."

Somehow it seems real.

* * *

"I greet you, Heavenly Sword and Heavenly Star!"

Everyone except the chief inspector stands at attention and salutes.

I scratched my forehead. Why is everyone standing? There are a lot of chairs, but no one is sitting.

'Did you fight each other?'

It seemed like voices were getting louder outside. If I had known, I would have come in a little later.

'That's too bad.'

Next to watching a fire, watching a fight is the most fun, but fistfights between superiors are especially fun.

Suddenly, a scene from the 9 o'clock news came to mind. The scene where the dome-shaped building was transformed into a ring in an instant. The sweaty fighting time of middle-aged men in suits. At that time, the badge on the left chest lost its shine.

The owners of the badges demonstrate their own martial arts. They punch their opponents in the face, and kick their shins, bringing them to their knees. If you look at that scene alone, the dome-shaped building was a great hotbed of martial arts.

The Gangho people practice chivalry under the same roof. Their words have the belief that only they are right, and their bold actions are filled with a sense of mission as representatives of the people.

For the sake of justice and cooperation, I do not hesitate to commit shameful acts. That is the right way of martial arts.

It's no different here.

Even though the commander of the corps was expected to invade the next morning, they were fighting each other to get their act together.

This could be said to be a true example of a chivalrous man who gives up his cause and pursues cooperation. It is so admirable that it makes my heart pound.

'I almost witnessed that stupid scene.'

It looks like I ruined it. Damn, I can't help but sigh.

Inviolable official duties.

Suddenly, I became a government soldier who interrupted the knight's event. In short, I became an uninvited guest.

"… … ."

The atmosphere was as cold as an ice rink. A military-style silence had descended upon the barracks. Everyone still had their hands pressed tightly to their eyebrows.

I glanced back. Changseong, who was standing behind me, just smiled at me without saying anything. So I opened my mouth instead.

"Take a rest."

"Your name."

The crowd parted to open the way for me. At the end of the path was the upper section, and the atmosphere told me that this was my seat.

I walked over and sat down at the top table. Only then did those who had calmed down begin to sit down one by one. I rested my chin on the armrest and asked indifferently.

“So, why are you guys so friendly with each other? Let’s have some fun together.”

Everyone’s faces turned pale. I meant it as a joke.

“There was a little friction when the Japanese Hero Battalion said they wanted to take charge of the rear in this punitive operation.”

One of the Hero Association officials confessed the truth to me. To put it nicely, it was a confession. To put it nicely, it was a tattling.

Of course, the attacked side did not stay still. A young woman in uniform retorted.

“That is purely a conspiracy. We did not say that we would take up the rear without any basis, Your Majesty.”

Judging by the name tag, his name is Yoshinari Remi. There are three stars engraved nicely on his shoulder armband.

Remy straightened his back and looked at me. Then, like a soldier, he spat out each syllable.

“Although I can’t say that there is no intervention from the higher-ups… … Our 1st Battalion is a unit directly under the Emperor, so most of its personnel are archers. It is a basic tactic for long-range armed units to take charge of the rear.”

The association executive sitting across from Remy frowned.

“So, our Hero Association is a close-range armed unit, so you’re saying we should use meat shields in front of them? Right now.”

“How can you take the same thing so differently? When you consider rationality and efficiency, it is correct.”

“War is fought with the body, not the head.”

“War is when many bodies die if you don’t use your head.”

“Are you trying to make a joke, General Remy?”

“How dare you joke about safety? I just said it because I could tell that you were trying to insult our military.”

The fight was reignited. Inspector General rubbed his eyes as if he had given up. Changseong was looking at me expectantly with his arms crossed, and Chief Sung was nervously checking my expression.

In the end, I was the one who had to direct the traffic. However, that didn’t mean I was being pushed around like a sledgehammer. I had my own plans, and to do that, I needed to direct the traffic at least once.

bang!

I took out the sashimi and slashed it between the two like lightning. The blade clanked in the center of the table, making my body tremble.

“… … .”

The two people who had become one in an instant looked at me and sashimi in turns. It was like pouring cold water on the hot air. I nodded at sashimi and said.

“Who is the highest in ceremonial status in this place?”

General Remy answered, gulping.

“They are the Seven Stars, Cheon Geum Nim and Chang Seong Nim.”

“I understand that in a war situation, a superior’s word has supreme military authority.”

General Remy’s eyes widened. As if you, a seventeen-year-old, didn’t know military law. You had to know. It wasn’t like I wasted three years of my life in a past life.

“From now on, what I say will be the law. If you have any

complaints, don't say it out loud. Just pull out the sashimi that's stuck there. You can either stab me with it or kill yourself. The choice is yours."

"… … ."

"I'll warn you one thing: your subordinates will also be responsible for your choice. If you commit suicide, your unit will automatically be transferred to the opposing side. On the other hand, if you stab me, it will be considered a coup d'état, and the whole unit will be put on trial for heroes."

The two of them kept their mouths shut. They listened to my continued words in silence.

"The death or suffering of subordinates due to the commander's wrong judgment. That's what war is like."

It was a while before the atmosphere calmed down. I turned my head to General Remy.

"I accept the general's opinion. If the entire unit is composed of long-range heroes, they won't be of much help even if they are at the front line."

"… … !"

At the unexpected answer, General Remy's pupils grew three times larger.

"However, in the case of full-body armor, we will distribute it in a biased manner to the associations with many tanks and close-range heroes. And after this expedition, Japan will be given the least amount of performance bonuses. Do you have any objections?"

"doesn't exist."

General Remy shook his head without hesitation. This time, his gaze turned to the association executive sitting across from her.

"Then, naturally, the Hero Association's dividend ratio will increase."

The association executive nodded with a bewildered expression.

“Oh, yes.”

“And I think it would be good to internally reward the heroes of the association who participated this time for their achievements.”

I looked back at Changseong. Changseong, who had his arms crossed, also looked at me. He laughed heartily and smiled.

“In the name of the Vice President, I promise that all the heroes who participated in this war will be promoted by one level. If they perform better, they will be promoted by several levels.”

As expected, Changseong. How refreshing.

“great.”

I turned my head towards the two men on the road. They were staring at me with their mouths wide open.

If you keep doing that, a fly will get into your mouth. I said as I took back the sashimi from the table.

“Let’s eat first. We’ve been fighting for a while, so we’re both probably hungry. And since we’re going to be up all night, brush your teeth before you go.”

Everyone jumped up and stood up. The clanging of metal. The badges and insignia they wore on their chests rang loudly.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 250

Episode 250 Blood Clash (4)

After a short meal, we went straight to the meeting. The atmosphere was very different from before the meal.

Everyone calmly reconciled their differences. Was it because of the food, or because of my traffic control? Whatever it was, the meeting proceeded without a hitch, so that was enough.

'By the way.'

I feel like yawning as I quietly listen to the strategy meeting. It's not because the tension has been relieved or anything. I don't have the guts to show off my courage when the corps commander is right in front of me. The only reason I'm blinking is simply because.

'That's not how you do it.'

Anyway, I'm just listening to them, thinking that they're probably more military experts than me, since they have a few stars hanging from their armbands.

But, what can I say? I felt that the story of the supposed strategy meeting lacked realism. It was even worse when I saw them talking about ambushes and such against the corps commander.

That would be the case, since those who were present had no real combat experience dealing with a corps commander. The two men, Geomje and Changseong, were currently absent from the meeting to boost the morale of the soldiers.

Therefore, I am the only one here who has fought against a legion commander. I have also killed two of them. So, I can be considered a veteran when it comes to legion commanders. Or not.

“Everyone, please listen to my story.”

So I blurted out a word. If I continued like this, I thought I would have a meeting right in front of Permish.

“yes.”

Thankfully, everyone stopped talking and focused their attention on me. It’s good to be focused, but it’s awkward to cut off so abruptly. It’s like a ghost has passed by.

‘I guess they’re soldiers, so they really follow orders. Really.’

I coughed three or four times before opening my mouth. The sound of coughing was the only sound that could be heard faintly in the sealed barracks.

“First of all, let me say this: ambush and surprise attack on the commander from behind will not work. Even if it does work, the casualties will be so great that I will not allow it.”

“Can I ask why?”

General Remy asked cautiously. His eyes sparkled as if he was genuinely curious, not nitpicking.

It’s a complicated feeling to see the three stars shining their eyes at Seventeen. It’s a new feeling, but it makes me realize that this isn’t Earth.

Well, it’s a bit far from reality that the three stars are young and pretty women. The stars I’ve seen were middle-aged men who wore tracksuits rather than uniforms and liked playing military soccer more.

Even if just two stars appear, the entire unit will turn upside down.

The general said, “We want to play soccer. We pack our shovels and

head straight for the mountain."

The young men who have been called by the nation fight fiercely against the mountain. Day and night. Rain or shine. Instead of rice for their supper, they eat dirt. And that's not all. The mountain rustles and sings military songs, exhausting their already weak stamina.

The dense forest becomes a bare mountain on the first day, and by the next day, any trace of the mountain has disappeared. What about the long-awaited third day?

Ta-da – there wasn't a soccer field, but now there is.

This is the harsh reality. Does it sound like a lie? It is a lie, so please go and see it with your own eyes. Please, please.

"Fuck."

"yes?"

"That was a slip of the tongue."

"yes."

Anyway, let's not talk. I have PTSD (post-traumatic stress disorder).

I pressed my temple with my thumb and opened my mouth softly.

"The magic of the legion commanders is literally on a different level from that of ordinary mines. Even if it's the same lowest level magic, mines create well water, while the legion commanders create lakes and oceans. Their single attack has a different killing power. Let's say a surprise attack or an ambush team clumsily tries to hit the back of the head. But what would happen if they caught the legion commander's eye?"

"… It will be difficult to avoid annihilation."

I nodded, making eye contact with General Remy, who had answered.

“That’s right. So, rather than splitting up the army into small groups and waging guerrilla warfare, fighting together in the field will result in fewer casualties.”

“I understand what you are saying, Cheongeom-nim. However, a ‘power vs. power’ fight like that is disadvantageous to us humans. If the numbers are equal, we humans are at a disadvantage.”

“That’s right. We’re constantly learning at the Academy that no matter how strong a human is, they’re powerless against magic.”

At my words, General Remy’s eyes filled with absurdity. It was as if he was saying, ‘Oh, right. You were seventeen?!’

This is the kind of person I am. A person like an onion that is mysterious no matter how much you peel it. The core is a seventeen-year-old who is close to being forty.

“However, our heroes have a countermeasure, ‘Protection.’ And think about it carefully. The enemy only uses one attribute magic, but we humans have three types of protection: tanking, healing, and dealing damage. What this means is that our heroes are more effective when they are united than when they are individuals. When we divide up our positions, their true value is revealed. The stronger the enemy, the more we should unite rather than split up our forces.”

“I understand what you said, Cheongeomnim. However, the positions have already been divided… … .”

Here’s where I get to the point.

“It’s meaningless to just roughly divide them up. What’s important is how to assign positions and assign roles that allow them to fully demonstrate their abilities.”

I spread out a map of the area around the gate on the table. Then I picked up a pen and started writing from the top down. General Remy looked closely at the map.

“Top… Jungle… Mid… Bottom… … ?”

She muttered here and there. The other executives all looked at her

with puzzled eyes.

It may sound unfamiliar. This is a position concept that appears in other games.

I threw my pen over my shoulder and looked at the faces of the performers. You are ready to listen. Good, gentlemen. I said with a stern look.

“I will now explain each of your positions, roles, and the guidelines for action in battle situations. I will take note of your detailed feedback, so please feel free to give me your opinions.”

There are two traditional folk games in Korea.

One is Re:X of Legends.

The other one is SXcraft.

The generation gap between the two folk games is almost 20 years. It is a time when the mountains and rivers change twice, but they have one thing in common. They are both real-time strategy games.

I, too, am a Korean who loves games. Naturally, I have played both games at one time.

The only one who can show them advanced strategies and tactics is me, a Korean. Moreover, even among those Koreans, I am one of the best.

Tier is Gold 4.

That’s right. It’s top tier.

* * *

It was late at night. The chief of staff, who had left the barracks, yawned heavily. He removed the boogers from his eyes and stretched his stiff body.

“I’m tired. I’m tired.”

As he was tapping my shoulder with his prosthetic hand, a new figure came out of the barracks. Chief Sung glanced around to see who it was. It was General Remy. She also felt the gaze and turned her head.

A brief snowball fight began like that. General Remy approached with brisk strides and suddenly extended his left hand.

“I’m sorry about earlier. I would like to formally apologize for revealing my feelings to others despite my situation and circumstances.”

“Oh, yes.”

Chief Sung shook his hand nervously. Then his eyes widened slightly. It was because he realized why General Remy had asked with his left hand. It was a consideration intended to shake hands with Chief Sung’s real hand, not the prosthetic hand.

Chief Sung looked straight at General Remy. She was under pressure both externally and internally. Chief Sung thought. Considering all that, she had been quite polite to him.

“I would like to formally apologize to General Remy. My words and attitude earlier were rude. I was too ignorant, even though the difference in class was obvious.”

“I see, you know that.”

“sorry…….”

General Remy smiled faintly and let go of her hand.

“In my opinion, the association staff members seem too old-fashioned. They are even more rigid than the military I served in.”

“yes?”

“I thought what I just said was a joke.”

“… Ah, yes.”

Chief Sung scratched his forehead awkwardly with his prosthetic

hand. In response, General Remy took out a whiskey can from his pocket. She gestured to the prosthetic hand with her eyes.

“The prosthetic arm works well.”

“Oh, is this what you mean?”

Before he could continue, Chief Sung realized Remi’s intentions. His words were a subtle question, ‘How did you, a non-combatant, lose your arm?’ It was a typical Japanese roundabout way of speaking.

But he was a manager who was at the peak of his social life. He was a real jerk. He said with a smile.

“I guess it’s my own kind of medal. You know the Joaquin tragedy a few months ago, General? I was the association employee who almost died and survived on the news.”

“… … !”

Remy’s hand, which was opening the whiskey barrel, stopped. His eyes widened. Chief Sung found that reaction amusing and let out a nasal hum.

“But in fact, I only survived that time. In fact, I did nothing. I’m not a hero. When Cheongeom-nim subdued the 3rd Corps Commander, I was just sitting in the corner like a piece of luggage.”

Chief Sung said self-mockingly. Remy shook his head at him.

“Everyone who was there is a hero and a soldier. If you say something like, ‘a burden,’ you are insulting not only Chief Seong, but also the Master Cheon-geom, who fought so hard to save you.”

This time, the one who was surprised was Manager Seong.

“General… you’re a better person than I thought.”

“The alcohol tastes even better when I hear positive feedback from the person I fought with.”

General Remy replied with the whiskey barrel still in his mouth.

Chief Sung was embarrassed. Bitter? Then, isn't that bad? After taking a sip, she offered whiskey to Chief Sung as well.

"Would you like a drink?"

"Thank you."

Chief Sung also took a sip. It was sweet as it was bitter. Expressions that seemed impossible to coexist with each other were running through his mouth.

As Chief Sung's expression brightened, Remy pulled up one corner of his mouth.

"How does the alcohol taste?"

"It's delicious. To be exact, it's everything. It's like a very strong drink."

"Sweet alcohol is not a good sign."

"yes?"

"That's how bitter life is."

Chief Sung narrowed his eyes.

"… General Remy, you watch a lot of Korean dramas."

"Isn't the world in the midst of a huge Korean Wave?"

Remy tapped the Chief's prosthetic arm with his elbow.

"By the way, Chief Seong, you seem to have a knack for dramas since you can tell right away from a single line of dialogue."

"… … ."

It was true. Chief Sung was a man who couldn't stand dramas. Remy laughed, shrugging his shoulders.

The moonlight is ripening. Intimate stories and whiskey barrels are passed around. The topic of conversation changes smoothly to the

Cheongeom and Ganggeomma.

“I didn’t know that Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword was so knowledgeable in military science.”

Remy said. Chief Sung nodded in agreement.

“I can’t even tell you how surprised I was just now. I knew you weren’t just strong, but I’m still surprised so many times.”

“That’s right. How can you explain the tactics so easily? Top, mid, jungle, bottom. It’s really intuitive and clear. I think we should consider introducing that system on a large scale after this expedition ends.”

“I should write a report and submit it to the Vice President. By the way… Where did Changseong go… .”

At that moment, a heavy thud came from behind. Startled, Chief Sung quickly turned around.

“The tiger appears whenever I speak.”

Changseong said, shaking his hands. Dozens of boxes were scattered at his feet.

“I’ve been looking for you for a long time, Vice President.”

“When Chief Sung, who was drinking heavily, spoke, tears welled up in his eyes.”

“… … .”

“… … .”

Remy surreptitiously pushed the whiskey barrel towards Chief Sung. Chief Sung, who didn’t notice, quickly changed the subject.

“Where have you been? And what are those boxes?”

“Cheongeom asked me personally. He said that I absolutely had to be present during the expedition.”

Chief Sung tilted his head and opened one of the boxes. General Remy also looked over his shoulder to check the contents. He was curious about what Cheongeom had entrusted to him.

“Daiso… sashimi?”

The box was filled with bundles of sashimi knives. They were being sold at a 30% discount.

Remy looked at Chief Sung with a bewildered expression. And then he was surprised again. Chief Sung was shaking and shivering. Chang Sung was crouching down next to him and laughing heartily. Why are they both like that?

“Does this bundle of knives worth three thousand won each really mean that much?”

Remi, who was feeling left out, asked. Chief Sung suddenly calmed down his excitement and opened his mouth.

“General, have you ever seen a sword flying?”

A somewhat unexpected question. Without giving me a chance to answer, Chief Sung added his words as if he was making a promise.

“You will come to know why the Sword Master is called the Heavenly Sword.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 251

Episode 251 Blood Clash (5)

This morning is peaceful again.

However, there is no sound of birds chirping or leaves rustling in the wind because it is midwinter.

Phew.

A place where a cold wind blows. Numerous heroes stand in front of a large platform. They are heroes who were drafted from all over the world for the war to subdue Permish.

“I see you called us together early in the morning. Today must be D-Day.”

A man scratched his beard and muttered. The words he blurted out without thinking were picked up by a man nearby.

“That’s true. The wind is cool and the sky is cloudy. It’s the kind of weather that would make the demons go crazy.”

“You… I can see from the green armband that you’re a senior hero like me. What’s your affiliation? It’s my first time seeing you.”

“I belong to the 1st Japanese Battalion.”

“They said there was a bow hanging on his shoulder. It must be good to be in the rear.”

“What meaning do the front and rear have when facing a

commander? If the front is breached, the rear will be annihilated in less than five minutes."

"That's true too."

The bearded man chuckled as if something was so funny. The two men were complete strangers. However, they spoke to each other in a friendly tone as if they had known each other for a long time.

Heroes are people like this. They have the courage to make jokes even before a battle. That's why they are called heroes by people, and they are both respected and envied.

"Anyway, remember my handsome back of the head and dodge it carefully before shooting me. What could be more dishonorable than being shot by an ally's arrow and dying?"

The bearded man showed the back of his head to the archer and tapped his hand. The archer narrowed his eyes and then opened his mouth wide.

"It stands out because it has little hair. I will definitely remember it."

"Hey! I'm not making fun of a balding person!"

"Haha, I didn't mean to tease you. Anyway, why are we gathered here?"

The bearded man shrugged.

"Well, there's something that happens all the time. Before a huge battle like this, the commanders give a routine speech or something."

"I see."

"I've been eating my hero's food for over thirty years, but honestly, I don't know why I do such things. We're not even Academy cadets, so why should we be getting lectured at this age?"

"That's true too."

The archer nodded softly. The bearded man continued his argument.

“Instead of raising morale, it could actually lower it. I’m already worried that the person in charge of this punitive expedition is some kind of bloody bastard.”

The bearded man grumbled with a discontented expression. The archer looked around, then put his mouth close to the bearded man’s ear and whispered.

“There are many eyes watching.”

“That’s better. Then there will be more ears to hear.”

The bearded man snorted. He spoke without paying attention to the archer’s remark.

“A great hero is not something that can be achieved only by being strong. On the battlefield, the ability to lead people is more important. And that usually comes from experience. But I wonder if a seventeen-year-old is capable of leading this many heroes. That’s what I’m saying.”

“I don’t know what you mean… but he is still the Seven Stars.”

“What’s the big deal about Chilseong? In the eyes of the corps commander, Chilseong and us are all the same anyway… … .”

That was when.

Thud, thud.

Everyone present’s eyes followed the sound of footsteps climbing the steps of the stage. It was a boy in a black uniform with a white robe draped over both shoulders, the Heavenly Sword Ganggeomma.

The bearded man swallowed dryly. His darkened throat quivered loudly because of his beard.

‘… Even though you said that.’

The bearded man was once again surprised.

A thrilling presence that instantly captures the attention of even

those in the rear. A dark spirit that makes you wonder if it is mine.

Only then did the heroes hastily regroup. The room that had been filled with a sense of leisure suddenly became filled with tension.

Thump.

Cheongeom stood in the center of the platform. Geomje, who followed him, stood on his left wing, and Changseong on his right wing. It looked as if the two veterans were supporting Cheongeom.

The Heavenly Sword looked around the crowd with indifferent eyes. The heroes felt their bodies tense up for a moment and avoided his gaze. In particular, the bearded man who had been chattering so enthusiastically almost lowered his eyes.

"… … ."

As the atmosphere became completely silent, Cheongeom let out a deep sigh. At this, all the heroes froze in place like stone.

What? Are they looking down on themselves? Are they going to say something like a professional disappointment?

Thump.

Cheongeom takes a step forward. One step, and then another. Eventually, he stops at the very edge of the platform. It was a precipice where he would fall if he took even half a step further.

Cheongeom sat down there with his legs hanging down from the platform, his eye level aligned with that of the standing heroes.

Cheongeom opened his mouth as he looked at the heroes who dared not raise their eyes. A dry, but clearly affectionate voice cut through the silence.

"Thank you all for coming here early."

The heroes raised their heads without realizing it at the unexpected humility of Kanggeomma.

“Actually, it wasn’t my intention to bring you all here. I feel burdened by this, and I know very well that even if I, a young child, were to speak, it wouldn’t be very convincing.”

Cheongeom put one hand in his pocket and scratched his head with the other.

“But since it’s customary… … . Instead, I’ll make it short. I would appreciate it if you could understand that I don’t have much to say.”

The heroes thought that the way he chose his words was very human.

“I won’t say things like ‘Fight and risk your life.’ After all, you are heroes. Of course you are here with that kind of determination.”

At the same time, there is something about the voice that catches people’s attention.

“So in the same context, I won’t say, ‘Don’t die.’ That would be too irresponsible. I won’t say something weak like, ‘Please lend me your strength.’”

The pronunciation is neat and the sentences are short and concise. Also, the space between the words adds weight to the words.

“Because I know I am responsible for your lives. That’s why I don’t want to show myself as weak.”

Kanggeomma went out of his way to get on their level. This meant temporarily putting aside his own authority.

“I am young and innocent. I am probably your son. It may be hard to believe. But please remember one thing.”

It also expresses their intention to fight together with us.

“I am not one to turn a blind eye to the responsibility I have shouldered. Although I am young, I am proud to say that I am strong enough to shoulder that level of responsibility. Hmm- I have been talking for too long. I guess this is how it is for everyone who stands here. Anyway, my point is one.”

Kang Geum-ma stood up from his seat. He finished speaking briefly.

“Let’s win.”

Kanggeomma gently turns his body. Two letters are formed on the retinas of everyone looking up at his back.

『Heavenly Sword』

Behind the back of the strong swordsman returning to his place.

Waaaaaaaaaa… … !

The roar was deafening. The heroes were encouraged by the sincere speech.

The heroes’ weapons soared as if they were going to pierce the sky. The sound of drums rang out in sync with the heartbeats, and flags waved under the clear sky.

“… It’s like seeing a heroine from a myth, isn’t it?”

The bearded man asked the archer as if talking to himself.

“You are wrong.”

The archer responded with his fangs exposed.

“He is already a myth.”

* * *

As soon as I finished my speech, we marched. I, Geomje, and Changseong took the lead. This was partly to boost morale, but also because we, as experienced corps commanders, felt it was right for us to be at the forefront.

‘A legion commander. If you meet a legion commander who has just torn through the magic realm head-on… … .’

Unless you have a strong heart, you’ll probably end up foaming at the mouth and fainting. And if you let out a blast, the battle line could collapse in an instant. No matter what, we had to take the lead.

Accordingly, the other officers, General Remy, Vice-Chief Sung, and the association executives, each led their units from their respective positions.

After marching for an hour, we finally arrived at Gehenna Gate. The gate itself was a grotesque object, with hideous statues stuck all over it like pus.

‘Well, it’s nothing compared to the monsters that will appear soon.’

They had time to reorganize their battle formation. To be exact, they wanted to tear the army apart into top, mid, jungle, and bottom positions.

Even though the system was only introduced yesterday, the heroes showed agile movements. Even while scattering, they did not panic and lined up neatly.

‘They say they only drafted veterans among veterans, but they are quite different.’

I also took a deep breath, feeling relieved. It was about to happen. The 4th Corps Commander Permish bursts through the gate and appears. He is in a state of full magical power.

‘It can’t be compared to the times of Agor or Vesna.’

People tend to feel fear of things they have never experienced. I have never experienced a commander of a military force. Sweaty palms were a natural symptom for a human being.

“Heavenly Sword.”

The sword master, who had come close before I knew it, lightly tapped my shoulder. Changseong was also next to him.

“Your expression is dark, which is unusual for you.”

“Oh, yes.”

I thought about it for a moment and then asked them both.

“Aren’t you afraid, Master Inspector and Master Changseong? You lost three of your comrades here half a century ago. If it were me, I would hesitate to come back. Even Master Inspector lost an arm to Agor half a year ago.”

At my words, Geomje and Changseong looked at each other. Even though they were enemies, they had the same expression on their faces at this moment. Geomje turned his gaze back to me.

“It is a heroic virtue to die on the battlefield. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t terribly afraid, but at least I feel less scared today than I did 40 years ago.”

Changseong added.

“At that time, the hero army wasn’t even organized. But what about now? Aren’t all the warriors, seniors, and all, gathered together with one mind and one purpose? Is that all? Just thinking about fighting with you, Cheongeom, makes me excited. My body is tingling!”

Oh, I see. It seems I have unknowingly underestimated those who call themselves heroes.

If you think about it carefully, you will realize that the heroes in the game never tremble or run away. At the time, I thought they were just a bunch of numerical data that moved according to the user’s commands.

But that wasn’t it.

These are heroes. Superhumans who have undergone the harsh training of Joaquin Academy, warriors who consider death on the battlefield an honor.

On the other hand, I am an alien who came here only half a year ago. So I thoughtlessly treated them with human common sense.

‘We still haven’t drained all the water on Earth.’

When I smiled, Geomje and Changseong also smiled. I don’t know what their smiles mean, but they were a great comfort to me.

That was the moment.

Kukukung… … !

A heavy sound struck the eardrums. Everyone turned their heads to look at the gate. The eerie-looking gate was cracked and spilled stone chips.

It was a familiar eerieness. Anyone could tell what was happening now. The Gehenna Gate was going to explode open, and the scene of Permish walking out from beyond it was vivid in my mind.

“All hands, prepare for battle!”

The thunderous instructions of the creator spread far and wide. The tank heroes, known as ‘tops’, lowered their helmets and raised their heavy shields.

OMG.

The swordsman drew his sword and held it upright, the blade covering half of his wrinkled face.

thud!

Changseong also struck the spearhead. The road shook slightly. Changseong spoke to the swordsman standing next to him.

“If by any chance I lose an arm in this battle, please be sure to train with me, Nibelung.”

The sword master burst into laughter. Meanwhile, pure white particles of light began to appear on the blade. It was the aura of the sword master.

“You need both arms to be able to match me. So take good care of them. Who knows? If you have both arms, I might be able to change my mind.”

“Hahaha! Good, good!”

Changseong laughed fiercely. He crouched low and held the spear

short.

Kwa-ang!

At that moment, a loud noise erupted and the gate's doors were shattered into pieces. Visibility was limited. Shadows could be vaguely seen walking through the clouds of dust.

The two veteran generals, Geomje and Changseong, shout my name with their backs exposed.

""Strong Sword Horse!""

He answered.

"I will win."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 252

Episode 252: The Art of Fighting (1)

The boss said to me.

‘There are two ways to win a fight.’

I still don’t know how the topic of conversation came to be like this.

The owner of a Japanese restaurant is teaching his disciple how to win a fight, really.

‘Is your kid’s temper normal? You’re in a situation where you’d be stabbed to death in some shady back alley. So I’ll tell you a little bit out of concern.’

The gist of the introduction to fighting by the nobleman who claimed to be a former gangster but was actually a hero of the Sijo era is twofold.

‘First, preemptive strike. If you strike first, you’re halfway to winning the fight. This method works even when there are multiple opponents. In a fight, you always have to seize the initiative. Even if your weight class is lower than that of your opponent, you still have to strike first.’

Oh my god, this is a surefire win.

I was a fool to expect something grand.

I was really embarrassed by this textbook-like argument at the time.

It was so absurd that I almost burst out laughing.

But I continued to listen to him. There should never have been a knife near that gentleman.

‘The second and final. And perhaps the key is this… … .’

The president spoke with a look of strictness, dignity, and seriousness in his eyes.

At this point, you can’t help but notice.

The boss knew I was coming to this world.

And the same thing happened to me today.

I feel like I was tricked by that gentleman and I’m angry, but still…

I always have gratitude and respect.

It’s not that I don’t like it, but I’m putting the advice that gentleman casually gave to good use.

I hate it, but I can consider it as normal.

This is the relationship between my boss and I.

He was my teacher in life and the only adult who saved me from the abyss.

And my adoptive father.

Even now, at this moment, I personally practice his teachings.

“I will win.”

First strike is a sure win. Let’s start with this.

* * *

The dust has not yet cleared. The battle situation and the number of enemies are still unknown. However, the magical power that surges out as the gate explodes…

‘It’s huge.’

It was terribly massive. It was literally on a different level from the demons and mines I had faced so far.

Everyone’s body stiffened from the eerie aura. The magic power of the 4th Corps Commander Permish. I was only exposed to a small portion of it, but I was already losing my mind.

‘Can we really win?’

Everyone trembled at the overwhelming presence of the enemy beyond imagination. Their legs were shaking, and the strength in their hands holding their weapons seemed to be slowly draining away. They were humans before they were heroes.

Kiririn.

A squeaking noise is heard. Everyone’s eyes naturally follow the source of the sound. At first, they lower their heads. They tilt their heads back to look down at the bumpy road. Their eyes are directed to the gray sky. Then, they blink. Their eyes, half-open, gradually open.

Thousands of sashimi float in the air. The sunlight splits through the gaps in the clouds, and a human will falls on the blade. It looks like a cluster of stars twinkling in the gray sky.

Everyone looks forward again. At the vanishing point where everyone’s eyes are focused, a white robe with two letters written on it is fluttering.

The sword that cuts the sky, the heavenly sword.

At that moment, the blades that were swinging in the air began to turn blue. It wasn’t just one that was colored. Thousands of sashimi hanging in the sky were wrapped in a deep blue halo.

“Come… … .”

As I sighed at the sight of this unbelievable sight, the blades that decorated the sky were fired all at once.

Wheaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!

It rushes toward the dust cloud, with a deep blue light trailing off. A wondrous speed comparable to subsonic speed. It is a mysterious scene. It is as if meteors are falling.

Kwakwakwakwang… …!

The blade struck the enemy lines like lightning. The sword moved freely between straight and curved lines. The dust clouds were riddled with holes like cheese or were torn into small pieces. The remnants of the gate that had barely held on soon collapsed.

widely.

Kang Geum-ma snapped his fingers with his left hand and waved his right arm in the air. A gesture that felt as elegant as that of an orchestra conductor. The result was destruction and murder.

“oh my god.”

The eyes of Geomje and Changseong slid towards Ganggeomma. Their reactions were no different from those of other heroes.

‘We must strike first.’

Last night, Kang Geum-ma emphasized this.

‘Our morale will hit rock bottom before the fight even starts. So, before the main event begins, I will take the lead and strike first.’

Preemptive strike. This is what everyone in the meeting agreed on.

but…….

“Who would have thought it would be this bad?”

The sword master was on the verge of bursting out in laughter. Aside from the unexpected, the technique that Kanggeomma was currently displaying was so advanced that even the sword master could not fathom its level.

“Cheongeom… You really are.”

It’s bitter and sweet. That boy achieved a realm that he had never set foot on until he was over seventy, easily and effortlessly. Envy was his instinct as a prosecutor.

Life is absurd like this. But what if that absurdity is your ally rather than your enemy?

“How to become more reliable than anyone else.”

The swordsman rolled his feet. A new form stretched out, trailing a pure white light.

Changseong, who was briefly taken aback by this, quickly shouted to the ‘top’ camp.

“The tower is guarding the Heavenly Sword!”

“What about the vice president!?”

Changseong burst into laughter like a leader.

“I will advance following the Nibelungs.”

“Vice President!”

“Mid and Jungle, follow me and the Nibelung into the enemy lines! I will leave the path open, so just follow me!”

Before I could even stop him, Changseong stepped on the Jin-gak. The ground burst apart with a loud noise.

Boom!

One leap. To the man standing closest, it looked as if the spear had been stretched out.

The man’s face quickly turned bright red after a brief moment of bewilderment. The veins in his neck rose.

“The Seven Stars! The great heroes are with us!”

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

Meanwhile, General Remy, who was in the rear.

“All ranged attacks, prepare to fire. Supports, assist the ranged attacks on each side with changing direction. Make sure that your allies fighting in the front don’t get hit.”

General Remy took the lead and fired arrows at the demonstrators. Behind her, the troops surrounded her in a fan shape. It was called the Crane Wing Formation (鶴翼陣) because it resembled a crane spreading its wings. It was a great formation that a certain hero came up with.

“firing!”

At Remi’s command, thousands of arrows left the hands of the ranged attackers. The arrows rained down like a parabolic shower. However, they missed the positions of the allies in an exquisite manner. This was thanks to the support’s secondary protection.

ADC and support. This is why this combination is inseparable. The two are one, bound by trust.

“… … .”

The chief of police watched the whole scene from a distance. He put the prosthetic hand on his pounding chest. It seemed as if he could feel the pulse.

“Has there ever been a time when we humans launched an offensive against the Demon Tribe?”

It was always a fearful thing to do. But now, the enemy is not even able to come out of the dust. The Demon King’s army is stopped and we, the human race, are moving forward.

‘It’s not like you’re guaranteed to win just because you’re making a preemptive strike. It’s not like you’re going to rush in at the beginning hoping to win either.’

This is what Cheon-geom said at dawn, near the end of the meeting.

‘The important thing here is to take the initiative. It shows that we are on par with them. That is the biggest reason to put all our efforts in from the beginning.’

Chief Sung cast his gaze far ahead.

‘hope.’

Thinking of him leading the troops at the forefront.

‘Let’s give people hope that even if they lose today, they can win tomorrow.’

Chief Sung muttered, pressing his prickly eyes.

“You are truly a hero sent from heaven.”

* * *

Changseong, who landed in the middle of the enemy camp, immediately took a low stance. The dust cloud was dark brown all over his field of vision. However, shadows could be seen here and there.

“These are Permish’s toys hidden in Tomue!”

Changseong held the base of the spear and swung it long. The spear blade, imbued with [Protection of Breaking Demons], traced the trajectory of the full moon at the bottom.

The shadows around him seemed to lose their balance and fall. The sword master did not miss that moment. Activating [Sword Spirit’s Protection], the blade drew a pure white aura and tore the shadows apart into pieces, along with the dust.

The next moment, Geomje and Changseong stood back to back. In that state, the two moved while destroying the approaching golems. They switched front and back depending on the situation, but maintained their stance.

The surroundings were still white. The two had to stick together to reduce the blind spot in their field of vision.

Changseong frowned. The golem wasn't a big threat. There was something else that was far more annoying.

"The dust won't go away. Yellow dust in the winter, huh?"

Changseong sniffed and spat on the floor. He did this several times, then tore a bit of his white robe and covered his mouth. He then soaked the cloth in water.

"It's much better."

Changseong cut off a few more pieces of cloth and handed them to Geomje. Geomje accepted the cloth while keeping his gaze fixed straight ahead.

"I have a feeling it's getting worse. What do you think, Nibelung?"

"It's probably Permish's earth attribute magic."

The inspector answered, hanging a piece of cloth on his ear.

"Fortunately, the number of golems has been greatly reduced thanks to the Heavenly Sword and the support fire from the rear. However… … ."

"The enemy leader hasn't shown up yet."

The inspector rolled his eyes. His eyes were so dry from the dust that he had to open them thinly, but he radiated his senses widely. He controlled his muscles so that he would act immediately if he felt even the slightest hint.

"Shall we go deeper?"

The man standing behind asked,

The sword master took a moment to catch his breath and stared at the blade. The old man in the clean blade. His eyes were astonishing.

When did I get so old? It seems like only yesterday that I lost three close friends in this place half a century ago.

The sword master laughed briefly. The old man with the blade laughed too.

“The deeper you go, the higher the chance of death. You know that, Myra.”

“I know it all.”

Changseong answered immediately.

“That’s why I ask. Nibelung, if you don’t want to, I was thinking of going in alone.”

“You still ignorantly prefer the orthodox method, you.”

“If I was born a man, shouldn’t I do that? Even if I leave, I will leave a scar on Permush’s face. That way Permush will lose his excitement, and it will be helpful when Cheongeom goes to subdue him.”

I couldn’t see Changseong’s face because his back was turned, but I could feel that he was smiling.

“You little brat, you only want to look good to Kanggeomma until the end.”

The inspector tilted his head back and patted Changseong on the back with his crown. A smile spread across his lips.

“That damn bastard.”

Suddenly, Murah, this guy doesn’t look pretty or anything. What kind of hot-blooded, picky person would be pretty? However, as a companion on the way to the afterlife, he’s not so bad. At least you won’t be bored.

It was the moment when two people with similar minds were about to take a step forward.

Swish.

The yellow dust that had been thick everywhere began to settle low on the ground, and visibility gradually began to improve.

But the two people were so dry that they couldn't open their eyes. Their dry lips were covered in pus. In an instant, all the moisture was sucked out of their bodies.

"It was worth coming to the Inkei in person."

Permish, the 4th Corps Commander of the Demon King's Army.

"I didn't know there were such wonderful ingredients prepared."

He speaks in a voice as desolate as the desert.

"Earthquake"

At the same time, Geomje and Changseong saw the world shaking.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 253

Episode 253: The Art of Fighting (2)

The swordsman and the sergeant could not help but be surprised.

Gurrrrrr… … .

The turbulent earth, the swaying gray sky. The two barely held on to the shaking road. They were lucky.

Some heroes were swallowed by the cracks in the earth that split open like the jaws of a crocodile. Screams echoed from deep within the earth and then faded away.

earthquake.

I had expected it to some extent. The power status. And the 4th Corps Commander was fully prepared. I was fully aware that he was a walking disaster.

'It was beyond my expectations that he would cast it as soon as he revealed himself.'

So there was another reason why Geomje and Changseong were surprised. It was none other than Permish's appearance.

"A young… child?"

Pale skin. Gray hair in a bob cut. Purple eyes. A petite figure that doesn't even reach Changseong's waist. A girl who looks like she's twelve at best stands there smiling brightly.

But the point at which the water level has been reached.

Changseong's expression hardened and he ground his molars. I can say with certainty that this seemingly harmless creature is the most dangerous being in this place.

"Hoo."

Permish caressed one side of her cheek and gave her an interested look.

"I see, you two are the ones who got rid of Basmon."

It was a strange tone of speech. It was the tone of a king looking down on people while wearing the face of a child.

"Life is truly heartless to humans. To us demons, it was just a fleeting moment, but to you, you have withered away as fast as you could."

"… … ."

"Let me ask you something."

The bastard continued his sarcasm. Even as the ground shook, her voice was clearly conveyed to the two of them.

"Why do you resist? Don't you know it's pointless? Why, you killed three of my brothers and you don't see anything?"

Permish walked lightly, carrying her luggage on her back. Golems opened up paths on both sides. Among them, two golems that looked like shaggy Buddha statues followed her on either side as if they were guarding her.

"Basmon was a mess. If it weren't for the royal order of Kuarn, he would not have been able to stand shoulder to shoulder with us, but Agor and Vesna were truly my brothers and sisters."

She picked up a few pebbles as she walked and rolled them around in her palm like marbles.

"If they had been at full power, half of the current human race would

have disappeared. But the sisters were short-tempered. So they let their guard down, and their heads fell at the hands of a thousand human beings."

Permish held a pebble between his index finger and thumb. He made a gesture as if he was going to strike a pike.

"I'm not like those pathetic guys. I won't let my guard down, and I'll fight you with all my might from the start."

Boom!

It was a tremendous explosion that was hard to believe could come from a pebble the size of a rat's paw. The pebbles that left his hands turned into shells and aimed for the two people.

If I were to get hit, even my trained body would surely be shattered like a water balloon. However, speed was a problem in avoiding it. In the end, I was forced to fight back.

The sword of the sword master and the spear of the spear master moved at the same time. Although they did not exchange words or glances, their movements were in sync as if they were in sync.

The explosively rushing pebbles were cut in half by the sword of the inspector. Knock, knock, knock. Permish fired repeatedly. There is a gap in human movements. Furthermore, the gap was even bigger for the one-armed inspector. He had to give a lot in one movement.

If I were alone.

The blade struck the second flying pebble. Changseong let out a groan. He only missed, but his hand felt numb. But he couldn't stop here.

Changseong spun the spear like a windmill. He wanted to use the rotational force to counter the third and fourth attacks from the front. This was possible because it was a spear. The essence of a spear lies in defense, not attack.

"Nibelung!"

Before the shouting could even end, the sword master ran out. The golems blocked the way like a wall. Their hardness was extremely hard. Even with the sword master's aura, it was not easy to cut them down like tofu.

'then.'

Anyway, golems are dolls made of clay. They have joints on their shoulders, torso, knees, and legs. Those points are their weak points.

'Aim for lines, not surfaces, and even more so, points.'

The sword master closed his eyes as the demon's hand stretched out. Time passed slowly for a moment. The old man looked back on his life in a moment of meditation.

It was a life filled with pain and hurt. As a prosecutor, he lost his arm, which was a great asset, and he lost his children and their spouse, who were half of his life.

Still, the man was not discouraged. He simply did what he did best. He shook off the ordeal that a criminal would not have been able to handle by swinging his sword.

Even at this moment, it is like that. It is an enemy that cannot be defeated alone. Can I even inflict a single sword wound? Even that is questionable.

He was mocking himself, but Permush was really talking. Soldier ants rushing at an elephant. It was a perfect metaphor for this situation. The gap was clear. Offense was out of the question. Death was inevitable.

'but.'

What does that have to do with anything?

'My true teacher.'

Here is a man who has devoted his life to swords.

'The light that showed me the milestones of life.'

The man doesn't hesitate. He grabs his sword and runs. As he always did.

'To that end.'

The sword master opened his eyes slightly. Golden chrysanthemums bloomed. His hair, which had turned pure white, swayed in the air as if it had been charged with static electricity.

'Guide me.'

He opened his narrowed eyes. The golems were closing in on the siege and rushing in like a swarm of bees. The world was in turmoil, but the commander was standing firm. It was the same. However, a new world was unfolding before the sword master's eyes.

"I can see it."

A reddish solid line. The lines engraved on each individual are formed in his pupils. Compared to the strong sword, they are infinitely faint, but they are slash lines. The talent of the world and the fruit of one man's life are squeezing out, right now.

The new form of the sword moved as if something was being pushed. His arm drew a smooth arc. The sword slid forward. Light flickered on the blade. The sword stroke lightly scratched the golem's rough skin. A neat crescent moon that seemed to be connected as one.

Sgung.

Dozens of golems collapsed like roughly chopped bamboo.

"Nibelung, you could not possibly… … ."

Changseong blinked. Even in the meantime, he was busy playing with the spear.

The sword master habitually shook his sword. His golden eyes, half-submerged in his eyelashes, stared at Permish. He felt dizzy from the fiercely burning light.

"awakening."

Changseong muttered. It was exactly as the words came out of his lips. Awakening of the guardian. The sword master is now on par with his ancestor, the first sword master, Aaron Nibelung.

“ha ha ha!”

Changseong laughed out loud. His teeth sparkled whitely through the dust.

“You go first, Nibelung.”

Changseong looked at the back of the swordsman. A classmate from Joaquin Academy. The same starting line. However, he paid his respects to his close friend who had now become a half-transcendent being.

“I’ll follow too.”

At that moment, the top and mid somehow managed to get right behind Changsung. Changsung stretched out his arm to stop them from stepping forward.

“Your role now is to reduce the number of golems as much as possible and buy time until the Heavenly Sword ‘decides to come forward.’”

“What about you, Your Majesty!?”

“You don’t have to worry about the Nibelungs.”

Changseong raised the corners of his lips at his subordinate and nodded at the inspector. The subordinate’s eyes followed his gaze and grew wide.

“Is that… what I think it is?”

“That’s right. So tell the other heroes.”

Changseong said in a tone full of laughter.

“If you don’t want your neck cut off by the blade, don’t come near me.”

* * *

Permish twisted his lips.

“Anyway, humans are like that.”

She chewed her lips silently. In addition to the Heavenly Sword and the Sword Horse, there was one more entity that caught her eye.

“You two, deal with that swordsman.”

Permish gestured to the Buddha golems standing on either side. The two Buddhas nodded and moved forward, rolling their feet. They were special golems made by grinding the lives of a hundred human heroes. In other words, each of them had the fighting power of a hundred heroes.

Thud, thud.

The ground shook again at the foot of the Buddha statue. The sword master tapped the ground with the tip of his sword and then immediately took his foot off. His new form, striking like a lightning bolt, suddenly appeared between the Buddha statues.

Even in the face of a surprise attack, the Buddhas were not flustered. They were golems. They were giants who lacked emotions and judgment and only carried out orders.

Phew!

The shins of the two statues kicked the new type. A whirlwind of mud was created. One hit would crush even a building like a tin can.

“… … .” “… … .”

The two statues tilted their heads. The tea was tasteless. Their two legs were aiming at each other in the air. Their expressionless faces seemed to say this.

‘wherever?’

The two lifted their chins. The sudden movement caused a piece of

dirt to fall from their necks.

sky.

There was a sword master there. He was looking down while stepping on the blade with his foot. He was using the Igi-geom technique to levitate by riding the sword.

“I’m sorry, guys.”

The swordsman spoke with sad eyes. The golems were born by drinking the lives of a hundred people. Although they are enemies, they are in fact innocent heroes.

“I’ll let you go in peace.”

The sword-riding swordsman slid down. The moment they got close, the two statues crossed their arms to cover their faces. However, the blade of the sword passed through the gap and pierced the head of one of the statues.

The remaining Buddha statue released its defenses and swung its fist like a whip. It was a movement that humans could not show. It was an attack possible because it was a golem that could freely pull out its joints.

The swordsman half-shouldered his right shoulder. The government narrowly missed his target.

Bam.

The sword master stretched out his palm like a Baguette master and lightly pushed the Buddha statue. Although it was heavy, the statue fell over after being hit in the center of gravity.

The blade aimed for the face swung down vertically. The Buddha statue twisted its waist and rolled on the ground. Then, the moment it tried to jump up by flicking its lower abdomen, the sword light flashed once more, and the swift sword flying through the air swept the nape of its neck.

Kwajik!

The head of the Buddha statue that fell to the ground shattered like porcelain. The inspector saw the expressions on the faces shattered from the shards. The peaceful face that finally found peace.

The sword master expressed his deepest condolences and kicked the pavement again. He mercilessly cut down the golems. They were beings with the spirit of a hero, but he swung his arms without a care. Rather, he did not keep the situation in his hands any longer. He would free the poor people trapped in these clay dolls as soon as possible. He had more than enough power now. The sword master played on the ground and in the sky, pushing back the enemy forces.

“Hmm.”

Permish just watched the scene quietly. The embarrassment that had been showing on his face had long since disappeared.

“under.”

Permish let out a laugh. Then he held his stomach and burst out laughing. The sound caught the attention of the heroes who were busy fighting the golem.

“It’s funny, it’s funny. It brings back old memories.”

Permish said, wiping his eyes. There wasn’t a single tear on his finger.

“Even back then, I let my guard down against the Awakened Ones and almost lost my head. My sisters who descended to the human world also let their guard down and died the same way, right? Well, I’m not used to the protection yet, so I can’t say I’m completely the same as the Seven.”

Permish clasped his hands together in front of his chest.

“I told you earlier, right? I’m going to go all out from the start.”

Phew.

Permish let out a shallow breath. Then the wind blew back and the rumbling of the earth quietened. The sudden silence heightened the

heroes' sense of unease.

Finally, Permish's small lips opened.

"Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva"

A loud noise, incomparable to that just a moment ago, distorts the space. The dust completely disappears due to the shock wave as if it were being swept away by the current. Beyond the shaking, the road I was walking on began to ripple like waves.

Kookookookookung… … !

The heroes dropped their weapons. They bent their necks back and stared blankly, because a giant had emerged from the midst of the chaos.

"Thousand Hands Death Slash"

The Buddha statue sits cross-legged, with a thousand pairs of arms stretched out behind its back, looking down. Its size is as big as a mountain range, and its shadow covers the area like a dark cloud.

"Just throw it away."

Permish leaped and landed gently on the giant's head.

"Without fail."

She smiled and raised her index finger.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 254

Episode 254: The Art of Fighting (3)

As soon as Permish opened his lips, the giant's fists rained down. In the cold winter of the gray-white sky, fierce raindrops struck the ground like the midsummer monsoon season.

The giant destroyed the heavens and the earth with a cruel and gentle face, taking away life.

"Top! Right ahead!"

As the end approached, the association officials shouted. The desperate cries clashed within the helmet.

Accordingly, heroes wearing visors each manifested their own blessings and erected a shield wall to form a turtle-shaped formation. The Testudo, the ancient Roman phalanx.

"Mid and jungle are in there!"

'Mid' and 'Jungle' quickly fled inside the formation, and 'Bottom' tried to keep some distance. But not everyone can avoid it.

The Buddha statue had a total of two thousand arms hanging from its back like fans. The speed at which it was throwing its fists was also manipulated, so that only an afterimage could be seen.

Speed and weight were multiplied. What can we say about the destructive power? With one fist that fell like a meteorite, it was enough to collapse the shields built by dozens of people.

“Fuck-al!”

The heroes tried to endure it by resorting to evil.

Boom!

Unable to withstand the giant’s hammer, he was eventually flattened along with his shield. The heroes raised their shields while covered in the blood of their comrades. They knew that if they were to be immersed in sorrow, they would not be able to avoid the same fate.

Euaaa …

The long ridges of the mudslide stretched out. The indiscriminate firing of the giant’s fists crushed the heroes like ants. The ground was leveled. Pieces of flesh were flying everywhere. Blood flowed into the concave furrows, forming puddles of blood.

Permish watched the gruesome scene from above the giant’s head, his arms folded leisurely.

“Yes, this is what you humans are like. You are lowly beings who crawl on the ground like insects, and whose bodies explode at the touch of our demons. That is what you humans are, you lowly beings. Now, learn your lesson, okay?”

Permish wore a long, torn smile that could hardly be called a child’s.

“Since there is no one left to live with, I guess I will realize my place in the afterlife. That is quite enjoyable in its own way.”

Permish thought. He has no personal ill feelings toward humans. What good would it do to harbor feelings beyond irritation toward bugs? The commander is this kind of person. The perspective is different. He cannot see humans as humans. It is not that he ‘does not’ do it, but that he ‘cannot’ do it. This is the same among humans. It is no different from the vested interests not understanding the ecology of those who are in the blind spot of human rights.

“By the way.”

Permish looked around widely. The battlefield was a mess, but the

old man with the sword had disappeared.

‘He is an awakened one.’

There was no way she could have been this bad. She was someone I knew better than anyone, having faced her in person centuries ago.

‘And above all.’

Heavenly Sword, Strong Sword Horse.

I was still concerned about that guy’s presence. He hadn’t been seen since a while ago. The number of swords flying through the air had noticeably decreased.

Permish rolled her eyes here and there. Since she was a person who could not let her guard down by nature, Lord Kuarn gave her permission to go.

If not, Kuarn would not have taken such a huge risk to open the gate.

“I am favored by Lord Kuarn.”

So, we must not betray that expectation.

‘I will slaughter all the bugs that get in the way of Kuarn.’

In addition, he kills the swordsman that Kuarn-nim is watching over in the pain of karma. Because his brother’s interest is only his own.

Wedge!

Permish tilted his head back to avoid the sudden blow. A piece of sashimi was stuck at the foot of his foot.

As Permish averted his gaze, he saw the sword master dashing towards him on his sword. He snatched the sashimi from the air and threw it back like a dagger.

Permish flinched for a moment at the unexpected surprise. For a moment, his face crumpled into a grim expression.

“You’re so arrogant, you know, you’ve got wings.”

She snapped her fingers. The giant turned the trajectory of his fist upward.

“But even if it has wings, it is still a bug.”

Heavy fists swept through the clouds as if pounding them. The barrage of fists flew as if they were eating away at the sword master’s vision. If he counterattacked them one by one, he would burst like a fly.

‘Avoid.’

He approached, avoiding all of them. The sword master, who had lowered his posture, grabbed the handle of his sword with one hand. Like a surfer riding a wave. The straight sword that carried him drew a smooth path, squeezing between the gaps between his fists.

The more skillfully I dodged here and there, the more momentum I gained. I was riding the momentum as if I was letting the current take over.

The swordsman continued to advance, his white hair dangling. As he did so, his front teeth dug into his wrinkled lips.

‘shit.’

I had to pretend not to see the tragedy unfolding on the ground. I had to fix my eyes tightly in front of me. If only to make their sacrifices meaningless, at least until the Ganggeomma finished preparing.

‘Furthermore, if I could even cause a small wound.’

I quickly closed the distance. I quickly threw the sashimi. Only then did I realize why Kanggeomma insisted on using this knife.

Daiso sashimi for 3,000 won. The quality was better than I expected and it was useful. In other words, it was good value for money.

Ting- tidding-!

The pebbles and sashimi that Permush fired like a machine gun collided in the air. Permush glared and growled.

“You little fly.”

Soon, the sword master succeeded in deflecting all of the attacks. As soon as he landed, he pushed the head of the Buddha statue away with his hind legs and advanced forward. A sharp sword strike.

“Okay.”

Permish spread out his palm and scattered gravel on the floor. He slumped his shoulders and clenched his fists.

“If you want a fight so badly, I’ll play along to your rhythm.”

The stone debris wrapped around Permish’s forearm. The gauntlet formed in an instant. She stepped into the leaping stance.

As the swordsmen leapt forward, the two new forms collided in the center.

-Quaqua light!

In the blink of an eye, countless attacks and blows took place between the two. Sparks and crackling noises repeatedly flickered above the giant’s head.

The swordsman who confronted Permish head-on was secretly surprised. He was surprised at how great the martial arts of a man who only did gravel were, and at himself who was fighting a one-on-one duel with the legion commander.

However, this does not mean that the situation is entirely positive.

‘There is not much time left.’

The power of awakening is expendable. It takes life in exchange for great power.

The sword master tried to shake off his impatience and swung his sword calmly. “Tung” He deflected the punch with the blade of his sword. “Shut” He swung his sword and persistently aimed only at the vital points.

Defense was intentionally left out. The best defense is offense. It is the most basic of the basics of fighting.

The battle gradually turned towards the swordsman. Permish was also there to help him out, and he was unbeatable in close combat. He also awakened his protection using life as fuel.

The movements were lighter than at the peak, and the blade became sharper with each passing moment. The golden eye found regularity and created weaknesses in the opponent.

Eventually, Permish's hind leg got caught in his front ankle. His fist and foot became entangled in a skilled swordplay.

The inspector didn't miss the opportunity. He shouted at the flag.

"Permish, you bitch, you don't even have any blood on your head!"

He gathered a pure white aura and coated the blade with it, then struck diagonally from the lower right to the upper left.

Phew- Boom!

Permush, who had received the sword wind with his chest, was struck by the giant's headdress. The sword master took a deep breath and glared at Permush.

It was engraved as if it had been part of an original mural painting. Its head was down, so its eyes were not visible, but its mouth was clearly visible. It was splitting itself open.

"… Hehehe."

The laughter is ominous. Permish twisted her whole body and walked away from the wall. She said, leisurely shaking her skirt.

"I admit it. You have reached the realm of the Sword Master for a moment."

The sword master frowned at the unexpected praise. The man's skirt was torn and tattered. There were quite a few blood lines on his cheeks. However, a faint pleasure spread across his lips.

Permish met the swordsman's eyes. The bastard's eyes were still dull and dead.

"It's just a shame, if only you were younger you would have surpassed your ancestors."

Suddenly Permish raised three fingers.

"There are three reasons why you are dying today. First, because you met me, who has dealt with the Awakened. Second, because you met me only today."

She said, folding her fingers one by one.

"Third, meeting me."

"You have a talent for making something trivial seem grandiose."

Despite the swordsman's accusations, Permish just giggled.

"You too have a mouth like your ancestors. Aaron Nibelung also had a rather harsh tongue, despite his appearance. She was an interesting woman."

His dry eyes traced back hundreds of years into the past. Permish closed his eyes, opened them, and opened his mouth.

"Tell me where that black-haired brat is, and I'll show my respect by blowing his head off in one blow."

"Do you think I should tell you?"

"no."

Permish chuckled and shook his head.

"It was something I said before."

The next moment, Permish curled his ten fingers like eagle talons, hanging his raised nails in the air.

The inspector opened his eyes wide at the shocking scene that followed. This was because he could see the texture of space rippling

from each of the bastard's fingers.

"Do you know the best way to get rid of bugs in a rice bin?"

"… … !"

Permish raised the corners of his lips at the embarrassed swordsman.

"It's like turning it over in its entirety."

Permish's ten fingers clawed at the air, as if pulling down an invisible curtain.

"Mantra"

◑

○

Swastika

●

◐

The earth tilted. The mad sky turned upside down. The horizon swallowed the sun and then spat it back out.

There was no loud noise like before. It just mocked the common sense that the soles of the feet are always on the ground.

Those who held on to the earth fell into the sky. Those who were hanging in the air, on the contrary, were thrown to the ground.

In a world turned upside down, the only thing standing upright is a demon in the form of a girl.

"ha ha ha!"

Permish looked up and went crazy. His eyes, devoid of color, were filled with the upper world, which was either the sky or the ground.

"…iced coffee."

He barely managed to plant the blade on the ground, but the sword master was left hanging on the hilt. Up until now, he had tried not to despair. He had lived with the possibility that he could stand up to any formidable opponent with just his sword.

But now, the man's beliefs were being torn to shreds along with the heavens.

'Who can stop that devil who is tormenting the world?'

Grief and despair consumed the sword master. If I let go of this sword hilt, I will be engulfed in those gray clouds. That was the moment when he looked back and forth between the sword and his feet with bewildered eyes.

"… … !"

The figures, flapping their ivory wings, quickly approached. From the ground, from the clouds, from the sky… They soared toward Permish, each holding a piece of sashimi in both hands.

"That's… … ."

Permish, who had been scheming, finally showed confusion on his face. It was the first time since the battle that he had shown a sense of defeat.

Damn it.

There was a sound of footsteps, it was hard to tell if they were coming from the sky or the ground. However… … .

Damn it.

Who is the owner of the footsteps?

Damn it.

Everyone knew it.

Ch. 255 Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 255

Episode 255: The Art of Fighting (4)

"…angel?"

Permish muttered briefly and stood there dumbfounded, her neck arched back. While she was staring blankly, the number of shadows rising from the clouds continued to increase.

Dozens, hundreds, thousands. Eventually, the new white models, so swollen that it was difficult to count them with the naked eye, landed close to the road.

The angels' feet were about a foot above the floor. They were not affected by gravity.

Flutter.

The angels folded their ivory wings as if they were crouching, then spread them out. Feathers flew. Pure white feathers fluttering like snowflakes. One of them lightly landed on Permush's nose. She remained still with a dazed look in her eyes until that moment. The laughter had long since stopped, and Permush's face was filled with shock. Pure white, like the feathers that had landed on her nose.

In the meantime, footsteps were heard one after another. With each step taken, the chaotic world slowly regained its stability and returned to its original state. The earth, the sky, and the sun were returning to their proper places.

Damn it.

The dark clouds, full of holes, scattered and shyly revealed their inner selves. The original color, the purple sunset, the time of purple haze.

Damn it.

Angels holding sashimi with both hands opened the path to the left and right. Kanggeomma walked along between the trees that at first glance looked like a white bleached road.

Black and white. The contrasting colors make the sense of reality disappear. The completely pale background creates an optical illusion that makes the black presence stand out.

Permish, whose face had turned pale, shook his head to clear his feathers, then bared his teeth fiercely.

"… It's you. The human who killed Agor and Vesna. You're the so-called spiritual successor of that arrogant brat, Balor Joaquin. And not only that-"

Permish said with his eyes having lost their composure.

"That little bug that monopolizes Lord Kuarn's attention!"

"… … ."

Kanggeomma looked around the hell created by Permish with his black eyes. Heroes died. And they died in a very brutal way. Bursted, crushed, trampled. It was rare to find a complete corpse.

Suddenly.

My wisdom teeth clenched on their own.

If only I had been prepared a little sooner… wouldn't I have died less? That thought passed his mind for a moment, and he shook his black head.

This was the best we could do. This wasn't some kind of self-justification. After much discussion and evidence gathering, this was the only way to ensure that the greatest number of people would

survive.

but.

Reason and rationality say so.

It is true that countless lives were lost.

“Permish.”

I am a knife wielder.

“Bear it.”

So I will honor their souls with a sword.

“Every single one of them, without leaving a single trace.”

* * *

Beep-

[The ‘human level’ has increased significantly.]

[The user level is still a bit low for the program to work perfectly.]

[The worldline is still a bit low level for the program to work perfectly.]

[One, a part of the ‘divine nature’ can be temporarily used as a catalyst for the ‘human nature’.]

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.

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+ +

《The Almighty Who Became a Boy》

《Set you free.》

+ +

* * *

As soon as the soles of his feet touched the ground, Geomje quickly raised his head. He saw Ganggeomma surrounded by a group of angels on the long horizon. Geomje rubbed his eyes and looked in that direction again.

“It’s the same as back then… the time of Agora.”

No, it might be a little different from that time. The sword master was currently in a state of awakening the guardian. As his realm rose, his eyes also rose. That was why he couldn’t help but tremble even more. Now that he had a small understanding, compared to when he had no idea, he could clearly realize how far removed from reality the strong sword master was.

‘There is something in Kanggeomma that is not God.’

The prosecutor was certain.

‘Something beyond divinity.’

No other term comes to mind. A being greater than God. A difficult problem that is too presumptuous to even dare to think about. One thing is certain. The reality seen from the perspective of the awakened is the clearest evidence.

At that moment, Changseong climbed up the giant’s arm like a monkey. As Ganggeomma unleashed his extraordinary power, the giant stopped moving. It stopped working like a machine that had lost its power. It is unknown whether it was because of Permish’s confusion or Ganggeomma’s fault. In any case, thanks to this, the heroes were able to catch their breath, and Changseong was able to arrive at the scene just in time.

“Nibelung!”

Changseong came running, shouting urgently. Geomje, who was bending one knee, gestured as if it was okay. Then, he silently pointed to a certain place.

Changseong's gaze slid down to his fingertips. Then he blinked his eyelids a couple of times. Just like Geomje had done, he rubbed his eyes and opened them wide. The friction made the area around his eyes red.

"…What is that?"

"The white one is an angel, the little one is a perm."

"I didn't ask that!"

The angel knew because he had been informed by Cheongeom yesterday. It was surprising that Permish looked like a kid, but it wasn't him who caught his attention.

A massive presence that seemed like it would erase everything in the area. The strong sword was sucking in the background and the gaze like a center of gravity.

Space buckled as if unable to withstand the pressure of existence, and the road he was walking on rippled gently.

Even the main body of the Ganggeomma was not visible to the eye. Only a human figure with outlines, clad in a radiant white robe, could be seen.

"Mura, I guess you can't see it."

"I can't see it. So tell me. What does it mean?"

Changseong was dumbfounded. Unlike Geomje, he was not yet an Awakened One.

"What could it be? It's the Heavenly Sword."

The inspector answered as he stood up with a jerk. His body was in shambles due to the reaction of awakening. However, even though he was uncomfortable moving, he had to move for now.

"Let's get out of here first, as far away as possible. If we get too close, our necks will fall off."

"…Why are you saying that? It's like what I said to my subordinate earlier."

"What… … ."

Just as the swordsman was about to ask, the angels rose high in unison, breaking the line. They floated into the sky and rushed at the golems that were causing havoc on the human land. Even the giants that had been deactivated had their arms cut off by the angels' sashimi.

"I could not have guessed that the Igigi Sword was not intended to be a preemptive strike, but rather to send the sashimi into space and give it to them."

Changseong said while watching the scene.

"You didn't just see it now, you saw beyond it. Of course… you made a huge sacrifice, but you saved your last resort to reduce the damage. The one who is probably in the most mental pain right now is Cheongeom. That's why he's making that kind of expression."

Changseong, who was supporting the swordsman, tilted his head.

"Can you see the expression of the Heavenly Sword in your eyes, Awakened One?"

"Not exactly, but vaguely. But I can feel that he's angry even without looking at his face. His body feels tingly."

"That's the same to me… … Anyway, it seems like the operation was a success. What Kanggeomma said, 'Since it's an earth attribute, we need a unit that can intercept it from the air,' is exactly right."

"That's right. And the power and speed of those angels that the association president discovered and modified are incredible."

Changseong nodded in agreement.

The angels flew at an incredible speed, their feathers fluttering. Each flap of their wings created a shock wave. I wondered if this was the limit of the speed that a living creature could achieve.

But as soon as Kanggeomma took a step, that limit was immediately renewed.

The next moment they saw a speed that was so wondrous, almost mystical. To be honest, it felt like climbing a mountain.

Phew.

The wind pressure pushed Geomje and Changseong, who were avoiding the spot, onto their backs. Changseong, who almost fell over, managed to catch his balance and stand up.

The two men looked back reflexively. The lights flashed. A red, melted knife mark was carved into the space and slowly sealed itself together.

Geomje and Changseong's lips were parched.

It was not something that could be chased by human eyesight. The movement of the strong sword was nothing. It disappeared, leaving only a crescent-shaped sunken spot where it had been. Moreover, the sword stroke that cut through the permish melted the air in the area.

————!

The backlash came again. This time, the white noise ruptured my eardrums. Blood flowed from my earlobes.

Permish's ten fingers rose into the air, their graceful cuts splattering blue blood onto the floor.

Permish looked at his palm, which was left bare after losing all his fingers.

When was it cut? Before I could even begin to wonder, there were blood lines on both wrists. Soon, only a stream of blood gushed out where my hands had been.

Permush, who had been hit twice without even being able to react, finally lost focus. His brain belatedly realized the seriousness of the situation. Permush distorted his lips.

“Surely not this guy.”

Permush couldn’t keep up with his thoughts and words. Suddenly, the strong swordsman appeared at his feet and swung the sashimi horizontally. The blade drew a fan-shaped light and passed Permush’s arm.

A burning sensation was felt. There was no way to stop myself from screaming. Permush swallowed the pain simmering down his throat and somehow managed to cast his magic. First, he built a defensive line and then… … .

Permush had no choice but to let out a whimper instead of casting.

“Magic power…, magic power isn’t gathering.”

Only after splitting the momentary gap and looking back on it, did I realize the reason.

“Disaster” “Cheon Soo Sa Bak” “Mantra”

I unleashed all the magic that could be called a one-hit wonder. In other words, I drew out too much magical power and used it up.

‘But even so, that doesn’t make sense.’

This is near Gehenna Gate, near the Demon Realm. It may not be infinite, but it is close to it, and the magic power is depleted. It is a situation where I have to replenish it because I have used up all the magic power in my body.

‘no way?’

Permush felt his mind going blank. He quickly rolled his eyes and looked around. Magical power was boiling like air. The offensive that he thought was being poured out in a disorderly manner was actually cutting off the flow of magic power. Furthermore, he was waiting for the right moment for the magic power within him to come out.

‘I wasn’t there just to attract those angels!’

It was a fight that Permish had already lost before it even started.

-How to win a fight. The second and most important key is to wait. Wait and wait until your opponent is sure that he has won. Even if you get hit, look at your opponent and wait for the right time while getting hit.

The CEO's long introduction to fighting.

-And when the enemy makes a face that says he has won, extend your sword… no, your fist. It's called a counter.

The sight of you smiling brightly.

-Even though you have a bad personality, that means you are poisonous. Don't let yourself get hurt and don't look easy. The stronger the opponent, the more madness you should instill in them. That way, they won't attack you again.

The face of the boss, who was messing with my hair with his remaining hand, passes by.

-I'll pay you the price of the robbery.

A faint smile appeared on Kang Geum-ma's lips.

Crunch!

Sashimi hit his shin. Permish, who was already sluggish, had his growth plates closed. The sword strikes continued, hitting his elbows, shoulders, legs, and hips. His entire body except for vital points.

Kang Geum-ma was cutting flesh as he had said. He was the best swordsman in the country. He was well-versed in not only fish but also human anatomy. He knew the parts that could cause pain.

Kkuddukk.

Kanggeomma suddenly grabbed Permush's neck and lifted it high. Permush, with his limbs cut off, was completely incapacitated. He was driven by the evil force without showing even the slightest sign of resistance.

Kanggeomma slowly met his eyes. Permish fluttered his eyelids.

He opened his mouth, looking at the commander with bloodshot eyes without any white space.

“Permish.”

After releasing [Painless Protection].

“The pain I feel.”

[Protection of Transfer] was manifested.

“You feel it too.”

[The Sword God’s Protection] struck down the demon.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 256

Episode 256: The Black Horse, the Mad Horse, the Heavenly Sword……

A burning pain that felt like melting my optic nerves and a sharp pain that felt like squeezing my brain. If I hadn't had [Painlessness Protection], I probably wouldn't have even thought of using it.

I agree that [Protection of the Sword] is a transcendent power, but I don't understand why it comes with pain.

If I were to guess, I would say it's because of the 'abundant amount of information that comes in at once.'

To put it simply, it's like cramming infinite data into hardware with a fixed capacity.

It's a hypothesis, but it's the most likely one. At least among the hypotheses I can come up with.

Anyway, the point is this. The excruciating pain of [Protection of the Sword God] is insane. And it is something that cannot be handled without some decent hardware (body).

Even that Balor Joaquin had a hard time with this strength. This is not only for me, but it is also an example of how any human would have a hard time withstanding it.

So I have a question.

Is this power, and therefore the pain that comes with it, limited to

humans? Will it also apply to higher hardware, like mines. Even the highest-level mines? Questions like these.

However, there were few opportunities to resolve this, and even if there were, both times my life was in danger. In short, I had no time to experiment. I didn't have the energy to play around with my life at stake.

But life is like a blessing and a curse. Opportunities, as always, come unexpectedly.

Just like now.

내 손에 붙들려서 눈을 발라당 깐 이 개새끼가, 내 오래된 의문을 해소해 줄 실험체다. 물론 나도 [검신의 가호]의 고통에서 벗어날 순 없다.

But humans are animals of adaptation.

I've been suffering from this excruciating pain for a year now, so I've gotten used to it. It's definitely different from before, when I would cry and snot out of my eyes.

"Oh, shit."

It's a conditioned reflex to swear words coming out of your mouth. I emphasize this, but it's just because you're used to it. Just because you've been stabbed a lot doesn't mean it doesn't hurt.

I feel like I'm going to die at any moment. I bit my lower lip so hard that the flesh is ragged.

The list of thoughts is also jumbled. The thought circuit is as if it has been cut with scissors.

"ha ha ha……."

Still, I can't help but chuckle when I see Permush's face crumpled like aluminum foil.

match!

I slapped Permish in the face as he vomited out blue blood. Where

did he get the urge to faint?

“You little shit, are you the only one who’s sick?”

Permish flailed around, looking frightened. Then what? It was meaningless resistance.

“How does it feel to be in the position of the weak? The humans you killed with a single nod earlier died before they could even struggle like you. Why? You cause earthquakes, create giants and golems, and turn the sky upside down. Do you think you’re a god or something? Stop talking nonsense. You’re a bug, or worse.”

“town…….”

“Hold still, kid. You’re dripping on your hands.”

I tried to slap the other cheek, but instead I grabbed the neck with all my might. It was so thin I thought it would snap, but it was actually very strong.

As expected, the 4th Corps Commander. I like him. The smile on my face is getting deeper and deeper.

“In the world I lived in, there was a saying:”

I whispered into his ear with lips that were red from the blood. The pain was so intense that I felt like I was losing my mind, so I had to stammer out something.

“Those who cry when they’re having a hard time are third-rate, those who endure when they’re having a hard time are second-rate. And those who laugh when they’re having a hard time are first-rate.”

Permish stared at me with bloodshot eyes. Wow, look at those fierce eyes. I’m going to hit you if you keep doing that.

Like that or not, I just babbled on and on about whatever came to mind.

“But the more I think about it, the more ridiculous it seems. People are classified by their crying, enduring, and laughing. Permish, do

you agree or not?”

“… Ugh.”

“Shut up. Don’t answer. You’re not a human being, so what you say is useless.”

“… … .”

“Wow, but this kid really doesn’t answer? He’s so embarrassed when people talk to him. He doesn’t know manners, you kid.”

After saying that and giggling, Permish’s expression changed strangely as he was caught by me. It was as if he had never felt fear in his life, but he was trying to express it somehow. It was a truly bizarre face, but at this moment, I could enjoy watching it.

Honestly, I don’t know what I want to say or what I’m saying right now. Is it me moving my mouth to say it? Or is it me mumbling in my mind?

The important thing is that Permish dies while feeling fear from me. That’s the point. Compared to that, the pain of [Protection of the Sword God] is just a side effect.

“Agor, after Vesna, you have also instilled fear in Permush. We should be grateful to me. Because I have enriched our dry emotions. First, go play with the legion commanders who are swimming in the pit of hell. I will drop Kuarn, whom you love so much, in the same place.”

Bam.

“… … .”

Permush lowered his head as my laughter became his lullaby. His nosebleed dripped down his philtrum and into my hand. He didn’t move even when I touched his cheek from side to side. His breathing had stopped.

“I’m in so much pain I could die, I’m really dying.”

I took both hands off the guy. There was a bloody handprint on his slender neck. After a while, Permish, who had collapsed on the floor, scattered from the ends of his body to dust.

“You impatient little punk.”

The realization that I gained as a test subject along with Permish. The pain of [Protection of the Sword God] drives humans mad, but it kills mine.

My mind and body were completely devastated by the tuition fees, but… what is this feeling? It’s like someone who only wore ill-fitting ready-made clothes is wearing a tailored suit for the first time.

Anyway, this is the moment when I realize that my brain has gone slightly crazy.

For now, I am a madman, not a black horse.

Actually, it doesn’t matter. Whether it’s the sword, the magic sword, or the heavenly sword. All three are good and bad at the same time.

After talking nonsense like that for a while, my eyelids gradually become heavy. Even when I try to raise my head and look at the sky, my chin feels weak.

‘The time has come.’

When I opened my eyes again, I thought I would probably see the hospital ceiling.

I calmly accepted the darkness that came crashing in like a pitch-black wave.

* * *

[[[???]’s sixth piece, ‘The Barrier of Humans and Demons’ has been acquired. Total acquisition count (6/7).]

-Pfft!

= = = =

“A huge wall was built to cut off the cause and effect.

But eventually I realized that this too was a trick from heaven.

How long must we play with them?

It’s heartbreaking. It’s regrettable. It’s infuriating.

What on earth makes these so-called gods do such things?

What on earth are they afraid of?

What is the being that has reduced the heavens to a mere rabble?

It’s raining.

Where are you?

At least your reputation.

Take pity on this dull-witted fool.

Please respond.

I beg like this, and I beg again.’

＝＝ ＝＝

[NEW! Complete the main quest ‘Inma Il Tong’ and receive a reward.]

♪♫♬♩♫

[▷ You can now manifest the ‘Painless Protection 〈JinJin〉’.]

[▷ You can now manifest the ‘Protection of Communication 〈Truth〉’.]

[▷ ‘Protection of Charyeok 〈Proficiency〉’ has increased exponentially.]

[▷ ‘The Sword God’s Protection 〈Awakening〉’ is just around the corner.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Thank you for your effort.]

* * *

Silence fell over the room.

“Ugh… … .”

The bearded man barely managed to lower his eyes. At the same time, he realized that only the wind was hovering where his right arm had been.

The man looked around the battlefield with a hollow laugh. The golems had stopped moving and the pieces of meat were all crushed together. For a moment, it felt like the world, or rather, hell, had stopped time.

The man muttered to himself in despair.

“… So many people have died.”

The corners of his mouth, buried in his beard, were bitter. The relief that he was alive was not enough to raise the corners of his mouth.

The bearded man stood up unsteadily, supporting himself with his left hand on the floor. He closed his eyes for a moment. He felt the warmth of the sunset through the gaps in the clouds on his skin.

“hey.”

A familiar yet unfamiliar voice flowed into his ears. The man slowly opened his closed eyes.

The archer who had been arguing with him a few hours ago was limping towards him. The archer was walking slowly because one of his legs was missing.

Only then did his beard rise. The man quickly approached and clung

close to the archer.

“You or I would be lucky to get one leg and one arm instead of our lives.”

The archer said. The bearded man who was supporting him burst out laughing.

“You’re lucky!”

Beginning with that sound, survivors began to emerge from the rubble. In the hellish land filled with death, life began to bloom like wild flowers.

The bearded man felt his mouth, which had been full of bitterness, become refreshed and laughed louder. This time, the archer joined in. Then, one by one, the heroes began to join in the laughter.

At that moment, two new types stepped on the arms and hands of the Buddha statue and descended to the ground. Everyone turned their attention to the sound of them gradually getting closer. They were Changseong and Geomje.

The bearded man opened his eyes slightly. It was because he saw the boy lying in Changseong’s arms. The boy looked truly miserable, covered in red and blue blood. Judging from his condition, he was even more wounded than himself and the archer, who had lost their limbs.

The bearded man looked at the boy with blank eyes. The archer smiled faintly at him and asked him a favor.

“I have one leg missing, so could you help me kneel down? It’s too hard to do it alone.”

The bearded man complied with the request. And that was not all.

“I was just about to do that.”

Then he himself bent one knee and said this.

As the archer’s eyes widened, the man scratched his beard.

“Why? Before the battle, when he spoke to us. He went out of his way to get on our level. At the time, I thought he was just showing off, but he wasn’t. He was on the front lines fighting the enemy more than anyone else.”

“So, what you mean is that it bothers me that we have to stand up straight and look down on someone like that.”

The bearded man nodded awkwardly.

“Well, I guess that’s what it is.”

The archer’s pupils dilated pleasantly, and then he suddenly shouted loudly, raising his bow high into the sky.

“Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword!”

Someone responded loudly.

“Your Majesty!”

The shouts of the boy’s chant continued. The survivors joined in, and the cheers were deafening. However, the chant they were spouting was incoherent and chaotic.

“Heavenly Sword!” “Sword Horse!” “Heavenly Sword!” “Sword Horse!”

Chilseong’s other name is Cheongeom (Heavenly Sword) and his real name is Geomma (Sword Demon). As the era name continued, the two words were torn and then sewn back together.

And then eventually they converged into one and were reborn with a new nickname.

The mighty warriors gathered together and called out the new nickname.

““Heavenly Demon!””

Like a shout of victory.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 257

Episode 257: The Strangers

‘When I opened my eyes, I saw an unfamiliar ceiling.’

… I want to say that, but.

A familiar white ceiling greets me. There is even a chemical smell tickling my nose.

It was exactly the scene I had expected before losing my memory, so I almost laughed out loud. I bit my lip and suppressed my emotions.

If I even laughed in vain here, I would definitely faint. If I even coughed a little, I felt like my lungs would burst.

There is no specific basis for this. It is just a feeling from experience. After three years of studying at a private school, a dog can recite poetry, and after being hospitalized three times, it is possible to do a self-examination.

Even though my body was still sore as if it had been pounded with a hammer, my mind was clear.

‘I guess the aftermath was handled well.’

If this place I opened my eyes to wasn’t an afterlife disguised as a hospital – I must have been sent to the Academy while I was unconscious.

That means the Permish subjugation war must have ended

successfully. I decided to believe that, even though it was just a guess based on the feelings of someone who just opened their eyes.

It's been a while since I've been hospitalized, so I should take this opportunity to recover a bit. That's what I was thinking at the time.

Square, square.

A faint sound of a knife being cut was heard. It sounded like the sound of cutting something like fruit.

'Who is it?'

I tried to roll my eyes somehow. Then the sound of the sword suddenly stopped and a sigh was heard.

"Stay still."

If I had only heard the voice, I would have been confused. But from the strange tone of voice, I could tell who was next to the sickbed. There was only one person with a clitoris.

'Yusein.'

"why."

'… …!?'

Crazy. Yoo Se-in responded indifferently to the words he blurted out. Are you using mind poison or something?

"It's not like mind reading. And you probably figured it out by now. I've been communicating through the system."

What the heck, all of a sudden? It's a completely normal tone of speech, not a vulgar one. Se-in continued speaking in that tone.

"Anyway, if you have something to say, say it in your head. Then I'll foolishly keep up the rhythm."

Okay, let me start with this.

"How did you get into the hospital room?"

“You and I are distant cousins. They let us in because we’re family.”

“… … .”

You’re sending me in with just one word, family? That’s ridiculous.

As if he had read my mind, Se-in quickly added.

“It’s not that the Academy’s security system is weak, it’s that your and my characteristics are so different from each other in this world.”

“Features? What features?”

At my question, Se-in stopped cutting and kindly brought her face closer. I could feel her warm breath, and our noses were barely touching. She tapped the teardrops under my eyes with her nails.

“black eye.”

After saying that, Se-in sat down on the chair next to the hospital bed. In the calm and composed atmosphere, she spoke again.

“Just lie down and listen. As you may have noticed, I know you are not from ‘this world.’”

“Huh.”

For a moment, I almost lost it. Se-in frowned and clicked his tongue.

“As your body grows weaker, so does your mind. Why do you get so worked up over little things?”

“… … .”

“So… oh, I forgot how much I said.”

“A being from outside.”

“That’s right, there. To put it simply, I’m someone in a similar situation to you.”

Se-in stopped talking and took a bite of the apple, then exclaimed in admiration.

“Wow, but the apples are really delicious. I guess people have to be successful to enjoy them? The apples that come to Chilseong are of different quality. I’ve never seen apples with a quality certificate attached to each one. They’re so sweet. They just melt in your mouth.”

You were going to eat that apple, and that apple was given to me. And I, too, became Mr. Seori Kang and had the apple eaten right in front of me. My pride was hurt.

“I want to give it to you, but you can’t eat it? Oh my, it’s a shame. If I leave it like this, it’ll go bad, so I, a distant relative, have no choice but to eat it all… … .”

There, the teasing of people is also top-notch. A person who is called a saint by others is such a great prospect for the great swordsman. And what’s more, she eats crunchy and annoyingly.

The authenticity of the religious group that Yu Se-in belongs to is seriously questionable. It seems that there is a commandment in the doctrine that says, “Do not covet other people’s property.” Or maybe she is just a bad, schismatic saint.

“Just take it easy and continue what you were saying.”

“You’ve become so overbearing because you’ve become a Chilseong. Why do you speak in a commanding tone?”

You hit the nail on the head. It fucking stings.

“Well, it’s true that I teased you on purpose, so I’ll stop here. Anyway, you and I have similar origins, but our endings are different. In short, I’m also an outsider from outside. But my roots are different from yours. Anyway, I was born here. And the world line I came from is different. The Earth you think of and the Earth I lived on are different places. A parallel universe or a multiverse, something like that.”

World lines, parallel universes, multiverses.

He casually spouts off terms that seem to come out of hero movies. It’s dizzying. But, despite the confusing content, his tone of voice is

actually flat. As if it's nothing special.

"… So, Yoo Se-in, you were 'reincarnated'?"

After a moment of thinking, I came to this conclusion. Se-in nodded absentmindedly while chewing on an apple.

"Yes. That's the correct expression in the Earthly approach. You are 'possessed', I am 'reincarnated'. Then here's a quiz! If you and I, with our black eyes and black hair, are possessed and reincarnated-"

"What!? You don't even have black hair in the first place."

"Oh, this?"

Se-in swept back her silver hair that reached down to her waist.

"You dye and bleach your hair regularly? Black hair is too flashy. I didn't want to attract unnecessary attention. But my retina is too thin to wear circle lenses."

Oh my gosh, this is ridiculous. Why does a kid who doesn't want to stand out use the clitoris? Did he think he was acting like a teenager?

'No, wait.'

As doubt began to creep into my eyes, Se-in quickly added.

"Just in case, I was a woman before I was reincarnated. My face was exactly the same as mine now. I don't remember my original age. Maybe it's because of the effects of reincarnation, but my memories of my previous life are vague. The only difference I remember from my previous life is that I was born as a saint and my 'romantic feelings' were neutralized?"

"…castration."

"Is it a bit weird to say this in front of a man? But there's no other word to replace it. To cut out, that's also a bit weird. To extract, that doesn't sound good."

Judging by your poor choice of words, it seems like you've really run

out of emotions.

“The story keeps going off track. So, answer the quiz I gave you. Possession and reincarnation, so what’s left?”

Se-in urged him to answer.

Ice and reincarnation. Excluding these two, there is only one element left. There are probably few Koreans who are familiar with games and genre novels who do not know this.

“return.”

“That’s right, regression. Here’s another quiz. Who else besides you and me has black eyes and black hair?”

I know this too.

“Balor Joaquin.”

“It’s good that you understand quickly. That’s right. The hero of the first century and the one who saved humanity 700 years ago. Balor Joaquin is a regressor. Strictly speaking, an ‘infinite regressor’ who repeats dying and coming back to life until he saves the world.”

I listened for a while, having answered correctly one after another. The people’s eyes were dark, and I couldn’t help but be shocked, so I couldn’t choose an answer.

“Unlike us, Balor Joaquin was born in this world. However, he was chosen by the foreign gods just like us. That’s why he is a human with black eyes and hair just like us.”

I felt my displeasure rising at the explanation of the saint. Even if I leave it aside, the boss, Balor Joaquin is saying that he will return until he saves the world. Whether it is a foreign news agency or that old man, it is unpleasant to see people being used as they please. It is no different from complete slavery.

The boss is my mentor and stepfather. I just heard that he was put in a wheel like a hamster. It makes me sick. To put it harshly, it’s fucking.

I frowned and asked back.

“If that foreign news guy is so great, why don’t you do it yourself? Why are you using me or someone else?”

“I know how you feel, but I can’t help it. I admit that the foreign news seems presumptuous. But in the end, he had no choice but to send an agent for the sake of the ‘entire world line.’ He would like to do it on his own, but he can’t do it yet, because he hasn’t fully satisfied the conditions. It may sound like I’m bragging about being the foreign news’ saint, but that’s the truth.”

Despite the barbed tone, the people’s attitude was indifferent.

“I can’t say any more than this. There’s a lot more I could say, but the price I have to pay is too high. You’re all just trying to make a living, right? I don’t know everything either. In fact, the things I just said were possible because you twisted the ‘fate of this world line’ to a great extent. Of course, I don’t mean it in a bad way, but in a good way.”

Sein picked up a piece of apple and then got up from his seat. Then he pressed himself against me. His right knee and palm were on the blanket, and his left leg and arm were stretched out forward and backward—a posture that resembled a cat stretching.

Se-in opened her mouth and said, “Ah,” right in front of my nose. She poked my front teeth with an apple that she had cut into bite-size pieces.

“Open your mouth. You might feel sick after fasting for three days, but you still have to eat to survive. Are you going to act like a man with your stomach full? Eat for the sake of the kids who are fighting over you.”

When I hesitated, Se-in tilted his head.

Actually, after talking for so long, I finally had the energy to fidget.

But I can’t move. It’s because this clueless senior foreigner got too close to my junior.

The senior's expression of affection towards his junior is excessive.

She muttered with a serious expression.

"You don't even have the strength to move your jaw? Should I chew it and eat it with my mouth…?"

I stretched my neck out like a Zara and took a big bite of the apple. I moved my jaw vigorously to make sure she could see it well.

Only then did Se-in release himself from the cat (dangerous) pose he had been unaware of. He placed his hands on both of his waists and looked down at me with a pleased look.

"You eat well."

Sein took a rock out of his pocket and immediately placed it on my chest. It was small in volume, but it felt heavy. She explained about the rock as she got out of bed.

"I heard you were collecting magic stones to strengthen your weapons. But then the Knights Templar went to subdue the 'Manticore' not long ago and picked up some magic stones, so I stole them."

"Is it okay to steal something like that?"

Sein shrugged his shoulders.

"I am the only saint in this world. I am on a par with the Pope within our church. If I ask for it, you will spit it out. Don't misunderstand. I just stole it because I was too lazy to talk about it."

"…Who was it that said to me earlier that I was being overbearing?"

"People are inherently two-faced. Especially you and me. Our very existence is dualistic, isn't it?"

She's a smooth talker. Maybe it's because she's a saint by profession. I find myself nodding. Damn, I'm convinced.

"I won't refuse since you gave it to me."

“Yeah, put it in when you give it to me. If you had refused, I would have sold it on the black market.”

“What are you going to do with it if you sell it?”

“I need to get into the game.”

In my opinion, she is indeed a saint.

Se-in, who had finished his business, paused for a moment in front of the door before leaving. Then, out of the blue, he said this to me.

“You’ve worked hard all this time.”

It’s a single word that contains a lot.

This is Se-in, who has been living alone as a foreigner for a full seventeen years. Her loneliness must have been several times greater than mine.

The junior answers, hoping that it will be of some small comfort to the foreign senior.

“You’ve had a hard time too.”

At that moment, a faint line appeared on the corner of Se-in’s mouth, which had always been chubby.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 258

Episode 258 Blessing (1)

An altar-like structure erected to pierce the gray-white stone sky and pitch-black sun. At the top, Kuarn rested his chin on the armrest and received reports from his subordinates.

“The human army fought the golems in the field, and Lord Permush fought an all-out war against the descendants of Aaron Nibelung, eventually falling to the hands of ‘that guy.’ In addition, it is said that that guy joined hands with the leader of the Hero Association and made the angels serve him as servants.”

The high elf servant did not dare to raise his head. He knelt down flat and reported what he had heard.

Kuarn, who was listening to the report, had no change in expression before or after receiving the report. He just looked down at all things with dull eyes like an inanimate object.

The high elf was sweating profusely. This report itself was a hardship for her. The 4th Legion Commander’s warrior. And considering Kuarn’s origins, the topic of ‘angels’ was bound to be a sensitive one.

“… That guy.”

Kuarn muttered quietly. In his white eyes, half-hidden by his pure white eyelashes, a emptiness darker than the abyss hovered.

For a moment, the suffocating silence rolled in, and the high elf’s long ears perked up. She raised her head without realizing it.

“ha ha ha!”

Kuarn was seen looking up at the black sun, bursting out in madness. A genuine madness flowed from his pure white pupils.

Kuarn’s two hands roughly gnawed at his cheeks. The flesh came off like skin from his fingernails.

“… Ku, Kuarn-sama?”

The high elf took a deep breath. The laughter stopped as if it had never happened. Kuarn slowly turned to look at her.

“… … .”

“… … !”

The high elf froze in surprise. She belatedly began to tap her forehead against the pavement repeatedly.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

Kuarn came closer and crouched down at the foot of the stairs. The high elf could only see two beautiful white feet. She prayed and prayed on her long toes.

“Do you think I’m crazy right now?”

Kuarn made a dull voice. The high elf shook his head, his forehead still bruised.

“It is out of the question. How could anyone in the world have such a disrespectful thought? It is an honor for the clan to see this lowly young lady, Lady Kuarn, so happy.”

“… … .”

Instead of answering, Kuarn reached out. He held his jaw, his teeth chattering, and looked around at his pale face.

“Your face is hurt.”

“Oh, no. It’s okay.”

“I’m not okay when I see it. That’s why it’s not okay.”

Kuarn’s words and actions were incoherent. That was the kind of person he was. No one knew what schemes he was plotting in his head.

“Please, at least save my life… … .”

The high elf lowered his eyes as much as possible. Even so, Kuarn’s face was still visible on his retina. The corners of his mouth, scarred with scars, were raised high.

“Tell me. What color are my eyes and hair?”

“Your pure whiteness is more dazzling than snow.”

Kuarn slowly shook his head at the high elf’s flattery.

“No. I am as black as the sun from head to toe.”

What are you saying? The high elf’s nose was covered in cold sweat. A single stream of blood ran down his nose from his split forehead.

At first she smiled faintly.

“Yes, that’s right. Lord Kuarn is a splendid darkness like that firm sun.”

Kuarn wiped the bridge of her nose with his index finger and rolled it around in his mouth.

“This taste.”

He sucked his finger and made an evil expression.

“It tastes like lying.”

“Kwarn-nim… Keu-heuk!”

The scream of the last words was a testament. Kuarn distorted her beautiful face. Then, a small orb appeared in the high elf’s brow.

“The reason you are dying here is because you placed me next to him

in order to live. And-”

Kuarn coldly glared at the high elf as he died, his bones splattering.

“You did not honor Him. Is the Almighty your friend? You insolent one, know your place.”

Kukugugugu.

“Your sins deserve to be remedied a billion times over and you deserve to die, but I highly value the fact that you truly regretted Permish’s death. Therefore, it is my mercy for you to die in one breath.”

Meanwhile, the high elf was spiraling in from the area closest to the hole, its skin twisted like a rag and its bones twisted into deformities.

The high elf tried to resist by casting his highest magic. However, even that was sucked away by the oil-colored orb, along with the magic.

After a while, a void engulfed the place where the high elf had been staying. The only trace of the high elf was a concentric circle of furrows.

“His second coming is not far away.”

Kuarn stood up on his knees.

“The academy will be on vacation soon. Call your nephew to the Demon Realm.”

“I will send someone right away.”

Mine, who was standing behind the throne with her back to her chest, nodded. She was Kuarn’s aide. With the legion commanders having passed away one after another, she became the second in line within Gehenna.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you.”

Kuarn nodded and raised his head.

“My beloved nephew, Leon van Reinhardt.”

The dark sun was setting in the middle of the sky. The hazy shadows cast by the black sunlight moved like a mass.

* * *

Horok.

The head of the academy, Media, took a sip of her black tea and raised her head. She looked at the woman across from her. She looked exactly like herself, so for a moment it was like looking in a mirror.

‘… But unlike me, your face is bright. Look at the shine flowing from your skin.’

Media sighed deeply. Her twin sister, Meaine, was almost lying down on the sofa, squirming.

“Don’t you know that sighing makes you age faster? Even ancient people need to take care of their skin. I think my face has lost a lot of its color since I started working as the academy director.”

The media was dumbfounded. It was even more dumbfounded to hear it from someone who was personally practicing the two letters ‘laziness’ as performance art.

“I don’t think that’s something the person who handed the position of principal to me should say, former principal? Or, do you want to be the principal again while you’re at it? Huh?!”

Mayain waved her hand.

“So many.”

Media crossed her arms three times in her head, fighting the urge to punch that snickering face.

“I’d rather receive a salary on time than someone who pays me. And honestly, the pay is low compared to the job of a school director.”

“… … .”

It wasn’t easy. The teacup in my hand vibrated. A quiet storm was swirling inside the teacup.

“There isn’t much of a difference in salary between an instructor and a school principal? After taxes, I might make more. But the best part is that the work environment is the best in the world! If I want to take a break, I can just let the kids study on their own. Being an instructor is a total pay thief. Oh, of course, compared to being an academy principal.”

Maya put her glasses back on and slightly raised the left corner of her mouth.

“My name is Meain, and I am a salaryman named Lupin.”

From a young age, Meaine was a master of drugging her younger siblings, no, a divine being, even a parody of a serial killer disguised as a detective.

“Why didn’t our salaryman Lupin participate in the war to subdue Permish?”

Media pulled the corners of her lips together, applying force to her ears. Then she squeezed out the gentlest voice. But her heart was pounding.

“I wanted to go. But Cheongeom came to me separately and said that he would take care of the 4th Corps Commander, so he should focus on training the Cheon Class kids.”

“So, is Geomma doing a good job with her duties, you know? If she’s not doing well, we’ll have to fire her and replace her with someone else, you know. There are many other people who can do the job besides you, you know.”

Mayne gestured to the table with a glance.

“The report is over there. Read it, yo-yo-yo.”

Media immediately scanned the report in detail. Her double-lidded

eyes were blazing with the intent to chew on the report.

“Please just one, just one.”

Her mint-colored eyes moved quickly up, down, left, and right. She had been the head of the academy for several decades. She was a media who had naturally acquired the ability to read quickly.

“Grades… personal records… individual personality types.”

The report was well organized and itemized. It was perfect. That made me even more annoyed. If I had failed at my work, I would have been scolded… Ugh!

Then, Media furrowed one eyebrow subtly. She took her gaze away from the letters and turned the paper over.

The media asked.

“Leon van Reinhardt. Isn’t his growth rate a bit too rapid?”

Maya slowly lowered her head, which had been leaning back against the back of the chair. She nodded heavily, as if she had been waiting for those words.

“That’s right. Even considering that he’s a warrior, that’s too fast.”

“Compared to the sword?”

“Cheongeom defeated three legion commanders by himself. Of course, he couldn’t even reach his knees. But.”

Mea’s upper body was thrown forward. She knocked on the back of the report.

“In terms of potential, he is in no way inferior to Kanggeomma. He is a natural born beggar, in terms of ‘vessel’.”

“I heard from Geomma before. Leon, he’s a Nephilim. Did you know that too?”

“Just a guess. The existence of the Nephilim itself only appears in

legends. If you look at it that way, it's the same for us ancient people, but anyway."

As the Poison Sisters talked, the air in the principal's office grew colder. The black tea also cooled and its scent became faint.

Media drank the cold tea to quench her thirst. Then she warmed up her cup again and spoke.

"It's true that Leon's hometown is the Demon Realm. But who are his biological father and mother? He probably didn't eat Demon Realm food in vain, and I'm sure you've noticed it to some extent."

"I don't know who my biological mother is, but I think I know my biological father."

Meaine also filled her own cup. She spoke, holding the cup to her lips.

"Do you know about the angels who fell from the heavens during the mythical era?"

"I know because I often heard it from my father when I was little."

The Poison family were descendants of the ancient people who were massacred by angels. Of all the modern humans, they were the closest to mythology. That is why they knew the forbidden history well.

"Angels who were heavenly agents. The most brilliant of them all formed a group. That's Grigori. Have you heard about him from your father?"

The younger sister was taken aback by her older sister's question.

"Yeah. I heard about it."

"Gregory's goal was to carry out the Heavenly Gospel directly. In common parlance, it was a warm-hearted one. But he was very strong. But what is this? That Gregory betrayed Heaven? Their leader was Azazel. He is the old name of Kuarn, who is currently the leader of the Demon Realm."

“I heard it from Geomma before. He said he heard it by chance when he went to the Nephilim temple.”

“I don’t know why Kuarn is acting as a priest there, but there are others like Samael, Lucifer, Sandalphon, etc… … Anyway, they planned a rebellion under the leadership of the strongest angels. In short, they staged a coup against the gods. The justification is unclear. In fact, it’s ridiculous to be specific. It’s literally a myth.”

Maya moistened her lips with tea and put it down with a clank. Her eyes settled into a calm tone as she continued to speak.

“Gregory’s rebellion ended in failure. A complete failure at that.”

“If you don’t know the cause, how do you know the result?”

“I told you earlier. Kuarn was Azazel. If the rebellion had been successful, would he be cowering in the Demon Realm like that? And that’s all? The reason Kuarn is doing that is because Gregory was practically annihilated, except for him. And that too by a single angel sent by the gods.”

“One angel took on all of them? Is that possible?”

Mayaine chuckled.

“Why? Even the gods who were close to infinity were practically annihilated by one being. Gregory went through the same process, you know. Even though Kuarn, who was the strongest among them, fought evenly, he still lost.”

“So… what is that angel, and what does it have to do with Leon’s birth?”

“Hey, stop rushing me. You’ve always been impatient when it comes to questions.”

“okay…….”

Media became sullen. Meaine found that sight cute and opened her mouth again.

“The name of the apostle of God, who had 36 wings, was Metatron (מטטרון), the brother of Kuarn, and the chief of all angels.”

After a brief pause, Mayain opened her mouth again.

“Metatron’s blood relative, that’s Leon.”

* * *

Ryozo and Abel shoot at me at the same time.

““It’s me, kid. Decide.””

Same lines, angry eyes, pouting lips. They even pressed their cheeks together and made sharp eye contact. Even if they were to plan it out, it would be impossible to do this.

anyhow.

… What happened right after I was discharged from the hospital?

The incident dates back to a day ago.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 259

Episode 259 Blessing (2)

The day before discharge.

For security reasons, I opened up the hospital room that was off-limits to anyone except relatives(?). Only the people I gave permission to enter.

It was a simple reason. It was too much trouble to just stare out the window alone.

When a couple of leaves started to fall in early winter, I felt like I had become the protagonist of a tragic story.

What should I say, I feel like I should close my eyes when that last leaf falls.

Anyway, my body was almost completely healed by now. So I didn't have to worry too much about security or crime prevention.

Who would invade my hospital room unless their liver was as big as a watermelon?

I plan to give a generous amount of Daiso sashimi to any intruder who comes to visit me in the hospital.

Anyway.

So the quiet hospital room suddenly became noisy because a thousand class kids rushed in.

Weapon and Chloe visited the hospital rooms in pairs, with Rachel and Horntail taking the afternoon shift.

“Yaaaaaaah-! Good job, Cheonma!”

To be honest, I felt a little regretful about the weapon. The guy was talking like a pharmacist unpacking his bundle, and for a moment, my mind and eardrums were dizzy.

“…Thank you for your hard work.”

Chloe was relatively quiet. She was sniffling in the corner, sighing in relief.

Weapon reported news about me nonstop, showing fan sites and portals.

I was lazy and didn’t check, so I just listened to the radio.

“Geumma, your fan site membership has already surpassed 200 million! Just this alone gives you more influence than the heads of state, more than ten of them. Also, look at this article. ‘From Cheongeom to Cheonma. The number of believers who worship him continues to grow.’ There’s even a religion that worships you.”

How did the religion get its name Cheonmasingyo (Heavenly Demon Religion)… … .

In this world where demons exist in abundance, it was an extremely dangerous and strange group name.

If it were Earth, it would be the perfect religion to be beaten up. It’s fortunate that this world completely guarantees religious freedom.

There is no other pseudo-science like this one.

Hero worship.

Weapon said this phenomenon is neither that common nor that rare.

That’s understandable, since it’s a world where God has been destroyed, so not everyone has a deep faith.

Among religions, the largest one is the group called the Foreign Church, which has strong esoteric tendencies and is said to be extremely reluctant to be exposed.

By the way, the person here is performing the duties of a (violated) saint.

'Looking at it this way, it doesn't seem to be a very trustworthy religion there either.'

In religion, images are important, regardless of whether the law is right or wrong.

Like this.

My trust in Yusein as a saint is greatly diminished, but what about the religion that upholds me as its leader?

I sigh.

'But if the school's knights alone can subdue S-class demons.'

The status of the foreign religion was not entirely bad. It is not a positive view that they obtained the magic stone for free.

That's such a petty mindset. Even though I'm a K-gamer.

"… … ."

Anyway, that's it.

We leave behind Weapon and Chloe, who were having a great chat.

In the afternoon, Rachel and Horntail came to congratulate me on my discharge with a small gift (a Korean beef set).

'It's an unexpected combination.'

Although I didn't show it, I was a little surprised by their visit. It was because they seemed to be on very good terms.

From what I've heard, it seems like Rachel has been helping Horntail adjust to the academy a lot while I was away.

Of course, Rachel has no idea that Horntail is a dragon.

A smile naturally appeared on my lips.

On the one hand, I was curious.

How did the two develop a friendship that transcended their species? It takes a long time for even humans to form a bond.

“Grass is the measure of muscle growth! The basis of the body is meat!”

Horntail raised his arm.

“The human body is sufficient with only water and protein! Rather than eat vegetables, I would rather starve! The heart of a beast is from meat!”

Next to me, Rachel nodded proudly, crossing her arms.

“Right!”

Now that I think about it, I’m not really curious.

‘…soul.’

I looked at Hontail with compassionate eyes.

How did the kid who would smile bashfully even if you gave him bread at first glance become so corrupt? But it’s also ambiguous to use the word corrupt to describe Mine.

‘Choi Seol-ah will take care of educating them.’

Otherwise, my wallet would be empty. Education seemed urgent, if only to plug the hole in my bank account.

‘Okay, still.’

Hospitals are not good facilities for me. I think of them as gates where the living and the dead come and go.

The hospital was bustling. The smell of death had faded and it was

full of life. It was a VIP ward, so there was no need to cause trouble.

After the morning and afternoon shifts had swept through the ward, night came.

I made up my bedding the next morning before I was discharged. I opened the window to ventilate the room and let in plenty of moonlight.

Knock knock.

The hospital room door opened. Abel and Ryozo from the evening class came in.

“Are you here?”

After the morning and afternoon classes, the evening class. I greeted them as if I was used to them.

When I greeted them, Abel and Ryozo nodded timidly in greeting. The atmosphere was strange. It wasn’t that they were uncomfortable with me, but rather that the two of them were very awkward with each other.

“How are you feeling? Are you okay?”

Ryozo, who came in first, asked. Abel carefully closed the door and followed behind.

“I heard from my grandfather. He said that you fainted right after the Permish subjugation. Were you badly injured or something?”

“This happens to me all the time.”

I answered, stacking my pillows on top of the blanket.

“It’s the same during the class placement test, midterm exam, and final exam. My protection manifests and if a certain amount of time passes, it causes the holder to faint.”

Abel and Ryozo, who heard what I said, became dumbfounded for a moment.

In this world, it is implicitly said that one does not tell others about one's protection.

Why would you do something so stupid as reveal your weakness with your own mouth?

Even though the main enemy is the Demon Tribe, there are enemies within.

There are people out there who carry a knife in their stomach and are ready to take it out at any time.

In an aristocratic society, it is not uncommon for yesterday's acquaintances to turn into tomorrow's enemies and reveal their true colors.

Therefore, they do not ask each other about the abilities or limitations of the guardians.

The only people I confide in are very close people – my family, my spouse or my fiancé.

A friend who has shared life and death with you through many concessions. That is the Maginot Line.

But since I carelessly let go of the restrictions of protection, those reactions are not ordinary.

But I was a gamer of 'Miracle of Protection M'.

Abel von Nibelung, Saki Ryojo.

There are probably few people who know the details of their personalities.

'Even if there is one, it is only to the extent of Yoo Se-in who revealed himself as a 'reincarnation'.'

As of now, I don't know how Yu Se-in came to this world, so I think it's safe to say that there is no one else but me.

Not only Ryojo and Abel, but all the children who came to visit me

today have noble personalities.

The spirit of sacrifice that is willing to sacrifice one's body for humanity would be impossible without it.

So I told you.

"If you are that surprised, everyone who said it will feel embarrassed."

I wanted to tell them a little about myself so they would trust me.

You should bury the fact that I am a 'possessed person' deep in your heart, but please trust me as I will reveal my weaknesses.

That was the feeling.

But here's where the problem arises.

""… … ."""

Ryojo and Abel looked at each other in silence.

And then he suddenly turned his head towards me.

Their eyes, each filled with the sky and the moon, shone coldly.

"Hey… listen."

Sweat pours down my forehead like rain.

Surely, two people would take those words differently… … .

Really, really, I had no idea.

I can only blame it on my own complacency, not being born here.

* * *

"Poohahahahaha!"

When Joaquin Academy's head coach Buland heard my story, he held his stomach and fainted.

Something was so happy that tears welled up in the corners of his eyes.

I watched that kind of bullying with indifferent eyes.

Bülant asked, wiping his eyes with his thumb. A smile still lingered on his lips.

“So, after telling those two women that, you couldn’t answer them. Did you run away here, Mr. Cheongeom?”

“Is it something to laugh about when people are in trouble? I really knew what was going to happen earlier. Their eyes are just like that.”

Bulandt instead scolded me in a playful voice.

“Hey, Yonsuk! Do you know what you said to them?!”

“What did I do? I just told you a little bit about why I was admitted.”

“Oh, you naive guy.”

Bwullant drank the makgeolli he had poured in a glassful of gulps, swirling it around. Phew- He blew out his breath that smelled of alcohol and continued speaking.

“Cheongeom Nari, what you said to the Genies was basically a marriage proposal. The most mild interpretation would be that it was a love affair.”

“Is that what I said?”

Bülant banged his glass against the corner of the chair and shook it.

“Both girls are of noble birth?”

I nodded.

“Yes. Nibelung and Saki, like this.”

“If it’s Nibelung, then it’s the descendant of the swordsman Aaron Nibelung. If it’s Saki, then it’s the descendant of the famous archer Saki Yoichi. They’re the daughters of super-big-name families among

the big-name families."

Buland sighed. He straightened his posture and raised his index finger for emphasis.

"Listen carefully. You may not know this because you were a commoner until recently, but there are certain etiquettes in aristocratic society. Even common phrases like 'let's have a meal' are interpreted differently by nobles. Do you understand up to this point?"

"yes."

"Among them, nobles are the most cautious when talking about their protection. It is the root and foundation of the family. That is why they are sure to receive proper etiquette and education related to protection."

"…okay."

I was in no position to talk about education to my son. My nose was three feet long.

"Now, here. Let's say I told those noble daughters, 'My protection is like this and like this,' isn't it obvious how they'll interpret it?"

"I understand up to that point."

Still, I stood up to argue.

"But these guys aren't the type of people who are steeped in aristocratic society. On the contrary, they're more like the opposite. That's why I'm even more flustered. The guys who normally don't act like that suddenly change their expressions and ask me questions. What did they say…? They said to choose a partner for the upcoming ball. This is also too unfamiliar. There must be something going on."

"Heavenly Sword, no, Strong Sword Horse."

Bulandt put down his goblet on the table.

"Don't try to analyze people's emotions with logic."

He said with a stern face, his smile gone.

“They’re not saying that to you because they don’t know. They probably know everything and have put aside their pride to say it. They just held back and said it because you always act ambiguous.”

“… … .”

“The words you say, ‘There must be something in that heart.’ They are just tampering with Gene’s sincerity. When the other person puts aside their pride and comes with sincerity, it is human nature to respond with sincerity.”

While he was talking like that, Bwland shook his head gently. He pushed the cup away and ran his hand through his hair.

“Are you drunk? I spoke to the girl in a serious tone. Anyway, what I mean is this. Don’t act rudely toward the ladies. I know you’re blind to women, but I’m asking you to at least show some basic courtesy.”

I stared blankly at Buland.

“mister.”

“What the hell.”

“Why are you single?”

A cross-shaped vein bulged on his cinnamon-colored temples. Bwullant’s hand reached for the hammer, then quickly moved to the makgeolli glass.

“Okay, okay. I’ve strengthened the weapons you left behind, so take them and go. I feel like my emotions are drying up because I’m with you.”

“ah.”

My lips formed a soft curve. At this, Bulandt squirmed with a displeased expression.

“What good is being strong? You’re less human.”

The blacksmith frowned excessively like a seagull today, perhaps because he was feeling bitter from the alcohol.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 260

Episode 260 Blessing (3)

The evil beast, the manticore.

It is a demon that enjoys cannibalism, and is considered the most harmful monster among S-class demons.

Unlike other demons who usually only live in dungeons, this one has no qualms about attacking humans.

The hideous appearance of the human-faced lion naturally frightens those who see it.

A giant cannibalistic demon that has accumulated human fears since the beginning of civilization.

Not only humanity, but also the ferocity and murderous intent make the same demons tremble in fear.

The epitome of terror, the clutches of the evil spirit.

Ah, who can stop that devil?

It is the heart of a beast that has a strong will that is not shaken by all kinds of hardships.

Only a strong mind that can erase the fear of the abyss will destroy it.

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The settings of Manticore that come to mind right away are roughly like this. The reason I remember them in detail is because the explanation was that impressive.

Also, after defeating the Lich King Draugr and the unclean serpent Basilisk, I conducted my own investigation.

“Is this a story that has nothing to do with anything now?”

I never thought it would come rolling in on its own two feet. My fortune, which had been filled with nothing but bad luck, is finally getting some sunshine.

Ah, this feeling.

‘okay.’

It’s that feeling you get when you turn on auto-hunting and accidentally get a rare item.

In technical terms, it’s called putting on sleeves.

Although there are differences in the commonly used meanings, it is still a good feeling for the recipient.

In this situation, people in communities and other places said, “The game company took it upon themselves to do this.”

I’m not a hardcore gamer so I don’t have much experience, but I still remember that intense pleasure back then.

‘It’s thrilling.’

Always new.

“My hands are already itchy.”

I looked around at Murasame, who was lying on the bed and had finished her training. The blade reflected the face of her master, who was smiling broadly.

“It’s an A+ class weapon.”

The reason I’m muttering alone in the corner of the room is because my favorite Murasame has finally risen from an E-class maggot to an A+.

In fact, from the time you inherited Chilseong, you could always obtain good quality weapons. Of course, B-grade weapons, and even A-grade weapons. Although it would be difficult, obtaining S-grade weapons would not be impossible.

But I insisted on Murasame. I have nothing to say even if you scold me for stupidly taking the shortcut. It’s true that I’m stubborn and lack flexibility.

The reason I’ve been so obsessed with Murasame is… yes, symbolism. Murasame is the symbol of my growth.

Even when I couldn’t buy a 50,000 won bottle of water and was struggling, even when I fought with the C-class water buffaloes, Murasame was always with me.

The journey so far is melted into this 30cm long piece of iron. This guy has grown up little by little, just like me. This in itself can be called my alter ego.

The beginning may be small, but the end will be great. This phrase of the long-awaited era is definitely referring to me and Murasame.

Or rather, the two of us have actually proven this throughout the year. Murasame, and even the bitter Mannyeonseori, who is left out, have faithfully fulfilled their duties.

“My babies.”

In this way, the swordsman and the sword are inseparable companions. If it is a piece of equipment that has been used in life and death, how precious must it be?

Oh, and one more thing.

Even aside from my affection for him, there is one more reason.

That’s right.

“Status window.”

-Pfft!

＝＝ ＝＝

[Murasame]

Type: Sashimi

Description: A sword covered in dew. (…….)

Specifications: “Blade length – 38 cm”, “Width – 6 cm”

Traits: 「Destruction Power – (B＋▶A＋)」, 「Range – E」, (…….)

Grade: A＋

Special Abilities:

1) 〈Power of the Underworld King〉

2) 〈Power of Petrification〉

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.

3) 〈Power of Evil Horn〉

A beast known as the incarnation of fear.

It lets out a ferocious roar.

◈Capabilities and Conditions

: Neutralizes enemies below a certain level with ‘Peer’.

: The power responds to ‘entities with magical power’ and there is no numerical limit.

: The condition for manifesting the ability is to stick the blade into the ground.

: However, if you use the power multiple times, the enemy may become resistant to peers.

[※ By satisfying certain conditions, the special title “Hyungang (兇殃)” has been achieved.]

＝＝ ＝＝

“It’s a similar effect to the yellow hegemony.”

Of the three special abilities, versatility is the best. As I was thinking that, I suddenly chuckled.

“That’s a full stomach. You’re talking about three special abilities.”

As I said before, weapons with special abilities are valuable regardless of their level. I think the game company’s intention is to tell you not to focus solely on level.

The intention was to accurately capture the users’ desire to consume. The response generated by the special ability was sensational.

Weapons with even one special ability were sold at high prices. Two of them were worth S-class or higher, but what if there were three? Users would probably doubt their existence. Even I, who was holding them in my arms, couldn’t believe it.

Even if it is simply said that there is only one special ability, an armament whose entire ability is enhanced by S-class magic stones is something that surpasses legend.

‘Mythical weapon!’

While I’m at it, let me add to that.

Look at these abilities.

The ‘Power of the King of Hades’ that revives the dead, the ‘Power of Petrification’ that turns enemies to stone, and the ‘Power of the

Wicked Eagle' that emits a fiery blast that only high-level demons can emit.

Each and every one of them is amazing.

Thus, a monstrous monster was born whose mere existence was no different from a cheat skill. The only thing that could compare to this would be Leon's weapon – the complete Balmung.

"What was once an E-class weapon has become a weapon that can fight with a stick."

Hero Leon gained the favor of the world and obtained Balmung, but Murasame and I started from the bottom and got here.

This short piece of paper was a physical memorial tower that symbolized my growth as I was suddenly dropped into this world, and it was a guide that showed me the way forward. Because there were moments where I felt growth like that, I was able to erase the faint regrets about my previous life.

therefore.

I can't express my feelings in words.

If it were Earth, I would have taken a screenshot and posted it bragging about it. But since this wasn't Earth, I held it in my arms and rolled around instead.

There has been a lot of bad news lately, so there hasn't been much to smile about, but now I feel like I'm flying. It's much better than when I inherited Chilseong.

After all, I am a native Korean. A stronger desire for equipment than for glory and shame runs through my veins. Is there another identity as perfect as this? Equipment is just sashimi, but my bones are made up of onions, garlic, and peppers.

"It feels a bit awkward."

The story was long. Anyway, right after the subjugation of Permish, the sixth fragment was obtained and the guardians were upgraded to

a higher level. In addition, the weapons were strengthened and a reward of over 100 million was given.

It is a moment when you feel the reward for your hard work. It is not something you expected, but it is a reward, so it is more than enough. It is enough to make you forget, even for a moment, the dark clouds that will befall humanity.

“by the way.”

I sat on the edge of the bed, placing Murasame at the head of the bed. Then I closed my eyes. The last words that Bwland had said were still bothering me.

-Don’t try to analyze people’s emotions logically.

That’s what he said with stern eyes. It’s hard to believe he said that while holding the crumpled makgeolli glass tightly, but whatever.

I kept chewing on that one word in my mouth. Bwland told me to recognize my heart, not my reason. I knew what he was trying to say. But even though I knew it in my head, my mind was as unmoved as a clear-eyed person.

Why do Ryozo and Abel fight over me? I can only guess at the phenomenon, but I can’t empathize with it. People around me also criticize me for being inconsiderate, which is also the reason.

‘What kind of feelings do Abel and Ryozo have for me?’

I swept my chest. Beyond the firm muscles, there was an emptiness as if a hole had been opened. [Protection of the Sword God], the more I came into contact with its source, the more this hole expanded. The price of power was the lack of humanity. Even if the ‘human status’ had risen, it would only leave behind the dregs of emotion. The essence of emotion remained the same.

Thanks to that, I was able to cut down my enemies without any hesitation. However, as a human being, I had reached a level where I could barely handle things. The conversation with Bwland was an opportunity for me to realize the seriousness of my condition.

‘What am I becoming?’

If this continues, how far apart will I be from Ryozo, Abel, and the others in the end? Can I really call that a human? And even at this moment, I am the one who sees myself from a third-person perspective.

Time passed quickly. I opened my eyes, feeling a chill run down my spine. The sharp air, like a blade, detected movement from the window.

“who is this.”

The window opened a foot wide. The man in black landed lightly on the windowsill like a cat.

“I’m closing it, Heavenly Sword.”

“… … .”

I glanced out the window. The man in black was slowly lowering the mask covering his face.

“Why are you coming in there and leaving the door open?”

I muttered with a sigh.

“Knox.”

Chloe’s older brother, Knox Auditore. He scratched at the mask he couldn’t quite pull down, smiling.

“Shall I knock and come back in?”

I sighed again. Then I burst out laughing. A guy who is no less than me.

“It’s windy. Close it and come in.”

“yes.”

By the way, it is comforting to know that there is someone who shares my mental illness.

* * *

Knox bent his right knee and supported his body with his left fist. From that position, he opened his mouth low.

“I report to the Heavenly Sword.”

Knox has been respectful to me ever since I ascended the throne. Even when I objected, he was stubborn. So I gave up on reading sutras to the little deaf.

“Recently, we have received information that the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn’s confidant has sent people to secretly cultivate villains.”

“Auditore has already hunted down all the villains in the coalition. Are there any remnants left?”

“The Union took care of every single one of them.”

Knox shook his head, still bowing.

“It seems like what Kuarn wants is not a regular force like the courtesy alliance.”

“You’re creating a one-off force for some purpose.”

“Yes. The exact purpose has not been revealed yet, but we have a specific time and place for them to come. The date is two days later, on the day of the Seven Heroes’ Festival. The location will most likely be the ballroom.”

My face hardened.

“Are you sure?”

“We are Auditore.”

Knox raised his head. His eyes were bright red.

“I dare not report false information to you, Heavenly Sword, without confidence.”

I slowly relaxed my expression and said with a smile.

“Sorry. I’m a little annoyed that they’re trying to infiltrate Joaquin Academy again. I didn’t suspect Auditore. Don’t take it to heart.”

“Even if the Heavenly Sword Master suspected it, it is our duty to erase it as well.”

Knox lowered his eyes again. The glowing bloodshot eyes had turned into a soft light.

“And shadows have no hearts. Don’t worry about them.”

Shadows have no hearts. This is a very meaningful statement for me, who was absorbed in it.

“We will handle it ourselves so that His Majesty the Heavenly Sword does not have to worry.”

When I remained silent, Knox spoke quietly.

“hmm.”

I sighed and glanced towards the head of the bed.

‘Even if we catch one, they’ll all scatter anyway. In that case, it’s better to gather them all together and catch them all at once.’

I was lost in thought as I looked at Murasame lying still.

‘〈The Power of Evil Horn〉

The power responds to ‘entities with magical power’, and there is no limit to the number of entities.’

After a moment, I turned my eyes back to Knox.

“No. Just leave it as is. It is against common sense to kick out guests, even if they are uninvited.”

And the corners of his lips slightly raised.

“Just look at their faces. They have so many bulging cheeks.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 261

Episode 261 Blessing (4)

“Knox.”

At my call, Knox crouched down on the windowsill and turned his head back. The guy answered, pulling his mask up to the bridge of his nose.

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

The voice changed in an instant. It seemed to be one of the functions of the black clothes that made him look like a thief.

‘I guess that’s also a type of weapon.’

I scratched my forehead and asked him.

“You said earlier. There is no more human heart left. Isn’t that a product of Auditore’s assassin training?”

“yes.”

Knox took off his mask. I asked him additional questions.

“You don’t feel wronged or anything?”

“What do you mean?”

Knox tilted his head with wide eyes. I quickly ruffled the back of my hair with the hand that had been scratching my forehead.

‘Oh, shit. Did I say that for nothing?’

It was awkward and unfamiliar because it was my first time confessing my feelings to someone in my past or present life. I was even more cautious because I felt like I was touching on his family history.

But since you’ve brought it up, you’ll say something. Once you’ve drawn your sword, it’s the swordsman’s duty to use it to his advantage.

“If you weren’t born an assassin, you would have made friends like other kids your age. You would have dated and all that. In that sense, don’t you feel wronged?”

“hmm.”

At my words, Knox crossed his arms for a moment. Then he opened his mouth and said.

“Since you asked seriously, I’ll be honest. I’m curious about what kids my age think and live like.”

Knox looked up and stared at me.

“But I don’t feel wronged or envious of them.”

“Why?”

“Emotions become obstacles to the things I have done and will do. Even if the target of assassination is an acquaintance, I will not hesitate to swing my sword. For this, we, Auditore, have spent our entire lives cutting back on emotions. All of this is for the sake of humanity, to leave a better present for future generations.”

At that moment, I saw a faint light emanating from the eyes of the guy who had been shining only with blood.

“I have that kind of pride. That’s why I don’t think that I am a lacking person even when my emotions disappear. Rather, I think that I am at my best and the best position I can be in. I live my life thinking that way.”

The point is this: as an assassin, pride has replaced the lack of emotion. So I have no regrets or complaints at all.

‘Pride.’

I rolled these words over in my mind and a snicker came out. The reason I never put down my sword in my previous life, no matter how many hardships I faced, was because of those two letters.

If I think about it, my past life was also a life of giving up many things like Knox.

I’ve lived my life looking only at sashimi, excluding the usual elements of human life – social relationships, leisure, love, marriage. Ever since I was seventeen.

And yet, I swear to the god of sashimi, I never had even the slightest thought of being unhappy.

I felt proud of myself for improving day by day, and I gradually fell into the deep mystery of sashimi.

The will to become the best in this field. It soon became a pride that was engraved in my heart.

The achievements that transcended daily life were great and sweet.

‘The best swordsman in the country.’

A street urchin who was wandering around was called the best in the country. If he had enjoyed everything he could enjoy and enjoyed everything he could, it would have been impossible to achieve.

“Your Majesty… …?”

When I didn’t say anything, Knox sneakily looked at me. He took off his mask again and climbed down from the window sill.

‘They say that a superior’s silence is like the taste of death to a subordinate.’

I smiled slightly at the guy who was waiting for me to speak,

swallowing hard.

“Thank you for everything. Thanks to you, I feel like my blocked blood vessels have cleared up a bit.”

Was that too sudden a statement? The bloodshot red eyes opened two to three times wider.

“…I’m glad I could help.”

Knox didn’t ask back. He didn’t know what he was thankful for, but since Cheon Geum-nim’s expression had relaxed, that was enough. Thinking so, he quietly lifted his mask and went back to the window frame.

“Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword.”

Knox hesitated for a moment, his back turned, then opened his mouth with difficulty.

“I am the one who is grateful, for risking your life to confront the evil of mankind. And… … .”

… for giving me, a former assassination machine, a chance to work at a sushi restaurant, and most of all, for teaching my sister humanity.

Knox swallowed the words that were rising to his throat.

“Aditore will help you in every way, materially and spiritually.”

Instead, he conveyed his true feelings and jumped down the window. The assassin, who had melted into the darkness of the night, quickly disappeared from sight.

I stared blankly in the direction he had left. I could hear the sound of fallen branches falling as he moved along.

“… I’m grateful, but why don’t you keep the windows closed?”

I shook my head and closed the window, thinking that I should double or triple-reinforce the window latch.

* * *

One day in December, a cold wave hit.

Even in the bitter cold of winter, Joaquin Academy was bustling with students. Colorful lights flashing all over the campus decorated the scene of youth.

7th birthday celebration.

The grandest event that ends the year. On Earth, it's Christmas. It was exactly like Christmas, except with a different name.

Inside the costume room.

"Oh my, Your Majesty! It suits you so well!"

The stylist, with her straight face, sighed as she licked her lips. Her lips, which were covered in a generous amount of lipstick, were a stunning shade of red.

"You look so handsome because you're tall and muscular! I think it suits you even better because you're a little thinner!"

"… … ."

I listened to her words with one ear and let it go, looking at the full-length mirror mounted in front of me. I saw myself in a tuxedo with a fierce expression. The bow tie was choking me like a necktie.

Maybe that's why. His face was flushed as if his blood wasn't circulating. To be honest, it was just because he was embarrassed.

"I can understand wearing a tuxedo, but can't a regular tie be used?"

"No, that won't work."

A firm refusal. The stylist pushed up the sharply pointed glasses.

"Your Majesty, you are the most influential hero in recent times. As such, you must maintain proper conduct and dignity."

"What does conduct have to do with a bow tie?"

“There is a law that says, ‘There is a time and place for wearing appropriate clothing.’”

She responded by tugging at the flap of my tie to the side.

“A regular tie is for business use. For an annual event like today where you have to be formal, you should wear this tie. Many distinguished guests are expected to visit, so what if you were to see your Majesty in an outfit that is not appropriate for formal occasions?! You would be a laughing stock!”

“It doesn’t really matter.”

“No. It’s my concern. My pride cannot allow me to make a laughing stock of a precious client like Han Hye-shin and Cheon Geum-nim. Yes, that’s true.”

“… Okay, okay. Okay, so cut me some slack. If the client suffocates, that’s a laughing matter in its own right.”

“Oh, I’m sorry! It’s been a long time since I’ve had such a pretty model.”

She snorted happily and took a step back to observe me. I just sighed in half resignation.

Squeak.

At that moment, the door to the costume room opened and the wise Medea and the mighty Meaine came in. The twin sisters were wearing the same dress in black and white, reversed colors.

Her younger sister, Media, was white, and her older sister, Meaine, was black. Like in baduk, black was first.

“Are you ready?”

The stylist gave the answer.

“Yes, principal.”

Media approached me with her shoes clicking and she glanced at me.

Meain walked slowly and stood next to her brother a beat later.

‘What’s with the bow tie!’

As I watched them carefully examining me with narrowed eyes, I secretly expected them to say something like this.

Such expectations were dispelled as soon as the media spoke.

“Ugh- Our sword horse, it looks so cool when you put it all together.”

The twin sisters gave their stylist a thumbs up.

“You worked hard, Hye-shin. There’s something different about being a stylist who only works with top-class celebrities.”

Meaine, who was standing next to him, also joined in.

“Especially your bow tie sense. You have a good eye for it.”

“You are too kind.”

The stylist smiled faintly and was humble. The women’s lively chatter spread throughout the dressing room. I was the man isolated among them.

‘Oh my.’

Everyone gets along well except me. I feel left out, okay?

Ugh. As I was licking my lips, something suddenly came to mind.

“Director, please wait a moment.”

The voice that was mocking the conversation drew attention to me. Since I was already in labor, I continued talking.

“Let’s talk separately.”

“Uh, uh.”

She nodded with a trembling expression in a low tone.

“Then, I will leave for a moment to prepare Cheon Geum-nim’s makeup. Feel free to talk comfortably.”

The stylist must have sensed that the atmosphere was not normal, so he bowed once and left the dressing room. He seemed to have immediately noticed that he was an outsider. Perhaps because he had dealt with top celebrities, he had a keen eye for detail.

“If the two of you are going to talk, should I go out too?”

Maya asked with a grin. I shook my head.

“I think it would be good for you to hear it too, senior.”

“Yeah, okay. But wait a minute.”

Meaine walked toward the door. Then she locked it tightly and muttered something quietly.

“I’m casting a silent spell so that no sound escapes.”

Media made a subtle expression and explained to me. I opened my eyes wide.

“I told you before, my sister has been wandering around the Demon Realm for decades.”

“yes.”

“That’s why I have this special constitution that I acquired. A tiny amount of magical power has accumulated in my body. That’s why I can cast simple magic.”

“ah…….”

“I don’t really like this expression, but you’re no different from those half-villains. There’s a clear difference between you and those who can’t use protection.”

Although he didn’t show it, it was quite shocking. The attributes of protection and magic are incompatible.

They can never coexist in the same bowl. This is common sense or truth. However, the media's argument directly refutes this truth.

'So, does that mean that Manryuk uses simple magic along with the awakening of Gahho?'

I glanced at the dark cotton dress.

Mayan Poison.

'I knew he was a man of many secrets.'

Like an onion, if you peel the layers, something still comes out.

Media continued talking about her sister with sunken eyes.

"But he is satisfied that he is blessed. He says he is the only human who uses both protection and magic."

"Why are you talking like that!"

Meaine interjected with a bright smile on her lips. Media grumbled and sneered.

"I was gossiping with my older sister, Geomma."

"Did you hear everything?"

Meain glared at my younger brother with her halibut eyes, then turned her gaze to me. There was a playfulness in her delighted eyes.

"I can teach you if you want. I may not be an expert, but I can organize simple magic."

"Fine. I don't have any magic power anyway, so even if I knew about it, I couldn't use it."

"That's true, hehe. By the way, what were you trying to say? It seemed like you were going to say something really serious."

It had only been a day since I had reported to Knox, so I had no time to relay the news.

Not only that, the Poison Twins were busy preparing for the Seventh Day Festival, so they had no time to spare. That was why they were only now informing us of the villain's infiltration.

'I had already planned out some kind of defense plan anyway.'

There is also a concern that if word gets out, the villains will catch wind of it and run away like cockroaches.

'Considering all things, now is the perfect time, with only an hour left until the ball.'

Still, they were prepared. Heroes were carefully selected from among the association staff and assigned to the guards. They were also instructed to prioritize the safety of the cadets.

Since Media had transferred part of the management rights of the Academy to me, who was also a member of the Seven Stars, I took action at my discretion on behalf of her, who was busy.

One thing that is unfortunate is that much of the power in the Hawaiian Islands has been cut off, so the manpower is somewhat lacking.

However, that gap can be filled more than enough if I, the principal, and my senior work together.

'As long as you are not a corps commander.'

So this was a ceremonial report. After all, as the head of the academy, shouldn't he know the situation?

After catching my breath, I was about to open my mouth again.

Knock knock knock!

Someone knocked loudly on the dressing room door. All three of us looked up in surprise.

"Your Majesty, Heavenly Sword Lord! Your Sage, Manryuk Lord!"

It was the stylist who had gone out earlier. She shouted in a

desperate voice. It seemed as if she couldn't come in even though she wanted to because the door was locked.

"Hey, the enemy! The enemy has appeared-"

The stylist was unable to finish his sentence due to the loud, explosive sound.

"… … ."

The door that had been shaking violently was still as if nothing had happened. However, blood was seeping into the dressing room through the crack under the door.

bang!

The three of us kicked the stone steps as if we had promised.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 262

Episode 262 The Terror Live (1)

A speed weapon that I love to explain.

“… … .”

He’s dying right now.

‘It’s cold.’

A knife flies and sticks into his chest.

Weapon is now rolling his eyes with a champagne glass (orange juice) held to his lips.

‘This is driving me crazy.’

I felt miserable, coming all the way to the ballroom, the grand finale of the holiday, just observing the situation and, to be honest, just keeping my mouth shut.

‘I want to talk… … .’

But there’s nothing I can do about it. If I even cough here,

Who is it?

Who coughed?

Who was coughing!

Because it seemed like he was going to thrust a knife into me with a loud voice.

Who? Those two people over there with sparks flying in their eyes, Abel and Ryojo.

Abel dressed up today in a bright dress and applied light makeup.

I heard that the maid of the main family was called from Switzerland to Korea for the ball.

'The person standing next to Abel is the Nibelungen maid, Lady Shail.'

Shail is a famous hero. Despite being a special promotion student, he is the youngest senior hero to be promoted. He is predicted to be promoted to warrior level within 5 years and is the darling of the hero world.

Considering that he was a special promotion student and thus did not inherit any special blessings, his talent is truly incredible. In terms of pure talent, he may even be better than All Mute.

'And the butler standing behind him is… … .'

Charon, the Rakshasa.

The middle-aged man with the kind smile was once a legendary hitman.

The target is limited to heroes. In short, it means a hero who specializes in dealing with heroes.

But then he disappeared somewhere and suddenly appeared as a butler in the Nibelung family.

The Heroes argued that Caron should be taken into custody, and the Sword Master declared that he would share in the responsibility!

– If you are a man who has done this, you will surely be famous for your chivalrous episodes that make your heart race.

‘To use Shaile as a make-up artist and Caron as a juice pourer.’

Weapon shook his head. Then, while sipping the sour juice, he glanced at Abel.

Abel already has a striking appearance.

But today, it seemed as if they had decided to spread the disease among the young men like a plague.

In fact, more than half of the male students in the ballroom were openly staring at Abel.

‘Look at that juice flowing out of his mouth like a waterfall.’

But when they made eye contact with Nacha in the middle of the conversation, they quickly avoided eye contact.

Weapon clicked his tongue at the pitiful sight. Then he turned his gaze away from Abel.

Elegant traditional Japanese attire. Princess hair neatly arranged. The somewhat sharp eyes are slightly made up, creating an elegant atmosphere like that of a noblewoman.

‘Saki Ryozo.’

The other side is no joke either. The attention that would normally have been focused on Abel is now split in half.

‘No, they say a woman’s transformation is innocent, but how can a person change that much?’

But then again, it made sense. Weapon had known all along why they were using all their strength like that.

‘Because I want to look good to the manager.’

It had been a long time since Weapon had noticed the two girls’ feelings. He felt like he was probably the only one in the Heavenly Class.

It's not that he was particularly sharp, it's just that the other kids were particularly dull.

Chloe was born an assassin so she can't do anything about it, and Rachel is a muscle brain so she's ignorant in that regard.

'The rest of Hontail and Leon are kids who aren't very interested in others to begin with.'

Perhaps, the ordinary person he was, could sympathize with Ryojo and Abel.

Of course, it is not without its faults that Ryojo and Abel have consistently made tearful efforts to hide their true feelings.

But to that extent, it is difficult to fool the eyes of a normal person like yourself.

To be honest, I was really annoyed.

'It doesn't seem like there's any particular reason to hide it now.'

Weapon sighed. Suddenly his throat felt parched, so he gulped down the orange juice.

"What can we do, kids? You like someone who doesn't have any tact. Think of it as retribution."

Weapon muttered bitterly after drinking the sweet drink. Whatever it was, the two were his friends.

The best Weapon could do was to secretly support their struggles as they became rivals.

"Come to think of it, I don't see Leon."

If Leon had been there, the ball would have been even more extravagant.

"Well, I guess you have something else to do."

Participation in the ball was voluntary. Unless you held a high-

ranking position like a manager, it was recommended, not mandatory.

So, there were quite a few students who did not attend the ball. Many thought that this kind of event was old-fashioned, and there were also economic reasons.

‘It costs quite a bit of money, from clothing to decorations.’

I thought Leon would naturally participate since he’s in the spotlight, but I didn’t see him. That’s just a little surprising.

Weapon, who had finished drinking the juice, moved to replace the glass.

And at that moment, his eyebrows furrowed. He had spotted a waiter acting suspiciously.

A man standing with his back turned at the liquor stand, mixing a pink powder into his drink. The stand itself was placed in a corner, so no one was watching.

Hot.

Weapon approached silently and grabbed the waiter’s shoulder. He said with force in his eyes.

“What are you doing now?”

The waiter was startled. The man who was walking around was being harassed by Weapon in a high-handed tone.

“Tell me. What is that powder in your drink?”

The waiter closed his eyes tightly as the questioning continued. Then he took out a dagger from his pocket and attacked Weapon.

“… What, what!”

The one who was shocked was the waiter who had been stabbed. This was because Weapon had caught the sharp blade with his palm.

In noir films, people are often hit by dozens of swords and still move well. But that is fiction. In reality, people are paralyzed by even a slight sword strike. Their minds become rigid, and their bodies become paralyzed. Even if they do move, they are timid. It is easy to subdue them.

So, instead of making excuses, the (self-proclaimed) seasoned undercover waiter just swung his knife. If you do it secretly, you can somehow clean up the mess.

That was the waiter's subtotal to ensure that today's grand plan proceeded without a hitch.

I'm sure that's true.

The weapon only slightly crumpled the impression. Even though he was stabbed, he did not groan in pain or stiffen up. He had died a terrible death in a thousand class classes, so he had become resistant to pain and fear.

"It's a bit stinging, unlike subspace."

The weapon wrapped its palm around the waiter's hand as if it was holding the dagger. In an instant, its healthy right hand shot out and struck the waiter's jawbone.

Bam-!

The waiter who had allowed the counter to be opened collapsed on the spot. His right hand, which had been swinging the dagger, was caught by the weapon and drew an upward arc.

Weapon tried to shout to the crowd before pulling out the dagger that had pierced his palm. This was because the incident had happened so quickly that no one had yet gathered attention.

"Uh, uh."

The next moment, Weapon's body staggered. It was against his will. Darkness slowly ate away at his unfocused vision. The pupils lost their color. Then, he hit his forehead on the floor without a hitch. There was a sound of his nose breaking behind him.

Everywhere, the corner is a blind spot of perception. That's why I didn't pay much attention to this area. A few people looked at me, but I laughed them off, thinking they were drunks. That's because there were other people with their backs against the wall besides Weapon.

"Do… Maang."

Weapon forced out his strength. But his voice still could not reach the ballroom. Soon, Weapon's eyelids closed with a raspy breath.

* * *

"miss."

Shail lightly patted Abel on the shoulder.

Abel, who was fighting with Ryojo, turned his gaze to Shail.

"Huh? What's going on?"

Shail raised his index finger and pointed to a deserted corner.

"It's just that, it looks like your friend is lying down over there."

Abel also opened his eyes slightly and looked in the same direction. He could see the top of the weapon lying on the floor.

"…Why is he doing that?"

At that moment, the middle-aged man holding the wine glass began to stagger. He shook his head or blinked his tired eyes.

"What? I only had one drink… and I'm already drunk… … ."

Their bodies collapsed as their eyes grew hazy. Their knees gave out and the glasses they were holding shattered one after another on the stone floor.

A sudden change occurred, more than half of the people fainted with their eyes showing white.

Because the incident happened in an instant, everyone was slow to

react. They couldn't react immediately.

Taking advantage of the gap, the waiters all covered their lower bodies with handkerchiefs. Then they approached, pulling out knives from their bosoms and sleeves.

Shail frowned. Judging by their hushed presence and footsteps, they were no ordinary men. And there were many of them.

'Roughly forty.'

Ironically, the combat-capable personnel were barely able to move, perhaps because they were drunk. It seemed difficult to expect immediate support from them.

Immediately, Shail locked eyes with Caron and they began questioning each other.

"Have you had a drink, Caron?"

"Just a sip. Don't worry, it won't interfere with the fight."

"There's no way you'd be worried about Lord Karon. By the way, is that poison lethal?"

"That's not true. In my experience, there's no poison that can be intoxicated with just a few glasses. It's usually intoxication. At best, it's a strong sleeping pill."

As soon as Charon's confirmation was received, Shail turned his back to Abel, who was standing there.

Abel turned pale for a moment, then put his finger deep into his mouth and pressed the root of his tongue. Then he vomited out everything.

"shit."

Abel wiped the acid around his mouth and chin with the back of his hand. Then he picked up the sword he had leaned against the wall.

The butler and maid looked at the young lady with wide eyes. It took

a few seconds for the young lady to regain her composure. The action was swift.

“Don’t tell me to run away or anything like that. There’s probably more chaos outside.”

It was Abel’s declaration to the two as he swung his sword sheath. Shail and Charon, who had been dazed for a moment, smiled and turned their heads forward.

“You’ve grown a lot, young lady.”

“That’s true. I’m afraid I might end up losing my job.”

“It’s time for you to retire, Caron.”

Shayle pulled a long awl from his holster and aimed it at his enemies.

“But I intend to be buried in the Nibelungen.”

“Haha. I plan to take care of you and your baby until you graduate from this academy.”

“Then, I will take care of your granddaughter as well.”

Meanwhile, the waiters rushed in with their knives out.

Charon slowly scanned the crowd rushing towards him.

“These waiters don’t have basic manners.”

Caron snapped his fingers while wearing gloves on both hands.

“Let me start from the basics again.”

At that moment, the waiters who had been jumping suddenly stopped as if they had tripped on something.

Pkaaaaak!

Blood pouring out like a burst. Silver wires floating in the air like streams of water, splattering flesh and blood.

“I’ll put it to good use when I go to the afterlife.”

A monocle flickered between the silver mesh and the waiters held their breath at the fierce smile flowing beneath it.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 263

Episode 263 The Terror Live (2)

One of the terrorists reflexively lowered his eyes. The head of his comrade who had run ahead rolled down and hit the toes of their shoes.

The eyes, drained of life, looked up at their still-breathing comrade. The eyeballs covered with a gray-white film seemed to be saying this.

‘See you in the afterlife, my friend.’

The terrorist kicked the sight away with his foot in horror. He looked around the chaos, gasping for breath.

At least the guy who just died was relatively unharmed. Compared to the others whose skulls were completely shattered like radish kimchi, his eyeballs were knocked out of their sockets and his fingers were chopped into sausage-like pieces.

Gulp- The waiter, who had swallowed dry saliva, looked up again. He could tell who the middle-aged man disguised as a butler was from the blow he had just received. It was hard to tell just by looking at his face, but it was hard to tell once he saw the wire.

‘Nachael Karon.’

Nachal is a legend in the underworld. A beast that kills heroes. A hitman who, once he receives an order, carries out the work without regard to hierarchy. He is an evil spirit who slaughters his enemies with wires that grow out of his fingertips like spider webs.

Why did such a night demon show up at the Academy? He has never been on the front lines since he joined the Nibelungs.

Caron grabbed the back of his neck and shook his neck from side to side.

“Hmm. I was too far away from the scene. I tried to kill ten at once, but I could only kill five.”

“So, you have to go out of the castle with me.”

Shail replied, lowering herself to the ground to jump.

“… Shail, I think it would be better to let the car you drive rust away than to let it be. Anyway, after Suda incinerates this garbage-”

Before Charon could finish speaking, Shayle rolled her feet. In the blink of an eye, she appeared right in front of her. The sharp awl stabbed her eyes, which were widened in surprise at the explosive speed.

Push, a drop of blood splattered on Shail’s cheek. She spun around like a gymnast, her body spinning flexibly. Various blades slid precariously past her slender waist.

A moment of slack. The bundle of wires whipped the enemy. The limbs were torn apart into squares and triangles. Shail’s awl finished off the enemy with certainty.

“Oh, there are two of them anyway! They’re attacking me at once… Keuk!”

An arrow was lodged in the throat of the screaming man. He twisted his stiff neck back. A blue head was weighing the arrow.

“Two people?”

Ryozo tilted her head. Side hair flowing down from her shoulders. She released the bowstring she had been pulling hard.

Sigh.

The man who had been gifted an arrow between his eyebrows fell over. The moment his eyes were drawn to him, a sword blade flashed in front of him. The soft arc swept through the enemy's liver.

Sgung.

Abel's sword split open his neck. Then, Abel and Shail exchanged glances, with their backs pressed together. They nodded to each other slightly and simultaneously stomped their feet.

The waiters' eyes moved back and forth dizzily. Arrows flew from the back of their heads, and corpses were piled on top of corpses in front of them. They had the upper hand in numbers, but they were the ones who were cornered.

The plan to take her hostage by making her sleepy with sleeping pills was foiled.

I originally planned to act after the ball had started, but a punk-like kid caught wind of me. It might have been different if I had handled it quietly. The punk knocked out one of the members while his palm was pierced.

That was the reason why the infiltration team carried out the plan rather rashly. From there, the plan went awry.

The terrorist was ridiculous. How can these guys be so calm? Are they really kids? Even though he was a Joaquin Academy cadet, he was no ordinary person. His heart was more broken than those who had suffered hardships in the underworld.

Although many variables were taken into account during the planning stages of the terrorist attack, this was beyond the expected range. It was no different from a traffic accident.

"Fuck."

At this rate, he won't be able to buy time until the Heavenly Sword strikes. If the Strong Sword Horse appears, they will be annihilated in an instant. He won't even be able to resist and will have to sacrifice his head.

In the midst of all this, nearly ten people were killed. Blood spurted out from between the fingers that had somehow managed to block the split collarbone, and a silver net woven tightly around the remaining enemies was engulfed. Arrows and awls tied the feet of terrorists who were trying to escape to the ground.

A house full of sorrow. The sound of crying from the son-in-law literally did not stop.

In the end, the man who could be called their leader had no choice but to shout like this. He felt cold sweat dripping down his back.

“Mom, fight with all your might… …!”

It was a shout that was unclear whether it was a scream or a shout. However, one thing was certain: it was not the kind of sentence a terrorist would utter.

* * *

As we came out of the costume shop door smashed down, a group of masked men greeted us.

“There are so many.”

Kang Geum-ma muttered absentmindedly. The hallway was filled with masked men, like grease-covered water pipes.

Underneath the masks, they were wearing waiter uniforms. You could see how they had gotten past the Academy’s strict security.

camouflage.

‘Damn.’

It was dark under the lamp. Naturally, all employees were thoroughly inspected through Bigsbig. However, there are loopholes everywhere.

‘I never thought the hiring company would be a front company.’

The one who was the most angry among us was definitely the headmaster, Media. She distorted her arrogant face and cursed.

“Hey, you little shits. Do you even know where you’re standing? And you have to stick your face in while looking at your opponent. What do you think will happen if there are too many of them?”

Then a voice rang out from far away beyond the masked crowd.

“No way.”

The masked men made a path with great care. There, a man showed off his walking skills.

“A tyrant, a mighty force, and a heavenly sword. How can we possibly stop him?”

The man let out a mocking sneer. Meaine took a step forward. The older sister took over for the excited younger sister.

“What kind of nerve do those who know that have? What, are you trying to ask them to throw away their lives?”

“Yes, that’s right. Even though we’re just a bunch of nobody, we can at least buy some time. That’s why we’re here.”

“Do you guys have no ability to learn? Seeing how you crawl out like cockroaches even after being beaten like that.”

“You may sell us however you want. But our death is a step toward a greater cause. I have no regrets about giving up my life.”

The man shrugged and grinned.

“Oh, but just in case you were disappointed, I made this group comprised entirely of magic users. Those who were unlucky enough not to be chosen were sent to the ballroom. But even there, they are elite terrorists.”

“How dare you… touch the cadets, my students!?”

“Hey, that’s scary, Dean. Hold on tight. Isn’t it obvious that a terrorist would take hostages? The way to save those dearly beloved students is simple. Kill us all. Then I’ll open the way.”

The man was strutting around with a confident expression. He was prepared to die anyway. There was nothing left to give up. His bold words and actions were motivated by this.

“Okay, everyone. At this hour, please hurry and let us-”

Damn it.

The sound of footsteps cut off the voices. Kanggeomma stepped forward. Everyone who had been silent instinctively shrugged their shoulders. The mere steps caused tension to spread throughout the hallway.

“Pushing forward with force… … It seems like you’ve prepared for me in your own way.”

Villains aren’t stupid either. Kanggeomma has fought them so many times that he’s sick of them. That’s why his enemies probably figured out that his ability is a one-shot sprinter.

“But what good is it if you develop? You’re still a cripple, whether you were before or now.”

The black pupils shrank. As soon as he saw that, the man gave urgent instructions. The spirit he had shown in front of the tyrant and Wanli had already disappeared from his face.

“Attack!”

The movement was faster than the shout.

Kanggeomma caught Murasame briefly and planted the blade on the wall of the hallway. A crimson aura seeped into the wall, and soon engulfed the entire hallway.

[The power of the chest is revealed.]

It was only in an instant that the ranks that had been tightly packed in the hallway collapsed. The curtain of humanity fell to the floor like rice stalks caught in a typhoon.

“… … !”

Only one man was left standing on his two legs. The many life responses had been cut off. It was so easy to destroy a group of villains. Their deaths didn't even buy them a moment of time.

Media and Meaine were equally stunned. It was as if they had poured cold water on their heads. They had expected a sticky brawl. They had thought it would be a waste of time. But their expectations were pleasantly wrong.

'It's hard to be more surprised by the swordsman than this.'

Kang Geum-ma gave me a fresh shock every day. The sisters soon shut their mouths. They did what they had to do.

'Confirmed kill.'

The sisters moved immediately. They made the fallen enemy bloody and bruised, like a hyena cleaning up after itself. Blood covered the hallway.

The man stumbled backwards, tripping on a chunk of meat that was tangling in his way. The Heavenly Sword slowly approached, stepping on the things piled up on the floor.

"Humans learn from their mistakes."

Cold black eyes looked down at the man through his hair. The sensation was chilling.

"But since you gave up on humanity, you just keep repeating your mistakes."

In that moment, the man longed for the life he had thought he had given up on. He wanted to escape from death. His longing for life suppressed his righteousness.

As his mind was clouded, the distance between them quickly narrowed. Kanggeomma crouched down in front of the man. The air between them was bleak as corpses burst out.

The man considered protesting, but could not. Crushed by fear, his body and mind worked independently.

Kang Geum-ma swept his disheveled hair upward. He tried to loosen his neck by hooking his index finger on his bow tie. He ended up giving up. The knot was a keepsake left by the stylist.

“Purpose of intrusion.”

Kang Geum-ma spoke briefly. When the man froze, he grabbed his hair. He brought his face close to him and whispered so that he could hear clearly.

“purpose.”

“That, that, that.”

The man burst into tears and snot. Damn, I want to confess something, but my tongue is spinning.

“No matter how I look at the villains’ change of stance, I can’t seem to get used to it. Where did Gao, who was there just a moment ago, go?”

Tch.

“Just die. I’ll ask someone else.”

Murasame shook. The blade was covered in blood as it sprayed drops of blood.

Thump.

A round lump fell to the ground. Kanggeomma wiped the blood off the sashimi. The blade rattled. It seemed to have been damaged when it was driven into the wall.

Kanggeomma frowned and then quickly got up. Then he looked back. The other side was also almost finished.

He didn’t wait for the twins and went straight towards the ballroom where there was a lot of commotion.

* * *

The standoff at the ballroom was tense.

“You’re being driven by evil.”

Caron clicked his tongue briefly. The terrorists fought tenaciously with a fierce spirit.

“They weren’t complete scum.”

Besides, they were fired up. They were a little discouraged at first, but they came to their senses. A cornered mouse will bite a cat.

“There is no business before numbers! Push them!”

The terrorist shouted. He dodged the attacks nimbly and waited for his moment.

A large number of magicians have been deployed to the costume shop where the Heavenly Sword will be located. They will all be annihilated, but the time it takes to get there is at least twenty minutes. We must occupy this place within that time.

Unlike the costume shop crew, they fought for their lives. They kept looking for an escape route if things went wrong.

‘Still, reinforcements will arrive soon.’

At that time, a reversal could be planned. The terrorist calmed his trembling heart and led the terrorists.

Squeak.

Suddenly the door to the ballroom opened.

The terrorist’s face lit up. At this point, reinforcements were coming.

But the next moment.

Everyone, including him, was shocked. The person who opened the door was someone they never wanted to meet.

“ah…….”

Someone let out a sigh.

You can do whatever you want until an accident happens. But you can't do anything when faced with a disaster.

And in the end, disaster struck.

The swordsman who entered the entrance was drenched in blood. Beyond that, corpses that had been cut into sashimi were rolling around on the floor. The terrorist's hopes were dashed.

"I feel like I should kill them all."

Kang Geum-ma, who had been standing blankly in front of the open door, spoke. Knock knock, shaking off the residue that had contaminated the sashimi.

"I have something to ask you, so I'll spare one of you. I'll give you a choice. Either die by my hand or negotiate amongst yourselves."

At that sentence, the terrorists looked back and forth between their weapons and their comrades. It seemed as if their eyes were rolling.

"I'm telling you, I'm impatient."

Kang Geum-ma urged the agreement. At the same time, the terrorists made up their minds.

Woohooooooooo… … !

The fighting spirit was rekindled. This time, the tip of the sword was aimed at his comrades rather than his enemies.

"I didn't like you from the beginning!"

"I'm going to say this, you piece of shit. Now die while you can!"

The dance of those who wanted to live resonated through the ballroom. It was a desperate and desperate sound.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 264

Episode 264 The Terror Live (3)

I am a peaceful person.

Even when the dark sides of society were trying to trick me into working together in the underworld, and even when that bastard was spitting thick phlegm into my cooking right in front of me.

I sent it to Tyler nicely.

“… … .”

-I tried to.

However, I absolutely cannot tolerate people who act out of line or are hateful.

Following the example of the CEO, I would like to resolve the issue through dialogue whenever possible, but just because we can speak the language doesn’t mean we can communicate.

There are those who refuse to follow the law. They are usually those who are closely related to crime.

Just a little while ago.

I told them to get out of the way because they were blocking the passage leading to the ballroom. But they clearly refused by drawing their weapons.

I thought about asking some of them to save them, but gave up. It

was harder to save them than to kill them. I didn't have time to waste when I didn't know what would happen at the ballroom.

So I killed them all.

I don't know exactly how many I killed, because I stopped counting when the number of beheaded was over thirty.

My nose twitched. Only when the pungent smell of blood became unbearable did I slowly turn around. The floor was dirty with a mixture of blood, brain fluid, and fat.

I thought about it as I watched it. I didn't feel any emotion. On the contrary, I was afraid of it.

Even if they were enemies, was it right to kill them like this? Wasn't it just an excuse to say that they were hot-tempered and that time was running out? Wasn't it just a self-justification to believe that they were free from the darkness inside them, from evil impulses?

With that thought in mind, I turned my head back. The large ballroom door loomed before my eyes. Flagships and screams could be heard intermittently.

'By the way, I thought Caron and Shail came to escort Abel.'

I trust the abilities of these two people. Their power is far superior to that of heroes of the same level. They would have somehow managed to avoid the worst.

"… I wish I had stopped killing today."

I was serious. I had enough of getting my hands wet. Even if that wasn't my true intention, I wanted to believe it.

Kkiei… … .

I opened the door. At the same time, the terrorists all looked at me. I could see their faces drained of blood above their masks.

In that moment, a dark feeling of dread tore through my soul. The only thing that lingered in my mind was the urge to kill.

My heart was pounding. It felt like I was going to pounce on you at any moment, like a fighting dog whose shackles had been loosened. But the slurred fluid didn't rise up my throat. It was because of the bow tie that was tightly tightening around my neck.

I ended up chuckling. It was because I didn't loosen my tie earlier that I was able to remain human. At least, that's what I thought.

"I'll spare one."

I decided to show mercy while I was at it.

"Just one."

Enough to not be caught.

* * *

The survivors among the terrorists were narrowed down to two, both of whom were equally skilled within the organization to begin with.

"stop."

The two people who were showing their teeth and grumbling at each other were stopped by Kanggeomma.

"If you continue like this, we'll both die. Now put your weapons down."

The terrorists looked around and then quietly put down their weapons. The next moment, they fell flat on the ground as if they had been in sync.

"Thank you for saving my life."

There was no answer. Kang Geum-ma raised one of the slumped chairs. He dragged the chair over and sat down in front of them.

Kang Geum-ma said, looking down.

"If two people answer differently, one of them dies. Do you understand what I mean?"

In short, it meant that they were going to do cross-checking. The two terrorists gulped.

“yes.”

“All right.”

The two of them suddenly turned their gazes and glared at each other as if they were going to kill each other. Their first answers did not match.

Kanggeomma let out a sigh of exhaustion. Behind the chair he was sitting on, Charon, Shail, Abel, and Ryozoh followed.

Kanggeomma glanced over his shoulder. Everyone had minor injuries, but they were minor. Fortunately, none of them were fatal.

“It’s been a long time. It’s the first time I’ve seen you since you ascended the throne as King Chilseong.”

“That’s right. Caron, Shail. Every time I stop by Switzerland, I’m late.”

“I am grateful that you remember me. Please don’t worry about it.”

Kanggeomma smiled faintly at Caron and Shail.

“I should be the one thanking you. If it weren’t for Caron and Sharon, the damage would have been greater.”

Kang Geum-ma, who had expressed his gratitude, took his gaze away from them. It was okay to postpone asking after their well-being. For now, that couple of the fateful community took priority.

“Take off your mask first. It’s suffocating just to look at.”

“yes.”

The Fate Community immediately untied the mask knot tied on the back of their heads. A very ordinary-looking face was revealed. It didn’t look like a terrorist’s face or anything. The more ordinary it was, the more advantageous it was for infiltration.

“name.”

““Oh, I-””

“I thought about it and it worked. What good would it be for me to know the names of the criminals? On the left, you are prisoner 1, and on the right, you are prisoner 2. Don’t confuse the numbers and answer quickly when I call you.”

““… … .””

“answer.”

“”yes.””

Kanggeomma leaned back comfortably on the backrest. The prisoners 1 and 2 on the other side were on thorny beds. It was hard to breathe.

“The purpose of your infiltration into the academy.”

“There were instructions from above.”

Prisoner 1 quickly answered the question.

“I told them to occupy the hall while the ball was starting.”

“Where is the higher-ups? The Villain Alliance? They were destroyed by Auditore.”

“That’s right. But since the Union disappeared, I’ve been getting direct calls from the Demon Realm.”

“From whom.”

“That’s fine… … .”

“You don’t have to know. If you don’t know who gave the order, then you idiots don’t know what the original purpose of infiltrating the academy was, right?”

“”…yes.””

“Yeah, well then. I guess the terrorists wouldn’t tell their plans to the lower class.”

“I don’t know the specific plan. Ha, but the code name for the plan was ‘Lion.’”

Prisoner 1 stammered.

“Lion.”

Kang Geum-ma stroked his chin, thought for a moment, then asked again.

“Why did you try to occupy the ballroom?”

“that is…….”

“To create hostages.”

Prisoner 1 hesitated. Prisoner 2 quickly raised his hand.

“The upper division has decided that they cannot deal with the Heavenly Sword in terms of force. In that case, take the cadets hostage. That was the mission of our infiltration team into the ballroom.”

Prisoner 2 rubbed his hands together, tearing them apart. Kanggeomma frowned.

“You’re talking about taking hostages, Prisoner 2, because you’re so excited.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“What is there to be sorry about? I am not disappointed. In the first place, you have to have expectations to be disappointed. From the beginning, I have never had any expectations from criminals.”

“… … .”

“Rehabilitation? Repentance? Don’t be a jerk. Those who rehabilitate themselves after coming out into society are the exception and are on

the news. The reality is that most criminals don't come to their senses and are re-incarcerated within three years."

Prisoner 2's face distorted. Kanggeomma continued speaking with a calm expression.

"Then you guys will say things like, 'It's hard to make a living after being released from prison,' 'Society doesn't accept me,' 'I was deprived of a chance to live.' No, no. Those are all excuses. You guys are just like that. You guys who act like the opposite of what society wants you to do."

"…I have committed a sin worthy of death."

"Look, even now. A guy who committed a mortal sin is saying, 'The purpose was to take hostages' to save his life. He's saying all this crap. Aren't you ashamed of risking the lives of children who haven't even reached their term of office, you little bastards?"

Kang Geum-ma straightened his back. He bent his upper body and grabbed the left and right shoulders of prisoners 1 and 2.

"You guys, do you know my personality?"

"I heard you are strict."

Prisoner 2 spat out carefully chosen words, trying to cover up a slip of the tongue.

"Strictness is a plague. You must have been known to be crazy."

It was true. This time too, Prisoner 2 couldn't say anything. He just listened to the ramblings of a boy ten years younger than him.

"Friends."

Prisoners 1 and 2 looked as if they were about to stop breathing. Kanggeomma took his hands off his shoulders. He used those hands to tap the back of their necks.

"I killed all the guys who got in my way on my way to the ballroom. I didn't let a single one live even though I could have kept the

situation in my hands. And then I was left alone, comforting myself that they deserved to die. Do you regret it? No. That's why it's more of a problem, because I don't regret it."

Kang Geum-ma recited some self-deprecating words to the two terrorists.

"Until now, I've tried hard to deny that I'm crazy. But not anymore. I've decided to admit it. I've gone crazy, even though I'm a criminal, and I don't hesitate to take lives. That doesn't mean I'm going to change. I just know that I can be careful now that I've realized the problem. That's why I declared that I'll spare one of you. I still don't know if this is the right choice. It could also be poisoning society. But even if this is a bad choice, I want to try my luck. What do you think?"

"If you spare my life, I will never commit such heinous acts again. Not again… I will strive to never live a life of shame before the Heavenly Sword again!"

Prisoner 2 said with a sad look on his face, tears falling like chicken droppings.

Kang Geum-ma looked at him with blunt eyes, then turned his gaze to Prisoner 1. Then he asked.

"Prisoner 2 is like this, what about 1?"

"… … ."

A brief pause.

"…Honestly, I'm not confident."

The answer to 1 was different from 2.

"I started out stealing and came this far. So I don't know how or where to start. I think it would be better to just die here."

Prisoner 1's confession of conscience made 2 secretly rejoice. How foolish of you to kick away your chance to live.

“Even when we hear the same words, we feel different things.”

Kang Geum-ma smiled briefly and withdrew his hand. But only from prisoner 1. He was still holding onto the back of prisoner 2’s neck.

“Your Majesty… …?”

Kanggeomma ignored the bewildered gaze of Prisoner 2 and stared at Prisoner 1.

“1. What is your name?”

“This is Jae-yeon Lee.”

At that moment, Prisoner 2 writhed in pain. The murderous intent of the sword spread to the back of his neck and stopped his heart. It was instant death.

“Jaeyeon-ah.”

Kang Geum-ma shook off his seat and called out the name of prisoner 1.

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“It’s not that society forgave you because I saved your life. Live with the sins you’ve committed so far as a brand. Even if the organization you were a part of finds you and kills you, think of it as retribution. If you live that life as a sinner, you’ll realize why you lived wrongly. That’s the homework I gave you, no, this academy gave you.”

Prisoner 1 licked his lips and then slammed his forehead against the floor. There was a loud thud.

“Please take me in, Your Majesty.”

“No, Inma. It’s hard for criminals to get jobs. And why would I take in a black bastard just because he’s pretty? I don’t like that.”

“…Does it have to be a woman?”

“Even if you’re a woman, you can’t do that, kid. Either you’re being

rude, or you're doing this on purpose. Enough, get out of here. The more I talk, the more I'll regret letting you live."

"yes."

Prisoner 1 hurried out of the ballroom. He bowed deeply just before leaving.

"I apologize for the harm I caused, my comrades."

That was Lee Jae-yeon's farewell. Only when he disappeared did Kang Geum-ma look around the crowd.

Faces looking at him with blank expressions. Kang Geum-ma scratched his eyebrows awkwardly.

"Did you keep it alive for nothing?"

It was Caron who broke the silence. He finally burst out laughing.

"That's not possible. Rather, I admire this person, Cheon Geum-nim."

"Until the end… … By the way, does everyone have the stamina to move?"

"I have to squeeze out every stamina I have for the sake of the Heavenly Sword."

Shayle nodded.

"That doesn't mean there really isn't anything. When I listen to Cheongeomnim's words, my strength surges."

Kanggeomma shrugged his shoulders in response to the powerful response. Then he took a deep breath. He exhaled, mixing in the smell of blood. It felt like his lungs were being cleansed. He felt relieved.

Inner growth begins with acknowledging one's own mistakes. If one is only anxious to hide one's shortcomings, there will be no progress. Because humans know shame, they created laws and systems to achieve civilization.

After a while, Kang Geum-ma opened his mouth.

“I have to find Leon.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 265

Episode 265 The Terror Live (4)

“It’s been a while, Leon.”

The woman, Herya, bowed her head in respect. She is both Quarn’s confidant and a homunculus.

A creature created by Kuarn by collecting and then pasting together the corpses of the destroyed Gregories. This was the secret story of Herya’s birth.

The fact that she was sent as an envoy to Leon, Metatron’s blood relative, was in itself a mockery.

Of course, since it was the Joaquin Academy, the cradle of heroes, it was not the real him but his clone.

Still, it was enough to make Leon feel insulted, and he showed his emotions clearly on his face.

“Where the hell are you coming from, Herya? Do you really want to die?”

Leon spat at Herya with a fierce look on his face.

“Wasn’t it clear that cutting ties with the Demon Realm was a condition for me to come to the Academy?”

“you’re right.”

Herya looked up. There was a ghostly pale face that resembled

Kuarn.

“But circumstances have changed. It is only natural that the brilliant Lord Kuarn would not have expected that three of his legion commanders would pass away, so it is only natural that we make some adjustments to our plans, Lord Leon.”

As Herya continued speaking, Leon’s face became more and more rotten. The hand holding the hilt of Balmung’s sword twitched.

The desire to draw his sword at any moment was like a chimney. However, he couldn’t do that. Leon was in that situation.

Leon closed his eyes tightly. His mind was filled with worries.

‘If someone catches this scene right now… … .’

Should he kill Herya himself? Or should he kill the witness? It was disgusting that the author, a warrior, was even worrying about such things.

‘I would like to cut off my own neck with a stick.’

He couldn’t do it either. If he died, only destruction awaited him in this world. But even though he knew the outcome, there were many times when he wanted to turn a blind eye.

Every time that happened, my father, who had passed away a long time ago, would appear in my dreams. He would comb my hair with warm hands and say this to my son.

-You are the only one who can save this world.

Because he was given such a heavy task, Leon was allowed only the bare minimum. He could not share it with anyone, and he could not be understood. That was what a warrior was like, his father repeatedly emphasized.

At first, I was filled with pride. But as I gradually learned the inside story, all that remained was a feeling of disillusionment.

‘I am just a tool to pull this world out of the swamp.’

Leon had a gut feeling. He was being controlled by an ‘unknown being’. A puppet that moved with only one purpose. This world was also extremely artificial and was nothing more than a single part.

“So, you must return to the Demon Realm with me, Leon. You know that there is no point in going to the Academy anymore. I am worried that your growth is slowing down.”

“… … .”

Herya spoke persuasively. Leon kept his mouth shut.

“This is it.”

A dry sigh.

“You’ve become quite dull as you’ve been mixed in with other humans. It’s truly a shame.”

Herya frowned and shook her head nervously. She was imitating the feeling of ’emptiness.’

“…If you come out like this, I can’t do anything about it.”

“If I have no choice.”

“I have to take you away, even if it means a bit of violence.”

Again.

Leon and Herya turned their gaze at the sound of footsteps. Silver hair flowing freely. Yusein was walking into the chapel.

“I was wondering why there was such a bad smell in the sacred place, and there was a bug swarming around.”

Herra’s eyebrows arched. The human seemed to know her true identity.

“Because managing the chapel is one of the saint’s duties.”

Hurrr.

The sacred fire circled the edges of the chapel. The surging pillars of fire confined them like bars.

Herya looked at the fence from afar and snorted.

“The flame that binds evil beings, the Holy Fire. What can I do? I am a byproduct of heaven, so my body is free like this.”

“I have eyes too?”

Herya sneered. Sein responded calmly.

“But wasn’t your goal to take the kid behind you? What’s wrong? You look a little unwell.”

Herya wiped her smile. She turned around hastily. Leon was clutching his chest and gasping for breath.

Nephilim possess both good and evil natures. When the surrounding environment leans extremely toward one side, the opposite nature reacts. That’s why Leon can’t breathe evenly.

Herya turned her gaze towards the road saint. Her eyes sparkled like glass beads.

“You’re making things difficult. But if you die, the flame of this sacred fire will go out anyway.”

Tak, when Herya snapped her fingers, the space in front of her son-in-law trembled. It was an empty attribute magic. It was the reason why she, a being from the demon world, was able to pass through the Academy’s security.

“Kwarn-nim told me to handle things as quietly as possible, but if he saw the situation, he would understand.”

Se-in covered her nose with a handkerchief. A handful of blood flowed out. She wrinkled her nose and muttered.

“Bad breath… … .”

In a blind man’s voice.

"… You little shit."

The veins on Herya's temples dilated. Her eyes gleamed dangerously.

"This worm-like bitch… …!"

A look of genuine anger. This time it wasn't an imitation of emotion.

* * *

We set out to find Leon. The search was not as difficult as we thought. It was thanks to the text message sent by Sein.

[Saint: Come to the chapel. Bye.]

The mother was the first consonant in the urgent word.

Anyway, we turned right in the same direction and headed towards the chapel.

'Rather than blindly stirring up the Academy grounds, I'd rather pretend to be fooled and go there.'

This was my feeling, but as I got closer to the chapel, it changed into conviction.

"Ugh."

A foul stench wafted out. Ryozo and Saki groaned and held their noses. Shail and Caron merely furrowed their brows, but they could not approach too closely.

'What a magical power.'

The magical power emanating from the chapel stopped them like a transparent barrier. The chapel, which should have been filled with divinity, had now become a polluted place.

I approached the door. Then, a shadow began to move slowly and formed into a human figure.

They quickly lined up in front of the chapel like gatekeepers. Their iron-like momentum pressed down on my shoulders.

‘shit.’

I guess each and every one of them was at least B+ to A-class. It wasn’t a problem for me to defeat them. The only issue was the remaining time of [Painless Protection].

‘Even if you give it a good shake, it won’t last 10 seconds.’

You never know what kind of enemy might be lurking inside. If you waste [Sword God’s Protection] here, you won’t be able to use it when you need it.

Just looking at the momentum of their magical power, the enemies in the chapel were strong. Everyone except me was intimidated by their profound magical power.

It was never going to be an easy fight. So every second or two was precious.

At that moment, Ryozo glanced at me. She stared at me intently and then suddenly slapped me hard on the cheek.

Everyone’s eyes widened. The next moment, Ryozo’s cheeks swelled up. She spoke through her chapped and cracked lips.

“Isn’t there much time left to manifest the blessing?”

Abel also shook his head roughly, albeit belatedly. Then he grabbed the side of her dress and ripped it lengthwise. Her legs were completely exposed, but she didn’t care.

“We’ll find a way somehow. Come on in, Sword Maiden.”

Abel stood next to Ryozo. The blade slipped out smoothly from the scabbard without scraping it.

Slurp.

I blinked as I looked at the two people.

‘Come to think of it, I told them the weakness of [Protection of the Sword God].’

Because of that, I ended up in a somewhat awkward situation. But paradoxically, thanks to that, Abel and Ryozo quickly realized my trouble.

'If only I had kept quiet.'

There must have been a delay. Because we shared our weaknesses, we were able to reduce unnecessary explanations. This is the moment when trust shines.

I nodded. Almost at the same time, they smiled faintly at me and then their eyes met. Then, the sparks that Geum-an and Yeon-cheong-an were spitting out met in the air.

Support position.

Abel and Ryozo immediately straightened their faces and turned their gazes toward the enemy. They encouraged each other in cold tones.

"This isn't a subspace, so be careful not to lose your limbs."

"Yeah, you too. Oh, and I learned a thing or two about ripping your skirt to score points."

"… … ."

"Still, you tore it well enough. Not to the point where it looks manly."

Caron and Shail laughed softly at the grumbling. The frost that would fall in May was falling just in time for December.

The two men lined up next to Ryozo and Abel. They spoke to Shail.

"We will assist you two ladies even at the cost of our lives."

Shail took a fighting stance, his waist curled up like the muzzle of a gun.

Charon, who was next to her, clenched his fist tightly and then opened it as if shaking it off.

Chorus.

The wire stretched like a carpet from under my feet to the chapel door. There were also barriers on both sides to block access. It looked like a tunnel formed by the wire.

“I will serve you all at once.”

Before I could respond, Charon waved his hand. His body lurched and his feet slipped.

“… … !”

The silvery rush of water pushed me straight into the chapel. It was my first time surfing.

* * *

Herya’s magic rained down. Statues, stone pillars, and chapels were smashed to pieces without mercy, sending rustling noises.

Quagwagwagwang… …!

However, it did not reach the saints. This was because the flame of the Holy Spirit protected the saints without any gaps.

In addition to the fact that the location was an academy, Herya was not even her real self but a clone. Her power was halved and the number of magic types she could cast was limited.

Still, the explosion was fierce. It was shallow compared to the original, but it was still threatening enough.

The boundary of life and death overflowed everywhere. The moment the Holy Fire went out, this side disappeared without a trace.

So, Se-in blocked it with all his might. The blood vessels in his eyes burst, and only the bitter taste of blood spread in his mouth. At that moment, the limits of his body were immediately reached.

Squeak.

Behind the saint, darkness parted. The poisonous air that had filled the chapel slowly dissipated and faded. The sunlight that came in like the sewage water from the sewer was sifting through the chapel, scattering the shadows of the chapel into small pieces. The dark mass of shadows soon turned into individual particles.

The dizzy Se-in felt his energy surge. Along with that, the back of his neck started to tingle. His murderous intent did not distinguish between Pia and Pia.

“Come quickly.”

Se-in spoke without looking back. Her lips, covered with a few strands of hair, trembled.

“I really feel like I’m going to die?”

Instead of answering, Kanggeomma immediately rolled his feet. A black lightning bolt passed by Sein. The shockwave and gust of wind came half a beat later.

A speed beyond common sense. Herya turned the offensive into a defensive one. He created a soap bubble-like film with his son-in-law.

He had heard enough about the Ganggeomma from Kuarn to the point where his ears were covered in calluses. Heruya thought he knew what kind of power the Ganggeomma used and how to deal with it.

And it didn’t take a second for me to realize that it was a hit and that it was arrogance.

The double-crossed swordsman swung his swords as if striking from a close range. The aura in the X-shaped trajectory rained down a barrage of sword strikes.

Crunch!

Herya’s magic literally burst like a soap bubble.

That was the end of it.

Herya collapsed in place, turning into He/Le/Ya. Leon, who was nearby, covered himself in dark blue blood.

Leon raised his head. His sea-green eyes were dark and damaged, as if they had been eaten.

‘The God of Death, the Demon of the Sword, the Hero’s Nemesis. And… … .’

Adversary.

He looked down at the warrior with a contemptuous gaze.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 266

Episode 266 Bean Powder

Saki Hina quickly scheduled a visit to Joaquin Academy because she heard that Ryozo had been hospitalized.

In fact, I had already heard that it was a minor injury. Also, the two of them were not close enough to visit him.

However, Saki Hina bought a plane ticket to Korea at the crack of dawn. Since it was an undercover trip without telling her father, Saki Kojima, she couldn't go there by private plane.

"Hmm."

On the plane, Hina read the articles pouring out in detail. She concentrated without even blinking. The cabin was so cold that dewdrops seemed to form on her eyelashes.

[Terrorism at Joaquin Academy… Who's Behind It?]

[Terrorists who raided the ballroom… Condemnation.]

[Joaquin: Children trembling in fear of successive terrorist attacks.]

[Joaquin Academy attack leaves at least 20 injured… … .]

Most of the articles were about the 'Joaquin terror attack' that had occurred yesterday. What caught her eye was the last line.

[… At least 20 people injured in terrorist attack… However, thanks to the activities of the Heavenly Sword, there were "0" deaths.]

A proud smile appeared on Saki Hina's lips. She turned off her phone and looked out the oval window. The plane was descending through the clouds, lowering its altitude.

"I'll see you again, Your Majesty."

As the altitude decreased, Hina's smile also grew deeper. She couldn't deny the pounding of her heart.

widely.

Hina closed the window cover, thinking about the face she would soon see.

* * *

As soon as I killed the bastard who was as sly as a virgin ghost, I ran out of the chapel. Before I knew it, the Poison Twins had joined me and ended the situation.

With two more people added to the existing members – Caron, Shail, Abel, and Ryozo – the enemy was helpless.

After suppressing the situation in the blink of an eye, the Poison Twins immediately went to work on the cleanup.

Fortunately, the terror attack was centered around the ballroom, and the original members successfully defended the venue. Thanks to this, the damage did not spread outside the ballroom.

There were some casualties, but not to the extent of a large number. Even if there were, they were minor. Above all, there were zero deaths. This means that despite the large-scale terrorist attack by dozens of people, there were almost no casualties.

It was a more overwhelming feat than the quick suppression of terrorism. That's why the media grabbed my trouser leg and cried like a child… but anyway. The fact that they were tears of joy, not sadness, is significant.

After crying out loud for a while, Media immediately set out to track down the forces behind the scenes. Meaine also seemed to be in a

state of fever, so she joined her younger sister. Since winter break was just around the corner, it was an opportune time for them.

I didn't tell them where they were going, but I wasn't worried about them. Who would stop the Poison Twins? If you mess with them now, you'll get a real beating.

Their eyes were so murderous. Now even I am afraid of them.

At that moment, a sharp shout woke me from my thoughts.

"Mom! Don't touch me! It hurts, it hurts!"

"Hold on tight, kid. What kind of girl has such strong arms?"

Ryozo is throwing a tantrum, and her mother, Cynthia, is wrapping up her bandages.

I watched the mother and daughter bickering amicably from afar. Then, I leaned my shoulder against the wall of the hospital room and let out a small sigh.

'I thought my mother would come up right away.'

Cynthia arrived here before the Academy had even announced it. I think I have a vague idea of who gave her the information.

'Saki Hina.'

It was Hina who gave Ryojo the location of Cynthia. So the opposite situation can't happen.

There may be local broadcasts from media outlets that have special privileges for information, but one look from me and you will shut your mouth.

'Because Ryojo deserves special treatment.'

Ryojo is one of the two students who were very active as cadets. The other is Abel.

These are two people who were together from the beginning to the

end of the incident. This is not even a special privilege.

By the way, Abel was clean without any minor injuries. Only Ryojo was hospitalized. Even he only had a fractured bone.

anyhow.

'I guess I'll have to talk to the association and come up with a separate compensation plan.'

Ryojo and Abel will stubbornly refuse, but I plan to push it on by force.

There must be compensation, even if it is not material. It cannot be free.

I'm not saying this because I'm a Korean gamer.

"Phew. It's over."

Cynthia wiped her forehead with the back of her hand. A mummy was lying on the hospital bed. Only her face remained like an egg ghost, and her entire body was wrapped in bandages. It was Ryojo.

"what's this!"

"Did you know that your mother was a famous doctor back in her day? That's why the doctors and nurses trusted me and left you in my care."

Did they just trust and leave it to her? As soon as the medical staff saw Cynthia, they bowed and greeted her.

Divine Doctor. The medical staff clearly called Cynthia that.

I never thought she would be an ordinary housewife. Even if she was the fifth or sixth wife, she was still the daughter-in-law of the Saki family.

Second year in the social class. I am slowly learning the ecology of this world. But I didn't know that Cynthia would be such an unexpected big shot.

And such a big shot… … .

“Wow- Looking at it this way, our daughter is a total Pharaoh! How about graduating now and getting a job in Egypt?”

“mom!”

It’s also surprising that she’s so sincere when it comes to giving her daughter medicine. An adult daughter and a reckless mother. It’s a fantastic collaboration.

‘You live so young.’

Ryojo was acting innocently, as if he had forgotten my existence. I can’t seem to get used to it. It’s like the kid who always acted like an adult has regressed to being a kid.

‘But that’s age-appropriate behavior.’

I smiled faintly and shook my head.

“Look at my mind. It’s too much fun to tease you.”

Sensing my gaze, Cynthia quickly got up and grabbed the first aid kit.

“Speak slowly.”

Before leaving the hospital room, she smiled at me. Then she shook my shoulder.

“My daughter is always indebted to you. It’s shameless, but I ask that you take good care of my daughter in the future.”

Cynthia looked at me.

“Gang·Seo·Bang.”

Her eyes narrowed gently.

* * *

The dullness of the word ‘Kangseobang’ struck me. I was slightly taken aback when I heard a voice behind me, startling me back into

my senses.

“hey.”

Kang Geum-ma paused and looked back again. Mira (Ryojo) was staring blankly.

“I have this… … .”

Ryojo swallowed the words, “Please loosen it up a bit.” When he thought about it, there was bare skin inside the bandage. If he loosened it, an embarrassing situation could occur.

It’s not that I hate that situation or anything. Maybe I like it?

However, it is still too early. It is not too late even after becoming an adult. Ryojo was looking forward to the distant future with Kanggeomma.

“Sit here.”

Ryojo pouted and pointed to the portable chair. It was the limit of his mobility, as his chin and neck were firmly fixed in place.

Kanggeomma scratched his eyebrows with his thumb and sat down on the chair. Originally, he had planned to just check on his health and leave. He had been hospitalized many times, so he knew the importance of stability.

But more than that, the patient’s wishes are important. At least in the hospital room, Ryojo was the boss. If she tells him to sit down, it’s only natural that he would do so.

““… … .””

The atmosphere in the hospital room became very awkward.

What should I say? The airflow was strange. The smell of medicine was strangely fragrant today, and the beeping sound of the patient monitoring device sounded like a heartbeat.

Ryojo, who had been working hard to roll his eyes, soon let out a

sigh. This atmosphere was more suffocating than the pressure of the bandage. It seemed like he needed some kind of ventilation.

“What happened in the chapel then?”

Ryojo asked. Kang Geum-ma was lost in thought for a moment.

It is not easy to convey the situation at the time without causing misunderstandings.

How should I explain the warrior who had a secret conversation with Mines? I was very cautious about telling someone about a situation I didn’t understand. Since the facts weren’t confirmed yet, there was a lot of room for misunderstanding.

The hospital room of Se-in was guarded by foreign media, and Leon was vehemently refusing to be interviewed. As such, it was expected that it would take some time to confirm the facts.

‘Depending on what is said here, Ryojo’s image of Leon will change.’

Recently, there have been occasional doubts about the warrior’s qualities, and Ryojo doesn’t view Leon positively either. He feels uneasy, thinking that he might be trying to sow discord.

‘But more than that, I feel reluctant to hide it from Ryojo.’

Shouldn’t she know why she fought and risked her life? But I can’t lie. It was a matter of conscience. I could avoid it for now. But that would be like destroying the trust I had built up.

Kang Geum-ma made up his mind. Since Ryojo was more than qualified to listen, he didn’t have much time to think about it.

Kang Geum-ma told me the summary as it was. Exactly as he saw it, without adding or subtracting anything.

“…hmm.”

Ryojo, who had heard the whole story, furrowed his brows. His sharp mind was busy dissecting and analyzing the situation.

‘The international situation is already in turmoil. If this story leaks out, it will cause a huge uproar.’

Aside from his personal grievances, Ryojo acknowledged the existence of the warrior itself.

Leon has the power to attract people like gravity. With him, the petty disputes and conflicts within the Academy quickly evolve.

‘I don’t know what it is, but it must be the warrior’s unique protection.’

If Leon graduates from the academy and enters the world of heroes, humanity will gain a solid center of gravity. That is a role that even the youngest person to ascend to the rank of Seven Star, Ganggeomma, cannot fulfill.

The mere fact that he had a conversation with Mine would be a stain on his reputation. Many would suspect Leon, and humanity, having lost its focal point of the ‘hero’, would have difficulty uniting.

From Kang Geum-ma’s short story, Ryojo clearly felt the gravity of the situation. He also knew without being told that he absolutely had to keep quiet for the time being.

As Ryojo’s face continued to darken, Kanggeomma scratched his cheek awkwardly.

‘The more I talk, the heavier the atmosphere becomes.’

He changed the subject of conversation.

“You and Abel told me before. Which of you is it?”

Ryojo felt his ears perk up under the bandages. His body was stiff like a cactus, but his ears were open.

“I’ve been thinking about it on my own ever since.”

Kang Geum-ma lowered his voice and spoke.

“But is there really a need to choose one of the two? Between

friends-”

At that moment, the door opened wide. Cynthia strode toward Kang Geum-ma and Ryojo.

And guess what? A familiar face followed Cynthia in. It was Saki Hina.

Kang Geum-ma looked flustered at the unexpected situation. Were you eavesdropping? No, and why did Saki Hina come?

“Mr. Kang.”

Second, Cynthia called her by her natural title now. Kang Geum-ma swallowed dry saliva. He had done nothing wrong, but it still stung for no reason.

“Our daughter… Our daughter… … .”

Cynthia’s lips twitched. Why are you so angry?

Kang Geum-ma quickly turned his gaze. Saki Hina was just fidgeting with her fingers with an ambiguous expression.

“It doesn’t matter how many wives you bring.”

Cynthia grabbed Kang Geum-ma’s hand.

“But, my daughter must be your first wife! Do you understand, Kang Seo-bang? Promise me one thing.”

“… … ?”

Kang Geum-ma’s pupils were dilated. His head was in chaos.

“I don’t care how many times it happens.”

Saki Hina spoke to him, who was at a loss. She shyly covered her flushed cheeks with her sleeve.

“… This is a mess.”

Ryojo muttered. It was a cold assessment of his family.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 267

Episode 267 With Foreign News

I left Ryojo's hospital room, which was filled with noise. I was extremely tired after escaping from the mud.

Previously, Saki Hina mentioned the number of her wives in two digits, but she felt it was not worth responding and quickly escaped.

"Oh my… … ."

I walked down the hallway, tapping my tense shoulder muscles.

As I looked out the window, I saw that the spider was gradually disappearing into the horizon.

'That commotion took up a lot of my time.'

But that's okay. Starting tomorrow is winter break. So I have more free time than during the semester. For two months, I can devote myself to Chilseong's work and preparing for war.

'When I think about it this way, vacation isn't always so fun.'

As I was looking out the car window, someone came up next to me. I thought it was another patient or an acquaintance, so I tried to get out of the way, but then he suddenly started talking to me.

"I, Welter, a priest of the foreign religion, greet you, Heavenly Sword."

I looked around. A man with a neat expression was greeting me with

his fist on his chest.

“If you are a foreigner, did you come as a convoy escort for the ambassador?”

I nodded in response and asked. The priest answered with a bright smile.

“In the grand scheme of things, yes, but that’s not the only purpose. In fact, even if it weren’t for the saintess, our foreign missionary side was planning to visit the academy during the vacation. That’s why we sent the entire knights here, leaving only the minimum number of personnel at the new missionary school to escort the saintess.”

“What is the purpose of your visit?”

“You know that, right?”

I stared at him intently and then let out a deep sigh.

“Please guide us. Blocking the hallway like this is a nuisance to others.”

“As expected, Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword is very thoughtful.”

Even when I speak with a calm expression, the priest just smiles. I wonder if he is naturally good-natured, or if he is being pretentious.

Since he seemed like a devout believer, I didn’t add much. I was also tired of doing that.

“I have prepared a reception room for you. We will treat you with respect.”

I followed the priest. As I approached the reception room he was guiding me to, I saw people wearing white cloaks. They were the Knights Templar.

“““I greet you, Heavenly Sword Lord.”””

The knights who found us bowed politely. It would have been awkward to just pass by, so we gave them a quick nod.

Then my eyes lingered on their cloaks. There was a cross-like pattern engraved in bright red.

“It is the stigma of a sinner.”

As I was watching the knights, the priest opened his mouth.

“Theology began with the denial of gods. It was a rebellion against gods who only forced their beliefs on humans. That was the beginning of our religion. In a way, it could be said to have been derived from the mindset of the ‘ancients.’”

“You know about the ancients.”

“I don’t know how you’ll hear it, but there are few things that our foreign missionaries don’t know.”

Welter continued speaking with a bland expression.

“The doctrines and essence of religion are a compilation formed by history. We seek answers for the present from the past, and hope for the future from the present. Therefore, we must learn and learn more. It is not just for preaching. We, the foreign religion, have pursued enlightenment from historical events and grown our religious influence by pursuing this.”

“hmm.”

I get the general idea. This priest has a knack for making simple words complicated.

“And we put the ‘brand of sinner’ on our sacred vestments to reflect on how wrong we have done throughout history.”

“If it’s a brand, shouldn’t it be tattooed on your body? Like a tattoo.”

“I heard that a long time ago, they really did brand people on their bodies.”

… What. Isn’t this completely pseudo?

“But religions change with the times. What would you think if you

were to put a brand on your skin in this day and age? You would think it's a complete cult. Don't you think so?"

"… … ."

Even though we had barely reached the reception room, the priest continued to preach.

"Religion must be fluid. If we are stubborn, the masses will think we are holy… … ."

"Hey, you punk. Are you even preaching to him?"

The door to the reception room opened and an old man appeared. The knights bowed to the old man as they had promised.

""""I am here, Your Holiness."""""

So that old man is the Pope of a foreign religion? I was shocked by the sudden appearance of such a giant.

Priest Welter bowed his head to the Pope, who had become close to him.

"I apologize, Your Holiness."

"What do you have to be sorry about? You should apologize to the Heavenly Sword, who listened to you silently."

"Oh, yes."

Welter turned from the Pope to me.

"I was rude."

"Welter, this guy is a fan of the Heavenly Sword. That's probably why he's been talking more than usual."

The Pope patted Welter on the back.

"Oh, of course, not only Welter, but all the foreign believers, including me, are fans of Cheongeom."

“okay…….”

I mumbled my answer. How should I react? Every word, every word. And the concentrated gaze was too burdensome for me. Moreover, because it was the Pope who spoke, the weight of the words felt like a thousand pounds.

“I’m sorry I made you feel so cold while serving your majesty. Please come in. I have prepared some light refreshments.”

The Pope took the baton from the priest.

* * *

My first impression of the Pope was completely different from what I had imagined. To be honest, I never imagined him to be so ordinary.

‘You look like you’re good at playing baduk.’

The atmosphere itself was different. The eyes shining from under the sacred eyebrows were definitely extraordinary.

“There’s nothing prepared, but please eat, Cheongeom. You must be hungry from talking to your close friend until late.”

“Yes, then.”

Since I was hungry, I didn’t refuse. I put a piece of bread on the table into my mouth.

“Hehe, if I had known you’d enjoy it this much, I would have prepared more.”

The Pope looked at me with a gentle smile from across the room, as if he was looking at his grandchild.

I hiccuped without realizing it at those warm gazes. Those regretful gazes seemed to know who I was.

“That’s right. I am a man who knows that the Heavenly Sword and the Saintess are foreigners. I will speak first, so Your Majesty, please eat and listen.”

The Pope offered her living water. She quickly quenched her thirst with the water she received and then listened.

“Where should I begin the story… … . Ah, I guess it would be better to explain a little about the god our foreign religion serves.”

I’ve always wondered. I was dubious whether the foreign news that people always talk about was the same as the ‘it’ I thought it was.

But it seemed that Se-in couldn’t tell us because of external pressure, and it would be difficult for him to accept it unless he knew our true circumstances.

The possessed, the reincarnated, and the regressed. A being that brings them all together and brings them into this world.

The only people who know the story are me and Sein. I thought these two were the only ones… … .

So, it is right to get the answers to the questions I have been having here. That is my judgment.

“This world is a multiverse. The word ‘outside god’ literally means an outside god. It is a being that governs the multiverse.”

Multiverse. I heard about it briefly from Yusein.

He put down the bread he was holding. The Pope took a breath and then began to speak earnestly.

“The worldline stretches out infinitely, and this world we live in is just one of those infinite universes. The world that the Heavenly Sword came from, and the world that the Saint came from are the same. Even the universe that we believed to be infinite is part of a higher dimension.”

A tone that puts the listener at ease. The Pope’s voice was so soft that my head started spinning as I listened quietly. Perhaps because it was a conversation about infinity, it felt even more exhilarating.

“And the outsider is a god who exists in a higher dimension. That doesn’t mean he is superior to other gods or anything. The scale of

his control is different. There is no hierarchy in divinity. There is only difference."

"Just because you have a wide sphere of influence doesn't mean you're a greater being."

"Yes. However, there may be a difference in strength. For example, a being like the 'God of Swords' was much stronger than the false gods that existed in this world. However, that does not mean that he was the greatest. It was only possible because the concept of the sword was 'to cut and cut.' Is there anything you do not understand up to this point? Or if you have any questions, please let me know, Heavenly Sword. I will answer with all my heart."

"Are the 'God of Swords' and the 'God of Foreign Affairs' separate gods?"

"hmm."

The Pope let out a sigh. It seemed as if he was trying to explain it to me in a way that I could understand. He frowned and then opened his mouth again.

"It is difficult to see them as the same being. First of all, the 'God of Swords' is a fragment of the 'God of Foreign God.' However, it soon grew into a single divine entity. Therefore, the two are the same but separate, a whole and a part."

"The origin of the 'God of Swords' is the 'Foreign God.' That's what I understood."

"Simply put, yes, but it's different. It's not something that can be explained or understood from a human perspective. Even I've become accustomed to it, but I don't understand it. It's not that it's a human limitation, but rather that the dimensions of existence are different, so there's nothing I can do about it. It would be easier to just equate the two gods. Anyway, that's it."

"… … ."

"To summarize, this is how it is. The reason the foreign god sent the Heavenly Sword, the Saintess, and another person to this world is

because he saw this world as a broken cogwheel. He sent a part of it to adjust it and sent the 'Sword God', but he saw it as a failure. That's why he's trying to adjust it again. It's taken a whole 700 years."

From Balor Joaquin to the end, the foreign press prepares a plan that will last centuries to set the world right.

Why? I have no way of knowing. However, as the Pope said, if this world collapses, the world lines will become entangled in a chain reaction. In other words, it implies the destruction of the whole.

"Was my explanation difficult?"

"Not as good as Father Welter."

I shook my head. The Pope burst into laughter.

"Welter is of noble birth, so his speech and vocabulary are difficult. He has been a member of the school for ten years, but there is nothing he can do about the habits of a three-year-old."

"You abandoned the nobility and chose to become a priest."

"Do you know what that guy said when he first saw me? He said, 'God is dead!' He shouted so loudly. I almost had a heart attack."

"How did such a person become such a fanatic… no, a devout priest? It must not have been easy to persuade him."

The Pope smiled as he recalled the memories.

"I didn't persuade him. I didn't even try to make him understand. That would have caused him to rebel even more. So I made him clean the library. One day, when I went to see him, the broom had been thrown away and he was reading an old book in the corner. I snatched it away from him, telling him not to read. He grabbed his trouser leg and said he wanted to read more. I pretended to be defeated and gave it back to him. That young man, who I loved like a child, became a more devout believer than anyone else."

In short, he was a master of manipulation.

“While I’m here, I brought a few items from our school to give to Cheongeom. I’ve sent them to your office, so please go and take a look. I hope they’ll be of some help in your future endeavors.”

“Well, thank you for all that… ….”

“Hahaha, it’s good that Your Majesty didn’t refuse. If you really hated it, I would have tried to take it back.”

Correction: The Pope is a master of secret affairs.

“Well then, let’s get up now. It’s late at night. Our knights will work with the association to protect the academy for the time being.”

“ah.”

I was inwardly amazed. Was this why you came here with the Knights?

“Also, if something happens in the future, please ask our church for help at any time. We will help you without fail. The main text states that you should not interfere with the Sepha, but is that really the case? They are all just trying to make a living. Religion must change, too.”

I nodded obediently, my eyes showing my gratitude.

The Pope himself opened the door for me.

“Go in and rest comfortably, Cheon-geom. The difference between humans and gods is that they must sleep. During that time, they become infinitely vulnerable, but in return, they can dream. That is a privilege that only humans have, and even gods envy.”

As I was walking, I suddenly looked back at the Pope and asked him.

“Your Holiness, how did you come to convert to a foreign religion?”

“Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword was curious about this old man’s past.”

After a brief moment of laughter, the Pope muttered with a bitter

expression on his face.

“The woman I admired tried to become a nun in our church. Women who become nuns are not allowed to have relationships with men. I tried to get her out. It was an escape from love. But she ended up marrying another man. In the end, I didn’t like that woman.”

Oh my… … .

“After that, it was the typical story of a man who was consumed by revenge. Now, I think this is also what the foreign press meant.”

I nodded lowly. It was the best comfort I could give him.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 268

Episode 268: Holy Relic (1)

“I really wanted to convey this message. I would like to express my gratitude on behalf of all the people of this world who have been and will continue to be indebted to you. Of course, I am one of them. The item I have sent you is a small token of my gratitude. I hope you will find it useful in the future.”

With those words, the Pope and I parted ways. I tried to dissuade Father Welter from accompanying me to the dormitory.

Who is going to escort whom? He’s a frail gentleman who looks like he could break if you hit him lightly.

I left the hospital. I hesitated for a moment in front of the main gate, then started walking. I changed my route from the office to the dormitory.

I was curious about the item the Pope had sent. Considering his status, my anticipation naturally grew. As expected, if it was something that could be used later, it would be something unusual. I guessed that it was some kind of compensation.

‘I didn’t expect it, but I ended up getting rewarded.’

But for now, the accumulated fatigue was suppressing my curiosity.

‘If your feet don’t run, the reward won’t run away.’

Of course, there were other reasons. The office was just a short walk

from the hospital to the dormitory, but it was halfway across the grounds.

If you see anyone suspicious, you should immediately catch them and question them. You should also inspect the atmosphere of the academy. This is why you decided to go around in circles even though you are tired.

After I put on my outerwear and pulled my hat down, I slowly walked around the grounds. The cold winter wind hit the back of my head. My spine felt chilled.

“It’s the day before winter break. It’s so cold.”

I closed my coat all the way. I looked around with narrowed eyes.

Even though the weather was chilly and I was bundled up, I didn’t stand out. If I had worn thinner clothes, I would have stood out.

This reminds me of an informant in a back alley walking in the sun, keeping a close eye on all sides. It had a very film noir vibe, you know? Or not.

“If it weren’t for the Heavenly Sword… … .”

That’s when I heard a sobbing sound. I just turned my eyes in that direction.

Two female cadets were sitting on a bench. One of them was comforting the other cadet by rubbing her shoulder, looking terrified.

She recited it to her friend as if in confession.

“… I can’t even imagine what would have happened. Not just this time, but… also during the Joaquin disaster. I owe him… my life twice.”

It is very rare for someone to compliment someone behind their back. Usually, they are slandering them. I have seen this a lot while working at a Japanese restaurant. There are many people who have secret friendships like that, regardless of their family background.

“I’m ashamed of myself for badmouthing him behind his back until earlier this year. But I can’t come here now and say sorry… … . Anyway, he’s a busy person, so he probably won’t have time to meet someone like me.”

In other words, the words that come out later are less likely to be lies. There is a high possibility that they will reveal honest and intimate feelings.

“I should live with a grateful heart toward Him, even if it’s as an atonement. It’s already too late, but I can still send support and encouragement from behind.”

They say that birds hear what’s said during the day, and rats hear what’s said at night.

The fact that my coat is gray seems to be referring to me specifically.

Feeling like a rat isn’t so bad.

I continued walking without denying the rising corners of my lips. It seemed like the walk would be longer than planned.

* * *

The next day, the winter break ceremony was held in a simplified manner, with each class’s instructors announcing the ceremony. This was because the students had to be dispersed due to the disaster that had occurred just two days before.

The cadets followed the Academy’s decision without complaint. After a simple graduation ceremony, they quickly left Joaquin Academy.

The incident was over, but the cleanup was still ongoing. Evacuating the dormitory would make it easier to clean up and ensure the safety of the students.

I went to see Bwulland right after the graduation ceremony because the part of Murasame’s sword that was holding it was making a rattling noise and it was bothering me.

Buland made a loud noise, but accepted the request anyway.

“Are you making me work when I’m going on winter vacation?”

I felt really sorry. But there was nothing I could do. If not now, I would have to leave Murasame alone for two months… … .

Would any parent just sit by and watch their sick child? As a parent and as a swordsman, that is unacceptable.

“In return, I will give you a generous reward.”

“Oh my, Cheongeom-sama. Do I have a choice? Of course, I will transform this night market into something sparkling.”

“… … .”

I returned to the office. As I finished my work, the sun was slowly setting.

I looked down through the window at the cadets leaving. Eventually, the academy became quiet, and only then did I let out a sigh of relief.

“Whew… It’s over, this year too.”

As I plopped down on the chair, Shayle tipped the teapot over. The faint scent of chamomile filled the office.

“Thank you for your hard work, Cheongeomniscient.”

Next to her, Caron sent me a warm gaze. I smiled faintly and took a sip of tea. I felt my tense mind and body loosening up.

It was agreed that Caron and Shail would stay at the Academy and assist me. Castle Sigurd could be left empty for the time being. Anyway, Abel would stay by the sword master’s side during the vacation in Switzerland.

I accepted the offer. There was no reason to refuse the two men’s intention to remain. The Hero Association was stationed, and the Knights Templar had joined, but there was always a shortage of manpower.

Instead, since I have a main job, I set a condition that I can leave

whenever something comes up.

Caron and Shail expressed their gratitude for the consideration, and the resolution was reached to the satisfaction of both parties.

‘I somehow ended up spending summer and winter vacations with the two of you.’

A butler and a maid. The noble life that was not in my fortune felt a bit awkward to me. So I decided to treat them as standing troops rather than employees.

“How does the tea taste?”

“Chamomile smells good.”

Well, that’s my position, and the other person’s position is different. It’s better and more comfortable for both of us to act naturally.

I took another sip and put the teacup down. Then I looked over to the corner of the desk in my office.

A small, palm-sized box with an open lid. Inside was a long iron object wrapped in reddish silk. It was a stake or nail covered in rust.

‘Why did the Pope give this to me?’

The problem is that I don’t know how to use it. Come to think of it, I didn’t ask the Pope. I was so flustered yesterday.

‘There’s no such thing as an instruction manual, right…?’

It would be the same if I just touched it without thinking. I was afraid that the words ‘The protection of the swordsman is manifested’ would appear before my eyes.

Because it is an inflexible guardian who recognizes all sorts of things as swords.

Now that I think about it, sashimi isn’t a sword in the first place.

Sashimi is a kitchen knife. If it were a sword, it would be different.

There is a big gap between a sword and sashimi.

‘You never know. Maybe they’ll recognize this nail as a sword.’

As I was glaring at her with my eyebrows furrowed, Shail glanced in her direction as well. Suddenly, she let out an exclamation.

“Could this be… … .”

“Do you know what it is?”

Shayle nodded quickly and added.

“I saw it as an illustration in a book when I was a cadet. At first, I was not sure if it was right, but the more I looked at it… it seems right.”

Oh, I’m sure Shail has read many books, you said. She was the one who deciphered the runes when we went into the Undead Dungeon together.

Caron also turned his gaze to that intense reaction. He tilted his head. It seemed like he, like me, had no idea what this nail was.

“Look closely. It’s okay if you touch it.”

I suggested it first. Shail didn’t refuse.

“Thank you, Your Majesty.”

Shail looked at the nail here and there with eyes that were blazing with learning. After a moment, she put the nail back down with both hands.

Shail calmed his voice and opened his mouth.

“This is the ‘Holy Nail.’”

“If it’s a holy relic, then it’s a holy relic!”

Charon was startled. He looked at the rusty stake, that is, the castle, with his wide eyes.

“Foreign religion is the oldest religion.”

With that, Shail continued his explanation.

“The modern Western calendar is derived from other religions, but the one that has had the greatest influence on human history is the Exoteric religion. Therefore, among the three existing holy relics, the Holy Grail, the Holy Sword, and the Holy Spirit, the Exoteric religion possesses the Holy Spirit. However, it is no longer in possession.”

I asked back indifferently.

“Is the holy relic that great?”

“It’s amazing!”

Charon was excited. He looked very excited.

“Holy relics are items closely related to the gods. Each symbolizes immense sacredness. The Holy Grail… … .”

Holy Grail, a vessel that holds the divine.

The Holy Sword, the sword wielded by God.

The nail that seals the saint.

It is said that the two of these, except for the Holy Grail, were lost long ago. Furthermore, there are virtually no records of the Holy Grail and the Holy Sword, so many are skeptical about their existence.

But the only remaining relic is the nail that seals the god, the holy relic.

‘I said it all when I said that classification is treated as more than an artifact.’

By the way, why did the Pope entrust me with such a precious item? I don’t think he gave it to me to melt down and use to strengthen my weapons.

“… … .”

…should I use it to strengthen my weapons? You never know.

‘I’ll make A+ class into SSS class.’

As I was debating whether or not to go back to Buland, Shail said with gloomy eyes.

“I’m telling you this just in case, but holy relics cannot be used as reinforcement materials. No weapon can withstand the sacredness of holy relics. It’s the same principle as not being able to reinforce weapons with artifacts.”

“I see. But who would want to use a holy relic as a strengthening material? They’re not crazy.”

Clearly.

“… … .”

“… … .”

Pan-hee.

“I admit that I thought that way once in passing. I did it because I didn’t know. Not knowing isn’t a crime.”

“Do you just admit that?”

“What more?”

“Crazy… Ugh, no. I almost made a mistake.”

“I think you’ve already been rude.”

“I would appreciate it if you could think of old friendship and let it go. Or is it that this maid has to take care of you at night before you can let it go?”

I exchanged glances with Shail and nodded.

“I will move on.”

“It hurts that you don’t even think about it. It means that I’m not that attractive.”

“I am a minor.”

“Would there be anyone who thinks of Cheon Geum-nim as a minor? He is only biologically seventeen, but he looks like an old man approaching his forties.”

“… … .”

“And I’m an adult. I’m in my prime, in my mid-twenties.”

“That won’t work. I don’t like it.”

“I’m truly hurt… … .”

“How long do I have to tell this story?”

“I was being too harsh on Chilseong Youngung. I apologize.”

“Oh my.”

I turned my gaze towards Seongjeong again.

First of all, I know it’s an incredible thing, considering that these two people who’ve encountered all sorts of strange things in the Nibelungen react to it like this. However, its use is impossible.

‘I guess I’ll go and ask the Pope. He said he’ll stay at the Academy until tomorrow.’

I don’t think he’ll answer me honestly, but I think it’s better than racking my brain. But before that, I should at least show that I made an effort to find out.

I manifested [Painless Protection] and reached out my hand towards ‘Seongjeong’. At the same time, a strong flash of light erupted.

Pavat!

I let out a groan that I couldn’t hold back. I reflexively squeezed my eyes shut and barely opened them.

“… … !”

A wilderness where the ground and sky were painted entirely white. In the middle of it all, a person with only the outline of a figure visible was standing with his back turned.

He turned around slowly.

-It’s been almost a year since I saw it in my dream.

A high-pitched mouth, a dull facial feature with only neat teeth, and a pale body that seems to be one with the pure white place.

“you…….”

I have encountered this transcendent presence that seems to put the world down.

-long time no see.

The god of swords welcomed me.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 269

Episode 269: Holy Relic (2)

There is a habit I have developed recently.

The habit of trying to guess the winning chance against the target (regardless of enemy) in front of you. It was such a turbulent and rough year, so I had to keep my senses sharp at all times. Even now, that habit is being activated unconsciously.

I stared straight at 'him' without even blinking. Cold sweat ran down my spine.

'I can't see it.'

There is no sign of victory. Even if I play out the virtual battle in my head hundreds, thousands, or billions of times, I will still end up losing. I can't even guarantee that I will be able to leave a scar the size of a fingernail.

Recently, I met all the legion commanders except Basmon. 5th Legion Commander Agor, 4th Legion Commander Permish, 3rd Legion Commander Vesna, 2nd Legion Commander Kuarn. I also borrowed the dream of 1st Legion Commander Lycan and saw his strength in my own eyes.

But he, the God of Swords, is literally on a different level. He has an overwhelming presence that can reduce the magic of the legion commanders to the tricks of a mere child. The reason why the background remains hazy even after the compliance seems to have ended is probably because of the spirit that the author exudes.

The fact that I was able to exclaim in admiration again in our second meeting is also proof that my level has reached a certain level.

It was just at that level, just enough to vaguely infer how great a being he was. Without any reservation, just at that level.

'That guy was lending me his strength… … .'

It was absurd. How strong must it be to scatter the entire space into a haze? I can see it clearly with my eyes, but this is in the realm of abstraction. It is beyond the realm of imagination. It is a place where we can confirm that the laws of physics are not God's control.

-You seem to be doing well. Your appearance is bright.

Just when I was about to burst out laughing, the God of Swords spoke with a smiling face. The voices overlapped, as if there were multiple mediums of sound.

-I knew you'd get here, but I didn't know you'd get there this quickly.

Even though my teeth were not even open, the clear pronunciation rang in my ears.

It seems like he's been waiting for me to regain my composure to finally open his mouth.

In response to his consideration, I calmed my pounding heart and asked him.

"Is there anything that even God doesn't know?"

-People misunderstand that God is omnipotent. They think that he knows everything and can do everything. But that's not true. He just knows and can do different things. Let's sit down and talk.

I nodded slightly. The sword god raised his lips high and sat down in his place.

-There isn't much to talk about, but I'd like you to at least be relaxed.

The swordsman raised his left knee and placed his left arm on it. It

was a comfortable posture, like that of an old man sitting on the veranda.

He gestured in front of his nose. It seemed like he wanted me to sit closer. I hesitated for a moment, then sat down three or four steps away from him.

The swordsman said with a smile.

-I think I can answer three questions. If you have any questions, feel free to ask.

Yes… This is the kind of dialogue that a god-like being automatically spits out to humans.

-It's a shame that this is a Q&A session after such a long time, but that's the situation.

However, the tone of speech is friendly, as if talking to a friend. As usual, it is not overbearing, so the hostility is reduced. Thanks to this, I was able to choose a question in a short time.

"God of Swords, are you the Demon King?"

-Isn't the first question a straight forward one?

The swordsman had a smile on his lips.

-I told you before. I don't care about names.

I recalled my first meeting with him. I'm sure I said something like that.

-If you call me the God of Swords, then I am the God of Swords. If you call me the Demon King, then I am the Demon King. I digressed, but the conclusion is correct. I am a being who deserves to be called the Demon King. That is my history. I slaughtered those who were called gods, so depending on your perspective, you could say that I am 'absolute evil.'

"Doesn't it bother you to be called the Demon King? You are the object of worship among the demons."

-What's there to be offended about?

The sword god shrugged.

-I do not exist only for humans. I exist only for the role assigned to me. It doesn't matter who worships me.

"… … ."

– The intention of this question seems to be to wonder whether I am the mastermind, but that is not the case either. Well, this can vary depending on the perspective. But it is not the mastermind you are thinking of, so don't worry. Anyway, the second question.

The swordsman asked a question. At that moment, when he tilted his head back at the sound of a squeak, the white sky began to split apart little by little, and a white cloud began to flow out. As the saying goes, the time allowed is not that long.

I suddenly lowered my gaze and looked at God.

"It was you who dragged me into this world."

-no.

He shook his head gently.

-It wasn't me who called you here. Strictly speaking, you came to this world on your own two feet. Of course, from your perspective, it was more like an involuntary act.

What the hell is this? As expected from a god, he's quite the talkative.

I have been eating Kalbap for over twenty years and have never heard anyone say that I am dumb…

The words of the swordsman are ambiguous and difficult to understand.

-Is it hard to express myself? Sorry, it's been a while since I've had a proper conversation with anyone.

He scratched his white forehead as if he had read my expression. His words and actions were somewhat sloppy. It was a moment when the dignity of God within me was slightly diminished.

-Oh, then I'll tell you this. You made the choice to come to this world. That's obvious. But there are a couple of people who helped you get here. One of them, as you may have noticed, is the proto-hero Balor Joaquin. The other one… I can't tell you right now, sorry. But you'll find out soon enough.

"… The hero of the poem, why did my teacher cooperate in sending me here?"

-Well, well. I don't know since I'm not a party to the case.

A look of absurdity came over my face.

"Doesn't God know that?"

-How many times do I have to say this? God doesn't have omniscience. God can't intervene in human will. Even if he can adjust and organize it. That's the unwritten rule of the world line. And.

The corners of the swordsman's mouth fell open. It was the first time he had smiled.

-The reason I destroyed the gods of this world is because they tried to interfere with human will.

The voice was only slightly harsh, but the whole area shook violently. Perhaps because of that, the gap in the sky became noticeably wide. The sky, made up of small pieces, looked precarious at first glance.

My mouth is dry. All the moisture has been sucked out, and there is no saliva flowing down my throat.

The swordsman suppressed the emotions he had briefly shown. Then a sad smile appeared on his lips again.

-Why don't you ask him directly if you have the chance?

"Now, the worlds that you and I live in are different. But how can I

ask you? Are you saying that this world is like, ‘Oh, shit, a dream?’”

-Hahaha, it’s a dream. If you were from Earth, you might think so. If you were to say, “Brother, why is this kid laughing?” in a whisper, it would be the icing on the cake.

The swordsman grabbed his stomach and slapped his thighs while giggling. I was speechless at the comic-like laughter. What was so funny?

-It’s not a dream. It’s not an illusion. Everything you’ve done, Geomma, is real.

The swordsman said, wiping his eyes with his thumb. To be exact, he had no eye sockets, so he just rubbed his eyes.

-And the hero of the poem, if you wish to be truthful, you will surely meet again. I can tell you this for sure, in the name of God. I am also saying this because Balor Joaquin has used my power.

My heart started pounding. Reuniting with the boss. Because the God of Swords was confidently telling me that I would be able to reunite with him, the only regret I had left from my past life.

Meanwhile, the gap in the sky grew larger and began to affect the ground.

Krrrrrr… … .

The abyss seen through the gap was slowly eating away at the turbidity of space. The split cross-sections, like the teeth of a giant beast, were jagged and sharp.

The once white and empty world suddenly became pitch-black. It was like a pale boat floating in an oily sea. In the vast emptiness, only the neighborhood we were in was cramped and isolated.

-That’s why I told you to sit closer. It seems like my mistake earlier caused the collapse to accelerate, but there’s nothing I can do about it.

The swordsman spoke as if it was nothing serious.

-Okay, last question. We need to resolve everything and leave.

Then he spread his arms wide as if opening his chest. At the same time, his heart, surprised by the sudden change in terrain, sank.

The next moment, I reflected with calm eyes.

‘Last question.’

Finally, he opened his mouth softly.

“God of Swords, you said you had a mission.”

-Yeah, that’s right.

“Did you succeed?”

-Why did you ask when you already knew? I failed.

He said it as if he was annoyed, but there was a smile on his lips.

I stared at the blank face with only a round mouth. Then I burst out laughing.

By now, I can’t help but know that the God of Swords is infinitely kind to me and is constantly trying to help me.

“Do you think I, a human, can accomplish what God failed to do?”

-Geumma, you can do it because it’s you.

The swordsman stood up on his knees. He looked down at me, who was still sitting.

-I failed. Your human master also failed. But you will succeed. You who possess the ‘weapon of God’, the ‘spirit of man’, and the ‘body of the devil’.

At the end, one of my eyebrows twitched.

“…the devil’s flesh?”

The swordsman bent down and reached out his hand to me. I took his

hand in a hesitant manner and he helped me up.

-Eww.

Eye level has become the same.

-Ganggeomma.

When there was only enough room to step, Geomshin continued speaking.

-The power you use is just ‘cutting and slashing’. But isn’t that strange? You basically use a quick sword based on lightning speed. That’s not my power.

“… What, what is that?”

-That is the power of your original flesh. The rival who gave Balor Joaquin, who borrowed my power, a hard time. A mortal who wielded the sword the best among mortals. Although he was defeated, I, the God of Swords, acknowledge that he was equal to me for a moment.

Before finishing, the swordsman took a deep breath.

-The master of the flesh you took upon yourself in this world is a Lycan. A sword demon in the true sense of the word.

“… … !”

Gurrrrrr!

My body lurched with a loud noise. The ground beneath my feet crumbled into powder and my hind legs slipped out.

I tried to reach out with my right hand and grab the swordsman’s shoulder, but his form had already become translucent and blurry, leaving my hand in vain.

Finally, the ground my front feet had been standing on disappeared. I swung my arms toward the swordsman who stood firm as I fell into the dark abyss.

I have a question, dammit.

-Do not underestimate your potential. You are not a god, so you can grow. You are not a demon, so you can distinguish between good and evil. Furthermore, you are not a human, so you are not bound by morality and do what is right.

Looking down at my desperate appearance, Geomsin waved his hand gently.

-If you don't believe in yourself, look around you. There are friends who will help you not to lean to one side. For that, your teacher created the stage called the Academy.

As the pitch darkness swallowed me whole, the last sound echoed inside my head.

-When we meet again, you will be much stronger than us.

* * *

[【???】's 'true name' has been revealed.]

[※ This is a result mixed with the sealed object. In other words, please be advised that it is not solely 【???】's memory.]

[Would you like to check the open name? (Y/N)]

[Y/N]

▲

[The true name of 【???】 is revealed using the 'assimilation rate' as a catalyst.]

[Loading… ■■■□□□]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Complete ■■■■■■]

.

.

.

-Pfft!

【Magic Sword Lycan】

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 270

Episode 270 Each Person's Time

The hazy, foggy vision slowly began to clear up. However, my ears felt like they were submerged in water. It seemed like I was still not fully awake.

"Your Majesty… … !"

I covered my eyes with my hand and continued to sweep them away. Only after the bitter frictional heat had passed over my face did I look away.

Shail and Caron were looking this way with worried eyes.

I turned my back to the window I had been looking at. The pale full moon. It was night, not evening.

Even considering that it was a slow afternoon when I touched the castle, a lot of time had passed.

'It doesn't even feel like 5 minutes have passed… … .'

I waved my hand, saying that I was okay. Only then did Caron, who had been just twitching his feet, let out a deep sigh. On the other hand, Shail was shaking with all sorts of emotions.

"Your eyes are cloudy and I can't stand it. I'll have to stay up all night to take care of you today."

"I told you it's okay, I'm not a kid."

I somewhat coldly shook Shail's hand away. If I didn't do this, this human would really chase me to my room.

"Your Majesty, you are a child."

"… Earlier, I said that the spirit was an old man looking forward to his forties."

"Oh, how did I end up saying something so outrageous."

Shailee slapped my forehead. I glared at her for a moment and then asked.

"Anyway, what happened after I touched Seongjeong?"

"As soon as the tip of Cheon Geum's finger touched his soul, light burst out."

The answer was given by Caron.

"Immediately after that, he lost consciousness and leaned back on the chair as if lying down."

"In a word, you're saying he fainted."

"Yes. So at first I tried to call the medical team… … . At that time, the Heavenly Sword Master closed his eyes and said, 'It's okay. So you guys stay in your positions.' That voice sounded like the Heavenly Sword Master's, but it wasn't… … . How should I put it, it was a voice that made my heart feel pious just by listening to it."

"hmm."

Of course, I never said anything like that. What I said to Charon was probably said by the sword god through my mouth.

After roughly grasping the situation, I sighed. Then I glanced at the wall clock.

[AM 03:00]

The hazy energy disappeared immediately. I quickly turned my gaze

to the two people.

“Are you two sure you’ve been watching this whole time?”

“yes.”

Shail and Caron nodded simultaneously.

“That means you’ve been stuck here for about eighteen hours.”

“We are here to assist the Heavenly Sword Master. We are only doing our job, so please do not worry about it.”

I tried to cover my eyes again, but soon stopped at just rubbing my forehead. I guess it would be right to express my simple gratitude at a time like this.

“You both have worked hard. Go in and rest.”

“Yes. May Your Majesty rest in peace.”

Caron and Shail closed the door and left. But after a while, the door opened again, leaving them alone.

The next moment, Shayle spoke with her face half hidden by the door.

“If you need help at night, just let me know… … .”

As my hand reached for the shelf, Shail quickly ran away.

“… Mr. Shail, I don’t think you were that mischievous of a person.”

I just laughed out loud. Who am I to tell that my personality has changed?

“It was none other than me who became a completely different person in just one year.”

Even now, it’s the same. You can see them moving their hands when they can’t communicate.

‘My personality… was it always like this…?’

My memory is vague.

I awkwardly shook my hand trying to grab the sashimi, then put it back.

“You should move the shelf further away or something. You’ve developed bad habits.”

* * *

Ryojo was lying face down on the bed, his chin resting on the pillow. The tops of her feet were hitting the blanket alternately.

[Ryojo: Are you busy with work?]

[Kang Geum-ma: So-so. How is your mother’s house? Is it okay?]

“Hmm.”

I tilted my head, which was supported by the pillow. A soft texture caressed my left cheek.

“What should I send?”

During the winter vacation, Ryojo was left to live with his mother.

The expression ‘Shin-sae’ may be unfamiliar between parents and children, but after all, Cynthia is not from the Saki family.

Ryojo was originally scheduled to remain hospitalized at the Academy Hospital.

However, the academy notified all cadets to return home. This was to keep them away from any possible danger.

Subversive forces attempted to invade again and again, and actually succeeded twice.

The current Academy is not safe. This was a direct admission from the Academy. It was unprecedented.

This was possible because the elders, who were the main force, disappeared. They prioritize honor over reality.

The current course of Joaquin Academy is clear. Respond quickly with reason and reason. Acknowledge and improve what is lacking. Pursue change and development.

The cadets were also influenced by him. The arrogant noble children did not question the academy's judgment. Among the cadets, trust in the academy director and Kang Geum-ma was already sky-high.

For that reason, Ryojo also came down to Busan, leaving the hospital room. I declined my older sister, Saki Hina's offer to get me a better hospital room in Japan. My mother could handle all the additional treatment.

In fact, it didn't really matter where I stayed during the winter break. It didn't matter if the house was small or big. What mattered was that I was on a piece of land like Ganggeomma.

That doesn't mean my mom's house is small…

'…Is it a little narrow?'

Although it is a spacious apartment measuring 40 pyeong, Ryojo originally lived in a palace-like mansion. Even her middle-class life was a commoner's experience to her.

"Ugh, really, what should I send?"

Ryojo groaned and rubbed his forehead. They were only exchanging simple greetings, but each word caught his eye. It wasn't that they hadn't been in contact, but he had been very conscious of it recently.

[Ryojo: Busan isn't bad. The weather is less cold than Gangwon-do. Come visit when you have time…]

"No. That's too blatant!"

Ryojo patted my forehead with a heavy chestnut. His fingers roughly repeatedly tapped the backspace key. I was thinking about it as I repeatedly erased and rewrote the text.

Ryojo turned over quickly at the feeling of someone on his back.

“… … !”

The door was wide open. Cynthia was standing there, leaning against the door frame. She had a strange smile on her face.

thud.

Ryojo fell out of bed.

“Hey, Mom!”

Ryojo suddenly raised his head. A red bump appeared on his forehead, either from the chestnut or from being crushed on the floor.

“Pfft, pfft, don’t you know privacy?!”

Cynthia snorted.

“Excuse me, Miss. This is my house, isn’t it? Strictly speaking, Miss, you’re invading my privacy.”

“… … .”

Ryojo just glared at Cynthia, biting his lips. There was nothing wrong with what he said.

“And how many times have I told you to eat? Ryojo, you didn’t even listen, did you?”

“I didn’t hear that… … .”

At that moment, the smartphone screen flashed.

[I heard it.]

Bigsbig joined the conversation.

[Mother not only spoke, but also knocked a couple of times. Of course, Ryojo was so distracted that she couldn’t hear.]

“… … .”

Tingle. Sparks flew into Ryozo's pupils as he glared at his smartphone. The screen that had been lit up suddenly went black as if a fuse had blown.

"Did you see it?"

Cynthia shrugged. Then suddenly she smiled.

"daughter."

She came over and crouched down in front of Ryojo.

Snap. Ryojo's shoulder was grabbed. At the serious look in his eyes, Ryojo's neck and below shook greatly.

"How old will you be in five days?"

Today's date is December 27th. Ryojo's seventeenth birthday is now four days away.

"Eighteen."

"The feelings and worries you feel. I felt that way too when I was that age."

Cynthia slowly released her shoulders. She brushed back her daughter's messy bangs with a warm smile.

"It's a necessary process in life. It's a purity that you can't feel even if you want to as an adult."

Ryojo's nose stung for a moment. His heart was touched by the warmth of his family.

"Actually, eighteen is a bit late to be going through puberty. But Ryojo, you still have time. Two years left. During that time, you must faithfully build up."

Until Cynthia's mouth opened again.

"And when you become an adult, you'll definitely fall asleep."

Ryojo's expression became fierce.

“What… … .”

“I can’t stand seeing my daughter lose to another woman.”

Cynthia pushed her hair back, revealing the face of a mature woman.

after.

She blew the wind and pushed back even a single strand of hair sticking out of her forehead. Cynthia’s eyes lit up with fighting spirit.

“Bring your notebook and write it down.”

That’s how the divine doctor’s health class began.

As the lecture became more heated, the sky-blue pupils swirled around.

Her face was so flushed that the bump on her forehead seemed ready to burst.

Even though my mind was dizzy, I kept my ears wide open.

There’s a reason why these are the classes that teenagers focus on the most.

* * *

Time flew by.

These were busy days with no time to breathe. I was so caught up in work that I became insensitive to the passage of time.

I realized too late that I was turning seventeen or eighteen, so I really worked hard.

It is no exaggeration to say that even ten bodies were not enough. This is because in addition to the Chilseong work, he also had to carry out the task of rooting out the conspirators.

‘Isn’t there something like the protection of a clone among the protections?’

I stretched my body out. I looked at the pile of documents with my eyes wide open for a moment, then immediately got up from my chair.

“Let’s go for a walk, a walk.”

I felt stuffy after breathing only the stuffy air of the office. I desperately needed some fresh air.

I put on a light coat and left the office. As I walked leisurely through the deserted academy, I felt a bit eerie.

“I spent a whole year at the academy.”

I recalled the time when I entered school, walking through the snow. At that time, I was full of worries.

With the dark clouds ahead, my bank account balance drying up day by day, and my life at this academy that seemed strange at first…

But what about now?

Somehow, I overcame all sorts of difficulties and learned about myself, and more specifically, why I was brought to this world.

I opened my hand for no reason. My palm was covered in blisters and calluses.

“…Lycan, the original owner of this body.”

The reason I’ve been so focused on work these past few days is because I couldn’t accept the truth.

This strong swordsman, who I had always thought was background character A, turned out to be the 1st Corps Commander. The more I thought about it, the more absurd and ridiculous it seemed.

But if you look back at the situation slowly, it makes sense again. First of all, the pretext for the invasion by the 6th Corps Commander Basmon half a century ago was the ‘resurrection of Lycans’.

‘Until then, I thought it was a common setting that mass-produced

mobile games tend to have.'

Suddenly, I had a thought. Maybe Miracle Protection M was a god game with a tightly-woven scenario.

"It may have just been wearing the hat of a game from the beginning."

I repeated the swordsman's last words.

"When we meet again, you will be much stronger than us."

Who are we there? I don't know for now. But I have a vague idea of what the Sword God was trying to tell me.

There is much more to be accomplished than has been accomplished. Isn't that what he meant by beating around the bush?

I looked up at the sky. The sun in the middle of the sky stung my eyes.

"This is what it feels like to be protected by God."

I muttered as I placed the blade of my hand over my eyebrows to create a shade.

Maybe it's because it's New Year, but today the sunlight was particularly bright.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 271

Episode 271 Winter (1)

The Kanggeomma that Caron remembers was a boy who was far from being honest. He wasn't insincere either, but he was just a 'moderate' type of person.

But for some reason, the recently appointed Kanggeomma, now known as Cheongeom, has been working day and night.

'They say the place makes the person.'

Although Shail tried not to show it at the very unfamiliar sight, he seemed to be surprised inside. You could see him glancing at me with curious eyes.

Shail would often make jokes to him. Caron knew that this was intended to distract Cheongeom from his work, even for a moment. So he didn't say anything or interfere. He only called out the occasional joke that crossed the line and that Miss Abel would dislike. Shail would just smile and turn away.

Caron and Shail. There was no hierarchy between the two of them, such as butler and maid. Shail always treated Caron with respect, but was very assertive. If Caron thought the argument was reasonable, he would accept it, and if he thought it was not, he would give it a sharp rebuke.

The two of them were like father and daughter. They had seen Shail grow up. That series of events greatly helped the man who was once called Nachael regain his human heart.

Shaile, who is like that, starts making obscene jokes from the beginning… … .

Even though he knew the intention, it was extremely embarrassing for Caron, who was now in his middle age. Sometimes, he couldn't tell whether those sly words were a joke or serious.

I didn't dare ask that. If it were true… Castle Sigurd would be engulfed in bloodshed.

'The rivalry between Miss Abel and Shail.'

If Shail was sincere, Caron was willing to support her wholeheartedly. Shail was too talented and beautiful to spend her entire life working as a maid.

Unlike Charon, who serves as a butler in the name of atonement, Shail has no obligation to carry any burden. He only wants to repay Orion's kindness.

'It's enough that you've grown up so well, Shail.'

Orion, who Charon knows, would say this. In this way, Shail is old enough to desire freedom and live his own life. As the saying goes, he is in his mid-twenties. He is at an age where he is attracted to the opposite sex and is in the prime of being romantically involved with a lover.

However, what is concerning is that the target is Kenma.

'Hasn't there been such an atmosphere before?'

At that moment, Shail's ideal type that he had mentioned in passing suddenly flashed through his mind.

– I like people who are dedicated to their work and responsible. Like Orion. He also lost his life while fulfilling his duty as a hero. But he looked great until the end. He left with a look on his face that said it was fortunate that he had taken on the task instead of someone else.

"… … ."

Charon quietly turned his gaze as he recalled those words. Orion's face overlapped with Kanggeomma's appearance, who had given up his winter vacation to focus on his work. Shail was watching from close by.

Kanggeomma felt the gaze tapping his side of his face and turned his head diagonally. The gazes of the two men and women became intertwined.

"Would you like another drink?"

It was Shail who spoke first. She lifted the teapot and showed it to me.

"Oh, yes."

Kanggeomma emptied the tea that was almost empty and put the cup back in its place. Steam rose and the cooled teacup warmed up again.

A little moisture and a fragrant herbal scent were added to the dry office. Through the frosted window, soft sunlight streamed down and sank behind the two people. It was an idyllic midwinter noon. It was a tranquil scene, like a pale paint dotted on a pure white canvas.

Kang Geum-ma took a sip of tea and exclaimed in admiration.

"It's delicious. What's the name of this tea?"

Shayle smiled faintly.

"This is the black tea enjoyed by the Emperor and Orion, made with tea leaves from Harrod's. It is supplied only to the British royal family, but Harrods supplies it specially to the Nibelungs."

"Is it okay to bring such a precious car like this?"

"This was deducted from my monthly salary. I also got your permission, so don't worry and eat it."

"… I'm even more worried since they deducted it from my monthly salary."

“oh.”

Shail covered her lips with the hand that was not holding the kettle. She spoke in a typical smokey tone.

“I am so touched that Heavenly Sword is even worried about my bank account. How can you be so kind?”

“I just said it because it seemed expensive. It doesn’t mean anything.”

“It doesn’t mean much. How can you manipulate a woman’s heart like that? Hehe.”

Shail’s eyes were soft like well-dried laundry. Kanggeomma pinched that part.

“If you’re going to pretend to cry, at least put some spit around your eyes before you do it. It’s weird when you just whimper with a blank expression.”

“You use the word ‘bizarre’ to describe a woman. As expected, Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword is not shy about his words or actions.”

“During the month we spent together, Mr. Shail was more outspoken.”

“If you take off my rank, I’m your older sister.”

“If I wear the rank insignia, I’ll be superior.”

Shayle pouted.

“You have changed, Cheongeomnim. Until the summer vacation, you would blush at the sight of my face. Now, you are too worldly.”

“I never blushed or anything. Even if I did, it would have been because of Mr. Shail’s speeding.”

Shayle shrugged confidently.

“I’m safe.”

“Just in case, I’m telling you this. The maximum speed in Korea is

120 km/h. Please keep that in mind if you ever drive a car."

"120km… It's no different from a turtle. In the fable of the turtle and the hare, I cheered for the fast rabbit. Oh, but a man who is a rabbit is a bit like that-."

"stop."

Kang Geum-ma's hand went down to the drawer.

"… … ."

"… … ."

Silence fell on the office where a storm had swept through.

Shail snorted as if he was in pain. Even this was just 'acting', so Kanggeomma soon turned his attention away. After spending a month together, he developed an eye for Shail.

She was very playful. Even as we spent more time together, the level of playfulness increased rather than decreased.

Even just looking at this moment, it's obvious. An adult is playing the rabbit rabbit game with a minor. It's fortunate that Kang Geum-ma is actually an adult, but it was a level that was precariously crossing the line between legal and illegal.

-Your Majesty, sitting for so long is not good for your back. The back is the lifeblood of a man.

-I need to get some fresh air. Would you like to go out with me as if we were on a date?

-My night is more beautiful than your day.

-You need to eat well to have energy. This eel lunch box is good for replenishing your energy. Ah~ Please do.

It was something like this.

Shail related every conversation to 'that' joke. The only way out was

to not do anything to the other person. Or to press down on them with the rank insignia I didn't like.

'I thought Mr. Shail was somewhat normal.'

The polite appearance at Castle Sigurd was probably because it was in front of Abel and the sword master. His true nature was to speak freely of his dark desires.

Shail was a pervert, a living embodiment of obscenity.

'I should have known his temperament when he was speeding down a steep road while blowing his breath… … .'

Kanggeomma let out a sigh. Who knew it would be this hard to find a normal person? The words of a great sage: if five people gather, there will definitely be one abnormal.

But when five people gather around him, five of them are out of sorts. Even people who were considered normal suddenly lost their taste. Kang Geum-ma lamented his interpersonal relationships.

But he was forgetting an important fact. Birds of a feather flock together. People who are similar tend to flock together. Since he was the center of attention and was crazy, he influenced everyone around him and made them crazy.

"The Knights Templar have contacted us."

Caron, who had been keeping quiet, opened his mouth. He tried to swallow the deep sigh that was escaping.

"They say they have started purifying Gehenna Gate."

It was Caron's job to relay the news. Kanggeomma was unable to receive reports on a daily basis due to his heavy workload.

"The formation of the army with the association and knights that the Heavenly Sword instructed is proceeding without a hitch. So, the Knight Commander said, 'Don't worry.'"

Kang Geum-ma nodded.

“That’s amazing, what a result in just one month. The Knight Commander, please contact me today when you have time and ask me to come visit you. Come to think of it, we haven’t even had a proper conversation.”

“Okay, and we’ve also received a call from the Lancelot Company.”

Lancelot Company. The hero agency where All Mute works.

“Not only Lancelot, but also other hero agencies are flooding in with requests to join the Heavenly Sword. Of course, this is the same for other countries as well.”

Kang Geum-ma’s pupils dilated. He was dumbfounded by the unexpected intention to join.

Humanity was no longer safe. The era of peace was over. It would not be strange for the demons to invade at any time. The great war scheduled for two years later was drawing near, and Kanggeomma did not deny it.

So, he recruited heroes in the name of Chilseong. To confront the demons, to reawaken the sense of vigilance that had become lax during the era of peace.

A task that I absolutely had to do this winter break. I thought it wouldn’t be easy.

“Isn’t the Hero Agency a group that only moves if it makes money? But why?”

There was also concern that Chilseong’s voice, coming from a commoner background, would lack power in a world where classism was rampant, not just with money.

It seems like it was one of those things.

“’If humanity is destroyed, money will be nothing more than a piece of paper. Our belief in money remains unchanged, and in order to enforce that belief, it is right to lend strength to Cheongeom. All members of the agency.’”

Caron's stiff voice softened and relaxed.

"This is the external justification. However, the intention is probably different. It must mean that he wants to work together to promote the cause that Cheon Geum-nim has pursued so far and will pursue in the future."

As soon as Kanggeomma opened his lips, Shail spoke as if he was the first to do so.

"The world is changing."

She smiled faintly.

"Now people are free to share their opinions without worrying about their status. How can we help the Heavenly Sword? Because everyone knows that all of the Heavenly Sword's actions are for the sake of humanity."

Shayle put down the teapot and stood next to Caron. The two made brief eye contact. Then he bowed low.

Caron said.

"We have to return to Switzerland as of tomorrow."

It wasn't surprising. It was a condition that Kang Geum-ma had set for me.

"I have seen with my own eyes the way Your Majesty Cheongeom has been working day and night for the past month."

Shail got gossiped about.

"Although the work of the Heavenly Sword Master is kept confidential and cannot be told to others, we will definitely remember it. It was an honor to serve you during the short period of time."

At that moment.

Scenes flash by like a revolving lantern.

-Sitting for that long is not good for your back.

When I was leaning back on the chair, looking askance.

-You need to get some fresh air.

When I was locked in my office for three days.

-My night is more beautiful than your day.

When day and night were reversed.

-Eat well to gain strength.

When I forgot to eat.

Kang Geum-ma stood up from his seat and stood between the two men. Then he stretched out both arms and embraced them.

"… It's me."

Kang Geum-ma squeezed his voice through his vocal cords, which seemed to be blocked by something.

"thank you."

Two pairs of hands patted his back. The warmth of three people came and went in the middle of winter.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 272

Episode 272 Winter (2)

Hawaiian Islands.

Gehenna Gate, a darker color than pitch black. Night is bound to come to its vicinity as well.

Swish… … .

A group of black-clad men covered their bodies with black masks and dark robes. They began to walk out one by one in the dark, a blind spot in the moonlight.

The appearance was as if the shadow had taken on a three-dimensional shape of its own, taking the form of a human figure, but the difference from the shadow was that it had a faint crimson glow in its eyes.

Thud, thud.

Someone stood under the shade of a tree. He leaned his cane against the tree. When he lowered his mask, a wrinkled face was revealed.

The old man, Al'Tair, the head of the Auditore family, looked up at the crescent moon set amidst the turquoise clouds.

"The moon is especially bright."

The head of the household muttered as he looked at the moon. Beside him, a thin man in black took off his mask and hung it on his chin. It

was Knox.

“That’s true, my lord. On days like this, people drink a lot in the store… … .”

Knox muttered worriedly. Gaju slowly lowered his eyes and looked at his grandson.

The head of the household smiled wrinkly.

“I guess you’re having fun working at the store.”

It’s been half a year since Knox started working at a Korean sushi restaurant. He finally got to hold a sashimi knife for the new year.

“Rather than being fun… … .”

Knox scratched his forehead at Gaju’s pleased smile.

“… After doing it for half a year, it just became a habit.”

“You say that, but your actions are honest. The corners of your lips are really twitching.”

“… … !”

Knox quickly pulled up his mask. Even so, the area around his thinly exposed eyes turned bright red. The gentle smile of the head of the household deepened.

“What is there to be ashamed of? It is important to learn the value of labor at an early age, especially for those of us who grew up without financial difficulties.”

“yes.”

“Nox, if you want, I can excuse you from this.”

“no.”

Knox shook his head firmly. The red light that had been swinging from side to side stopped in front of him.

“This is a mission entrusted to you by the Heavenly Sword. Nothing can be more important than this.”

The head of the household smiled faintly at the gaze he received and put his mask back on. Then, he opened his mouth and let out a distorted voice.

“You all heard what Nox said. This ‘investigation of the Demonic Realm of Gehenna’ is a mission that the Heavenly Sword has personally ordered. That’s why you must be more alert than usual. Do you understand? Also, this investigation will last five days. Everyone has trained to adapt to the environment of the Demonic Realm, but you still must not let your guard down. This is a battle of endurance. Everyone, be mindful of your physical strength.”

The group of people in black answered with a small nod without saying a word. The head of the household looked around at the faces of the family and continued speaking.

“And the Heavenly Sword has added something more important. He added that it is more important than this mission. Hmm… It may be the most difficult task for us.

Knox asked, slightly nervous.

“What is it, my lord?”

Gaju raised the corners of his lips before speaking. Even though it was hidden by the mask, everyone felt Gaju’s bright smile.

“Everyone, come back alive.”

After saying that, Gaju turned towards the gate.

“How long has it been since I last saw the moon this directly?”

Gaju, who had escaped the shade of the trees, was basking in the moonlight. The shadow stretched out beneath his feet.

“Maybe this is the first time since I started this job in earnest.”

The old man’s eyes, filled with moonlight, searched for memories.

After a while, he spoke over his shoulder to his children.

“As commanded by the Heavenly Sword Master, everyone must return safely. Otherwise, I will personally hand down severe punishment.”

The head of the household took a step forward. The group of black-clad men seemed to ripple like a light wave, then soon seeped into the head of the household’s shadow. The shadows added up to form a large triangle behind the head of the household.

“Let’s go, my sons and daughters.”

The faint moonlight illuminated the long path ahead of them.

* * *

Four days after Charon and Shail left.

Two welcome faces visited the office, which had been filled with silence.

“Our swordsman, have you been doing well while I was away!?”

The head of the academy, Media, greeted them with her teeth bared. Manlik Meain, who looked slightly tired, was also there.

I opened my eyes wide.

“Why are you both in such a state?”

Because the Poison Sisters were dressed in shabby attire. They were covered in dust all over their bodies. Their clothes were also torn at the front, revealing their bare, dry skin.

“Ugh.”

I pinched my nose without realizing it. The smell was unpleasant. My older sister, Maya, explained the situation.

“I haven’t washed properly in a month. I told her to wash up and do some cleaning up before I come back. Media, she kept whining to see

your face.”

The story went like this.

The Poison Sisters are said to have asked for cooperation from their father, the Association President, on the day of the ‘Joaquin Terror’. This is because the Association President’s technology was cutting-edge.

The president of the association actively helped your daughters. He showed off his skills as a 4th industrial revolution leader, far surpassing Ryojo, by tracking enemies with the artificial satellite he launched.

“Unlike the usual villain alliance, they were a bunch of punks who moved as a guerrilla organization, so they didn’t have a separate base. But the problem was that they were a guerrilla organization, so they were scattered all over the world. But what can we do? We had to catch them. So we traveled around the world for a month and wiped them all out.”

Mayain let out a deep sigh.

“… I tried to ask a few of them alive, but their heads exploded while they were trying to talk. The demons who made a contract with them must have implanted magic in them.”

I served tea to my sisters who were sprawled out side by side on the sofa.

“Thank you both for your hard work. First, have some tea to relieve your fatigue.”

Media’s eyes widened as she sipped the tea.

“Wow, what is this? Why is it so delicious?”

Even Meaine, who had not shown much interest, brought the teacup to her lips.

“… Huh? It’s so delicious? It feels like my fatigue is melting away?”

Before he left, Shail donated all the tea leaves. He also taught us how to make tea.

“Oh, that’s right.”

While drinking tea, Maya looked at me as if something had occurred to her.

“How’s the military formation going? I’ve heard some news here and there, but I don’t know the exact details. I’ve been running around like crazy.”

“It’s going well.”

I answered, sitting across from Sister Poison.

“We are dispatching foreign troops from all over the world, with heroes affiliated with the Hero Association as the main force. In addition, hero agencies from each country have expressed their intention to cooperate, and many unaffiliated heroes are volunteering as mercenaries.”

“Wow, that must have been a huge crowd.”

“Yes. It’s probably more than twenty times what I expected.”

“Oh my, that’s great! Our swordsman!”

I moved away from Media as she tried to hug me. I’m sorry to say this, but the smell was too strong. And her clothes were worn and tattered, like they would fall off at any moment.

“Why don’t you run in after checking your condition?”

Fortunately, Meaine stepped forward to stop her younger brother. Media struggled against the restraining hand and then fell back down. Her eyes were as bright as a drunk.

Meain frowned at her younger brother. Then she asked for my understanding.

“Sorry. Has his speech and behavior become like that of a child?

Actually, he's a bit out of his mind right now. That's understandable, he's killed too many people this winter."

"Ah… I see."

"No matter how much of a villain he is, he was born human. Someone who was not used to killing suddenly started killing tens and hundreds of people… … It's a bit of a stretch, but it's because he has a strong will that he's able to do this. If it were normal, it wouldn't have ended like this."

Mayin smiled bitterly. The tea tasted sweet, but the inside of her mouth was bitter, almost sour.

"Geumma, do you know what the most important condition for 'Awakening of the Guardian' is?"

Meaine carefully put down her teacup without making a sound. Her younger sister was already nodding off, leaning against her older sister's shoulder.

"There are several conditions, but the most certain one is to kill as many lives as possible. If you kill, kill, and kill again, there will be times when your mind suddenly becomes dizzy. When you become numb to killing and even enjoy it, you give up on humanity."

As she spoke, Meaine tilted her head back. Her light green hair flowed softly over the back of the sofa.

She muttered, staring at the ceiling and the sky beyond.

"This world is so strange. In order to receive more blessings from God, we must continue to kill lives."

Maya slowly lowered her head, her face awash with a multitude of emotions.

"… What on earth is the purpose of these gods? No, are they really gods? Judging from their actions, they are worse than demons."

Meain recalled a time when she was listening to her younger brother's even breathing.

.

.

.

There was a time when I was running wild on the front lines. But as I became more and more bloodied, my reasoning became more and more clouded.

He tried hard to ignore that fact. He thought he could handle it. It was his childish pride.

More time passed like that. Eventually, Meain went wild under the pretext of ‘the awakening of the guardian angel.’

The army was almost deployed against him, but Media opposed it. And she insisted that she would stop her sister alone.

The crowd was skeptical.

One person under one person.

Above all people. Above all people.

The awakened Meain was considered to be one level lower than the hero of the poem, but on par with the Seven Heroes.

But how can we stop it?

At that time, even the Sword Master, the Changseong, and the other Seven Stars tried to dissuade Media. However, Media eventually succeeded in suppressing her sister’s awakening.

The bleeding was also significant. Because of that, Media was on the verge of death for several years. Even after regaining consciousness, she was unable to exert even half of her power.

My younger sister, Media, smiled innocently, saying that it was okay even if her danjeon was destroyed.

It was from that time that Meaine began to curse the world and God.

She headed to the Magical Gehenna without hesitation. She wandered around Gehenna, searching for traces of the gods. She had to find clues in case they woke up again.

It was winter that day too.

Unlike the human world, the snowflakes in the demon world were blood red.

Meaine found a narrow cave. She was surprised when she entered the cave. There was a boy with a shabby appearance, crouching and shaking. In the corner of the cave was an old, thick book. It was a book of prophecy.

After reading the entire book of prophecy, Meaine was confronted with the truth of the world. At the same time, she could see that the boy was the warrior written about in the book of prophecy.

Meain reached out to the warrior.

-Don't stay here and come with me.

Maybe a little compassion.

-You have to do your part.

To satisfy one's own selfish desires.

-I will accept the God of Swords and help you destroy the gods who seek resurrection.

.

.

.

While Maya was lost in thought, I remained still.

'The more you harm life, the closer you get to awakening the protection.'

I thought about those words over and over. If it's true, I think I'm the

most dangerous. And the members of the Shadow Family, Auditore. After all, assassination was their family business.

‘Come to think of it.’

Auditore was on a mission to Gehenna under my orders. Today is the fourth day, and he should be back tomorrow.

‘I hope you’re doing well.’

I shook off the anxiety that was slowly rising. If I didn’t trust their abilities, who would I trust? Even minor changes wouldn’t be a threat to them.

That was the moment.

Boom!

The office door opened violently. Meaine woke up from her reverie, and Media, who had been sleeping, jerked her shoulders.

A man of brave bearing entered. His plate armor clanked as he walked, and his cloak billowed in long waves.

“Please forgive my sudden rudeness.”

The man was a Knight Commander of the Foreign Mission. His left knee hit the floor with a thud and made a crunching sound.

“This is an urgent telegram from Auditore.”

The Knight Commander opened his mouth with a complicated expression.

“In the Demon Realm, in Gehenna, I witnessed the warrior Leon van Reinhardt.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 273

Episode 273 Winter (3)

After Caron, who was in charge of reporting, left, Arthur, the commander of the Knights of the Foreign Mission, took over the role.

Arthur was a man who was a model knight, so he wore heavy armor even indoors. After spending a few days with him, Kanggeomma was able to figure out his disposition to some extent.

He was a knight who was, to put it nicely, straightforward, and, to put it another way, inflexible. But thanks to that tight flexibility, information was delivered quickly and reliably. He omitted unnecessary greetings.

“The academy director and Man-Rik are also here. I will report to Cheon-Geom first and then greet them separately.”

That personality shines in times of crisis like now. Kanggeomma highly regarded Arthur for that. It was a great advantage that offset his frustrating flaw.

“Let me read the contents of the telegram verbatim-”

Arthur lowered his head back towards Kanggeomma. As if he were meeting the emperor, he tried his best to avoid eye contact with me.

“-‘The warrior Leon van Reinhardt was seen in the middle of the Demon Realm.’ This was the last telegram from Auditore.”

Arthur swallowed his complicated emotions and finished his report

anyway.

“I’ve tried to contact you continuously since then, but I can’t reach you. Considering the completely different environments of Gehenna and the Human World, it could be a simple communication issue… … But given the nature of the situation, it’s also highly likely that something happened.”

Kang Geum-ma, who had heard the whole story, showed less change in expression than expected. However, ten thousand thoughts were running through his mind.

‘Joaquin terror, that day Leon was messing around with the devil bitch.’

Kang Geum-ma gently rubbed his forehead and recalled that day.

Mine, who was talking to Leon. That Mine clearly resembled the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn. I even thought that he might be Kuarn’s clone. However, the more I thought about it, the more I realized that the atmosphere between him and Kuarn was different.

‘Even if it was a clone, it couldn’t match the spirit that Kuarn exuded.’

Above all, there’s no way he’d be able to get through in one go.

‘What’s important now is not whether he’s Kuarn or not.’

I shook my head. My thoughts were drifting in strange directions.

The most important thing here was not who Leon met, but why he met. Leon refused to meet anyone while he was hospitalized. So when I visited him again on the day of his discharge, I heard from the nurse in charge that he had been discharged two days ago. He left the academy as if he was running away.

Even when I tried to track him down, he was nowhere to be found. I called the number listed on his personal information, but there was no answer. His family, who were living in Germany, were complete strangers to me. In other words, everything connected to Leon was a lie. I felt a deep sense of foreboding.

As far as I know, he is the only person who has such a poor family environment.

That's me, Ganggeomda.

And the strong swordsman… … .

'The master of the flesh you took upon yourself when you came to this world is a Lycan, a swordsman in the true sense of the word.'

The true identity of Ganggeomma is Lycan, the commander of the Demon King's Army's 1st Corps. Therefore, his family background and original residence were completely erased.

So, Leon can't help but substitute himself for Kang Geum-ma. If all his sources in the human world are lies, then there is only one possibility that comes to mind based on the circumstances.

'Leon, like Ganggeomma, also has a close relationship with the Demon Tribe.'

However, I don't think that guy would be a demon in flesh like me. It's just a feeling rather than any particular reason, but I trust my own feeling. At least Leon wouldn't be a demon like me.

"Your Majesty, please give your order."

Arthur, the commander of the Knights Templar, bent his knees and lifted his chin. Think about it later. I just sorted out the situation.

"This matter must be kept confidential. Do your best to keep the information from leaking out."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"And once you leave the office, contact the troops stationed in Hawaii. Tell them not to go near the gate, and definitely not to enter."

Arthur looked up with wide eyes. Aren't you going to the Demon Realm to rescue Auditore? His eyes seemed to be saying this.

I understand. I may seem cold-blooded right now.

One thing my warning was clearly based on.

I opened my mouth. People who lack flexibility need to clear up misunderstandings as they arise.

“The environment of Gehenna is extremely harmful to humans. If an untrained person goes there, they could come back with an incurable disease. The commander of the knights would know more about that than I do.”

“Ah, ah. Yes.”

“That’s why the Auditore members trained for months to adapt to the demonic realm. But if you send heroes to rescue them, it’s no different from a suicide assault unit.”

“I, a fool, could not fathom the profound meaning of the Heavenly Sword. I apologize for interrupting you. Please continue to give me your wise advice.”

“It’s not that I have any opinions.”

Arthur’s speech was as flashy as the armor he wore. Was he trying to be too knightly?

“Anyway, the members of Auditore are the most mobile among heroes. It would be a rather hasty decision to go and rescue them.”

Arthur swallowed saliva as he heard me say, “but.”

“… That doesn’t mean I’ll just leave Auditore alone. They left on my orders. It’s my responsibility to take responsibility.”

“No!”

Arthur jumped up. There was a loud creaking sound.

“It would be unacceptable for the Heavenly Sword to go in person. In that case, our Knights Templar will go instead. There are a few knights among the Knights Templar who have received training to

adapt to the magic realm. It would be better to send them to check the situation and then leave-"

"I didn't say I was going?"

"…yes?"

Arthur made a face of bewilderment.

"Who would know the geography of the Demon Realm well?"

"Uh… I think it might be a demon tribe… … ."

"You know very well. Then let the Demons see what Auditore's current situation is."

Arthur's expression, which had been filled with embarrassment, soon changed to one of bewilderment. If his superior, the Pope, had seen him, he would have said that he looked stupid.

"iced coffee!"

After a while, Arthur put an exclamation mark on Jeong Su-ri's head.

"Before, Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword wiped out the Dark Elves and detained them in the Association Prison! So what Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword said was, let's send them to the search party!"

I occasionally hear news about the dark elves from Manager Sung. They are said to be living quite well, being detained in the underground prison of the Association Headquarters. They are said to have gained weight, especially because they like the taste of soybean meat. In addition, their once sallow complexion has become pale, transforming them into [dark elves ▷ regular elves].

"Not even dark elves."

I shook my head.

"Dark elves are inherently dark creatures. If you let them loose in the magic realm, they will run away, and if you send guards with them, they will harm them and then run away."

A brighter complexion doesn't mean a better nature. I've cut their population in half. They must be harboring resentment. They're probably waiting for their time, trapped in a gloomy cave, picking mugwort and garlic. Like the bear woman in the Dangun myth.

'And the dark elves will have separate tasks for you later.'

Shouldn't they pay for their food? Every single blade of grass that goes into those bastards' mouths is all taxpayers' money. I wouldn't eat it even if they gave it to me, but whatever.

"Or should I go instead?"

At that moment, Maya, who had been quietly sipping tea, spoke.

"I've spent decades in the Demon Realm, so I've developed a resistance to magical power. Plus, even if the communication equipment is down, I can still make simple contact."

She flicked her fingers. That gesture meant she could use magic.

"You can use magic power as a medium to 'transmit sound' to the human world. Gehenna is rich in magic power, so she can do it."

I stared blankly at Mayne and then replied.

"I appreciate your kind words, but you can't do that, Senior. It's really uncomfortable to send someone who just came back to the Demon Realm again, and even if I go as fast as I can, it's still eight hours to Hawaii. In fact, I don't know what might have happened to Auditore right now, so there's no point in delaying any longer."

"Well, then. What should I do?"

Arthur just stomped his feet in place.

"If it's not the Knights Templar or the Dark Elves, then there's no one we can send."

I asked Meaine, leaving Arthur behind who was at a loss.

"If it is possible to communicate with the human world through

magic power from the Demon Realm, then the opposite is also possible?"

"Yes. I don't know about other places, but Joaquin Academy is possible. The Academy is not only a special hall, but also a place with magical power flowing everywhere."

I nodded and quickly grabbed my outerwear. Arthur shouted at my back.

"Where are you going!?"

I ran out of the office without looking back. I was heading towards Choi Seol-ah's house.

* * *

The grotesquely twisted old trees, the hazy wilderness, the blood-red sky. The black sun that illuminates such a world. The environment of Gehenna, the demonic realm, clearly revealed its terrifying nature. Even breathing was difficult. The air filled with magic clung to my lungs.

This unpleasant feeling is no exception to Al'Tair, who has experienced everything. However, the head of the household forgot the unpleasant feeling at this moment. To be exact, he forgot the previous time because he felt a stronger unpleasantness.

"I think you need to explain why you are here."

He raised his S-class armed syndicate and aimed it forward. Contrary to his calm tone of voice, the gaze of the head of the household was fierce.

At the end of the sword fight stands a boy. A boy with golden blond hair and sharp blue eyes, who seems to be completely separated from the magic realm.

"Leon van Reinhardt."

Leon didn't answer and looked at all of the Auditore, including the head of the household. Just that made the head of the household dry

up. Leon's expressionless face made the head of the household, who had devoted his life to the battlefield, nervous.

Gaju asked Knox in a voice-over voice, his gaze fixed on him.

'Did you send a telegram to Cheon Geum?'

'Yes, my lord. However, no further contact is possible. It seems that the communication network has been cut off.'

The head of the household was bowed low.

'It's okay. It's what I expected. But I still have to deliver the news. It doesn't seem like the hero will just let us go. Besides, this is a demonic realm. The enemy will suddenly appear, so everyone except me should return.'

'My lord!'

The cries of Auditore Jeonwon piled up one after another. The head of the household shouted with stern eyes.

'This is my order as the head of the household. If you disobey my order, you will be severely punished according to the rules.'

Even so, Auditore did not move. They each pulled out their knives with stern expressions.

"Didn't the Heavenly Sword Lord give the order?"

Knox stood next to the house.

"Everyone, come back alive."

He spoke out loud.

"That includes your grandfather."

At that moment, everyone instinctively raised their heads.

"… … !"

A pale being sits in the air with its back to the black sun. The contrast

of black and white sends ripples through the hearts of those who see it. The highly trained assassins break out in a cold sweat.

“The rat pups have flown in.”

The being slowly opened its eyes. Its pupils were so transparently white that only their edges were visible. Its gaze turned to Leon.

“It looks like it needs cleaning, nephew.”

The death sentence was passed.

Leon’s face turned pale. He struggled fiercely for a moment. But there was nothing he could do.

Slurp.

The blade that was pulled out while crying loudly was spotted with purple and pure white. It looked like mold had grown on the blade.

Kuarn closed his eyes again, a sneer forming on his lips.

“I will deal with you all here.”

Leon chewed and spat with a pained expression on his face. The head of the household asked back as if he found it ridiculous.

“… Warrior, do you know what you are doing right now?”

“Even if it weren’t for me, you would die here anyway. That thing, once you encounter Kuarn, the result will be the same. It’s pointless to question the cause of a natural disaster.”

The warrior caught the balmung briefly.

“Rather than being captured by the author and tortured to death, I will cut you down without any pain.”

“This is ridiculous.”

The head of the household laughed.

“How much do you despise us, Auditore, to dare to say such

nonsense?”

A long stream of naturalized flowers flowed out from the left eye of the head of the household. Auditore prepared for battle.

“After all… … .”

Leon, who was about to shoot, suddenly looked up. Kuarn, who had been quietly closing his eyes, also had a confused expression. He opened his eyes slightly.

A series of swarms glide around the edge of the black sun. They form a circular ring of shadows above Kuarn’s head, and descend in a spiral.

Phew.

A whirlwind of air blew out, blowing away the sticky air. The gust of wind brought a burst of freshness to the cold, frozen humans.

Damn it.

Soon one of the group landed. It had the shape of a huge beast until its feet touched the ground, but in the blink of an eye it transformed into a human male.

The head of the household asked on behalf of the family.

“…Who are you?”

“Balerion.”

The man who had been briefly introduced turned his gaze to Kuarn.

“Why did you appear here… Dragon Lord?”

Kuarn trembled slightly. Chimi was holding back her anger.

“I received a request from my granddaughter.”

The Dragon Lord replied calmly.

“We have to save these people.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 274

Episode 274: Opening (1)

Kuarn's face twisted into a fierce grimace. Her beautiful face looked even more evil as it turned into a hideous joke.

"… Dragon Lord."

Unlike the attitude that seemed like he was going to attack at any moment, Kuarn was just muttering as if he was chewing. He didn't seem scared. If we were to compare it to a human, it was a similar reaction to when he encountered something a little annoying.

Dragon Lord Balerion sighed as if his strength was fading.

"When will we hear the answer? Will they be spared or not?"

Kuarn was soon delighted by Balerion's urging.

"Now, is this proposal the sole opinion of the Dragon Lord, or the will of the entire Dragon Clan?"

"Is there a question that needs to be answered?"

"Don't test my patience, Lord."

"You really are annoying."

Balerion crossed his arms and glanced over Quarn's head. A horde of dragons were flying in a circle, coiling in the sky.

"You can tell by the fact that we all came together. The entire clan

agreed to come together."

Al'Tair's eyes widened at Lord's answer. The Dragon Clan, whose total power was comparable to that of the five legion commanders. Ironically, they did not know how to gather together. This was because each individual had a strong independent nature. They were individualistic mines, so to speak.

'But how did all the dragons gather here?'

The questions don't stop there. Will the dragon confront the commander to protect humans? And what is the 'granddaughter's' request? The more I think about it, the more questions I have.

One thing we can guess from this situation is that.

'These are our allies.'

The Dragon Lord used his body to block Gaju from Kuarn's sight. From that small consideration, Gaju could tell that the Lord's words were not a lie. Even if it was a lie, he had no choice but to remain silent.

There was no time for humans to interfere with the monsters' conversation. The fate of all of Auditore was at stake.

"okay."

Kuarn released his cross-legged position and stood tall in the air.

"Very well, Lord. I will return today."

Kuarn snapped his fingers. In an instant, the road beneath his feet rippled and tore left and right like a beast gaping open. Soon, the road split into large sections and became a passage leading somewhere.

Kuarn looked down at the road.

"We will ask for the price for this next time. Of course, not only the Lord, but the entire Dragon Clan."

“Okay, so your mouth hurts, so go away. Oh, before that.”

Balerion picked at his ear with his little finger.

“I wanted to tell you something. The one who made the neutrality pact with our ancestor Ouroboros was the true Lord of Gehenna, Lycan. Not a half-ass like you, Commander of the Second Legion.”

The Lord originally made fun of the fact that Kuarn was an angel and not a demon.

“The Dragon Lords before me remained silent… … .”

Balerion blew on his little finger, causing his earwax to flutter toward Quarn.

“You are currently ignoring the will of Lord Lycan that there will be no more war with humanity, angel.”

“ha ha ha.”

Kuarn burst into laughter. The laughter created circular ripples that shook the area.

Ddddddddd… … .

My body felt like it was going to fly. All of Auditore were silent. They each planted their weapons on the ground and fixed their bodies.

On the other hand, Lord was standing there with a sullen expression. Kuarn mocked him for that.

“You’ve been holed up in your nest for hundreds of years, but you’re still so ignorant of the world, my lord.”

“… … .”

Lord frowned slightly as if he was uncomfortable with something. He didn’t ask a question. He hated talking too much without any use.

“This war was started by you, Lord Lycan. Until next time, please stay healthy, Lord. It is easier for me to torture you if you are

healthy.”

Kuarn wore a sadistic smile on his face. Lord accepted the words with cold eyes.

“Thank you for your kind words. Angel, you too, take good care of your feathers. I will cut them after I pluck them all out.”

Kuarn snapped his fingers again. The magically created door rose up and swallowed Kuarn and Leon at once. Then it gurgled as if it was digesting them. It was only a moment later that the torn pavement was completely sealed.

* * *

At the same time, the Academy Special Exhibition Hall.

Hon closed her eyes and pressed her fingertips firmly against her temples. She was currently communicating with the Dragon Clan.

‘I never thought that Hon would be Lord’s blood relative.’

Since he shed his snake skin and ascended to the heavens as a dragon at a young age, it was expected that he would be of extraordinary bloodline.

But did you know that he was of Dragon Lord blood? I am glad that I stole his soul from the Pertinax Auction House.

‘If only word of this had reached the Dragon Lord’s ears.’

The legion commander alone was overwhelming, but with a neutral dragon added to the mix, even a glimmer of hope would have disappeared.

“Phew… … .”

The silence ended. The soul, having taken a deep breath, looked back at me.

“It looks like the 2nd Corps Commander has left.”

She smiled, but her face was pale, as if she was tired.

“… It looks like he’s left for now.”

The soul looked somewhat uneasy. I felt like asking, but I didn’t.

“You worked hard, so let’s go eat meat.”

Instead, he took out some magic words to give her strength.

“I made a reservation at a SSS-class Korean beef restaurant.”

The complexion of the soul brightened significantly. And Choi Seol-ah screamed in delight.

“Yay! The lord is alive!”

I glanced at Choi Seol-ah and then blurted out a word.

“What did you go through to follow me?”

“But, but, but.”

“You’re in the special room here just in case. Even if you can’t transmit by making a contract with the soul, you should be able to receive replies.”

“This is too much, my lord! Please give me a reward too!”

“The value of compensation comes from labor. But you didn’t do anything today.”

I answered briefly, supporting my soul.

“What makes a kid like that so pretty that you feed him a million won meal per person?”

“I don’t know, I don’t know! Take me toooooo! SSS-class Korean beef… …!”

Choi Seol-ah lay down on the ground and threw a tantrum. Her long, ear-piercing scream echoed throughout the special hall.

“Euaaaahhhh… …!”

* * *

Knox’s legs gave out.

“… Huh.”

Starting with him, all of Auditore’s members collapsed with a thud. The assassins were drenched in sweat, as if they had just woken up from a nightmare.

“Are you all okay?”

Al’Tair, the only one standing on two legs, asked. Everyone just nodded slightly. They had no energy to answer.

Although some children were breathing heavily, they were all safe and sound.

“Thank goodness, really.”

As he said that, Al’Tair also took a breath and wiped away the cold sweat. Balerion slowly turned around. Adetore’s face turned pale as he met his eyes. He realized belatedly that Balerion was a dragon.

“Why did the Demon King come?”

A sudden question. The head of the household stood before the Dragon Lord who was questioning him. He bowed his head.

“Before I answer, I would like to thank you for saving me and my children, Dragon Lord.”

“Enough with the greetings. Now tell me what you came for.”

Al’Tair was lost in thought. He said he came under the command of the Heavenly Sword. Can he say that outright? He saved their lives, but they are still demons. Even if they are dragons with strong neutral tendencies.

The stereotype that they are the enemy of humanity doesn’t change

overnight. This is especially true for older people like Gaju.

“Let me speak for you.”

It was Nox who opened his mouth. He staggered and faced the Dragon Lord.

-If it were you, Cheongeomnim, you would have told me. He is a person who is sure of his debt. If anything happens, I will take responsibility.

Knox whispered to Gaju in a voice. Gaju looked at her grandson with wide eyes and then burst into laughter.

“Hey, you punk. Is this something you can take responsibility for?”

The owner spoke out loud.

“It’s good that you’ve grown up early, but there are things that adults need to talk about.”

“…yes.”

The father patted his grandson’s shoulder, which was slightly drooping. A smile spread across his lips.

“Still, I appreciate your heart. You’ve really grown a lot during the two years you spent at the Academy. For now, go back and rest.”

Knox nodded at Gaju’s words. He stepped back and Gaju apologized to Lord.

“I’m sorry, Lord. It’s truly embarrassing to show my concern in front of Eunwon.”

“It doesn’t matter. Inspector, I just need to hear the truth. At the very least, our dragons need to have a justification for breaking neutrality and turning on the 2nd Corps Commander.”

“Oh, Lord, you are breaking neutrality.”

The head of the household was startled and asked back.

“Didn’t the 2nd Corps Commander leave because he was afraid of the Dragon Clan and the enemy… …?”

“Kwarn was originally an angel, but he betrayed God and fell from heaven. How could someone like him fear a dragon, a mortal like him? Quite the contrary.”

Balerion clicked his tongue. Then he stared into the empty space where Quarn had been floating just a moment ago.

“Kwarn is more crazy than you can imagine. He was the one who incited the demons to start a war 700 years ago.”

“Wasn’t it the 1st Corps Commander who declared war?”

Valerian shook his head.

“Rather, Lycan initially opposed it. But it is true that he eventually declared war. Perhaps he wanted to match swords with the hero of the first dynasty. The war was merely a pretext for that.”

“ah…….”

He approved the war in order to fight the hero of the first dynasty with his sword. From Al’tayr’s perspective, Lycan is no less than a madman. However, the head of the household swallowed the words that were almost coming out. It was an act that would displease the Dragon Lord.

Balerion said.

“Tell me what the matter is. I hate talking, so I’ll just listen.”

Al’Tair nodded. After a brief conversation, the Dragon Lord was a man of common sense. The old man’s eyes were sharp in such matters.

Al’Tair confessed the reason he came to the Demon Realm. Of course, he was careful not to cause trouble to Ganggeomma.

After hearing the whole story, Balerion was silent for a moment. After a few minutes, he suddenly asked this.

“Can I meet that guy named Cheon Geum?”

“… … !”

Gaju froze. Although he had tried his best to avoid mentioning the strong swordsman, Balerion singled him out.

You can’t just pretend not to know, your opponent is a dragon. They have the devil’s eye. They will easily see through the truth of your excuses.

‘I owe you a favor and cannot just reject you outright.’

No matter how much of a demon, the Auditore family cannot live in debt. That is the Auditore belief that has been passed down through generations. You return what you have received, whether it is an enemy or a favor. That is the order that the Auditore pursues.

‘…Even so.’

When the host seemed to hesitate, Balerion added.

“Don’t worry, the situation you’re worried about won’t happen. To be exact, I’m going to express my gratitude.”

“What would you like to be thankful for?”

“I heard that he was the one who saved my granddaughter from being sold at an auction in the human world.”

At that moment, Gaju took a deep breath. That skinny girl, no, that girl was Lord’s granddaughter?

“Auditore, I heard that you also helped rescue my granddaughter.”

“… Is that why you were trying to protect us?”

“Would we have broken the neutrality that we have maintained for hundreds of years for no reason?”

The Dragon Lord’s stiff expression softened.

“Our dragons have always been a people that are loyal to favors. We

must return what we have received.”

The House of Order and the Clan of Neutrality. The creeds of both forces transcend race.

“I think your debt to me for saving your life is somewhat repaid, but I have not done anything for Cheon Geum. In fact, even if that were not the case, after hearing his story, I would like to meet him once.”

The Dragon Lord touched the area under my eye with his finger.

“Maybe I can help him open his eyes.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 275

Episode 275: Opening (2)

I glanced down at the soul. Lips glistening with fat, corners of the mouth turned up in satisfaction, and a bulging belly. This was the appearance of a victor who had won a battle with an SSS-class Hanwoo.

I took my eyes off the soul and looked forward again. I saw a winter night sky full of stars. As I looked at the full moon filling the sky, I felt a strange sense of sadness. It was because the money I had just spent had become stars and was dazzling.

‘Eating 20 servings by yourself.’

SSS grade Korean beef. As expected from a grade with three S’s, it was the most delicious meat I’ve ever eaten.

The rich fat was evenly distributed, and the meat was tender enough to be eaten with the gums. In addition, the more I chewed, the more savory the taste became. It was a flood of flavors.

The problem was the price. 300,000 won per person. Hon quickly finished off 20 servings of beef at that devilish price.

I put down my chopsticks after about an hour. No matter how delicious it is, you get sick of it after a few bites.

He ate three pieces without hesitation by himself. He didn’t stop using his chopsticks for over five hours.

The employees looked at the soul with sidelong glances at the combative eating. The owner of the meat restaurant came over with a smile and asked if there was anything else he needed. It was a rather vulgar step.

I know. I was like that too. So even though it was annoying, I couldn't say anything.

'Well… I hope you enjoyed it.'

Anyway, my bank account balance was only 7 million won, so I didn't even notice. The money I had accumulated while solving various problems was enormous. Around 70 billion won.

In my previous life, I never made even a penny of that amount, but in this life, I became rich at the age of eighteen. The funny thing is, this is just the beginning.

70 billion will continue to grow like a snowball until I lose my sense of money. In fact, from the moment I ascended to the throne of Chilseong, money is not a valuable commodity. It is merely a means to maintain dignity according to honor.

However, accepting it was a separate issue. Maybe it was because of my memories of saving up money and living, but 7 million won was still a large amount of money to me. I think I need to gradually adapt to this as I live. Or I can just continue to live frugally with a beggar's mentality.

'Let's think positively. We should live like this, giving. We can't live like a miser forever.'

Suddenly, my gaze shifted to the black bag in my left hand. It was SSS-grade Korean beef. I had bought two servings because Choi Seol-ah kept whining about wanting to eat it.

"I think two servings will be enough."

That thought seemed a bit naive. How could I have known that there would be an uninvited guest?

When we arrived at Choi Seol-ah's, there were two customers sitting

at the table. One was a familiar face, and the other was a stranger. The owner, Choi Seol-ah, was hiding in a corner, shivering.

“I’ve been waiting, Your Majesty.”

The one who was familiar was Al’Tair. He quickly rolled his eyes to check his condition. It was more of an unconscious expression than a conscious action.

‘The limbs are intact and there are no wounds.’

He’s safe. His expression was bright, and it seemed like none of the Auditore members were seriously injured. After quickly assessing the situation, I was finally relieved.

One question was how they got back so quickly. It was at least eight hours from Hawaii to Korea. Even if there was a subspace gate at the airport, it was questionable.

But congratulations on your return came first. If you have any questions, feel free to ask them slowly.

“Thank you for your hard work, my lord.”

I smiled faintly. He smiled back. Then, my gaze naturally turned to the man next to Gaju.

The spirit hid behind me, holding tightly to my sleeve or the black envelope underneath. I could feel the trembling in my fingertips. The man who was staring at the spirit soon let out a deep sigh.

“You are healthy.”

The man said. It was neat and tidy without any nonsense.

“… Yes. As you can see.”

The soul answered in a barely audible voice.

“Thanks to the good care you and the others took of me, I’ve been doing well, my lord.”

“Ro… dr… … ?”

I muttered absentmindedly and raised my head from the sofa. A man with a taciturn face stared at me with his arms crossed. When I looked closely, I realized that he wasn’t human. After all, his ears were long like a spirit before it cast its magic.

“I haven’t been able to report to you yet, Cheon-geom. This man came to see you. If there is any problem, this old man will take full responsibility.”

Al’Tair quickly opened his mouth.

“As a side note, thank you for bringing our Auditore here.”

Based on those few clues and some shallow game knowledge, I was able to deduce the man’s identity.

Dragon Lord, Red Dragon Balerion. The leader of the dragon clan and also their leader.

As he comes to the human world, he sits on the sofa next to Al’Tair. And that too in the house of Choi Seol-ah, the soul contract holder. There is no sitcom like this.

“… … .”

The dragon known as the strongest stared at me. In that fleeting moment, I saw. A cross-shaped light was forming in his pupils. It was the demon’s eye.

Valerian rose from the sofa and approached me. In the heavy silence that had fallen, Valerian opened his mouth.

“If I had known you were in the realm of humanity, I would have come a long time ago.”

In polite form.

“It’s been seven hundred years since I’ve seen you.”

“… … .”

Without saying anything, I threw the black envelope I was holding. With a loud crack, the envelope landed right on Choi Seol-ah's forehead.

"Bake that."

I spoke to her, keeping my eyes on Balerion.

"I'll go talk in the next room and come back."

* * *

I went into the next room with Balerion. I locked the door in case someone came in while we were talking. The topic of conversation was that sensitive.

"If you're worried that your voice might leak out, don't worry."

As he spoke, Balerion snapped his fingers. A translucent curtain enveloped the entire room, which was about 5 square meters in size. It was a silent spell. He recognized it at a glance because it was the spell that Meaine had cast just before Joaquin's attack.

"Mine is friendly to humans."

I looked back at him. He was looking at me too.

"It's not that we're particularly friendly to humans. Our dragons just observe each other and adjust their attitude accordingly."

The Dragon Lord responded with his characteristic bluntness.

"To put it simply, I am friendly because you are, Lycan."

His mind became complicated. Judging from the fact that the three letters of his name were clearly written at the end of the sentence, he seemed certain. The owner of this body was the 1st Corps Commander Lycan.

How should I react? After thinking about it for a while, Lord sat down on the floor with his legs crossed. He was as relaxed as if he were in his own home. Is the dragon naturally adaptable?

“I don’t know the circumstances, but I understand that you don’t like the name. So I’ll call you Cheongeom like everyone else. Also, I won’t ask why you’re here or what you’re planning to do. It seems like you’re not the same as I remember you.”

I scratched my eyebrows with my index finger and nodded. Lord was good at talking and had a keen eye. That’s why it’s easy for men to talk. There’s less needless explanation. I liked it.

I sat down in the same posture as Balerion. Silence fell again. It was a strange feeling, two men facing each other. It was not my intention. The Lord was silent, and so was I.

But someone had to draw the sword.

“So what brings you here, Lord?”

I volunteered to take on that role. I am a swordsman by name. I kept silent at that moment.

“The original purpose was to repay you, Cheongeom. You saved my granddaughter from being sold.”

“It wasn’t my intention… … Well, that’s how the story goes. But when you say ‘originally,’ that means the purpose has changed.”

“Yes. Actually, I’ve heard news about you here and there. I had hoped you’d move like lightning, and you were right.”

Lord straightened his back and placed his fists on his knees. He asked with a reverent attitude.

“It seems to me that you have lost your powers and memories from 700 years ago. Can you answer me?”

I nodded. It would be better to admit it rather than evade it. It was a judgment based on intuition.

“Your guess is roughly correct, Lord. I seem to have lost my memory and magical powers and drifted into the human world. I also found out a while ago that this body was originally a demon.”

I mixed lies into the words. I can't tell you the truth. Because if I did, there would be more to explain. There are things that cannot be explained. For example, the fact that I am a possessed person, or that I am protected by the swordsman, etc.

Even if he doesn't antagonize me, it's hard to let go of my guard. Of course, we just met. It's a short time to build trust. Even if he's my grandfather.

If the Dragon Lord tries to use the Ma'an to determine the truth, there's nothing we can do. We'll just have to leave it to luck.

"okay."

Luckily, Lord didn't use the Eye of the Dead. This makes me look like the only bad person. Damn it.

"Then, I guess the eye socket is still closed."

I was startled by his muttering. I immediately asked him.

"Did you just say Ma-an?"

Lord looked puzzled.

"Have you forgotten Ma-an? I thought you would remember that much."

"I told you, my memories were completely wiped out. More importantly, the Maan Eye. The Maan Eye is a unique ability unique to dragons. How did I have it? Could it be that I was originally a dragon and all?"

Lord shook his head. He paused for a moment, as if trying to gather his thoughts. Then he opened his mouth again.

"The hero of the poem inherited the magic eye of the ring from the previous lord."

"How do you know that?"

"It is like that."

Lord answered.

“You too have inherited the Ma-an, the second most powerful eye after the Gori Ma-an, the Ma-an of Reverse Heaven.”

I was momentarily dumbfounded and couldn’t say anything. Lord continued speaking in a low voice.

“I am here to help open that eye.”

“…Why are you doing this to me? Is it just because I was the 1st Corps Commander before I lost my memories?”

Lord laughed briefly. It was strange to see something other than a blank expression.

“It’s funny, but 700 years ago I hated you. Including the hero of the first generation, Balor Joaquin. Because the previous Lord only had eyes for you and me. It was a childish jealousy. But now that I’m here, I finally understand why Ouroboros did that.”

He slowly closed and opened his eyes. A red glow formed the edges of his pupils.

“War is near. Not just the war between humans and demons, but also the war with beings beyond.”

The Eye of Balerion that I remember is the Eye of Insight. Future poems like Mediah’s [Poet’s Protection] are usually predictions. However, the Eye of Insight was different.

It was close to a prophecy. Therefore, the Dragon Lord’s words were a prophecy.

“You, Sword Master, are the only one who can cut and slash them.”

The prophecy pointed me to be the antithesis of the gods.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 276

Episode 276: Opening (3)

Balerion has given me a couple of very big assignments. Not just the Lord of Silk, but also the people I've met recently (Yusein, the Pope, the God of Swords).

But the three of them said only one thing each. Lord gave me two shocks at once. From the Maan to the words that I am the sword that kills gods.

There were many questions to ask. One, you have to pick and choose your questions. Because questions can lead to more questions. If you have any doubts, you may destroy this place and take your soul back to the Demon Realm.

'Lord Auditore guaranteed that Balerion would be fine, but… … .'

Originally, a guarantee is not something that is done so carelessly. Even between family members, it is not something that is done. I feel like the head of the household is being careless.

Anyway, I asked the question that was most appropriate for the time being and would avoid suspicion.

"What on earth is the evil eye of the reverse stream?"

The Ma-an is a very rare ability, so even in 'Miracle Protection M', very little information was revealed. As for the 'Ring Ma-an', I only learned about it when I went to subdue the Basilisk. So there was no way I could have known about the Ma-an that Lycan, a person from

700 years ago, possessed. Strictly speaking, it means that I possessed it, but anyway.

Lord, who was looking at me with a blank expression, asked back.

“Are you asking what the power of the Heavenly Sword’s Eye is, or are you curious about its origin?”

Of course it’s strength, you rascal. The origin of the Ma-an is none of my business.

I hate explaining things in detail, and I hate listening to them too.

“That… If I think about it a bit, I think I can remember the origin.”

I touched my forehead with a serious expression for no reason. It was my own kind of acting. I knew I had to look at the other person while doing it, but this was the best I could do.

“But I don’t remember at all what the power is.”

“I’m not good at explaining things, but is that okay?”

I nodded. I’m not very good at talking either.

Balerion stroked his chin for a moment, lost in thought, as if trying to figure out how to explain it effectively in a few sentences.

It wasn’t long before he opened his mouth.

“The single-shot power itself is the best since the Goryeo Eye. However, the complexity and potential of the ability is even greater than that of the Reverse Heaven Eye, as Ouroboros-sama once said. The ability that is revealed on the surface is ‘distortion.’ It’s ordinary, considering that he said this and made a fuss.”

The distortion ability is ordinary, what a crazy fraudulent ability? In my opinion, this is more fraudulent than the one-shot magic eye of the ring.

But only after hearing Balerion’s explanation did I understand why it was second only to the Ring’s Eye.

“However, the target of distortion is inorganic matter. In other words, distortion occurs only in abstract concepts such as time, space, and dimensions. We call it the ‘Evil Eye of Reverse Heaven’ because it seems to leak the secrets of the heavens.”

In simple terms, it means that physical force cannot be used. Unlike the ‘Eye of the Ring’ that twists the very principles of the world, the ‘Eye of the Reverse Heaven’ provides variations. It seems like the words are more difficult, but that’s because of my mood.

“What does it mean that ‘The Eye of the Reverse Heaven’ has greater potential than ‘The Eye of the Ring’? If you listen to the story, it seems like ‘The Eye of the Ring’ is overwhelmingly superior.”

Balerion shook his head.

“The ‘Ring Eye’ is a magic eye that is activated at the cost of the user’s life. On the other hand, the ‘Reverse Heaven Eye’ only requires sufficient qualifications from the user.”

The following words say that the conditions for fulfilling that quality are extremely strict. In fact, even the original owner of the eye was unable to use it properly.

“But the fact that the price is lower is not the only reason why it is higher than the ‘Gori’s Eye’. The most obvious difference is the world line. The ‘Gori’s Eye’ can interfere with world lines that even the ‘Gori’s Eye’ cannot.”

From here on out, I gave up on understanding. Still, I nodded my head as if I understood.

After that, Lord added various explanations about the ‘Eye of the Heavenly King’. After the story ended like that, Lord looked like he was tired of talking any more.

“My story ends here. I would like to tell you more, but I don’t have enough information. So let’s get straight to the point. Let’s begin the opening ceremony.”

“Right now? Here?”

“yes.”

He jumped up. As I tried to get up, he pressed my shoulder and said.

“You may remain still, Master Sword. Sit down and close your eyes. Then I will inject you with magical power and open up all the blood vessels in your body.”

“Now, wait a minute. You’re injecting magic into my body. Did I hear that correctly?”

“I guess you don’t need to pierce the acupoints in your ears. You heard me correctly.”

I was dumbfounded.

“My body is no different from a fully human body right now. If I were to forcibly accept magic power here, wouldn’t it backfire?”

“Don’t worry. When I first met the Sword Master, I checked with my own eyes and found that there was zero chance of such a situation occurring. On the contrary, if his body was imbued with magic, it would reach the threshold of his power.”

Balerion met my eyes. His gaze was as firm as ever. It was the agony of having lived through years that were difficult for a human to imagine.

“I hate to say it myself, but Kuarn is strong. Before Metatron came along, he was once an angel who almost conquered the heavens. Since accepting magic, he has become even stronger.”

He spoke as if giving advice.

“That doesn’t mean you’re weak. To be honest, I’m surprised. It’s amazing that you’ve grown that strong without any lightning magic and with a human body. If you look at the growth rate itself, you could say it’s faster than the hero of the first generation. If you’ve grown this much in just one year, then in two or three years, you should be able to face Kuarn.”

Perhaps there was a change in his state of mind as we talked. The

manly man's taciturn expression had softened considerably.

"But there is no time. I can't say exactly when, but he has been preparing for war for a long time. He can attack at any moment."

"… What is the justification for Kuarn to prepare for war? I think Lord's eyes can tell."

Balerion made a strange expression.

"I cannot know his purpose even with my own eyes. However, since the scope of my prophecy is limited to this world, I can only guess that his purpose is related to something outside of this world."

"… … ."

"But you can stop his plan. To do so, you must open the 'Evil Eye of Reverse Heaven'."

Balerion quickly took action, as if he would not take any more questions. He placed his right thumb on the center of my forehead.

I hesitated for a moment before deciding to cooperate with him. I sat cross-legged and closed my eyes.

"We live only if you live. Although we were enemies from birth, we are the two axes that make up this world. In other words, we exist only if this world exists."

Aside from his own and his clan's safety, I could sense that he was genuinely concerned about the future. That must be why he was so uncharacteristically talkative.

"For that, I would not regret giving up all my magic to you… … ."

While he was speaking, Balerion chuckled. He muttered to himself,

"… It was with these feelings that Ouroboros also handed over the 'Ring Eye' to the hero of the first generation."

In a room filled with awkward silence, a human and a mine faced each other.

Just before injecting the magic power, Lord conveyed his final thoughts to me.

“You are reminiscing about your lost past, Lycan. You were too wicked to be called a villain, and too good to be called a virtuous person, you worshipped violence. That is why you were the pride of the Demons.”

At that moment, my vision, which should have been dark because I had closed my eyes, became clouded white and began to twist and turn in all directions.

“King of the Demon Realm, please open your eyes and show me the true demon.”

Before I could even appreciate the curved, pure white space, the edge of the room beneath my feet suddenly sank.

Feeling both helpless and falling, I sank deep into the bottom of space, into the abyss.

* * *

It’s been two hours since Kanggeomma and Balerion entered the next room.

Choi Seol-ah was restless. She paced around the room, half curious and half worried.

‘There’s no sound coming out. It seems like a silent spell was cast.’

I heard from Hon that Baron Lord is a man of few words. But Lord was talking to Kanggeomma for two whole hours. Judging from the fact that there has been no news from him until now, he may be fighting inside.

Yeah, that’s fine, that’s it. But this is my house, right? I haven’t even paid off my mortgage yet! I have industrial accident insurance, but there’s a limit to that.

Insurance only applies to the living. It is useless for the dead. The same goes for houses. If the whole house is blown away, that’s the

end of it.

‘iced coffee.’

There was a time when Choi Seol-ah had a lot of money. Just half a year ago, she felt full just by looking at her bankbook.

The problem was that Choi Seol-ah at the time spent money lavishly. Her main spending was on luxury goods. She felt that her self-worth would increase if she dressed up in luxury goods.

But what about now? Not only was her source of income cut off, but her master took away two-thirds of her entire fortune. Not only were she not able to afford luxury goods, but even the fixed expenses that were being paid out every month were making her anxious.

At the time, she didn’t know that it would cost this much to breathe. She felt the plight of the common people deeply.

Interest rates have skyrocketed this year. Loan interest rates have snowballed, and unintentionally, the number of mouths has increased. If it’s just a mouth, it won’t speak. Even though you’re skinny, you eat like an elephant.

Choi Seol-ah, who suddenly got angry, glanced at Hon. Hon also looked nervous, but his oiled stomach was shining under the fluorescent light.

‘You must have eaten well.’

Choi Seol-ah thought about what to say, but stopped herself. If she did that in front of the Auditore family, she would be in trouble. Oh. Now that I think about it, Dragon Lord was her grandfather. He was a soul with a thick belly and a thick back.

‘I’ll endure it, endure it.’

Then, all of a sudden, my eyes went to the black bag left on the table. It was the Korean beef that my master had told me to grill and eat. I was so absent-minded that I forgot about it.

A smile spread across Choi Seol-ah’s lips. She glanced at the door

once and then turned her attention away. Yeah, whatever happens, happens. Isn't it the villain's way to live only thinking about this moment?

There is also an Indian proverb that says, "If you worry about it, you will have no worries." If you are going to be loitering around in front of the door anyway, it would be better to at least have a happy mouth. Choi Seol-ah was halfway liberated.

She turned on the gas and heated the pan. She looked at the two pieces of meat with their fat blooming like flowers, then gently laid them on the pan. A sizzle, a drizzle fell from the pan.

"Ah, this sound, this smell."

Choi Seol-ah flared her nostrils as if she didn't want to miss even the smell. All the anxiety and worries she had accumulated melted away along with the beef fat. Her lips also became swollen.

It was while I was enjoying that brief moment of happiness.

Kwaaaaang!

A loud noise. The door to the side room where the lord and the lord had entered burst open and fell down. The concentrated magical power erupted like a gas explosion.

"… … !"

Everyone's eyes slid toward the epicenter. Among them, Choi Seol-ah's face turned particularly pale. A chill ran down my spine. Oh, what should I do, my house.

But the shocking sight that followed shocked me even more. The background turned gray for a moment. The wooden fragments floated in the air and began to assemble like a jigsaw puzzle. It was a reversal of time.

In the rewind time, she gaped at the meat. The meat that had been cooked deliciously ended up dying black and rotten. Thanks to that, the insurance premium was fixed and the SSS-grade Korean beef was lost.

Choi Seol-ah became sad. Life is a series of pains. This sentence resonated even more with her as she went from being rich to being a commoner.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 277

Episode 277: Opening (4)

Beneath the swaying white space, there was an abyss without a single ray of light. Since there was no light, there was no color. Since there was no floor, there was no ceiling.

I fell with a sense of helplessness. The closer I got to the invisible floor, the more evil impulses inside me bubbled to the surface.

‘ah.’

It’s ecstatic. For me, who was struggling in the swamp of pain called ‘protection’, it was like a shower.

I lost all my strength. My limbs, which had already been limp, were now as still as a corpse. I heard a voice deep in my heart that said I wanted to live in this darkness for a whole day, for years, for the rest of my life. It was malicious.

Black smoke slowly penetrated my skin.

‘Bear them all.’

‘Cut it all off.’

‘Kill them all.’

Malice erased human memories. How did I come here, who did I just talk to, what was my name? The colorful memories were stained with pitch-black ink.

Fragments of memory were scattered, and malice filled their places. Like a fetus just before birth, the darkness of my son-in-law began to reconstruct me.

It must have been then that someone suddenly grabbed my wrist as I was sinking deep into sleep.

I opened my eyes, which had been closed, half-heartedly. I didn't want to be disturbed at this moment. I was getting angry.

《Ganggeomma.》

My narrow eyes opened wide. I was startled for a moment, but the sound was muffled at the bottom of my throat.

Seeing me like that, the other person… no, I, Kang Geum-ma, smiled faintly.

"I thought I'd see it once, but I didn't know it would be like this."

Kanggeomma spoke to me. His entire body was covered with a halo of light, like the night light of the abyss. His body was the same size as mine, but the wavelength of the light was enormous. If seen from afar, he would have looked like a lighthouse faintly illuminating the night sea. He was a splendid light that was separate from the abyss.

"If you want to take over my body, don't lie down like that. Get up. You look lazy."

Kanggeomma grabbed my wrist and pulled it. My body, which had been lying comfortably, stood up straight. At the same time, it felt as if the rock that had been pressing on my chin had been removed. The shapeless rock sank down, bubbling and flowing with bubbles.

We ended up looking at each other like that, and only then could I see his face properly. His hair and irises were not black, but as white as a sheet of paper.

《And yet, we came this far.》

He spoke as if he was proud. I just stared at him blankly. I couldn't respond because I couldn't make a sound.

“That means the time is really imminent.”

He stroked his chin, lost in thought. For a moment, he stared straight into my eyes.

There was silence. My son-in-law was like an abyss, so I couldn’t tell if I was dead or alive.

“Now that it’s like this, let’s release all of my power.”

After a while, he nodded as if he had made up his mind. Then he put his thumb on my forehead.

Crackling… …!

Just before my thumb and forehead met, a blue electric current shot between my skin. Soon, when he touched my forehead, a blue flash of light appeared at the point of contact.

Kwarrrrrrung-!

Then a lightning bolt struck my mind. It wasn’t a thunderbolt, it was a lightning bolt of enlightenment.

I closed my eyes tightly for a moment. A flood of information flowed through my mind and spread throughout my body. As if a blocked waterway had opened, magical power rushed through every corner of my blood vessels.

After a while, he slowly removed his thumb from my forehead while chuckling. I also opened my closed eyes.

《Try it.》

I nodded, put my right thumb and middle finger together, and snapped my fingers briskly.

widely-!

A bolt of lightning struck the abyss. A beat later, a thunderous roar erupted from the walls.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Lightning flashed in succession. The lightning strike left traces of lightning everywhere, as if punishing the darkness. It was a bundle of lights that seemed to divide the realm of light and shadow.

Between the rays of light drawing the roots, the figures of monsters resembling deep-sea fish flickered.

The abyss, the malice, the false beings screamed in agony.

Kkaaaaaa… … !

The ceaseless torrent of thunder tore even that apart.

King of the Demon Realm Gehenna. Commander of the 1st Corps of the Demon King's Army. Thunder Emperor Lycan.

The brain magic that only he could master. The catalyst for it was a dazzling flash of light, more than any other magic power.

"Not bad for a first time."

After observing the scene for a while, Kang Geum-ma lowered his head again.

《Along with the 'Eye of the Heavenly Reverse', this power is now yours. I couldn't surpass the speed of light, but you can.》

Amid the thunderstorm that enveloped the darkness and the tumult of the surrounding area, only his eyes remained calm.

"Show those arrogant gods why my dear friend Balor Joaquin chose you."

With those words, the vision darkened like a candle going out.

Even in the midst of all this, the sound of thunder mixed with screams continued to linger in my ears.

It was a truly pleasant sound, perfect for falling into a deep sleep. Like a lullaby.

* * *

[Absorbs and unlocks the abilities of [Lycan].]

[In addition, the stats of 'Sword God's Protection' have increased evenly.]

[The level of the flesh increases significantly.]

[The level of your spirit increases dramatically.]

[The level of humanity increases significantly.]

[The assimilation rate increases significantly.]

Jiiing-

[The fairy tale rate is about to reach 100%.]

* * *

Kuarn's eyebrows twitched as he sat in meditation in the hallway. Soon, he slowly opened his eyes. A ray of madness flashed through his silver eyes.

"The time has finally come."

Herya, the confidant who had been guarding Kuarn, nodded. Coincidentally, Leon was next to her. He had a miserable expression on his face, as if his intestines had been twisted.

"Sword Demon… You… You must… … ."

Leon bit his lower lip hard. He muttered through lips with teeth marks clearly visible. It seemed as if he was reproaching someone.

"… … ."

Herya looked at Leon as if she was feeling sorry for him. Then she quickly turned around.

A vast field of demons was spread out before her. The army looked up at the towering altar, swarming beyond the vast horizon of the

demon realm. It was the Demon King's army.

The demons' eyes glowed with bloodshot eyes filled with murderous intent and malice. Like leashed beasts, they bared their fangs and drooled. Intermittent growls of bloodlust could be heard.

"The King and God of the Demon Realm have returned."

Herya opened her lips.

"We will advance to the human world."

Soon, the declaration of war was made. Silence fell for a moment. Late, one of the mines raised its chin and cried out.

Awww… … !

With this as the starting point, everyone, including you and me, howled long and hard like wolves in the moonlight. The majestic roar seemed to reach the black sun.

* * *

A week has passed since then.

Hero Association Headquarters, Vice President Changseong's office.

Kwaang! The office door opened violently. The one who burst through the door was Vice President Sung. He had adapted perfectly to the prosthetic arm and leg, so there was no awkwardness in his movements. However, he looked more tired than ever. He was panting so hard that it looked dangerous.

"Vice President!"

Vice President Sung shouted without taking a breath. Vice President Changseong was momentarily shocked. It was the first time that Vice President Sung, who valued hierarchy and procedures as his life, had visited without even knocking.

"…What's going on?"

The confusion was fleeting. Changseong's face hardened seriously.

Seong Bujang was still somewhat calm even after hearing the news of the invasion by the 4th Corps Commander Permish. Although he was not a combat man, he was a man that Changseong acknowledged as a man of great ability.

If Chief Sung, who was like that, is like this, then it is definitely proof that something happened. And it would not be an easy thing.

"Ugh, ugh."

The chief suddenly burst into tears. He was in a complete panic, clutching his prosthetic hand at his head. His hair fell out in clumps between his fingers.

"Ma, ma, the Demon King's Army."

He chattered his teeth. He almost bit his tongue. But he managed to get the words out. His sentences were all broken up because he had stammered so much.

"…Mama, the Demon King's army has gathered!"

A crack appeared on Changseong's face. The hair on his entire body stood on end, and his pupils shrank to the point of disappearing. Even his eyelids, the symbol of bravery, fluttered.

"What, what does that mean?"

"The chief replied, gagging. His chin was sticky and wet with saliva.

"… An urgent telegram has arrived from Hawaii. The situation at Gehenna Gate is unusual, so we sent a dispatch team to the Demon Realm… and they said that the Demon King's army is gathering… … ."

At that moment, Changseong strode towards Chief Seong with brisk steps. Then, he grabbed Chief Seong's shoulder, who was in a panic.

"Wake up!"

At the loud shout, Chief Sung blinked his eyes. At the same time, something strange appeared in his absent-minded eyes.

He raised his head. Changseong was looking down at him with stern eyes.

“Isn’t that what was expected?”

Changseong said.

“However, I was surprised that the timing was brought forward so much… … . Even if it were ordinary citizens, we shouldn’t panic.”

He lightly hit the chief’s chest with his rock-like fist.

“You may not be a hero, but your guts are no less than those of a warrior. So stop being so shameful and come to your senses. Finish your report. I think I’ll bite my tongue if I don’t.”

Changseong was also scary. He is also human. Although he was born with better bloodline than others, he is a weak creature ruled by emotions. He cannot be free from fear.

But courage and fear are two-faced. Paradoxically, courage is a flower that blooms only in moments of despair. The greater the despair, the more the value of courage shines.

“older brother…….”

“That’s only the second time since you joined the company that you called me ‘hyung’, right? After you got drunk. Didn’t you get in trouble with your boss that time?”

Changseong laughed heartily. Chief Seong’s trembling stopped. The negative energy that had been gathering in the office disappeared without a trace.

“I will report back to you later.”

“Okay. This is how it should be for my brother.”

Chief Sung straightened his posture. The movements of the prosthetic

arms and legs were rhythmic.

“It is a clear fact that the Demon King’s army is advancing towards the Human World. It is estimated that it will take another week for them to reach the Human World. If we include the destruction of the Gate, there are exactly 15 days left.”

“Hmm. That’s the current situation. Fortunately, we’ve prepared ourselves accordingly. So, what’s their purpose in declaring war?”

“Their destination has not yet been confirmed, but when we tracked their journey, we were able to pinpoint their destination.”

“Tell me.”

Chief Sung swallowed before speaking. Suddenly, a face appeared. It was filled with composure, as if it were a lie.

‘Why didn’t I think of him?’

He thought with a bitter smile. Humans are no longer weak. The days when you would pee yourself just by hearing the word ‘Ma’ in the name of the Demon Tribe are over.

‘Changseong, Geomje, Hyeonja, Wanli, Jeolgung, and… … .’

The faces of the heroes of the old generation and the deities who would take charge of the new era passed by.

The eye level of humanity and the demon race is equal. Just like 700 years ago.

Suddenly, my shoulders felt tense. I am not yet at the age where I will experience male menopause, but my emotions are changing frequently. My mother’s nagging when I was young, that if I cry and then laugh, my hair will grow, came to mind. If I keep doing this, I will become a bald person.

Chief Sung laughed.

“The Demon King’s army’s destination is Joaquin Academy.”

And the report continued. The mother emphasized it with force.

“This is where the Heavenly Sword Lord is.”

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 278

Episode 278: A Crazy Emergency Meeting (1)

What is Korea's international status in this world?

Despite its small size, it is on par with the United States, which occupies an entire continent. Geographically, which is a prerequisite for a great power, Korea is located at the waist of Asia.

This may be due to geographical conditions and the fact that it is the birthplace of the hero Joaquin Academia, but it is not only because of that.

Even if we exclude the Joaquin Academy, Korea has already shown off its strong national power. There are many countries that lag behind Korea even among countries with better infrastructure facilities. There is a reason why Korea is a country trusted by the international community.

That's why.

The fact that the leaders of each region gathered at the 'Heroes Association Seoul Branch' and held an emergency response meeting there was also a very suitable choice of location.

However, whether those attending the meeting were suitable was a separate issue.

"The demons are invading out of nowhere!"

A man stood up, slapping the table with his palm. He was dressed in

a neat suit and had a clean face, and his money flowed from his face. His name was Ronald. He was the President of the United States.

“It’s only been three months since the invasion by the 4th Corps Commander Permish. So you’re saying we should start a war because we’re crazy! Isn’t this just some propaganda from the Association to instill a sense of alarm!?”

Ronald glared at Changseong, who was sitting across from him. Changseong clicked his tongue briefly.

‘A guy who wouldn’t be able to say anything if he weren’t the President of the United States.’

The US President was quite a burden even to Chang Sung. Normally, he would have openly reprimanded him, but tsk.

“Let’s sit down and talk, sit down.”

“Are you saying this as an order? I am the President of the United States. I am speaking as the Vice President’s superior in terms of position and everything.”

It was a shitty but true statement. The only person in the association who was on the same level as that Yankee was the association president, Victor Poison. But Victor was absent. And the inspection.

The prosecutor was still hospitalized and did not know the reason for Victor’s absence. Only the madman knows the mind of the madman. Changseong, who was relatively sensible, had no way of knowing.

‘Fuck.’

Because of this, very few of those present were able to offer a rebuttal to Leonard.

‘At best, he’s like Saki Kojima.’

Changseong looked to the side. Jeolgung was just sitting there with his arms crossed.

I wonder if that guy would speak up for me. I’m so grateful that he

doesn't find fault with me.

The rest (the ragtags) just coughed and looked around. Old raccoons. Rolling their eyes dynamically.

Given the circumstances, Media's face was hazy. If only she had been there, my worries would have subsided. Unfortunately, Media could not attend the meeting.

This was a meeting where only the heads of state from each region could participate. In fact, she could have joined as well. However, because that Yankee guy blocked her in advance, Media was waiting outside the conference room.

"Vice President! Richard de Murat! Speak, please!?"

In the meantime, Leonard was screaming loudly. The blue veins on his neck were standing out. The carotid artery was clearly visible.

Changseong felt the urge to cut off that man's neck for a moment. Authors like Ronald were the type of people Changseong hated the most.

'If only that guy weren't here, the meeting would go smoothly.'

In times of emergency, whatever happens will be buried appropriately. After all, a great war is just around the corner. In war, creative talent is essential, but that Yankee guy is not one of them.

At least until the war was over, his punishment would be postponed, and then it would most likely be covered up.

"Heh heh. Why are you doing this, Your Majesty, Leonard? Now, hold on tight."

Between Leonard and Changsung, the Swiss President, Gaines, stepped in to mediate. Perhaps because he was the head of a neutral country, the mediation went smoothly.

"Let's hear what Changseong has to say first. There are already a lot of reporters outside. What do you think the reporters will think if there's loud noise in the conference room?"

“Who said I raised my voice!? Oh, right. I understand. I will listen at least for the sake of my Gaines’ face.”

Leonard sat down on his chair. And he ‘forced’ himself to pour some high-quality water into a wine glass. Forced himself.

“phew.”

“That’s a relief. Gaines winked at Changseong, sweating profusely.

Only then did Changseong’s hardened face relax. If it weren’t for Gaines, Leonard would have died at Changseong’s hands.

“First, I will give you a proper status report.”

Changseong waved the documents in his hand. He threw them as if scattering them in the center of the round table.

“It seems like there are many people who don’t believe me through words, so please read it in writing like a scholar would.”

Jang Nae’s eyes scanned the lines written on the document. Meanwhile, Chang Sung spoke.

“According to our Hero Association’s investigation, the Demons are advancing, led by the 2nd Corps Commander Kuarn. The enemy’s total strength is estimated at 20 million. 30% of the Demons’ population has joined, and if you include the demons, the number is expected to be even higher.”

“T-Twenty million? Is it even possible that those uncooperative Mine guys would gather like that? Is there an error in the investigation?”

A middle-aged man with cinnamon-colored skin asked. Changseong shook his head.

“I would never gather you all here and tell you something uncertain. 20 million. I am sure of it.”

The middle-aged man’s skin color changed from cinnamon to pure white.

“Judging by the speed of their advance, the demons will have to break through the Gehenna Gate… … .”

Changseong checked his wristwatch and then hammered the nail into his head.

“… 168 hours. Oh, I just wasted an hour here fooling around, so there are 167 hours left.”

“167 hours… If that’s true, then there’s less than a week left!”

“Is that really true, Changseong?”

Changseong’s fist struck the round table hard. He bared his teeth fiercely.

“Haven’t I been telling you this for an hour? It’s true. If you don’t believe me, believe the data right in front of you. The Demons have declared war, and the invasion is underway.”

The inside of the chamber began to tremble. The human side’s hero population is approximately 50 million. The number itself is about double, but the battle situation is not at all optimistic.

Mine is ridiculously strong even as a single entity. It takes a team of five heroes to stand against just one. Moreover, it is not yet known whether all the heroes will respond to the summons.

So, in order to seek cooperation from each country, we somehow managed to get them to sit here.

‘But when I come here and see what they do… … .’

Aside from the willingness to cooperate, I was secretly questioning the truth. I was out of breath.

If it were up to me, I would have cleaned everything up here. Just like how Kang Geum-ma had purged the Academy’s senior members that day.

But the current situation is DEFCON 1, a state of war. If we stop seeing the blood of Amen, humanity cannot unite.

So Changseong gathered his patience and held on. But even that patience soon reached its limit. He was on the verge of exploding. Changseong was like a cup full of water. If you poked him with your fingernail, his murderous intent would spill out.

“I object.”

And then, finally, someone managed to touch the glass and turn it upside down. It was none other than President Ronald Reagan of the United States.

He said, muttering.

“In my opinion, it seems right that each of us should seek our own survival at times like these. Even if all the heroes gather together, it would be impossible to deal with all of the Mines.”

“… … .”

“As you said, there’s only a week left until the war, right? How can you unite 50 million heroes in such a short period of time? Unless an all-out war is inevitable, in which case it would be better to split up and launch raids one by one.”

“… … .”

The atmosphere flowed strangely. Leonard grumbled to Changseong, who remained silent.

“Oh. By the way, don’t expect any cooperation from the Hero Agency in the United States. We are the home of capitalism. If you tell them to pay a lot of taxes, they will know how to back down.”

Then he raised the corners of his mouth and looked around at the summit.

“If you agree with me, raise your hand. By the way, the United States of America has established its own defense system. If anyone wants it, I can give you a bunker.”

Sweet deal. Dozens of pairs of eyes swung left and right. They looked as if they would really abandon their country and run away if they

could survive the war.

“Everyone, you need to think carefully!”

Just as they were about to open their mouths, Gaines raised his voice.

“Each of you is trying to save others? That is suicide! Look at the document here. The destination of the demons is Joaquin Academy. If they destroy it from there, humanity will have no future.”

“The Joaquin Academy is in Korea, not in the United States.”

Leonard snorted. He had always been annoyed that the Joaquin Academy was in this tiny country.

“It’s vacation time anyway. There are no cadets, so what’s there to worry about? It would be better to give up the academy and buy some time.”

“What the hell are you talking about! Are you telling me to just watch the legacy of heroes crumble!”

“America has only 300 years of history, but we have built the world’s greatest superpower. It is right that old legacies fade into the background of time. Who knows? When the war is over, a more magnificent academy will be established in the United States.”

“What the… … .”

“Let me add one thing. Gaines, you are the head of a neutral country. To act like this would be to undermine the very foundations of neutrality. I will remember that.”

Leonard’s mouth twisted. Then he spread his arms wide and sold like a pharmacist.

“Okay, there’s an empty spot in the bunker. Those who agree with my opinion, raise your hand!”

Gaines eventually covered his eyes. Oh, no. Those who don’t go to the front lines have no sense of reality.

They are only looking for their own way out when the end of humanity is imminent. Ah, it is pitiful.

'… How many times has Cheon Geum sacrificed his body for these trash?'

My forehead was hot. I had been hit hard. I looked to the side and saw that Changseong had given up.

The enemy of my enemy is my friend. Gaines consoled Changseong, who would often barge into the Swiss residence to punish him, from the bottom of his heart.

"ha ha ha……."

At this moment, someone burst into laughter. Everyone's attention turned to the source of the sound.

Jeolgung was smiling, covering his forehead. Changseong also opened his eyes wide. Has that kid finally lost his mind?

"…What's so funny, Prime Minister Kojima?"

"Oh, no. Keep up the bunker business. I just suddenly remembered what Cheon-geom said to me."

"Cheongeom, what did that guy say that made you laugh like that?"

Leonard glared at her venomously. Jeolgung wiped away her tears.

"I once asked him, 'Are you trying to turn Japan into an enemy?' And do you know what he said? 'Just Japan? No, you can turn the United States into an enemy too.' That's exactly what he said."

"What, what, what the hell. Cheongeom, that guy with a wet head says such nonsense!"

Leonard's face turned bright red. At that moment, the smile on Jeolgung's lips disappeared.

"How can someone who is so good at discerning nonsense say such nonsense?"

"… … !"

Everyone was shocked. Among them, Changseong's reaction was amazing. He looked like he was about to scream.

"We, Japan, will actively respond to this call-up. I promise to provide all supplies, personnel, and equipment. In addition, I will also fight on the front lines."

Be that as it may, Jeolgung spoke to Changseong in a tone that was flattering.

"Is this not enough, sir?"

Changseong muttered and hesitated.

"Oh, no. That, that, that's right. Japan will accept your request to join. Yes. That's right."

Immediately afterwards, Jeolgung closed his eyes again as if nothing had happened. Later, Leonard started to run wild.

"Cheongeom, you're protecting that bloody kin, and now you're mocking America and me! If you think about it, wasn't it because of that bloody kin that the demons invaded? If that guy had just stayed still, the demons wouldn't have been angry… … ."

The conference room door opened wide. The confined air escaped outside.

Leonard's head turned towards it. For a moment, the space around the door seemed to ripple.

■■■■■■■-!

Before he could even react, a crimson aura bit Leonard. At the same time, he grabbed his chest.

"… It's so gross."

A suppressed groan burst out from the mouth that had been constantly babbling.

thud!

Soon the President of the United States rested his left cheekbone on the table, his tongue hanging out.

“I’m dissatisfied from now on.”

Kang Geum-ma looked everyone in the eye and spoke softly.

“Raise your hand.”

The hands that had been hesitating whether to go up or not slowly went down.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 279

Episode 279: A Crazy Emergency Meeting (2)

The swordsman ran. Then, the chief of police and Media followed him in a hurry to stop him.

Chief Sung shouted.

“Your Majesty the Heavenly Sword!”

Kang Geum-ma ignored those words and climbed the spiral stairs.

‘The elevator is slow, so you ran all the way to the 12th floor… … .’

It was so fast that even he himself couldn’t keep up with the media. It was literally as fast as lightning.

“You must not go!”

I shouted and watched. I hoped that the swordsman would stop running after hearing this desperate cry. Of course, it was a vain hope. Instead, the swordsman quickened his pace.

‘I wasn’t talking.’

20 minutes ago, Kang Geum-ma arrived at the Seoul branch of the association. He asked Director Sung about the status of the meeting. Director Sung, who was eavesdropping, sighed and replied that they were having difficulties.

Of course, Kang Geum-ma asked the reason, and Chief Sung explained the reason without much hesitation. The reason was the US

President Leonard. He was originally a person who had a negative view of the association, and he was an imperialistic president who thought that the US was the center of all power. Chief Sung took great care to gossip about Leonard.

That was because he trusted Kang Geum-ma that much and believed he was qualified to hear the contents of the meeting. His mouth was itching to curse at Leonard.

'How dare you openly insult the Vice President, you pig.'

That was the beginning of this division. Kang Geum-ma, who heard the story, hardened his face and immediately started walking. He was heading towards the conference hall. Media, who was next to him, was startled and chased after him, but it was not enough. Compared to Kang Geum-ma, she was much slower.

"Huh, huh… Was Cheongeom that fast?"

There is no one who does not know the speed of the strong swordsman. But isn't that limited to when he picks up sashimi? At present, he is just running, but he is leading the light. In addition, where he passed, crackling, yellow sparks were flying.

However, it was Chief Sung and Media who kept chasing after them. When the two finally reached the conference room one after another, a heavy air greeted them. This was because Kang Geum-ma had burst into life as soon as he entered.

Even though he had experienced it several times, Chief Sung did not lose his mind or anything. As such, humans are creatures of adaptation.

He raised his eyes, catching his breath that was jumping out of sync. Then he was taken aback.

"… … !"

President Ronald was the first to catch my eye. He was sitting on the round table, his temples and cheekbones resting on his temples, his tongue hanging out. It was ugly.

No, wait. That thing isn't dead, is it? It just fainted? Right? Say so, please.

Media quickly passed the swordsman and approached Leonard. She tapped his shin with the tip of her shoe. There was no movement. She put her ear close. There was no sound of breathing. All signs of life had ceased.

She took a step back from Leonard and shook her head silently, like a doctor pronouncing death.

"It's fucked."

The head of the Sung clapped. A cheap curse word that stuck in the minds of the heads of state. Since Korean was a universal language, everyone understood the meaning. Sunggi.

Chief Sung looked at Changseong, who was far away. He had been sitting still, feeling fortunate, but he sighed when he saw Chief Sung's dumbfounded expression.

"Is he dead?"

"I don't know if he's dead… but his heart has stopped."

To Changseong's question, Media answered while touching her lips.

"Hey, if your heart stops beating, doesn't that mean you're dead!"

The face of the Sung clan leader turned pale. The rest of the leaders were the same.

"It's not like death. Cardiac arrest can be revived with a defibrillator within the golden time. The problem is that the machine is on the first floor, and this is the 12th floor. You'll die before then."

"That's difficult."

Changseong scratched his beard. He said it as if he was embarrassed, but his expression didn't seem that way.

"If there's a death at the summit, things could get a little more

complicated. Even if it's a heart attack. Besides, that pig, no, President Leonard, is also a major shareholder of the Lancelot Company. Without him, it could be difficult to get the Hero Air Exhibition to cooperate."

That's why Changseong was so angry. Well, does it matter now?

Damn it.

Kanggeomma, who had been quiet until then, suddenly took a step forward. He approached Leonard and looked back at Changseong before reaching out his hand.

"What you're saying, Changseong, is that it's beneficial to save this Yankee? Right?"

"I guess it's a bit much to judge profit and loss by human lives, but that's the way it is."

While they were talking, Changseong glanced at Leonard. His pupils were dilated in different directions, and they were decaying faster than expected.

"But looking at your eyes, I can't believe you're not going to be saved."

"You have to try it to find out."

"Huh? What is that… … ."

Changseong blinked for a moment, then his eyes grew as big as lanterns. Everyone else reacted the same way as Changseong.

The conference room was dark with only indirect lighting on. The blue currents bounced off the floor and walls, illuminating the room.

Phage crackle!

Everyone looked at Kanggeomma with dumbfounded faces. For a moment, they were at a loss for words. They covered their view with their hands.

My eyes were dazzled. Kanggeomma's right hand was emitting a flash of light that was enough to hurt my eyes.

… Is that a blessing? Isn't that magic?

Kanggeomma immediately grabbed Leonard by the nape of his neck. A stronger lightning bolt burst out. The intense light was so blinding that it seemed like it would make you dizzy. Everyone shut their eyes tightly.

Flash-!

The conference room, which had been murky for a moment, gradually regained its original color. The next moment, a groan was heard from somewhere.

At that sound, I opened my eyes wide like a carp. The sight that was still scattered was dim. Leonard was groaning while covering his forehead.

"…What is this."

Leonard was in a state of confusion. The whole story was a jumbled mess, as if it had been cut and patched together with scissors. And as soon as he raised his head, he was startled.

Kanggeomma was glaring at him. His black eyes were gleaming in the swarthy shadows created by the hair.

"How does it feel to wake up from the dead?"

Kang Geum-ma spoke quietly. He spoke informally. His respect for the American president was extremely weak.

"That's what heroes who throw themselves into battle feel every second of every hour. When you guys are slicing meat and drinking wine in fancy restaurants."

Kang Geum-ma's gaze scanned the wine glasses lined up on the round table. Then, all of a sudden, the glasses broke and shards of glass flew out.

While I was at it, I tried some high-end mineral waters to fill them with life. The plastic was crumpled like a dry towel.

“If you come to Korea, drink Yeongchangsu, Yeongchangsu. Don’t you know that, Shinto-bul?”

Leonard’s complexion was as pale as a corpse’s. Even more so than a moment ago, when he had been teetering on the edge of life and death.

Kang Geum-ma said.

“But I will spare your life for the sake of the people who elected you as president.”

“… … .”

“Who am I talking to?”

“Well, thank you for your mercy, Your Majesty.”

“For your information, the nonsense you were rambling about just now has been recorded. I’ll spread it around after the war, so you know that.”

“That’s a bit… … .”

Kanggeomma furrowed his eyebrows fiercely.

“Why. Have you been missing the underworld? Tell me. It’s easier for me to kill than to save. But you should think carefully before you speak. It could become your last will.”

“…sorry.”

Kang Geum-ma gestured to the corner of the conference room while kicking the leg of the chair.

“If you know, stand over there with your hand up.”

“yes…….”

Leonard staggered to the corner. Everyone just stared at his sagging

back. No one could hold him back or offer words of comfort.

Leonard knelt down and raised his hands. He lowered his head like a sinner. His suit was wrinkled. Tears like chicken poop fell from his eyes in shame.

Kanggeomma leaned back deeply in the chair where Leonard had been sitting. He crossed his legs haughtily.

A commotion swept through the room. The conference room fell into a lull.

Kang Geum-ma turned off local broadcasts with violence and subdued the heads of state of each country with his unique atmosphere. The series of events took place in an instant, like flowing water.

In the silent pressure that followed, the leaders only gulped saliva instead of drinking high-quality water. Middle-aged people who were worn out by their desires were, in a vulgar way, scared. I'm talking about a boy who is eighteen this year.

"Let's get this meeting started properly."

In this conference room, Kang Geum-ma was nothing short of a tyrant. However, sometimes a tyrant is necessary. The current situation was exactly like that.

"As I said before, if you have any complaints, please raise your hand."

By the end of the meeting, no one had raised a hand.

The meeting, which was scheduled to last five hours, was shortened by three hours.

* * *

"Wait a minute, Kojima."

Changseong called out to Jeolgung, who was about to leave the conference room.

"… What is it?"

Jeolgung answered without turning around. Changseong smiled awkwardly.

"Well, what is it? I wanted to say thank you for your work today. If it weren't for you, the mood would have completely shifted to that Yankee."

"I just said that because I was so dumbfounded after hearing it. I didn't say it to get a thank you from my senior."

Changseong's smile grew deeper. What a dishonest guy.

"I have a question. Can I ask it?"

"Why did I suddenly change my stance?"

"You have a keen eye for detail."

"Of course, it was for me and the Japan I belong to. I don't know about other leaders, but I know that having dealt with the corps commander, I know. Each for himself? If that happens, humanity will perish in less than half a day."

"I mean, is that really all there is to it? That's what I'm asking."

"Do I have to answer this too?"

Changseong shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"That's your freedom, but if not now, then when would we be having such conversations? If war breaks out, one or both of us could die."

"… … ."

Jeolgung just stood there blankly and raised his head. The white snow-covered headdress came into view.

"While I was hospitalized after being stabbed by Cheongeom, I had a lot of time to spare. Come to think of it, it was the first time I'd ever killed time like a bum. After my wife Alice died, I'd been working

like crazy.”

Looking at the ceiling, Jeolgung mocked life in that posture.

“As I was killing time, I thought back about Alice and myself. Why was I so obsessed with Alice? That was the part I wondered about. Then, suddenly, this thought occurred to me. The reason I loved Alice… … .”

The archer, who had lowered his gaze, slowly looked back at the archer. The sky-blue irises were as fresh as they were when he was a cadet.

“… Her conviction. ‘I will bear the weight of others.’ I have longed for that conviction. Because I can never be that kind of person. It may be that I became more obsessed because it was something I did not have. An obsession wrapped in the word love. Isn’t it so ugly?”

“The bow,” Kojima spat out with difficulty.

“I am over sixty years old, but I am still an ugly person. Alice, however, died when she was barely twenty, but she was a woman several years older than I am now.”

“… … .”

“So… The great war is coming soon anyway. It’s late, but I’m trying to become an adult now that I’m at this age. I think that way I’ll have a chance to see the man who passed away.”

Kojima stopped talking and let out a hollow laugh. Then he shook his head excitedly.

“You must be getting old. To think that you’re saying this to Senior Murah, who used to tease you whenever you saw him. Getting old is truly scary.”

“Hey, aren’t we just old ladies getting older?”

Changseong had a big smile on his face.

“I’m turning 70 in a day or two. I’ll probably forget about that

tomorrow. Don’t worry.”

“Senior, you’ve really gotten old. You used to be so reckless when you were younger, and now you say things like that.”

As he said that, Jeolgung slightly raised one corner of his mouth.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 280

Episode 280 Emotions (1)

[“De facto declaration of war”…Changseong announces sudden mobilization order.]

[〈Announcement〉 Humanity-Demon Race, ‘Second Human-Demon War’ Enters.]

[〈Breaking News〉 Jeolgung announces intention to participate in this war.]

[〈Breaking News〉“America also joins the war”… All Mute, position.]

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The whole world was turned upside down. It was a real mess. The press was more aggressive than ever before in their articles, and the number of views reached tens of thousands in less than a minute. If it had been like this before, the media would have been delighted.

But that was not the case. The press and the reporters reported the bloody future without exaggeration. They finally produced a plain article when the time came. If there was an irony, it was an irony.

Is it because of that? Netizens who were busy biting and tearing at

each other were quiet today. There were some who occasionally tried to provoke a fuss, deny reality, incite, and fabricate, but they were quickly buried.

People aren't stupid. The Joaquin disaster, the Joaquin terror attack, the invasion of the 4th Corps Commander Permish. It's just a matter of timing. If you just list the series of events, the '2nd Inma War' was a predestined event.

The comments that were blind arrows encouraged and cheered on the heroes who were going to fight. Heroes are warriors who will fight on your behalf, but above all, if they are pushed back, humanity will face the end.

What that means is that when the heroes die, I die too. That's the underlying psychology.

"… … ."

Saki Ryojo slowly scrolled down, savoring each letter. After finally checking the article, Ryojo asked.

"Bigsbig. Are these articles true?"

[Yes, it's all true, except for some fake articles and YouTube videos.]

"… … ."

Ryojo flipped his smartphone over. He didn't have the energy to respond. She felt her energy draining and leaned her head back against the back of her chair. She used her wrist to shield her eyes from the bright fluorescent lights.

'Sword sword… … .'

For hours, she had been searching through countless articles. It was to check whether Kanggeomma would participate in the war. However, since it was still confidential, there were few related articles.

Even if it was mentioned, it was just a speculative article like, "Would the 18 Cheongeoms be going into war now? Wouldn't it be

better to keep them as emergency forces?”

One, Ryojo was practically certain that Kangkenma would participate in the war. Kangkenma was not the type to turn a blind eye to the dark clouds of humanity. He would take the lead. That’s the kind of person he is. And that made Ryojo’s heart burst.

‘Ganggeomma… in this war… … .’

I don’t even want to imagine it. Even in such a situation, reason calmed down and estimated the possibility of survival. It dug deep into the probability down to the decimal point.

As my brain accelerated, my pretty eyebrows kept getting furrowed. My back was covered in cold sweat. That was when I felt someone’s presence.

Ryojo opened his eyes wide. His mother was lying upside down in front of him. Cynthia was staring blankly at her daughter, who was deep in thought, with her head tilted back.

“daughter.”

Cynthia wiped Ryojo’s forehead with her sleeve.

“Let’s eat, let’s eat. If you want to think, you have to eat first.”

“… … .”

Ryojo nodded silently and got up. Cynthia smiled brightly and absentmindedly shook off her apron.

Ryojo sat down at the table. Kimchi, stir-fried anchovies, braised fish cakes, and raw radish salad. A very Korean-style table setting. The center was completely empty.

“Ta-da!”

Cynthia placed the pot in the empty space. Her mitten ambitiously opened the lid. Red broth was bubbling through the steam.

“Mom’s special recipe, kimchi stew. Ryojo, since your taste is

Japanese, I intentionally made it less salty. Instead, I made it a bit sweeter."

Cynthia tried to put kimchi stew in a bowl. Even though it is a Korean custom to eat with a spoon in one bowl, it would still be unfamiliar to Ryojo.

"There's no need to divide it up for my sake."

But what the heck? My daughter refused.

"The dishes are getting dirty. Let's just eat. Mom, sit down quickly."

"Oh, um. Should I? Okay. I'll eat some rice while mixing saliva with my daughter."

"Even if you talk at the dinner table… it makes my appetite worse."

Ryojo clicked his tongue briefly and picked up the spoon. As soon as he took a spoonful, the spicy garlic and pepper scent tickled the roof of his mouth and the bottom of his tongue.

My eyes and nose felt tingly. Mom's words about not making it spicy were a lie. Ryojo sniffled and glared at Cynthia.

"It's more likely that you cried because you ate something spicy than because you were just sitting in a corner of the room crying."

Cynthia said, eating her kimchi stew as if it were no big deal.

"You can cry when you want to cry. If you're worried about someone, you can cry even louder. But my daughter is Japanese by birth, so she's not very honest. And I'm also a bit… ."

Light tears flowed down Cynthia's cheeks. Ryojo opened his eyes wide. Then suddenly, he remembered an article he had seen earlier. The title of the article was clearly 'Zeku declares intention to participate in this war.'

The Prime Minister resigned ahead of the war, saying that he would introduce democratic elections after the war ended. Although he was caught up in the war-related articles, it was a somewhat

unconventional declaration. Especially to those who knew the Prime Minister well. Among them were not only Ryojo but also Cynthia.

“Mom… No way… … .”

“Yeah. That’s right.”

Cynthia put down her spoon. The kimchi stew was still bubbling in the pot.

“I really hate him so much I could kill him, but sometimes, that guy Saki Kojima appears in my dreams.”

“… … .”

“One day, the doorbell suddenly rang, and I opened the door thinking it was a delivery, and there was your father standing there. That was the dream.”

Ding-dong-

At that moment, the doorbell rang loudly. The mother and daughter blinked blankly in confusion. Only the faint ringing of the doorbell spread quietly. Immediately afterwards, the mother and daughter’s eyes sank as if they had made a promise.

There is no way it will be delivered. It is currently DEFCON 1, wartime. Services such as convenience stores and delivery services were paralyzed by the last housewife. Fortunately, Cynthia, who is well-prepared, had stockpiled food early, so she is able to prepare three meals a day.

But not all are like them. No, most are in dire straits. Therefore, these intruders were most likely residents who came to beg. Or they were burglars or robbers.

“I’ll go out and try.”

“Mom? I think it would be better if I went out.”

“Look at this guy. Is he ignoring me?”

Cynthia dug through a drawer in the living room, pulled out a scalpel, threw it up, and snatched it out of the air as it spun like a pinwheel. Her hands were nimble and skilled.

“Have you forgotten your nickname, Mom? I’m Cynthia of God.”

“What does it matter?”

“They say that those who are good at saving lives are also good at killing people.”

“Is that what a doctor should say… … ?”

“That’s what they say. Anyway, eat something.”

Cynthia hid the knife between her sleeve and wrist like a dagger. She felt the cold iron on her skin. She turned the doorknob with her empty hand.

As soon as the door opened, she froze. An unexpected face stood there.

“What, who are you?”

Ryojo peeked over his mother’s shoulder. After a moment, her eyes also widened.

Strong sword.

“Can you excuse me for a moment?”

He, who is the busiest person these days, suddenly visited Busan.

* * *

While the whole world was in turmoil, I was relatively calm. It may have been due to the influence of the Sword God’s protection, but it was also because this was a situation I had always kept in mind since coming to this world.

That’s why my head was cold when I actually faced it. It was like what was coming had come. Thanks to that, I calmed down and

thought about what I had missed in the meantime. I thought I would regret it if I jumped into war without thinking.

‘This time I might really die.’

Kuarn is definitely a strong opponent. However, it is not an enemy that I can’t even deal with. I have unlocked all of the protections I possess, and I have also learned the Lycan’s Eye and magic. I could do it in a one-on-one close combat.

‘My enemies are the beings beyond him, the false gods.’

It was what the Sword God and the Lycans said. Even though they never mentioned Kuarn, they always mentioned the false gods.

It wasn’t because Kuarn was weak, but it was to emphasize that there was another main enemy. In short, my main enemy was the gods, and it was a hint that they would appear in this war. So this time, I really had to be prepared to die.

‘It’s funny when I think about it.’

When did I, who was desperately trying to survive, become so filled with a sense of mission? They say you can’t even see an inch ahead in life, but really.

anyway.

It was only when I was on the verge of the final battle that I began to think about what was most important to me.

The first thing that came to mind was my parents in this life. The two people who had disappeared without a trace. After that, I consciously held onto the existence of the two people who were slowly fading from my mind.

What would the two of you say if you saw me? You said that I was a source of pride for Mr. Seori Kang just for being admitted to Joaquin Academy.

‘If I told you that you were Chilseong, you would be dizzy.’

Since I can no longer see the two of them, my thoughts moved on to the next. The most important person to me, aside from my parents. There are quite a few people I have met. The principal, the inspector, Changseong, etc. Those who helped me both materially and spiritually.

I always have gratitude. But to Kang Geum-ma, or more accurately, to me, there is someone else who is the most precious to me. The bottom of my heart, which was left with only the dregs of emotion, said so.

My steps were guided by my emotions and I set out for Busan right away.

"… … ."

"… … ."

So, at the moment, I am sitting quietly across the table from Ryojo. The kimchi stew is bubbling on our behalf as we keep our mouths shut.

'How did things turn out like this?'

Cynthia was momentarily taken aback by my sudden visit. She immediately said she had somewhere to go and left. It may have been a tactful act, but Cynthia's absence was fatal. After she left, the two of us were left alone in this spacious and cozy 40-pyeong house.

"You must be busy, what are you doing here… … ."

Ryojo was the first to speak. She twiddled her fingers and glanced at me. Her faint blush seemed to convey exactly what Ryojo was feeling. Embarrassment, unfamiliarity, joy.

'When I first saw you, Ryojo was so shy.'

She has really changed a lot. You could say she is a different person. Ryojo, who used to eat yokan, no longer looks for sweets. Ryojo, who used to value that more than his inner self, now cares about the other person's safety. Ryojo, who used to be far from honest, now shows it just by looking at his face. Of course, he only makes this expression

to me.

I decided to be honest too. I decided to use the final battle as an excuse to be honest. Even if people point fingers at me and say I'm cowardly, there's nothing I can do about it.

"you."

"Me, … Me? Why?"

My lips are trembling. I made up my mind, but my mouth doesn't open easily. I must have said such embarrassing things at least once in my life.

'But Ryojo has said this to me several times.'

If you look at it from another perspective, it's quite a difficult thing to say.

"Ryojo."

"…Why do you keep calling me? It makes people feel uneasy."

I took a deep breath and let it out loud. I lowered my eyes as much as possible. It would be greedy to expect more from Mosol.

"I came because I missed you."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 281

Episode 281 Emotions (2)

Ryojo's eyes were unfocused, as if his soul had left him. His irises were clouded and hazy.

"What what what, what- ah."

She made a cute sound. Her jaw clenched so violently that she bit her tongue. Tears welled up at the corners of her eyes. But Ryojo kept his gaze fixed on me like a pin.

"…I came because I missed you."

I muttered as I crawled through a hole, avoiding his gaze. Damn, this is so embarrassing.

"Are you really a gangster?!"

Even though I could keep my mouth shut when I'm sick, he keeps asking questions. He stares at me with his wide eyes to the point where it's burdensome.

'Oh, I shouldn't laugh.'

But the body is honest. In the end, laughter burst out.

"… … !"

Not only did I visit unexpectedly, but I burst out laughing, so Ryojo looked at me like I was crazy.

Ryojo jumped up from his seat and approached me, who was sitting across the table. Then he roughly turned my chair to the side so that I was facing him. His actions were extremely tough.

Ryojo tried to turn my eyes over with his fingers, lightly tapped my cheek, and even opened my mouth forcibly to check my tongue. Then he took a step back and tilted his head.

“It looks like Byul is a very good person.”

Her face jerked forward.

Okay.

Our foreheads touched lightly. Our faces were close. Her breath completely permeated my face. The distance between me and her was about the size of a sheet of paper.

While I was just blinking absentmindedly, Ryojo kept his eyes tightly shut and his eyebrows knitted together. He seemed to be concentrating on something. With his forehead pressed together, she slowly opened her eyes that had been closed.

“I don’t think I have a fever… … or am I just so stressed out that I’m really losing my mind?”

Ryojo muttered. His pronunciation had returned to normal, but his swollen tongue was visible through his teeth.

She looked me straight in the eye. Our foreheads were pressed together, so it would be harder for our gazes to drift apart.

“““… … .””

A dead silence flowed through the kitchen. The pot finally got tired, and the sound of kimchi stew boiling also died down.

We stared at each other for a long time in silence, our breaths hitting our cheeks rhythmically.

“… Are you serious?”

Ryojo asked me, looking at me intently. I nodded slightly. Our foreheads were rubbing together as we were pressed against each other.

“huh.”

“Why… now… what’s going on?”

“I’ve been thinking about it for a few days now. Who is the most precious person to me? And there’s only one person who comes to mind. Of course, the members of the travel club and the others are all precious to me, too… … .”

I paused for a moment to speak. It was better than before, but I still felt embarrassed.

but.

“… The person who thought of me the most was none other than Ryojou, you.”

“Is this a confession?”

“Something similar.”

“If it’s a confession, then it’s a confession. What else is similar?”

“I’ve never said this to anyone since I was born, so I don’t even know if it’s right.”

He scratched his cheek.

“By the way, I really am a loser. Saying something like that a week before the war.”

“That’s right. You’re a loser.”

As he said that, Ryojo took off the forehead mask he had been holding. He was breathing heavily as if he was upset about something.

“I… made it clear like that… Do you know that saying something like

that right before going to war is incredibly cowardly?"

That's right on the mark. So I listened silently to Ryojo's continued harassment. His tone was sharp. But for some reason, a sad smile appeared on my lips.

"What did you do well to make me laugh! Don't laugh, you idiot! If a great hero makes that kind of expression before going to war, I'll be considered a bad girl!"

"Then should I bite it… … ?"

Ryojo glared at him with sharp eyes. The atmosphere seemed to be heating up, so he tried to make a joke, but it seems he ended up adding fuel to the fire. It's not easy.

"You are bad."

"know."

"It's really, really bad."

"admit."

"There is no man in the world as bad as you."

"Depending on your perspective, you could see it that way."

"In some ways, he's worse than that human."

"That's a bit… … ."

"No, you're worse. That person thought my life was terrible. You? You don't think about the people around you and always throw yourself into danger. But you're so damn fast that there's no time to stop you. Are you going to be able to act like a man later on when you're so fast?"

"What-"

Ryojo didn't wait for an answer. She took a big step forward. Our faces came closer again. She grabbed my cheek as if pinching it.

“… This is the last time.”

She opened her quivering lips with difficulty.

“I’ll let you go just this once. But there won’t be a next time. Then I’ll be the one holding the bow and charging into battle instead of you. Just know that.”

I stared blankly at Ryojo, bewildered. She pressed for an answer.

“Okay, I didn’t know.”

He nodded while holding her cheek. Ryojo furrowed his brows, displeased with her strange reaction.

“I still haven’t come to my senses. I’ll stamp it and go while I’m here.”

“To the dojo… …!”

My pupils narrowed. Sky blue eyes filled my field of vision. Her lips and mine gently covered each other.

Squeak.

The chair tilted back as if it was going to fall over, but I managed to regain my balance. Ding ding ding, the bell rang three times in my head. My mind felt dizzy as if it would fly away at any moment.

“I already stamped it, so don’t say anything later.”

Ryojo gently pushed my cheek. Only when there was a gap of a span did I see her face at a glance. It looked like an active volcano about to erupt at any moment.

However, Ryojo pretended to be indifferent. There was something he wanted to say to Kang Geum-ma, who was leaving to find salvation.

“Don’t die.”

Ryojo said strongly.

“Cut it all down, like always.”

* * *

Apartment hallway.

Cynthia rested her elbows on the hallway railing and rested her chin on the back of her bent hand. In that position, she spent her time aimlessly watching the evening tide.

The sky was gloomy and overcast. Waves crashed hard against the sea off Busan in the distance. It was literally dark clouds.

“It’s winter, so it looks like it might rain. I hope it doesn’t snow.”

Cynthia muttered under her breath. While she was looking so indifferent, there was a squeak behind her. She turned around. Kanggeomma carefully opened the door and came out. Feeling embarrassed, he touched the back of his neck for no reason.

“I’m sorry you had to wait outside because of me.”

“What are you apologizing for? I’ve been feeling like I need to get some fresh air these past few days. That’s why I came out. Don’t worry about it.”

Cynthia drew a curve in her mouth and wiped Kanggeomma’s lips with her thumb. Her fingerprints were covered in red liquid. Kanggeomma was visibly embarrassed, and a playful expression spread across her face.

“How was the kimchi stew made by the lady? I heard that Mr. Kang is a good cook.”

“Oh, that’s it. Hmm.”

Kang Seo-bang. Now, he could not refute that title from the front. Perhaps that was why Kang Geom-ma respectfully folded his hands. It was time to demonstrate his excellent service spirit.

“It was just the right amount of sweetness, not spicy, and delicious. The kimchi was especially delicious.”

“It seems like Mr. Kang is good at eating spicy food. He said that a

bunch of green chili peppers weren't spicy. Oh, and the kimchi is from the supermarket."

"ah……."

Cynthia smiled strangely and shook his stiff shoulders.

"Thank you, Mr. Kang. For coming to see me. Before you came, that kid had a completely gravel-like expression. But when he saw your face, he suddenly bloomed. He never made that kind of expression to me."

Cynthia sighed in relief. Kang Geum-ma didn't know what to do. It was so much fun to tease a son-in-law. She wished that the boy would grow up quickly and become a family member. Then, she could tease him for a long time. The son-in-law's clumsy behavior stimulated the mother-in-law's sadism.

"You know what?"

Cynthia was knocked out by the swordsman.

"When I first saw you, Kang Seo-bang, you looked like a stone. Compared to then, your emotions have become much richer. Look at you now. You can see the longing flowing out of your eyes."

Cynthia turned around. Her back was filled with loneliness and solitude.

"I don't know if being swayed by emotions is a bad thing for a hero, but isn't it a sign of growth as a human being?"

It was a question Cynthia asked herself. She thought back to the partner she had once loved passionately, now a stranger. After more than a dozen years, her memories of the palace were as dark and hazy as those dark clouds.

"… Not only you, but Kojima, that human, has changed too."

Cynthia felt bitter in her mouth. What kind of wind is blowing that makes Jeolgung participate in the war? The world is truly at an end. At the same time, she was madly curious. Why, that person has

changed. He was the one who didn't even pay attention when she left. Her chest felt suffocated as if it was being suffocated.

'Iron Heart, Alice Louise died in battle, and why did the gentleman who hated war so much end up like that?'

'Why are you coming out instead of just being an old man in the back room like you usually do?'

'Surely… he is in this war… … .'

Ominous thoughts were piling up. I wanted to ask Kanggeomma through his mouth. However, I couldn't. I tried to say it indirectly, but even that was difficult. What kind of disgrace was that to a hero who shouldered the fate of humanity.

Todok, todok.

As if reflecting the mood, the dark clouds squeezed out water droplets. It was winter rain. The light rain that had begun to fall steadily soon became a powerful stream, pitter-patter, p …

Swish… … .

The old trees, preparing for hibernation, trembled faintly. The stumps clashed against each other, making an eerie sound. Whether their trembling was due to the unseasonable winter rain or an ominous sign of impending doom, only nature knows.

Damn it.

Kang Geum-ma stood next to Cynthia. He, like her, rested his elbows on the hallway railing. The indifferent sky poured cold winter rain on the two of them.

"There was an emergency meeting a while ago. Jeolgungdo was also present at the meeting, and I thought it was very unexpected, so I asked him separately after the meeting. I was also curious. Why did he decide to join the war?"

Kang Geum-ma swept his hair back. For some reason, his face, wet from the rain, felt refreshed.

“Jeolgung answered that he didn’t want to be remembered as a man who would be shameful to those around him. Actually, I don’t know what he meant by that. Since our relationship is so bad, he might have just been trying to gloss over it. But the important thing here is.”

Kang Geum-ma turned his head to the side.

“You said ‘people around you.’ Not just one person, but many. Your mother must be one of them.”

He smiled warmly, looking like a rain-soaked rat. Cynthia blinked. Raindrops glistened on her eyelashes like dew. Then, her dull face brightened.

“My daughter chose a good boy.”

Kang Geum-ma awkwardly raised one corner of his mouth at her words.

“Is it time to go now? Let’s go quickly. The last train to the terminal is almost gone… … . Okay?”

Cynthia trailed off. As she spoke, a strange sense of discomfort came over her.

“Kang Seo-bang, how did you get to Busan? Since it’s under wartime, buses and subspace warps should be out of operation. How are you going to get there?”

Kang Geum-ma hesitated to answer. He hesitated for a split second, wondering whether to tell the truth or not. Then, as if he had made up his mind, he exhaled. The shape of his breath was clear.

“What you see now, I will explain next time we meet.”

Before Cynthia could ask anything back, Kanggeomma snapped his fingers. Light exploded in Cynthia’s retinas. She reflexively crossed her arms and covered her eyes.

The last thing she saw was the afterimage of the sword breaking apart in an instant, followed by the sound of fierce thunder.

I opened my eyes with a start. My eyes were numb from being exposed to the strong light. Fortunately, my eyesight was slowly but surely returning.

Cynthia, who had regained her vision, relaxed her defensive posture. The next moment, her pupils contracted once and then relaxed awkwardly.

A dark, soot-covered hallway, with reddish melt marks here and there, and specks of light like finely ground sparks rolling across the floor and evaporating with a swish.

After the flash disappeared, only the above items remained, and the strong sword horse was no longer visible.

Gurrrrrr… … .

Cynthia steadied her staggering body. She immediately turned her gaze toward the sky. The rain had stopped as if it had never happened. The traces of the winter rain were dark blue ripples visible beyond the dark clouds.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 282

Episode 282 Everyone makes mistakes

Famous heroes from all over the place gathered. The gathering place was Joaquin Academy. It was a place that was certain to be the final destination of the Demon King's army.

It had only been a week since the emergency meeting, but most of the heroes had readily complied with the summons.

Director Sung (Chief ▶), who had thought he would face difficulties in the conscription, had his wrinkles smoothed out. Even in a great war where the survival of humanity was at stake, the heroes of noble birth knew how to find their own way to survive. That was the kind of people they were from the beginning.

But they came to Joaquin Academy voluntarily. Then they threw a word at the head of the department. The gist of what they said was almost the same.

"Isn't it the Heavenly Sword that called you? Of course you should come."

"If it had been led by the association or the state, I wouldn't have come. However, if the Heavenly Sword calls, it's a different story."

"My brother is one of the survivors of the invasion of the 4th Corps Commander Permish. My brother said that if it weren't for you, not only him, but everyone at that time would have been annihilated. Although my brother is not in a good condition to fight in this war, I will fight in his stead. I will repay your kindness."

They did not respond to the call of the nation. The nobles do not rise from their thrones by emotional appeals. They would have accepted the extermination without hesitation.

Although nobles value foreign language, they value honor, pride, and dignity as nobles even more.

This war was a situation that satisfied all three of the nobles' top priorities. Along with the Heavenly Sword. For that one thing, those arrogant and self-willed people gathered together with one mind and one purpose.

The fact that the battlefield was Joaquin Academy also contributed greatly to their unity, as the place where they spent their youth was on the verge of being reduced to ashes.

The heroes who did not like the Ganggeomma gathered under the pretext of 'protecting Joaquin Academy'. Regardless of the cause, Chief Sung found meaning in their gathering.

Thus, Joaquin Academy, which boasts a spacious area, was unusually crowded. The members of the sea of people were all veterans, not a single cadet. They all had faces that were thick with experience.

And because of them, the academy during the winter break was unexpectedly bustling. Among them were some who were familiar with Kanggeomma. Olmute Khan Elizabeth and Cheolgak Mao Lang were among them.

"Ah, you came from the Iron King! And you came from the Lancelot Company. I am grateful to both sides for their cooperation."

Executive Director Sung, who had come running out of breath, greeted them. They each greeted each other in their own way, with Olmute bowing and Mao Lang taking a lottery ticket.

"Nice to meet you, Manager Sung. No, now you're the managing director. Congratulations on your promotion."

"That's right. I heard you were a manager until recently, but you've already become an executive director. You've jumped up three or four levels in just one year. I have to show this to our Iron King,

Executive Director Seong.”

“Oh, you two, please don’t say things like that.”

Director Sung said shyly.

“I’m already feeling a bit sick because I’ve been given such an important role that I can’t even imagine my abilities being able to handle. Oh my god, I’m the executive director. When I first heard that, I refused vehemently, but this time, the president of the association appointed me personally, so I couldn’t even refuse. If I had just been given the position of executive director, I would have been okay with that… … .”

Executive Director Sung was the general manager of this call-up. He was not a combat man, but somehow things came to this. Perhaps because he was not a combat man, he was the right person for the general manager role.

Since the practitioners and the people with power were clearly divided, no one complained. If you raised your voice, you would be treated as a narrow-minded person. Thanks to this, Executive Director Sung was able to proceed with his work at a rapid pace, so it was a blessing in disguise for him.

“I was just whining in front of you, my esteemed ones. Let’s go. I have prepared a separate meeting for the heroes fighting on the front lines.”

Director Sung led the two to a separate room. There were already people sitting there, all of them looking very handsome.

‘The swordsman, the creator, the tyrant, the archer, the mighty… ‘

All Mute moistened his lips and engraved the face in his eyes. In the meantime, Executive Director Sung, who had finished his work, quietly left.

‘Am I allowed to be here?’

The legends of the old generation gathered together. Olmute thought. Compared to them, she was far inferior. Looking at her like that, Mao

Lang smiled faintly and whispered close to her ear.

“What are you going to do in front of the Demon King’s army when you’re already scared? And the main character hasn’t even appeared yet.”

As I hear, there is one empty seat besides theirs. That seat must be his.

‘He hasn’t come yet.’

As All Mute tilted his head, Media gestured for him to sit down.

“Geumma has some personal business to attend to, so he’ll be a little late. Both of you, come and sit down first.”

The two nodded and sat down in the seats that were not the highest. A moment of silence passed. Without exaggerating, the air was thick and heavy. It was partly due to the spirit they were giving off, but given the circumstances, the gloomy atmosphere was somewhat natural.

A week later, it would be hard to build even half of them here. I can’t tell who it is. That’s how war is.

So the media clapped their hands to lighten the mood.

“By the way, things like this happen in life. I fought a war with my disciples. It’s something you only see if you live long enough.”

“Yes, we are honored too.”

The answer was given by Mao Lang.

“I think that with the academy director and the other Seven Star heroes, this event will be remembered by the Iron King family for generations to come.”

“We have to win this war so that we can continue the legacy for generations to come.”

A tired-looking woman, Meaine, interrupted the conversation.

Mediah snapped.

“Sister!”

“Did I say something wrong?”

“Regardless of the relationship between husband and wife, I’ve told you several times to read the mood when you speak. Are you really going to speak like that when you teach the kids in the 100 class? That won’t do. After this is over, I’ll seriously consider firing you.”

“Tch, lethal panties.”

“… … .”

Mao Lang and Ol Mute were speechless at the childish conversation between the sisters. What is this, it feels like it’s tiring before it even starts. Not only them, but the other Chilsungs didn’t even look at me because they were embarrassed.

Squeak.

While the Poison Twins were arguing, the face they had been waiting for appeared in the meeting. It was none other than Kanggeomma.

“Everyone is gathered here.”

As soon as he appeared, the twins’ faces hardened and they picked up the small talk they were having. Olmute and Mao Lang also swallowed back their greetings. This was because the aura of the Ganggeomma was unusual. It seemed like it was originally emitting a black substance, but it felt like some kind of magical power had been added to it. It was fortunate that it was a familiar face, otherwise it had a sinister aura that could have been mistaken for a mine.

dump.

Kanggeomma sat down at the head of the table as if nothing had happened, feeling the gazes on him. He knew very well what those eyes were trying to ask him.

‘I understand why you’re curious as to why magic is emanating from

your body.'

But it was difficult to talk about it right now. The situation was urgent. There was not enough time to waste on trivial explanations.

'It'll be discovered during the war anyway. There's no need to say anything now.'

A man with many secrets has a mysterious charm.

"I'm sorry. I had to go somewhere for a bit, so I'm late."

"It's okay. My shoulders are the heaviest, and I feel like I need more rest, but I'm sorry for making you take care of the elderly."

Changseong smiled kindly. As soon as Kanggeomma arrived, a smile bloomed on his lips.

"The main character always appears last. You came at a good time."

The sword master also said something. Naturally, the Poison twins wanted to make a fuss, but the sword master sitting right next to them stopped them. They complied with the stop, and only smiled faintly. Jeolgung glanced at Ganggeomma and then quickly looked away. Even though he didn't say anything, it seemed like he had no intention of criticizing her.

At that sight, Olmute and Mao Lang were momentarily dumbfounded. The legends of the old generation were not only lifting up Kanggeomma, but were even carrying airplanes. Rather than bowing down to power, they seemed to truly revere Kanggeomma. Of course, considering his accomplishments so far, anyone would have done the same.

It was surprising for the two people who had only seen Chilseong's solemn appearance. It was also a sight that hinted at their hierarchy.

The Heavenly Sword is above, the others are below.

Only then did Kang Geum-ma notice the presence of Ol Mute and Mao Lang. He gave a small nod. The two of them sat down in shock and nodded their heads.

‘… When I saw the Heavenly Sword before, it didn’t seem to be like this.’

It was hard to raise my head again, because the sticky pressure was pressing down on the back of my head. It wasn’t what Kanggeomma had intended, but the pressure itself was tremendous.

Mao Lang was sweating profusely. Her prediction was indeed correct. In the near future, Kang Geum Ma would become an unspeakable being.

‘I didn’t know it would go this far… … .’

This is a variable. It is much more than I imagined. I thought it would grow differently every day. But this is not at the level of growth. It is evolution.

Yes. Kanggeomma has shed his human form and evolved into something beyond it. A new human, so to speak. That would be the appropriate word to call this extra-human being.

Mao Lang slowly raised his eyes, feeling a shiver and fear. When his vision came into focus, he saw fluff and goosebumps standing up. He had goosebumps all over his body.

Is it because of the presence of the Ganggeomma? It was a little different. The source of this creepiness was not on the opposite side, but behind. In fact, I felt a presence behind me that clearly hadn’t been there until just now. The beads of sweat that had been forming were running down my temples. Because my face was cold, the sweat was hotter than usual.

Mao Lang only rolled her eyes. Everyone else was looking at her, or more precisely, beyond her, with eyes filled with astonishment. Only Jiang Jianma frowned as if she was annoyed.

What? What happened in the moment of greeting? Mao Lang just looked over his shoulder. As expected, the cause of this cold silence was behind him.

A beauty with skin as white as snow. However, her beauty is so artificial, like a porcelain doll, that it is incredibly strange.

Everyone looked puzzled as they had never seen her before, but Kang Geum-ma was an exception.

It was Herya, Quarn's confidant. Just like the Joaquin terror, he appeared as a clone.

'That kid is hanging around the academy like it's a bathroom.'

Whatever the cause, this must be that pale bastard's unique ability.

Whatever it was, the bastard appeared in front of Kanggeomma twice.

Even if it was a clone, it wouldn't have been easy unless the liver was quite swollen, so it was a great act of courage.

At this point, Kanggeomma was also curious. Why did he appear like a ghost again today?

"If you have something to say, say it."

So I cut in half and said. The hands of those who were about to draw their weapons stopped. Instead, they placed their hands on their weapons and glared at Herya.

Herya greeted him, holding onto the hem of her skirt with a dull expression. She managed to imitate it somehow. But that was it. Even if she pretended to be human, she couldn't fill the void of self-will.

"I have come to deliver a message from Kuarn."

Kanggeomma rested his chin on his hand and nodded roughly. Since ancient times, it was polite to treat even the envoy of a mortal enemy with courtesy. Let's go in first.

"I will completely exterminate humanity in this war, so you know that… … ."

As soon as their lips parted, the sword flashed. The sashimi blade drew a white light. The sword rubbed against the air and gave off a pungent burning smell.

Sgung.

The head, as white as a sheet of paper, rolled down Mao Lang's back and crashed into the ground, shattering into pieces. The body, now separated from the head, turned to dust a beat later.

"this."

While everyone's pupils dilated, Kang Geum-ma let out a short sigh. He shook off the sashimi without saying a word.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 283

Episode 283 Encouragement

Before anyone could say anything, a pale figure suddenly appeared in the corner of the meeting room, in the shadows, a blind spot of the light. It was the ghost who had suddenly appeared and had his head cut off.

“What… … .”

The meeting was filled with a silent shock. All the members were veterans, but even people can be surprised. And except for the three of them, the average age was close to 70, so even trivial things made their hearts sink. It was the cruelty of time.

“… Shouldn’t you listen to what people say until the end?”

Herya walked out of the corner of the room. She spoke sharply, as if she was slightly upset. This was also a case of ‘imitating humans’.

“… … .”

Kang Geum-ma ignored Herya without showing any sign of surprise.

‘That doesn’t look like a mine, it looks like a real ghost.’

The taste of the beet was boring. So I didn’t think it would disappear completely. I didn’t think it would reappear right away.

Of course, it’s not like my heart is sinking to that extent. He’s still a teenager. He’s a vibrant young man.

“People are just like people.”

Kanggeomma put the sashimi he had been shaking back into its scabbard and shouted. This was because he realized that the swordsmanship didn’t have much meaning to his clone.

“You’re not even human in the first place. Why have you been acting like a human since earlier? It’s annoying.”

A start. Twenty paces away from everyone, Herya stopped in a daze. Her face was like a porcelain doll. Among them, her eyes, the most inhuman, sparkled transparently.

“What do you mean by feeling bad… … .”

“It’s unpleasant. Do I have to explain the meaning of the words? Anyway, this is why people lack empathy. Tsk. You psychopath.”

A hunch. Everyone shrugged their shoulders as if they had promised at the word ‘psychopath’. And they began to slowly look at Kanggeomma’s expression. With his lack of empathy, who exactly is a psychopath… That’s it.

“If you’re going to be a messenger, then just act as a messenger and get out. I don’t want to see that ugly face anymore. Hey, you damn double-crossing car.”

There was a subtle change in Herya’s expression after hearing the insults—a change that could not be seen unless you focused hard. Her eyebrows furrowed. The backbiting in particular struck me particularly hard. … A pair of shoes. I don’t know for sure, but it must have been a terrible insult.

Whenever Herya would occasionally slip into the undercover service, numerous men would come after her. The reason was simple. She was so beautiful. That was the kind of woman she was.

‘Does the author have no eyes?’

How on earth had she ever been cursed so harshly. This situation and this feeling were so unfamiliar. It felt like bubbles were bubbling inside her, and her forehead and crown were tingling slightly. For the

first time since her hair had grown, she felt a vague emotion called ‘anger’.

“All right.”

But he didn’t show it on the outside. He just had to do the work he was given and then return. After all, Lord Kuarn would have condemned the author anyway.

Herya continued, suppressing her anger.

“This war will not completely wipe out humanity or anything like that.”

A message or notice from Kuarn.

“Humans and demons are in a symbiotic relationship. They must live in balance, like a scale. However, the human population has grown too much, and is devastating the beautiful blue planet. On the other hand, what about our Demon King’s army? We have endured for hundreds and thousands of years in a demonic realm where not a single blade of grass can grow. Therefore, I, Kuarn, speak for the entire Demon Race. We will swap habitats between Demons and humans. In addition, we will reduce the population from 6 billion to 50 million, the same as ours. Don’t worry about the latter. I will personally reduce their numbers and ease their burden.”

Because there was so little furniture and the room was so wide, Herya’s voice bounced off the walls and left an empty echo. It was as if she was telling me to listen to it over and over again and imprint it in my mind.

The listener’s reaction was obviously not good.

“What kind of nonsense is that!”

The sword master suddenly stood up and drew his sword. In a fit of rage, Changseong also picked up his spear that had been leaning against the wall.

“Reduce the human population by a tenth and drive us into the devil’s realm? That’s ridiculous!”

Changseong aimed the blade at Herya. The sound of teeth grinding was harsh.

“Listen carefully, ghost woman. Go to Kuarn and tell him clearly what I say. I, Richard de Murat. I swear on my spear that I will cut off Kuarn’s throat, so wipe your throat and wait. I do not want my precious spear soaked in the broth of a lowly demon.”

I know that physical attacks are useless against that ghost. It was a conditioned reflex, so to speak. They have lived like that for 70 years.

“You have no chance of doing it on your own.”

Herya laughed. This is how people laugh when they make fun of others.

“I am an envoy, but I will be presumptuous in saying something. Among those present, there are only two who can successfully confront Lord Kuarn. Manryuk in an awakened state, and Cheongeom. No one else will be able to touch the hem of Lord Kuarn’s clothes.”

The two who had been growling fiercely let out a sigh. Their pride was hurt, but it was true. And now was not the time to regain their pride. It was time to use reason and rationality instead of anger and resentment.

The choice of Geomje and Changseong was silence. They didn’t just keep their mouths shut, but opened their eyes wide and glared at Herya.

However, Herya ignored the murderous glare. Her attention was solely focused on Kanggeomma.

That expression he had maintained since a while ago, those dry, indifferent eyes, that colorless, odorless face that seemed to transcend all things, aroused Herya’s curiosity deep inside.

The air is thick. Anger, contempt, resentment, a whirlwind of negative emotions swirling around.

Kang Geum-ma finally opened his mouth.

“Your face.”

At the same time, the whirlpool suddenly stopped. Everyone doubted their ears and stared at Kanggeomma in shock. Herya was the same.

She smiled. Your face? How should I react? Is this the kind of thing that should come out in this atmosphere? I have had many experiences while meeting humans. Depending on the situation, I learned their attitudes and reactions by looking over their shoulders. Thanks to that, I was able to beat out other demons and be sent as an envoy.

Herya was confident. She was confident that she would be flexible no matter what the answer was. But that confidence turned into humiliation, and her cheeks turned red. It was the moment when she truly understood what emotions were.

Kang Geum-ma said once more.

“Your face.”

Herya felt somewhat resentful. Before coming here, those words had been close to compliments to her, but now they were more insulting than anything else. She had originally planned to finish her duties and go straight back, but if things continued like this, she felt like her insides would turn topsy-turvy.

Herya quickly used her brain to come up with an appropriate answer and responded right away.

“reflection.”

A short answer that is childish. Unfortunately, she still has no concept of ‘childish’.

With those words, Herya stepped back and dipped her feet into the shadows. Her body began to break apart from the bottom up.

When the collapse of his body reached his chin, Kanggeomma laughed out loud. Then he spoke as if he was giving a piece of advice.

“What a nice messenger. He even told the enemy that he was

handsome.”

Herya’s eyes trembled. On the other hand, Kanggeomma’s smile deepened.

It was only then that Herya realized that Ganggeomma knew that physical attacks would not work and was planning on thoroughly humiliating her.

A crowd she had never encountered before. Her first encounter with a madman left her with an indescribable feeling.

Herya tried to ask something back, but her body was collapsing much faster than she could come to her senses.

Even after Herya had completely disappeared, her resentment lingered in the same place.

* * *

As the meeting reached a lull, Executive Director Sung came in at a perfect time. It was a visit to inform them of the next schedule.

Immediately after entering, Executive Director Sung’s expression changed strangely. While he was away for a moment, a strange atmosphere began to linger in the room.

He asked in confusion.

“What happened? Your faces don’t look so good… … .”

“It’s nothing.”

Jeolgung took control of the situation. At least his eyes were calm and composed.

“… If you want, you can postpone the next schedule until tomorrow.”

Director Sung made a suggestion with concern. Changseong shook his head and firmly refused.

“It’s not good to postpone the schedule when the situation is not good

like this. It can cause anxiety. Besides, it's being filmed by drone and broadcasted to the whole world. So it's right to do it at the right time."

Even as he said that, Changseong clearly showed his fatigue. It was because he had not yet fully recovered from the slight shock.

'Your face.'

It was something that made the other person feel worse than any vulgar insult.

"… However, I wish you would pass on my speech. If I do it now, I feel like your face… no, something strange will come out."

"me too."

"Me too, a little today."

"me too……."

People raised their hands here and there. In the end, I was the only one who lowered my hand. When I tried to raise my hand to go with the flow, everyone stopped me.

"You have to do it."

"Yeah, you do it, Kenma."

"Your Majesty, you must do it."

Why are their expressions like that? I scratched the back of my head as I was receiving strange stares from everyone. It felt like they were blaming me, but it must be my mood.

I and the seven heroes – Sword Master, Changseong, Sage, Jeolgung, Manryuk, Cheolgak, and Olmute – stood up from our seats.

* * *

The training ground was packed. It was so packed that the crowd formed a circle around the outside of the training ground.

It was worth it. The capacity was tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands had gathered. It was fortunate that it didn't collapse. People bumped shoulders, pushed and shoved each other, but no one was fighting.

Not only the ground, but the sky also looked busy. Drones swarmed like bees and filmed the scene. Since the entrance of personnel other than the hero was restricted, the media used drones to broadcast the speech scene to the whole world.

At the center of all those gazes, a boy stood in front of the microphone. Among the many colorful hair colors, his black eyes and hair stood out even more.

Ahem.

The boy coughed and cleared his throat. Everyone in the world was focused. Even the flock of migratory birds moved away, flutter-flapping their wings.

Silence was the backdrop. It was a stillness that made it hard to believe that millions of people were present.

"'Ganggeomma, you are the pride of our family.' That's what my parents said to me when I entered the academy."

The boy's voice cut through the cold winter wind.

"I think it's not just me, but everyone here who has heard this. To us, Joaquin Academy is not just a school."

At that moment, everyone was caught up in a strange illusion. The world seemed to be shining only on the boy, and his surroundings were soft, while his figure was clearly visible. The silence that filled the smokehouse helped his voice to spread to every corner, even to places where sound was difficult to reach.

"Why did the hero of the poem and the Seven Heroes establish this academy? In order to prepare for war, it would have been better to build a strong gate than to train future generations."

A legacy left by the boy's teacher for his disciple.

“They knew that if they blocked it, it would never be solved. That’s why they decided to trust the next generation, the future, and us. At least I don’t want to betray that trust. I want to protect this place that is like home to me.”

There the boy speaks in a firm voice.

“Let’s do it together.”

Everyone raised their weapons high. Instead of cheering like a firework, they gave their approval with their weapons that were cold and sharp.

It was snowing lightly at that moment. White snowflakes fell on the sharp blades of the spear. It was a sight as if the heavens were quietly blessing them, given the timing.

The boy suddenly had a thought. Could those words that always lingered in his mind be the encouragement his teacher was giving him?

“To us.”

So I encouraged them with the same sentence.

“May God bless you.”

It is true that children are the mirror of their parents.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 284

Episode 284 The Warrior

In remote areas where radio waves are difficult to reach, a large electronic sign was hung on an airship that passed by and broadcast the face of the Heavenly Sword. It was the work of the association's president, Victor Poison. Thanks to this, the entire world watched the live broadcast of the Heavenly Sword's speech. Even the radio waves manipulated by satellites reached out to places where radio waves could never reach, the Demon Realm of Gehenna.

[May God bless us…]

"… … ."

Leon turned off his smartphone screen. A distorted face like a demonic figure stared at him on the black screen. The moment he saw that face, he felt an unbearable disgust.

Kkuddukk.

The hand with the blood vessels rising up crumpled the smartphone. Then Leon threw the scrap metal like a javelin. It flew like a meteor and disappeared beyond the horizon of Gehenna. From the grip strength to the throwing power. It was a great power.

"You don't seem to be feeling well, warrior."

It was the words spoken by Herya, who was sticking next to him like a ghost. Leon glared at her and then turned his body away. It was a gesture that showed he did not want to deal with her.

“I’m also not feeling well today in many ways.”

Herya sighed, rubbing her temples gently. It was something she didn’t normally do, but it felt natural, like a habit. It was all because of Kanggeomma.

‘Your face.’

The word lingers near the eardrums. It keeps humming as if it were submerged in water. Herya licked her lips. She is currently feeling the emotion of ‘annoyance.’

“Let’s bear with it, Herya. It’s okay. Lord Kuarn will take care of that guy anyway.”

“no.”

Leon responded to Herya’s muttering. He turned his head a third of the way and his eyes glowed coldly.

“I’m the one who’s going to deal with Ganggeomma. That’s why I’m here with you all.”

“I, that.”

Herya hesitated for a moment and then answered.

“I am ashamed to say this, but I am not someone who can be defeated by your own strength, warrior. Of course, I am not belittling your strength… but when there is only one day left in the war, self-objectification is important.”

Leon is strong. He is getting stronger every day since returning to the Demon Realm and accepting Balmung’s power. However, it is still not enough to close the gap with Kanggeomma. Although he was a brat who had no buds, the spirit that Kanggeomma exuded made me exclaim, “Indeed.” I could see why Kuarn had been keeping an eye on him for so long.

“Hero, you are no match for that strong swordsman.”

So Herya decided to share her honest feelings. This was absolutely,

absolutely not a venting.

“… … .”

There was no answer. Leon just glanced at Herya. A calm air flowed between the two. That was the moment when Leon placed his hand on the hilt of Balmung’s sword. The light that spread around him like smoke and formed a white curtain.

Flash!

A pure white space created in an instant. It was like broad daylight, but with the stardust sprinkled on it, it looked like night. The ground, sky, structure, etc., as if they didn’t expect the viewer to understand. Everything was abstract, like modern art.

The stars shining above the white sky began to flow and take shape. Not one. Two, three, four. The numbers multiplied infinitely, making the word “numbers” meaningless. The phenomenon was reflected in Herya’s transparent retina.

“I, the authors.”

Herya’s joints tingled. She had a gut feeling. There was an infinite, one being looking down on her from above.

“God.”

As soon as her lips parted, the scenery returned to normal. Herya quickly looked at Leon.

“Hero, you… … .”

Leon refused to listen to what was said. He turned away.

Herya stared at his back with quiet eyes. Then, she burst into laughter by herself.

They had already decided the ending. Catastrophe. That is their mortal fate.

* * *

“Leon.”

It was one day before I became an adult.

“The day you were born, half the world laughed.”

That’s what his father said while stroking Leon’s head. Leon, who felt embarrassed for no reason, slowly pulled his head away and avoided his touch. He asked while combing his messy blond hair.

“If half the world laughed, does that mean the other half didn’t laugh?”

His father laughed. It felt like that. Leon had never actually seen his father’s face in detail. His father’s face was always shadowed, as if it was backlit.

“Son, they say that in this world, there is not just one aspect or one quality. When one side laughs, the other side cries, and when one side is full, the other side is hungry.”

Leon asked with bright eyes.

“Can’t everyone be happy? Why should only one side benefit?”

“hmm.”

His father stroked his chin, drooling. He seemed to be searching for a refined expression for his son. Leon knew this but pretended not to know. He wanted to spend more time with his father, who only visited him once a year.

I once asked my father why he was absent every day. To that question, my father answered evasively as if he was troubled.

Leon didn’t ask. He must have some unavoidable circumstances, and he must be dedicating himself to the world somewhere. That’s what he guessed.

I trusted my father. If you can’t trust the most brilliant being in the world, you can’t trust anything else.

“A world where everyone is happy… This poor father’s imagination doesn’t reach that far, Leon.”

After a while, a smile appeared on my father’s lips. He opened his mouth again.

“But I think you could create that world.”

“To create a world like that. What can I do when even my father couldn’t do it?”

Young Leon pouted. He was upset. He didn’t like the fact that you put your son above himself. Leon couldn’t tolerate the being he most wanted to be like lowering his own divinity.

“You can do it because it’s you.”

Still, my father’s tone was confident.

“Leon, because it’s you. Because you’re my son and your mother’s son. You can make everyone in this world happy.”

“… … .”

His father bent one knee to get eye level with him. Leon sucked in his pouting lips.

“I believe in you.”

After saying those words, his father left that year. Leon was left alone in the dark cave once again.

My father said that my mother gave birth to me and went to the bosom of the gods. Since I had no memories of my mother, I didn’t miss her or anything.

Leon had only one father. But whenever he felt lonely, he would repeat to himself that they would be able to live together after he finished all his tasks. Leon waited for that day.

The next year, the same day came. It was finally the day to meet his father. Leon was excited from the morning. He prepared a simple

meal to welcome him. It was pretty good, considering that he had just imitated it from a book.

It was then. A ripping sound was heard from outside the cave. The place where Leon resided was a cave located in the Demon Realm Gehenna. It was a place where bloodshed between demons occurred frequently, so at first I thought it was like that.

Kkaaa …

But the scream that followed brought him back to his senses. His father's voice. At that moment, Leon's senses woke up and he stretched. His five senses meshed together, visualizing the situation and drawing it vividly in his mind. For a moment, the potential of the warrior blossomed.

Boom!

Leon kicked open the lock and escaped the cave. He ran blindly. Dust rose from his heels. He had incredible strength and speed for a ten-year-old.

We arrived at the epicenter of the scream. Leon searched for his father without taking a breath. He looked around the ground. There was nothing. Apart from his impatience, his sense of smell was colder than ever.

Leon closed his eyes and opened them. It was an intuitive action. The passion temporarily escaped Leon's humanity and liberated his divinity. He opened his eyes wide and tilted his head back. The blue light followed his gaze from below to above.

"… … !"

The black sun. At its center, my father, hanging like a puppet on a string, was in the shape of a ten. Of the 36 pairs of wings, 34 were separated from their owners. And those torn wings circulated in concentric circles behind my father, as if they had self-awareness.

It was a terrible sight. My father and Metatron were being beheaded like criminals.

“father!”

At his son’s scream, the father slowly raised his head. Leon opened his eyes wide. His eyelids were tattered, his skin was slashed with bloody lines, and his internal organs and bones were clearly visible, as if his flesh had been eaten away. That day, he saw his father’s face, which was always painted black, for the first time.

“Ah, father… … .”

My lips trembled. Even in the midst of all this, my subconscious was gathering information. Based on the surrounding environment and visual information, I deduced what my father was going through.

Father is being judged. There is only one entity that dares to punish Metatron severely: God.

“… Son.”

My father spoke breathlessly. White blood dripped stickily from between his swollen lips.

“Oh, it’s broken.”

Boohoo.

A pair of wings were torn off. Metatron groaned and coughed up blood. Leon’s patience ran out at the same time.

He lowered his body as low as possible. It was to gain momentum. His thighs swelled greatly. His reason was lost and his emotions took over.

But at that moment.

Phew!

The air seemed to bend on Leon’s side, and then he was pushed up with a loud noise. The force of the explosion was tremendous. Even considering Leon’s small stature, he was blown to the forest far from where his father was.

Thud, thud, thud. Leon collided with trees one after another and was soon slammed into a large rock. He came off the asbestos like a sticker whose adhesive had worn off.

“Ugh.”

Leon scratched the dirt and got up. His legs were burning as if they were on fire. His broken left shinbone was poking out like an awl through his flesh. At this rate, he couldn’t even walk, let alone run.

Leon sank to the ground. A sense of helplessness came over him. It was a harsh scene for a ten-year-old to endure. But there was something else that bothered him.

‘It’s all my fault.’

The immortals took revenge because the agent who acted as their lackey was distracted. My father ended up like a hunting dog boiled in a cauldron. Everything was confiscated without mercy or tolerance.

Thud, thud.

Footsteps were heard in the bushes. This was the center of the demon realm, the dwelling place of the demon tribe and demon beasts. It was only natural that I would encounter them.

Leon felt his blood freeze as shadows fell over his eyes. His eyes, devoid of light, were ready to accept death.

“Are you okay?”

A man walked out of the bushes. He was white from head to toe, and his facial features were beautiful. It was an odd appearance that did not fit with the barren magic realm.

“I received a request from my brother. He asked me to keep his son alive. So I had no choice but to send him away in a somewhat rough manner.”

As the man flicked his hand, Leon’s wounds magically closed. Despite the kindness, Leon’s eyes were wary, like a cornered animal.

“This, really.”

The man raised the corners of his lips gently. Then he turned around and left. The identity of that eccentric man who tried to have a conversation but failed and left right away was… … .

“…Who are you?”

“The enemy of your enemy.”

The genius slowly turned around and answered.

“In other words, they are temporary allies.”

That was the first meeting between the warrior and the 2nd Corps Commander.

* * *

Leon opened his closed eyes. The scenery changed from the past to the present. In the past and present, the black sun was still blazing as if it was glaring at the sky of the demonic realm.

“father.”

Leon lowered his head. The flooding demon army parted like the Red Sea, creating a path. At the end of it, Kuarn approached with a steady gait.

“The time has finally come.”

Kuarn smiled kindly. Although they were clearly of the same clan as his father, they were polar opposites from start to finish. While Metatron was a brilliant light even in his bloody state, the author was outwardly innocent but gave off a foul, rotten smell.

‘… I’m not that different, am I?’

Leon lowered his head. He had no face to look at the sky anymore.

‘A world where everyone is happy.’

He turned his back on his father’s expectations. He chose revenge

over everyone's happiness.

'Not everyone can be happy, Father.'

Now that he's come this far, there's no going back. He's already one foot on the edge of a cliff.

"I see your nephew is thinking a lot about the upcoming event."

Kuarn shrugged and stood at the center of the legion. He looked around at his son-in-law with a blank expression, then clasped his hands together in front of his chest and made a hand gesture.

Kuuuung.

The waves spread out with a faint vibration. Soon, the ground beneath their feet sank with a bright light. The next moment, everyone there felt as if they were floating in the air. In fact, they were floating in the air.

"Sinkhole."

Beyond the huge hole, a landscape different from the magic realm but familiar to Leon unfolded beneath his feet. It was Joaquin Academy.

"Exploit and usurp everything from humanity."

At the same time as Kuarn's command, the Demon King's army fell down in a heap as if gravity had been activated again. They casted magic and fell down like their respective creations of water, fire, and earth. As they did so, they licked their tongues like wolves that had found their prey, bared their teeth fiercely, and let out strange roars. They did not have bat wings, but their actions were in fact no different from those of demons.

"Plague."

… A black army rained down from beyond the hole in the sky. Kanggeomma wasn't too flustered because he was on guard. The way they appeared was so grandiose that it was absurd.

But since they had opened the gate, it was now our turn to welcome them.

“I will win.”

.

.

.

February 7, 2035 AD.

The Second World War broke out.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 285

Episode 285: The Decisive Battle (1)

High Elf. Age, not counting since 200. She is a sorceress, considered by far the most talented among the young members of her clan.

Tea.

She looked around immediately after landing. The smell of blood was strong.

‘So many people died.’

Many of the magicians who were responsible for the future of the clan were wiped out by the sword. They tried to defend themselves with magic, but it wasn’t easy. Kanggeomma’s black magic was a new sword technique that cut through the magic itself.

But it was a good thing for her. After all, as long as she survived, the high elf clan would not disappear into the back alleys of history.

‘Even though he died like that, he’s still very much alive.’

The life force of a high elf is tenacious. Although she is not ‘immortal’, she is ‘immortal’. Even though she is around 200 years old, she is still a rookie within her clan who has just completed her coming of age ceremony.

In the same vein, as long as they have lived, they can somehow survive in any environment. The losers who were separated from the high elves a long time ago due to friction within them. The so-called

dark elves also grew rapidly in power.

‘We high elves will enjoy greater glory in the Underworld.’

The corners of his mouth went up. If he is active enough, Lord Kuarn will grant him a fief. He clenched his fist.

“Kill him, kill him!”

“Form a line and move! Avoid magic by hiding behind shields, and advance 1 second after casting!”

Metal and magic clashed fiercely from all directions. It was mostly the magic of the demons that was blazing, and it was like humans were blocking each other for life or death.

However, the heroes’ defense was stronger than expected. Even though their limbs were flying through the air, they did not lower their shields until the moment their lives were over. Some even died standing up, holding onto their weapons. Just before their deaths, they uttered their last words to the person next to them.

“Remember… me… … !”

“Damn, Joseph, you’re fast on your feet. I’ll remember you!”

The heroes who witnessed the bravery firsthand were encouraged and continued to fight.

Dying and dying. The repetition and continuity of nothingness. The distinction between life and death, light and darkness is blurred.

A wicked smile spread across the high elf’s lips. The scene he had longed for was right before his eyes. His body felt hot.

‘Yeah. The more you struggle, the more fun it is. If you just sit there and wait, the fun in hunting will disappear. Struggle harder, you lowly humans.’

For a moment, its long ears fluttered like the antennae of an insect. Sensing presence, the high elf turned his head.

Damn it.

An old and frail-looking elf was standing next to me. There weren't many high elves, so their faces were familiar. But this elf was a complete stranger to me.

'Oh. No way!'

She hurriedly gave an example.

"Are you an elder?"

This person is not a 'mere' villager. At least he is an elder. They usually reside in the Nephilim temple, so it is difficult to see their faces.

"… … ."

The old man glanced at her and then turned his gaze towards the battlefield.

'You fight better than I thought.'

A mine that casts magic by snapping its fingers, and a human that responds by wielding evil.

Human blood is red, and demon blood is blue. A purple mixture of different bloods seeped down to the ground.

'Blood mixes so well.'

The real owners of blood are not mixing and are fighting each other.

"…ha."

A sigh escaped her complicated mind. Then, the young high elf slowly raised her eyes. She was certain that the old man was an elder. The fact that he was so plump was proof of his status. Oil flowed from his transparent skin.

"Is there anything troubling you, Elder?"

"Should I kill him or not? That is the dilemma."

The old man spoke as if he was chewing on something. The high elf smiled and acted coquettish.

“Haven’t you been thirsty for blood while staying in the temple? Lord Kuarn has graciously provided you with this opportunity! Please take blood and quench your thirst.”

“Graceful Kuarn… … .”

The old man glanced at the sky. Kuarn was sitting cross-legged and watching. It seemed as if he was waiting for the right time to come.

‘That guy’s real purpose is not war. Those eyes, they are eyes that see beyond that.’

The old man looked down at the high elf again and asked again.

“Graceful Kuarn. Do you really think so?”

“Of course! You opened a passage to the human world in order to liberate us, the Demon Tribe. And that’s not all? You will even distribute the lands according to our merits after this war ends. Oh, and of course, you won’t forget to root out traitors within the Demon Tribe. For example, dragons and dark elves.”

The high elf ground his teeth.

‘Dark elf.’

It was a particularly sensitive subject for the high elves.

Other races criticized them all because they were all ‘elves’. So the high elves sharpened their swords. In this war, they will cut off the throat of the Heavenly Sword, the Strong Sword Demon, and wash away that stigma.

“Anyway, Elder, I will now join my brothers. May the grace of Kuarn be with you as well.”

The old man nodded his head lowly.

“Thank you. Thanks to you, I have gained confidence.”

As soon as she heard the answer, she jumped up. Her steps were light. She wanted to quickly bathe in that red blood. What might be a life-or-death battle for some was just a picnic for her.

Hurrruk!

She felt a tingling sensation around her navel. Blood rushed to her throat. She lowered her trembling eyes.

There was a hole in his chest. Flames were boiling and forming a round border. Beyond that, a round landscape could be seen. The old elf I had been talking to a moment ago was approaching him.

“Before talking to you, I was constantly debating which side to join. To be honest, I was leaning toward joining the Demon Tribe.”

The high elf’s knees gave way. The old elf looked down at her with indifferent eyes.

“But you gave me confidence. You made it clear that even if I side with the Demon Tribe, I will be killed by Kuarn anyway. So, what can I do? I have no choice but to side with the opposition.”

“You, you little punk. Who are you… … .”

The high elf squeezed his voice. A ferocious smile appeared on the old elf’s lips, as if he had been waiting for these words.

“Rogue. The leader of the dark elves you despise so much.”

The next gesture from the log fell, and that was the high elf’s last moment in the world. She collapsed on the floor, her pink entrails spilling out. Her pupils dimmed, her breathing became shallow. Only then did vivid screams and shouts flow through her long ears.

“Phew. So this is how things turned out.”

Log took a deep breath and gestured somewhere. That was the signal. The dark elves who had been hiding in the gaps between the high elves attacked the demons. They were specialized in surprise attacks and cleverly targeted the weak points in the formation.

“Kyaak!”

Their skin was as white as milk because they ate nutritious soybeans. They looked exactly like high elves. Only when you look closely can you see the subtle differences. But this was a battlefield. There was no time to leisurely look at other people’s tables.

The demons who were drunk on slaughter were confused. The situation was entangled with the enemy. The high elf who had been fighting well with them suddenly changed his stance and struck the back of the head.

In front, the heroes advance like a raging wave. The eyes of the demons move busily. The battle situation is divided. They have to look forward and behind at the same time.

“Hey, you sly little rascals. You’ve betrayed me in the end!”

With that shout, the orc smashed the head of the Amen High Elf with his club. Blood spurted out from the orc’s fangs that protruded from his lips.

Still!

A cruel hand. Orcs and elves are not on good terms. This is just a temporary alliance.

“Hey, wait a minute! We’re not traitors… …!”

The orc also defeated the second head. The eyes turned bright red. He roared, snorting heavily.

“Eww! You little punk! I’m gonna kill you!”

Starting with that orc, the group of orcs crushed the heads of all the long-eared ones they could find, like whack-a-mole.

“Fuck you, you fucking bastards!”

The high elves had no choice but to fight back. If things continue this way, we’ll all be killed by those stupid piglets.

‘What kind of guys are… … .’

The High Elf Elder (Jin) searched for the cause of this division with a fire in his eyes. While doing so, he noticed some men with their ears covered with pieces of cloth.

‘It’s them!’

They were dark elves. They barely escaped the beatings by covering their ears with the earplugs provided by the association.

The elder (Jin) tried to shout something. A fierce club struck his head. The shards flew and the pressure pushed his eyeball out. It was instant death.

The elder (Jin)’s eyes rolled down the road and stopped at Rogue’s feet. Although he could not convey information because his optic nerve was severed, he clearly stared at the sneer flowing from Rogue’s lips.

“So you have to stand in line properly.”

Dark Elves. Those who commit treachery. They are no different than usual.

* * *

Recruiting the dark elves was a gamble of my own. Their history of betrayal is long. I think that was also the reason they were driven out from the elves.

So, Director Sung tried to convince me until the day before the war. Dark elves are untrustworthy. They are a variable. So they should be locked in the brain prison. The gist of the persuasion was this.

I pushed my decision. Even if all the heroes were gathered, the battle situation was unfavorable. In that case, it would be better to call it a gamble. Let’s think about whether it will be profitable or detrimental at that time.

It may seem like a somewhat irresponsible decision, but so what.

From the beginning, the Demons have not been very united. I took advantage of that and somehow my gamble paid off. The results proved it. My choice was right.

Their relationship is like a time bomb. It's a tense relationship that could explode at any moment if there's any discontent. They just joined forces because their goals are the same.

And now, a tiny spark has been lit.

Slowly, slowly.

There was a sound of hooves scraping the ground. A herd of centaurs and men-horses were charging forward, kicking up a cloud of dust.

"Uh-oh!"

In short, they are the cavalry of the Demon Tribe. Their pride is their amazing mobility. If you get trampled by those horse hooves, you'll be crushed like ribs.

But when it comes to speed battles, the opponent is not good.

I kicked the ground as if pushing it away. I accelerated. I went straight ahead. The centaur herd hesitated for a moment. They didn't seem to know we would collide.

That was only for a moment. Instead of slowing down, they moved their two pairs of legs more roughly as if they were going to comply with my will.

Just before the collision, I slid down on the ground, my body tilted back as if I was lying down. As I lowered my posture to the limit, only countless horseshoes passed by in succession. Hundreds of pairs of horseshoes were spinning in vain.

The thick dust makes the vision blurry. Of course, that's not a problem. This is because the 'realm of imagination' has been used to infinitely expand the five senses.

I had been sliding all the way and soon I was right in the middle of them. They were half a beat late in reacting to my approach. They

couldn’t control the inertia of speed.

I stood up as if bouncing my lower abdomen, and at the same time, I held Murasame’s rope long. Then, I drew the full moon sword path at the bottom. The blade slashed at the horse’s heel like a poisonous snake. A scream and a fountain of blood were scattered.

Heh! The front legs were raised high. Since their hind legs were cut off, they lost their center of gravity and fell off their horses. The number of fallen ones was estimated at thirty. It was enough to tangle the troops. Those with their front legs cut off were running wild with their front legs and tearing through their own camp. This scene perfectly fits the expression of a live horse that has been stabbed.

“Poke, stab!”

They also tried to fight back hastily. However, their paths were intertwined and they would often bump into each other. The formation, which was tangled like a thread, took a long time to organize. That was the fatal weakness of cavalry.

He took out the eternal frost from his waist and held it. He took a deep breath. He rushed towards the lying calves like a tiger. The blade flashed like a fang that had been directly hit by sunlight.

Crunch!

The slaughter continued. Their entire bodies were soaked in blood. The people and horses were split asymmetrically like a pair of badly split sticks.

As the slaughter continues, the fullness of being alive fills me. My heart races. My blood boils. Today, the weight of the sashimi feels good. As I eat blood, the blade exudes fresh vitality.

Ah, as expected, sashimi is a knife that catches meat.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 286

Episode 286: The Decisive Battle (2)

My head is buzzing.

Maybe it's because I saw too much blood. I feel sick.

'I wonder if I'll calm down soon if I breathe some fresh air.'

I opened my eyes slightly. A deep blue liquid filled the space where I could step. It was the blood of the Centaur herd, the demons.

I took my eyes off the piles of corpses. I tilted my head back and looked at the sky. The clouds were floating in clumps. I could see the sky peeking through.

It's blue. However, it's completely different from the colors on the ground. The color in the sky is clear and refreshing. The color on the ground is sticky and warm.

Phew.

A quiet breeze caressed the back of my neck. It cooled the beads of sweat mixed with blood. As I stared blankly at the sky, the commotion of my son-in-law gradually became clearer.

After a short breath, he finished his short break.

I lowered my head again. Centaur corpses formed a wall of flesh around me like a barricade.

It wasn't my intention, but because of that, the demons had a hard

time approaching me. After struggling for a while, I finally gave up and used fire magic to cremate the horses. The smell of burning meat stung my nostrils.

Hururuk… … .

The corpses were quickly engulfed in flames. The overflowing blood also created a blue haze and then evaporated.

My skin felt hot and the stench became even more toxic. I covered my mouth with my fist and coughed.

Knock, knock.

A bruise spreading through my lungs. I was keeping my color pink in a world without cigarettes, but these guys make my throat and lungs feel rough.

“Do you know that it’s bad for dogs?”

I sniffed, ate my nose, and spat on the floor. Blue saliva clung to the floor. I guess I drank blood without realizing it.

“Somehow my appetite felt bad.”

I laughed bitterly and stirred the sashimi. The blade that had been dirty with blood and fat immediately smiled brightly.

Ki-ki-ki-ki.

The sound of the sword was mixed with noise. This was because some unidentifiable debris had gotten stuck in the places where the teeth had fallen out. The corners of the eyes furrowed slightly.

“The weather is a bit gloomy.”

Still, this is quite decent. After all, they slaughtered about a hundred animals in less than 30 seconds.

Since the Demon’s defensive magic was quite strong, I couldn’t use my sword to fight them. So I just cut them all down with my hands.

“I can’t help it… … .”

It’s a battlefield full of negative substances. You have to eat well and have a good heart.

Separately, sight, touch, taste, smell, and hearing – the five senses claim that each is unpleasant.

Because of that, the positive mindset quickly turned into irritation. The body and mind are playing separately.

So I said to myself.

‘Kids, stay still.’

If you guys keep acting like this, then I’ll be a thug!

The thing I was holding in both hands was sashimi. The size was just right.

“Am I finally going crazy?”

He laughed and mocked himself. What on earth is he talking about in the middle of a war?

This world is crazy. It’s a world where it’s hard to live without being crazy. I just adapted to that environment. I wasn’t born crazy.

It was around this time that the demons tore down all the flesh walls.

They approached. Their eyes were fierce, like those of hungry beasts. But they were also carefully measuring their distance. They looked like they were both wild and cold.

But it was unstable. Even the circle they drew was like that. It seemed like they were trying to squeeze me, but it was very sloppy.

Look. The edges are not smooth but jagged. It is a real-time comparison with the heroes who are lined up in an orderly manner.

“Watch and learn.”

I rounded my wrists. I was relatively free from the pain of [Protection

of the Sword God]. It was fucking painful, but bearable. Where was that?

I held the hilt of the sword loosely. The demons flinched and took a stance by putting their thumbs and middle fingers together.

“Everyone, stand by. Cast when I give you the signal.”

You are surrounded by dozens of demons. All sorts of attribute magic will rain down at the moment they snap their fingers.

The formation is a bit sloppy, but I don’t see any big blind spots. To escape this encirclement, you have to cut through it instead of avoiding it.

Meanwhile, the sun was half hidden in the floating patches of clouds. Half of the nobles were in shadow, and I was also half in shadow.

The whole place was in an uproar. The shouts of the heroes were high as they fought with all their might.

The weapon is the hero’s instrument. It plays the master’s desperation with nervous metallicity.

I bounced in place. There was no sound of footsteps, only dust rising in time with my jump.

And after a while, everyone stopped and turned their attention. Silence fell in an instant. Everyone present, including the demons, had a strange experience.

My feet had touched the pavement about three times, or rather just before. Suddenly, a spurt of electricity bubbled up from the gap between my soles and the pavement.

It was a moment.

The closest rascal and I swapped places, turning our backs to each other. The bright yellow sparks that had been flying from the soles of my feet stretched out behind my heels.

“Ugh, ugh.”

The nobleman who had turned his back to me and his colleagues on either side of me twitched their eyelids.

At the same time, they scratched their necks with their right hands and groped other parts of their bodies, such as their stomachs and groins, with their left hands. A groan like a pig's throat was rasping out from their gaping mouths.

"Ugh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh."

Blood welled up in the hand that had grabbed his neck. On his skin, diagonal and straight lines of blood bound him like ropes.

He cut the sashimi horizontally. A drop of blood ran down the blade. The moment the blood hit the ground with a slap, the three noblemen with their swords slid side by side.

The rest was predictable. The pieces of meat rolled around unsightly. In addition, the area where time seemed to have stopped trembled faintly.

The blood flowing down the sashimi is blue. The heroes' joy is red like a rose, and the faces of the demons are pale and cold.

"Wow, that's ridiculous."

Thick clouds completely obscured the sun. The pure white clouds had turned a deep gray, as if ink had been lightly dissolved in them.

The shadows of the clouds hid the heroes from the enemy, and instead cast a dark shadow over the demons. Then the dark clouds bit and tore at each other.

The heavens and earth shook with the roar, and lightning struck the air, leaving behind traces of lightning. It was as if someone's will had been incorporated into the providence of nature.

Kkwarreung!

A strong wind blew. The demons flickered like a cave torch, going out with a whoosh.

The demons fled in panic. However, light is the fastest of all things. No matter how quick your feet are, you cannot shake off the light's speed. It is like a law of nature. It applies equally to all things.

There is a saying, "A bolt from the blue." However, this is purely idiomatic. In a completely dry sky, sparks do not fly. Lightning is only complete when it is given food.

Light and darkness are one and the same. At first glance, the two properties seem to be parallel, but they are not. Light is darkness, and darkness is light. This is consistent with my life.

The sword is a point of orientation for me, a light. It was the light that illuminated the dark path ahead, whether in my past life or my present life.

And the reason I picked up a knife was the abyss. The corner of the house that was like a cesspool, the life of persecution, the dark clouds that would come someday.

Because of these darknesses, I did not put down my sword. I could not put it down.

Whether intentionally or not, my life has always been a symbiosis of light and darkness.

I am a human who has always been in the realm of light and darkness.

That's why my name is Ganggeomma.

* * *

The ruler of the demon realm. Your master. The absolute monarch of Gehenna.

The brainwashed lycan has arrived.

Bow down and tremble before the true devil.

* * *

Kuarn uncrossed his legs. He slowly straightened up and floated into the air in a standing position.

“You satisfied two out of three.”

Kuarn’s eyes sank coldly. He looked back. Leon and Herya were standing in the air. It was possible because Kuarn’s magic had formed an air barrier in the atmosphere. Thanks to that, they were safe from the lightning strike.

“Herya.”

“Yes, master.”

“There’s still not enough blood.”

Kuarn spoke softly and respectfully. He would alternate between being polite and polite depending on his mood. Being polite meant he was in a very good mood.

“Go down and encourage the demons. You see? There have to be more ‘sacrifices’.”

“yes.”

Herya nodded, paying particular attention to the ending.

‘More offerings.’

What that means is that you shouldn’t discriminate between the Pia and the Demons. To Kuarn, the Demons are nothing more than mere consumables for the grand plan.

Herya tried to erase her expression and headed straight for the ground, somehow avoiding the lightning striking from all directions.

‘Ugh.’

Since she couldn’t avoid it all, she allowed herself to be struck by lightning a few times, and her skin got burned. She endured the pain and eventually blended in with the demons.

“It’s time for my nephew to step forward now.”

Kuarn smiled faintly.

“Before we go, let me ask you one thing, Kuarn. Why did you invade the Human World at this time? Surely the promise between you and me was supposed to be fulfilled in two years.”

“Originally, the grand plan was to be set for two years later. The plan was to shed some blood on the Demonic Realm itself. But things got a bit complicated.”

Kuarn shrugged and grumbled.

“Well, what can I do? If I miss the timing, it will be completely useless. If that happens, even if I do, won’t your nephew’s purpose be ruined?”

“… … .”

“I’m not doing this just for my own good. Our goals are aligned. Leon, you want to take revenge on the false gods, but you can’t. You’re a warrior.”

“… … .”

“Hate me, nephew. You can hate me even more. I was the one who exposed the infidelity of your father and my kinsman, Metatron. But you know, it was only a matter of time before I was caught.”

Leon bit his lip hard. The reason Metatron was betrayed was because of Kuarn.

“They wanted to know what their servants were doing because the time of resurrection was near. If they wanted to know, they would have found out without much effort. For example, if they had discovered Metatron themselves, they would have been executed on the spot. At least I am alive because I reported him. He is still alive, but he is being tortured by them.”

That’s right. Knowing this, Leon cooperated with Izawa.

“What I mean is, whether it was too late or too early, it would have been discovered in the end. The problem can’t be solved by turning a blind eye. We need to find the cause. That’s why Metatron asked his brother, who was desperate to kill him, to look after his son.”

To get to the root of this damn thing, we need the help of this damn thing.

“So go ahead and perform your miracle, warrior. Your task is not to save humanity ‘only’. It is to save the world. Don’t look at it in a microscopic way, but in a macroscopic way. The universe is too vast to be viewed through a narrow perspective.”

After hearing the long story, Leon quietly lowered his eyes. At the end of his gaze was a black-haired boy.

“The God-killer… … .”

The warrior spat out a word. His blue eyes, like the ocean, radiated a bleak murderous aura.

“…Adversary.”

His new form crashed into the ground.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 287

Episode 287: The Final Battle (3)

“Eughhhhhhhhhh!”

The 7th rank orc chieftain in the Demon Clan hierarchy. Among the legion commanders, only Kuarn remains, and his fighting prowess is actually considered to be at the level of a legion commander.

“Don’t step forward with the shield unit, retreat! We can’t hold out against that! Hurry up!”

The heroes were classic. They attacked with brute strength befitting their size, and sometimes skillfully mixed in magic. Their destructive power was difficult to stop even with five warrior-level tanks fighting together.

Wedge!

The spear extended and aimed for the thick nape of the neck. The orc chieftain twisted his head to avoid the spear blade that was thrust out. If it had been the armament of a mere hero, he would not have avoided it, but this blow was not that of a ‘mere hero’.

“Yes, my name!”

The spirit of Changseong. He held the spear that he had been holding long, and shortened it. And he kicked his feet like lightning.

The orc chieftain bit the club between his teeth. He muttered something through his gagged mouth.

“You dare come at me, you idiot. You’re even dumber than me.”

The orc chieftain crouched down. His back was hunched like a saddle. If he had just grabbed the ground with both hands, he would have looked like a wild boar. But his size was a mess.

Boom!

The bastard charged at me. The pig’s hind legs dug a large furrow. Then, thump thump thump, the ground shook violently. Thunder was already flashing in the sky, so it was literally a battlefield where heaven and earth were in turmoil.

“It looks like the mountain is running.”

Changsung was also a large man. He was two heads taller than the average adult male. That was only in comparison to humans. No matter how big a human is, he cannot be distracted. Therefore, if you watch the clash between the two from afar, you will get an optical illusion that makes Changsung look like a child.

Humans and monsters. But even if they are small, they have their own way of fighting. Like David who defeated Goliath with a slingshot.

Changsung threw himself sideways, changing his course at a right angle. He was running at such a fierce pace that the inertial recoil overtook him.

A joke.

His calves and shins screamed. Many muscles and tendons must have been torn. If he had the weight of that boar, even this would have been impossible. He finally moved his body according to his will. That’s the important point.

The distance between him and the orc chieftain was shortened in an instant, but Changseong’s body had already moved far enough to escape to the side.

Changseong shouted.

“Kojima!”

The field of vision that had been blocked by the wide halo of Changseong’s eyes was revealed.

Jeolgung bent one knee and pulled the bowstring with all his might. The veins in his hand that was holding the bow were bulging.

The archer released the arrow. The sunlight-baited arrowhead sparkled and turned into a long ray of light. The bow snapped next. Too much force had been applied.

“Khuhiiiiiiiiit!”

The sacrifice of the archer was worth it. The orc chieftain, who had his left eye properly pierced, was thrown off his course. The club he had been holding in his mouth was thrown to the ground, mixed with spittle.

Jeolgung clicked his tongue briefly. He clenched his paralyzed hand and muttered.

“I was planning on smashing your head in, but that didn’t work.”

In any case, the Orc Chieftain is the 7th rank in the Demon Tribe. Even if Jeolgung shot with all his might, he is not a Demon Tribe that can be easily killed with a single arrow.

It wasn’t that it didn’t work. The hunched over guy shuddered as he covered half of his face. The arrowhead had pierced his eyeball so deep that it almost reached his brain. And that struggle was the gap the orc chieftain had.

The straight sword flew through the air. The sword master’s technique of conquering the air. The straight sword, cutting through the wind, struck the green Adam’s apple. However, the leather was thick, so it did not pierce through with one strike.

The sword master ran quickly and snatched the sword handle that was moving on its own from the air. He struck down the straight sword he had been holding in his hand. A bluish stream of blood spurted onto his cheek.

The sword master frowned and sank to his knees. The two hands holding the sword hilt and the blade shook slightly.

“I won’t just accept it. Is this it?”

The orc chieftain blocked the sword strike with his right palm. The bastard immediately pulled out the arrow embedded in his left hand, including the eyeball. The optic nerve and brain stem came out. He greedily chewed and devoured it.

“My name is… Xiahou Dun… …! From now on, I will be reborn as a true warrior! Eugyaaaaah!”

The orc chieftain let out a powerful piercing blow. The eardrums of the heroes nearby burst. The sword master who was stepping on the orc chieftain’s face was also in pain. Blood flowed from his eye sockets.

“This monster.”

This is the biggest difference between humans and mines. Magic is secondary. They don’t tire easily. Especially since this is the human world. And they are extremely aggressive. I even respect them.

‘Is that really the only way?’

The sword master was conflicted. If he awakens again, his body will immediately reach its limit. In other words, he will die. He knows best. After all, he has lived in this body for 70 years.

Death on the battlefield is the pride of a warrior, including a hero. Even though Abel is a sight to behold, Kanggeomma will protect him. If he is your granddaughter’s companion, you can always trust him and close your eyes.

‘Death is not scary.’

The problem is not what happens afterward, but right afterward. If he dies, it is obvious that the heroes’ morale will be greatly reduced. Even if Cheongeom uses his mysterious skills to drive out the demons, it is only for a short time. If it is a battle of endurance, humans are at a disadvantage. This orc is proof of this.

At that moment, the orc chieftain's stomach lurched. He seemed ready to jump up.

The sword master put aside his worries. He contracted his entire body as if tightening his blood vessels. He concentrated all his nerves on the tip of the sword. He pulled out the sword that was engraved on his bone.

At that moment, a pair of new figures appeared from the sky. They were Media and Meaine. They lowered their feet in reversed positions like decalcomania.

The swordsman barely managed to dodge by flying, but the orc chieftain below him could not. The sharp heel of the high heel passed through the pierced eye socket and touched the brain. The brain is the most vital point, whether human or demon.

"Eugyagyagyagyagyagya!"

A scream rang out. The Poison Twins reached into the creature's mouth with their remaining paws and poked at its mouth. The fit was perfect.

Phew!

The blood fountain spurted out brilliantly. The Poison Twins were covered in blood up to their knees.

Blood bubbled from the orc chieftain's entrance hole. The creature's fingers, which had been clawing at the air, stopped.

After a while, the two arms that had been raised towards the sky fell limply. There was a loud thud as one arm was as big as an adult male.

Rank 7 in the hierarchy. Orc chieftain of the Demon Tribe's core force. Xiahou Dun. Deceased.

When the bastard died, the surrounding heroes became more arrogant. Humans may not be as physically fit as demons, but their morale and mental strength are far superior. Their faces were filled with energy.

“The Seven Stars killed the Orc Chieftain!”

“Waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!”

The heroes began to push back against the demons. The demons allowed many effective hits to their combined attacks. One by one, the demon forces were unable to hold out and collapsed.

Don’t fall off!

In the meantime, Jeon Gyeok only roasted the demons. In many ways, the situation tilted towards humanity.

“Zeke, were you trying to wake up?”

Meaine shook her legs and crossed them. The other Chilsungs gathered around her.

“When I taught you, I told you not to look for the easier and more comfortable way.”

“If Man-lik and Media hadn’t come, that would have been the only thing.”

The inspector protested. Meain coldly dismissed it.

“That’s all there is to it. The Orc Chieftain was at the level of the 6th Legion Commander Basmon. But since you’ve become several times stronger than that, you’re saying that the only thing you can do is awaken? Don’t make me laugh. You look old-fashioned, but you’re actually being clever. Back then and now. That’s why you get scolded by Mediah.”

“… … .”

“I was wrong, I didn’t do it.”

At the teacher’s urging, Geomje finally let out a sigh.

“My thinking was short-sighted. Unless it’s a truly critical situation, I’ll leave awakening as an option to be held off as much as possible.”

“No. Don’t even think about it. I, an ancient being, have no intention of awakening again… … .”

Before Meain could finish speaking, all of Chilseong suddenly raised their heads. This was because they sensed a terrifying presence approaching them.

“…What.”

A meteor approaches, trailing a bright yellow tail. At its tip is the warrior, Leon van Reinhardt.

“Why is he… … ?”

Chilseong, who was familiar with Leon, froze in place like a statue. So he could not help but react a beat late when Leon swung his sword.

Leon’s aura shot out like lightning and Kanggeomma’s lightning magic were intertwined. It was a sword fight that fully utilized the characteristics of Balmung, the holy sword and the magic sword.

“Brain Reversal”

Thunder struck the heroes who were fighting fiercely. They were defenseless because they thought the heavens were on the side of humans.

Kkwarung! Kwarrurung! Kwakwakwakwang!

The onslaught is overwhelming. The speed at which it flies is too fast to respond. However, even in this situation, there is bound to be at least one person who remains calm.

It was now the archer Saki Kojima. He had never met Leon before, so he was not flustered, and his personality itself was calm.

The archer took out a new bow with the subspace ring. When Leon’s sword blade shook, the bow had already drawn a curved semicircle. The dozen or so arrows that were fired in one breath left his hand and intercepted the lightning storm.

Seeeeeeeek-

For the first time in his life, which had been filled with selfishness, he stood up to protect others. This was altruism. He exercised a concept he knew in his head but did not understand.

In a time that had stopped so much that lightning felt slow, Jeolgung's pupils traced the past.

-Why must a hero be willing to sacrifice his life for humanity? Isn't it his own life that he protects?

This is the proposition I threw at Alice. The place of the past is also right here, Joaquin Academy.

-Someone has to carry that weight.

It seems like she answers directly, perhaps because of the location.

-Because we have more power. We can endure better.

That face, which had been hazy for 40 years, is now clearly visible.

-Kojima, one day you too will understand this.

The corners of Jeolgung's mouth slightly rose. Blood gushed out. His side was so bare that it seemed like all his internal organs had been ripped out.

Thanks to this, the rushing attacks were unable to touch the heroes, except for the one directed at him.

Just before Jeolgung's back touched the floor, someone's hand gently supported him.

The face was vaguely visible in my vision. My eyesight was loose and I couldn't see properly. But for some reason, it looked very similar to the face I had missed.

"Humanity… … ."

Saki Kojima, the archer, smiled faintly and squeezed out his voice.

The bloody line under his chin extended to his chest.

“… Please… take care of my family.”

The two eyes of the archer suddenly fell down. Kanggeomma stared at him for a while, then closed his eyelids.

Kanggeomma laid Jeolgung down and looked to one side. Before he knew it, Leon had landed on the ground.

“Saki Kojima was a guy who deserved to die.”

Leon said, his focus unsteady.

“That’s right.”

Kang Geum-ma accepted those words obediently. However, his expression was indifferent, as if he had been carved.

“You too.”

The eyes of the Demon King, who had sunk to the bottom of the abyss, looked at the hero.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 288

Episode 288: The Final Battle (4)

Leon stared ahead, holding his balmung tightly. His hair was pitch-black, as if he had poured ink on it, and his eyes were black. It felt like a blackout curtain that blocked any glimpse of his inner thoughts.

‘Ganggeomma, you and I were destined to be like this.’

When he first saw Kang Geum-ma, he was in the same group for the midterm exam in the first semester, and after spending time with him, Leon was convinced.

‘The being lurking inside the Ganggeomma.’

It is a gigantic monster that Leon must inevitably face, and at the same time, it is capable of erasing everything in the world.

It is neither good nor evil. If we were to put it into words, it would be a phenomenon where technology has reached its extreme and has turned into a state of extremes. It is the extreme of the sword. It is pointless to attribute such concepts with attributes like good and evil.

‘I don’t think he was aware of it until a year ago.’

A year is a long time for a teenager in his growth period. During that time, Kanggeomma approached the realm of the divine. During the same period, Leon also grew incredibly, but he was not even close to Kanggeomma. He seemed to have been eliminated. Even at this moment, Kanggeomma is knocking on the other side.

‘One step forward.’

There is only one step left for Kanggeomma to reach the true divine status. Will he be able to reach it?

I don’t know. Because it is a mysterious realm that even the warrior Leon cannot dare to cut.

Leon fervently hoped that he would ascend to the throne.

Only then will the things he has done up to now be justified. Only then will he be able to avenge his father Metatron. Only then… will he finally be free.

‘For that, I am ready to do anything and make any sacrifice.’

As part of this, he killed the archer, Saki Kojima.

‘It was necessary.’

So bitter that it makes your mouth taste sour.

‘Saki Kojima was a man to be killed.’

I know that it was just a small amount of self-justification, even though I said it myself. Jeolgung prioritized others over himself at the last moment. Jeolgung who only moved for personal glory.

To begin with, Leon wasn’t exactly aiming for the bow. His attacks were clearly reckless.

‘There is no turning back now.’

You must look forward. The moment you look back, you will die instantly. The confrontation with the Demon King means him.

‘… Now, I don’t even know who is the hero and who is the demon lord.’

We’ve already crossed the line. There’s no turning back. So let’s cleanly shake off the remaining lump in our hearts. With all our might. We’ll rush in with the intent to kill, as the saying goes.

‘We will somehow make up for the power gap by any means necessary.’

Leon condensed the air under his shoe sole. The magic of Kuarn. The warrior made a contract with the commander. It was a fallacy.

But didn’t I say that I was prepared to do anything for the sake of my purpose? That’s why the warrior gave up his own identity.

Kwaaaaang!

His foot exploded with a bang. An explosive leap. An honest straight path as if measured with a ruler. A one-sided kick that kicked away the grab. That’s why it’s powerful.

The sashimi shook. It was a slight movement that I would have missed if I hadn’t been paying attention. Leon instantly threw his body back. He supported the weight of his entire body with only his knees and hamstrings.

Scratch↔

The wind of the sword passed over his handsome nose. The severed hair of his head was belatedly scattered in the air and split into particles.

Leon immediately turned over. Before he could roll on the dirt floor, Kanggeomma’s shoulders shook again.

Crunch↓

A vertical fall. A sword wound of approximately 100 meters was created on the road. The corpses of the demons blocking the sword path were each cut up, down, left, and right.

It was a close call. Leon skidded on and on, scraping the pavement with his fingers. Two of his fingernails fell off, leaving his fingertips sore.

‘Still, I managed to keep my balance.’

That was enough. Leon crouched down. He put his chest on his left

knee. He stretched his right leg, which was the stepping stone, all the way back. He also focused his breathing power on his lower body. The dragon power and the magic of the air attribute that he had released from his danjeon were stored in his legs.

It exploded. A louder explosion than the previous time rang out. The speed was even faster. The hero's gallop, easily exceeding the speed of sound, was closing in on the Demon King.

This time, Kanggeomma also took a different stance. He grabbed Sashimi in reverse. Leon's pupils narrowed to the size of a needle hole at the omen of the change.

'Are we going to fight?'

I am confident in wrestling. Leon is Metatron's blood relative. His father defeated the group of Archangels Gregory with just brute force.

And recently, he awakened that power. Kuarn helped him. It probably wasn't because he was thinking of his nephew. It was just the right purpose. The circumstances don't matter.

Leon, who had approached quickly, swung his sword diagonally. The air current became fierce. He was planning to launch a surprise attack by stabbing after blowing away the aura.

Kanggeomma took the blow with his body. Blood gushed out from the sword marks carved into his upper body.

Leon's eyes, which had been narrowed, opened. As the distance narrowed from thirty steps to ten, the scar on the swordsman was erased.

[The true nature of the protection of regeneration has been revealed.]

It is impossible to wash away the wounds inflicted by the aura. That is why it is a state that the inspector aspires to achieve. However, the strong swordsman easily healed them.

The doubt was fleeting. The sashimi and the ball met. A flash of light exploded at the point where the iron met the iron.

In the world bleached white, the afterimages of Kanggeomma and Leon were vaguely formed as lines without any lumps. In an instant, the world changed from three-dimensional to two-dimensional. Three-dimensional objects lost their presence, and dots and lines drew shapes and trajectories on a blank sheet of paper. The battle between the two crossed the boundaries of dimensions.

A full-scale battle began. The pattern of the attack and defense was usually that Leon would attack and Kanggeomma would lightly ward them off. Occasionally, a counterattack would come and wound Leon's limbs.

Each and every one of Kanggeomma's strikes was chilling. It contained an enlightenment that Leon could not fathom.

You can't be afraid. You are a warrior because your heart is brave. Even if you are infinitely polluted, your essence does not change.

Leon pushed his strength and speed to the limit. He overworked his body. He even released the gold. Someone whispered the last words near his ear.

-more.

He hit the sashimi. Leon's muscles rejected the instructions of his brain. His actions preceded his thoughts.

-more.

Reason flew away and wildness raised its head. The close battle that was expected to be one-sided looked fierce at first glance.

-more.

There was a gap between movement and reality. The two people that the spectators saw were the same as they were two or three seconds ago.

'perhaps.'

Leon was surprised at himself. He felt like the gap he had thought was overwhelming was narrowing down little by little. He wasn't

excited or anything. As long as it worked, it was fine. Balmung moved with only one purpose. To divide the sum as much as possible.

He pulled out the auras of Balmung like threads and wove a net. Each and every one of them was a fatal blow, but Leon fired them without sparing any effort.

Instead of thinking about where to aim, he swings his sword once more. A reckless fighting style that uses up all of one's physical strength and stamina. This is the essence of the study of fighting. However, humans are too weak to reach this level of wisdom.

-more.

Layers of sediment are accumulating inside his body. He knows what this is. The gods he hates so much. As the struggle continues, the demonic powers are taking control of Leon's entire body.

His breathing was ragged. His muscles were twitching wildly. The more it was like that, the more Leon gathered his mental power. Superhuman mental power took hold of his consciousness.

'Not yet.'

Leon opened his eyes wide. His eyes flashed with a fierce determination. His pupils were bloodshot as if he was constricting them.

Sashimi was a quick swordsman, but he was also heavy. There was no sword strike that could be easily received. The aura that came into contact with him turned to dust.

They are somehow fighting each other with various weapons, but Kanggeomma has a different understanding of swords. Even without the power of the Demon King, his skills are top-notch. Kanggeomma's natural calling is swordsmanship.

Leon made eye contact with his opponent for the first time since the fierce battle. He fell asleep immediately.

Because his black eyes were dull and damaged. His limbs moved mechanically, but his eyes looked endlessly bored.

‘Surely… … are you looking after me?’

A tiny thought, like a speck of dust. It was a gap. The sashimi that had been moving moderately suddenly accelerated.

Phageit!

A blade with electricity running through it stabbed my left shoulder. Even though it was just a single stab, my entire upper arm was enveloped in a hot energy. It felt like lightning was piercing my entire body.

“… Crack!”

Leon’s spit splashed along with his moan. Kanggeomma drew a diagonal line across the sashimi.

Thud thud.

The blade cut through the lock and ribs. The tip stabbed the lungs and intestines beneath.

Leon reached out and pushed the sword away. Pieces of bone and pink residue were pulled out along with the sashimi.

Phew!

It was at that moment. A huge explosion separated the two. In an instant, the distance between them increased to 200 meters. Kanggeomma circled the swallow a few times and landed lightly.

In contrast, Leon was rolling around in a pitiful state. He lay face down, gasping for breath. Magic and the power of the gods were stitching up his wounds, but healing was slow.

Leon just raised his eyes. Kuarn landed like a feather in the center of the sword and himself.

For a moment, things were silent. Kuarn glanced at Leon with dry eyes, then turned his gaze to Kanggeomma.

“I think my nephew isn’t ready yet, so I’m thinking of doing it

instead. Is that okay?”

“no.”

Kanggeomma spun Murasame around. The blade spat out various foreign substances as if trimming them.

“Both of you, jump in together. Time is running out.”

Kang Geum-ma said, rubbing his eyebrows. Although he looked fine on the outside, he was also rotten on the inside.

The time limit for ‘Painless Protection’ has already been exceeded. The ‘Armament’ level has increased and the pain has been alleviated, but it won’t last long. If this continues, not only will my body be ruined, but my mind will be shattered.

“I wonder if you’re pushing yourself too hard.”

Kuarn smiled brightly. It wasn’t a mocking smile. It was a tone of voice that truly showed concern for him. Kanggeomma let out a short laugh.

“You worry about the enemy, you crazy bastard.”

Meanwhile, Leon staggered to his feet. His face was pale and bloodless, and his lips were pale. He looked like a walking corpse.

What was amazing, though, was that it stood on two legs, its entrails spilling out from its gaping wounds.

“Please leave it to me for our plan.”

Kuarn said to Leon with a sigh.

“My nephew, you shouldn’t die ‘yet.’”

“… … .”

Leon twisted his bloodless lips. But eventually he backed down. He used his sword as a crutch and fell back. And he devoted himself to recovery.

“Well, it’s finally time for just the two of us. Shall we start enjoying ourselves?”

Kuarn rubbed his palms together like a fly. His expression was innocent and joyful, like a child at an amusement park. Kanggeomma took his eyes off that disgusting face.

The sky, where the lightning storm had subsided, was now covered with a crimson sun like dawn. He looked up at the sunlight that seemed divine and recalled the sensation from just a moment ago.

I felt a strange sense of liberation when I crossed swords with Leon. That’s why I hung out with him. Because of affection? Damn it. His personality isn’t that soft, so I’ll just cut him down for no reason.

Anyway, the experience just now was a sensation that was caused by the sword god rather than the subject of the person called Ganggeomma. The battle just now was the catalyst for recognizing the realm beyond.

‘The nemesis of the swordsman, the false gods.’

While other animals looked to the ground to chase their prey, humans looked to the sky to mark the constellations.

The curiosity of ancient humans continued through the Middle Ages and modern times to the present day. There, the lord of all things was divided.

Building on the legacy of their predecessors, mankind escaped the Earth they had been trapped on and went into space, and further on to the moon, setting foot on the lunar surface.

Don’t stop at fantasy. Be better than you were yesterday.

Unlock the constraints of space and time and expand your scope of perception to transcend what seemed unreachable.

…when they pile up, finally.

[Awaken the protection of the Sword God.]

Humans evolve.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 289

Episode 289: The Final Battle (5)

An altar filled with the scent of incense.

“… … .”

Yoo Se-in, who had been praying with both hands together, opened his eyes slightly.

“I see it has begun, Your Majesty.”

The Pope said. He was assisting the saint from the side. Because of the time, other believers were not allowed to approach the scene where the saint was praying.

“yes.”

Yoo Se-in nodded lowly. His complicated feelings were clearly visible on his face.

“The real fight starts now.”

The Pope took a long deep breath. His face was as hard as that of the preacher.

“… It may be fortunate for this world line, but it may be unfortunate for the human Ganggeomma. If they’re not careful, their humanity could completely disappear.”

Upon hearing that, Yu Se-in quietly looked at the altar. The sunlight that passed through the stainless steel was adorned with various

colors, dyeing her pure white robes and white hair in various colors.

“hmm.”

The Pope quietly approached her side. Then, like the saint, he knelt down, closed his eyes, and prayed.

The pope looked momentarily bewildered by the sight. According to the doctrine of the Catholic Church, the pope cannot pray. In other words, the pope himself had gone against the doctrine.

It was because of the somewhat absurd logic that the Pope, who was the closest person to the foreign press, would only favor him when praying. It was an acceptable absurdity in this world where the existence of God was clear.

“This is not a prayer for foreigners.”

The Pope spoke with his eyes closed.

“You know that praying for the Sword Master is no different from praying to a foreign god, right…?”

“Haha, I have been eating the Holy Communion for 50 years. My insight may not be as good as that of the saint, but I have the religious knowledge to discern right from wrong.”

“… Then, who are you praying to in this situation?”

“It’s a secret.”

The Pope only raised the corners of his lips.

“If you tell others about your prayers, the medicine will be weak.”

* * *

The wind has changed. It’s not like it’s going against the flow or anything like that. The weight, the smell, the nitrogen, the oxygen content has changed significantly. The overall load has become heavier.

It was hard to breathe, as if I was diving to the bottom of the deep sea. The pressure coming from all sides was pressing down on my whole body. If the people sitting there were ordinary people, they would have fainted on the spot.

"… … !"

The heroes and demons who were in the middle of a fierce battle noticed the change. Both sides stopped fighting at the same time and turned their heads in the same direction. At the end of their eyes, the Heavenly Sword, Ganggeomma, and the 2nd Corps Commander, Kuarn, were facing each other.

Actually, I wonder if Daechi is the right expression. Kanggeomma looking up at the sky. Kuarn looks at him endlessly. It was a pastoral scene that did not fit with the battlefield.

That gaze… was so sorrowful that it was hard to believe it was the leader of the Demon King's army. At first glance, it was a gaze so hazy that it felt like someone meeting their first love again.

Not only the hero, but also the Demon King's army felt a chill running down their spines. The fact that Kuarn had such a perverted expression meant that something unusual was about to happen. And collective ominousness rarely goes astray.

"Ah, ah… finally… … ."

Kuarn let out a long sigh as if sobbing. His transparent eyes were filled with tears.

"… I have been waiting for this day since the mythical age."

Tears rolled down the corners of her twitching lips, pooled at the tip of her chin, and fell in thick drops.

"Oh, you are the reverse."

Kuarn raised both arms high, bowing his head, as if he had been wearing pure white robes for this moment. His actions were the very definition of fanaticism.

"… … ."

Kang Geum-ma looked no different than usual. He was a sharp-looking boy with black hair and black eyes. However, everyone who knew him felt an inexplicable chill.

"Yes, you."

The sword master's reaction was particularly intense. He had seen the strong sword horse and the existence beyond it.

'The being who subdued the 5th Army General Agor on Avalon Island.'

A profound being that is difficult to recognize, let alone understand. A transcendent being, such as a god, or even something more.

'It's different from then.'

First of all, the weight of the subject in the title of Ganggeomma was greater than that of the existence. Strictly speaking, it would be safe to say that it was that existence, rather than Ganggeomma, that killed Agor.

The swordsman looked at the swordsman again with trembling eyes. There was almost no external change. The space was not distorted like before, nor was the outline of the body blurred.

At present, his only subject is Ganggeomda. That is why it was even more thrilling.

'That's for sure.'

A human who has reached the pinnacle of swordsmanship has hatched from an egg. He has shed his disguise and evolved upwards.

Even though the lightning storm had stopped, I still felt like lightning was striking my brain. At the same time, I felt like I had gained a great epiphany.

At that moment, Geomje realized how narrow and prejudiced the world he knew was.

This world, which we thought was everything, may be just one of many roots.

Even this war is as insignificant as a speck of dust from that universal perspective.

And the universal beings from there.

An entity from outside the world has descended to humanity.

“But you still haven’t fully returned… … . It seems you still have some humanity left in you.”

Kuarn muttered to himself, frowning slightly. Then he straightened his frown.

“I will help you with that part because I am a passionate admirer of you.”

match!

As he clapped his hands, an opaque curtain spread out in the shape of a giant dodecahedron, a barrier that blocked any intrusion from the outside.

The space inside the barrier was only for Kanggeomma, Kuarn, and Leon, so the other characters were pushed far away by the wind pressure.

“shit!”

The Seven Stars tried their best to infiltrate, but failed. Even when they swung their blades, they were usually bounced off. This barrier could not be broken by weapons. In this situation, even though this was the outside, it was confusing as to which side was trapped.

Chilseong and the other heroes just swallowed dry saliva in their seats. They were forced to watch the bloody battle between Cheongeom and the 2nd Corps Commander.

That was when Kuarn moved. He kicked the ground. He was only pushed away, but it felt like the ground beneath him had caved in.

The moment he leaped into the air, 24 pairs of wings spread from Kuarn's back. They were not the usual ivory color, but rather a mud-colored wing that looked like soup.

"Oh, my lord, I will help you achieve complete awakening and renounce humanity!"

He flapped his wings lightly. The butterfly-like flapping of wings created a gust of wind in an instant. It was a dreary wind that could crush bones with just a slight brush.

"Aerokinesis"

This is a magic that manipulates the atmosphere according to the user's will. The essence of this magic does not stop at just emitting wind. It chemically changes the components in the air – nitrogen, oxygen, argon, and carbon dioxide – to instantly suffocate the opponent.

It doesn't end here.

"Europe"

Kuarn spread his arms wide and then cupped the ball in front of his chest as if he was drawing in air. The air was compressed to the size of a bullet and gathered at the top of the tower Kuarn had erected.

"The narrower the hole, the greater the destructive power."

The air bullet was woven into a gust of wind. It swirled around the bullet like subatomic particles spinning around a nucleus.

Shot it.

□□□□□□□□□□!

The air bullet that advanced to a point was not accompanied by an explosion. What rang in the ears of the spectators was silence. Kuarn's air manipulation technique distorts even the wavelength of sound.

Kanggeomma raised Murasame. The sword is only aimed at the air

bullets that are fired. There is no other movement. If it continues like that, the bullets wrapped around the gust of wind will disappear without leaving a trace.

Kanggeomma moved slightly. It was not the hand holding the sword that moved, but his lips.

“ ”

One word. As the short sentence fell, the air bullets cracked. One, two, ten… a hundred, a thousand, a hundred million, a trillion, a thousand. The number of incontinences increased in an infinite progression. In the blink of an eye, the process took place in an instant, in what felt like an hour.

□□□□□□□□□

Air fragmented into smaller particles. The swordsman’s one word resulted in ‘cutting’.

“ha ha ha!”

While everyone was silent at the mysterious phenomenon, only Kuarn shouted in joy.

“Is that the extent of your incomplete awakening?!”

Even in the midst of all this, he fired air bullets in succession. The air bullets, wrapped in toxic wind, exploded without fail, causing pus to burst out on the skin and leaving behind a trail of blood.

Thump.

Kanggeomma took a step forward. His steps were too light to be heading towards the enemy. Kuarn moved again at the same time.

Kuarn raised his index finger and pointed to the sky. An oil-colored hole appeared where the sun was, and the sky was sucked into that spot as if it was drying up.

“Black Hole”

The size of a volleyball. One, it was enough to devastate an entire area.

“Eww! Kuarn niiimimiiii!”

As if to prove its power, several demons and heroes rose up like a dragon, and the black hole swallowed them as if it were stuffing them into its mouth.

Kanggeomma’s feet were lifted about a span off the ground. He repeated the same words once more.

“ ”

After that, the black hole met a catastrophic death, disintegrating into particles and scattering into dark dust particles.

Kuarn continued to create black holes, giggling and giggling. They were all different sizes, but they all boasted incredible killing power.

“Hold on-!”

The heroes held out by forming an orderly formation. On the other hand, the demons had less of a system of order.

“Kkiyaaaaaaa!”

They were all tangled up and sucked into the black hole. They screamed and died miserably. Their twisted spines rattled and fell as lost property.

Ironically, the chain of death was cut off by the last words of the Ganggeomma. He opened his mouth faster than the black hole was created.

The heroes repeatedly floated up and down in the air, looking back and forth between the sky and the swordsman. They did not know how to react to this wondrous sight.

Admiration? Surprise? Horror? I don’t know. All I could do was stare blankly, my mouth wide open, my mind blank.

“Kuuuuuuuu, even this doesn’t give you even a little bit of entertainment.”

Kuarn covered his eyes and burst into madness. The demons were momentarily shocked.

The intention was right, so he joined the 2nd Corps Commander. But he created a black hole that swallowed up his own kind, and then he started giggling like a madman. At that sight, more than half of the demons lost their cool. They were shocked by Kuarn’s atrocities.

“Stop it!”

The one who shouted was the vampire chieftain. He had a solid position within the demon tribe and possessed strength to match.

“We have come together with the same intention to conquer the human world. But what is this? Is this war purely for your amusement?”

Kuarn glanced at him.

The atmosphere is reaching its peak. Anyway, there is bound to be at least one person who becomes an obstacle.

“Tell me. Why do you kill your own kind so shamelessly?”

He didn’t bother to respond. He didn’t even look at me when I tried to persuade him, and just ignored me. He treated me worse than an insect. The pale vampire chief’s face ripened like an apple.

Regardless, Kuarn looked forward again with a smiling face. As he repeated his words, Kanggeomma’s expression gradually disappeared. It was a shedding of humanity.

“iced coffee.”

As I looked into those inorganic eyes, my body started to heat up. Hot pleasure welled up from below. My groin area rose high.

‘I have to see his true colors.’

I endured those tedious years just for that. And finally, I reached the end point.

‘I can’t stop here.’

I cannot allow death until I have seen his beginning and his end.

‘The role of the observer is mine alone.’

Obsession became persistence, and persistence became belief, leading to hands, feet, and wings.

Kuarn quickly looked back with eyes shaking with madness. Leon had barely recovered.

“It looks like you’re ready, nephew.”

Leon glared at him coldly, then nodded slightly. Kuarn smiled.

The preparations were complete. The amount of blood and sacrifices shed seemed more than enough.

“Let’s call them ‘them.’”

Kuarn increased his magical power output. There may be a limit to how far he can go, but he has been accumulating power for eons.

‘Just for this day.’

Kuarn opened his wings completely. His 36 pairs of wings held his body in the air.

He sat cross-legged in that position, closed his eyes, and slowly moved his two hands to form a seal.

The left hand was placed on the lower abdomen with the palm facing the sky, and the right hand was placed on the knee and pointed to the ground.

“Heaven and Earth”

In that state, he poured all his energy into reciting the spell. He declared the spell that would create a dent in the dimensional

boundary and open a passage.

「Infant's independence」

The sky split in half and opened wide. A pitch-black sea. Those who looked up at the sky in a hurry could guess what was on the other side because of the densely packed dust.

universe.

The next moment, stars that decorated the universe poured down like hail. The stars concentrated their impact point in one place.

A Nephalem and a warrior. And more than anything, a vessel that can hold the most, the Holy Grail. Leon van Reinhardt.

Whether they are demons or gods, they have infiltrated us all without exception. The black hole's suction is so ravenous that it almost looks ridiculous. If greed were visualized, it would be just like this.

A shadow fell across the entire sky. Silence melted across the heavens and earth.

The immortals have arrived in the mortal world, in the form of what people call possession.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 290

Episode 290: The Hero of the First Poet (1)

Meaine collapsed on the spot, her knees cracked and bruised. She covered her lips with both hands and muttered.

“Surely, Leon… this was your plan… … ?”

Although Meaine didn’t show it, the warrior’s betrayal was a huge shock. After all, she was the one who had enrolled Leon in Joaquin Academy. Even if his intentions were sinister, she felt a sense of guilt.

So it was more heartbreaking, and at the same time, puzzling. I didn’t get to spend much time with Leon, but he’s not the type of person to act for personal gain.

‘Leon is the blood relative of Archangel Metatron. It is in his nature that he cannot do so.’

There must be another reason. Meaine had been thinking about it fiercely in her head the whole time she was fighting.

And now I finally understand why Leon did that, as well as the true nature of the prophecy.

“Akashic Records.”

If the prophecy is true, the warrior wants to die here.

To the Demon King’s sword.

* * *

The gods wanted to know the origin of the world, so they gave orders to their servants, the angels.

The gods originally considered themselves omnipotent and omniscient. In fact, they were close to it. That is, until he came along.

God of Swords.

He changed everything. He stood alone against the gods who were omnipotent and omnipotent. He even fragmented the truths that were taken for granted.

In later generations, the battle was given the fancy name 'Ragnarok'…

In reality, it was a massacre, not a battle.

From that day on, the gods lost their physical forms and only their spirits wandered the universe. In a way, that would be the most godlike form. However, it seems that their thoughts were different.

The gods were not satisfied with just giving orders to angels without a form. They wanted to directly exert their influence throughout the universe. However, they were unable to take action right away, so the 'God of Swords' protected the universe.

So I decided to wait for the right time, fully prepared and dreaming of the day when I could take revenge on him.

There was a strange incident along the way where the God of Swords committed suicide, and the gods figured out the reason after a long time.

"This universe was too weak for him to inhabit."

In other words, this universe that we thought was everything is just one of many branches.

〈The universe is one and all.〉

The gods wanted it all. Their nature was greed.

〈The one who has everything under his feet and controls it is the true God.〉

So he instructed his angels to record the entire universe. The angels faithfully carried out his command, and the archangel Metatron was at the head of them.

In the process, many angels fell and rebelled. The group of archangels, Gregory. Metatron suppressed them alone.

After that, the gods commanded Metatron to describe the truth of the world alone. The Creator stopped trusting even his creations.

Metatron did so, swearing before God that he would dedicate his life to the 'Akashic Records'.

Time passed. It was a time so long that numbers became meaningless. Eventually, only one planet remained until the Akashic Records were completed.

Metatron disguised himself as a human and wandered the planet. He took on various jobs, including warrior, scholar, noble, beggar, and commoner, and listened to the voices of humans and demons.

Was it because of that effort? Finally, there was only one blank space on the record. It was 'emotion'.

'What is love in particular?'

It was a headache. Angels were puppets of the gods. Puppets were designed not to feel emotions. Emotions for angels? They were speechless. Even the things that felt like emotions were similar to similar actions.

To conclude… … .

Metatron eventually fell in love. Although he was a creature created for a task, he truly loved his son.

I wanted to be with you. I wanted to give you everything. I was willing to give up even eternal life for my son, Leon.

‘The gods will not allow it.’

Even if they change their minds, it is impossible until the Akashic Records are completed. There is only one way left.

‘Complete the Akashic Records as soon as possible.’

Metatron set his mind to writing immediately, and because of that he only spent one day a year with his son.

There was a lot to record, and if they found out, there was no way they would leave Leon alone.

They are the embodiment of greed. Leon, with his limitless potential, will seem like the sweetest fruit of all.

The ending was clear to Metatron, who had brought them from the cutting edge.

‘The gods will want to take Leon’s body.’

If that happens, Leon will become their puppet, a characterless piece of shit. As a father, I couldn’t let that happen.

‘We must act more carefully and thoroughly.’

Compared to that, kneeling before a former enemy was nothing.

Metatron went to the present Kuarn and the past Azazel and asked for a favor. If he were to coldly dismiss them, they would have to go back again and again.

It’s not because I trust Kuarn. It’s not just because of the paradox that the enemy of my enemy is my friend.

He knows Kuarn well because they are blood brothers. His younger brother’s cunning was enough to fool the gods for a moment.

Kuarn’s way of thinking is not angelic. He is good at exploiting the weaknesses of immortals. If you can get him interested in this, he will become the most reliable assistant.

Of course, even if he was once his brother, it was unlikely that he would welcome a visit from his mortal enemy. Metatron was willing to give anything Kuarn wanted.

“All right.”

Kuarn readily accepted. Metatron was dumbfounded by the unexpected answer.

“Let the past be the past. As you can see, I am very satisfied with my current situation.”

The younger brother smiled faintly and said to his older brother.

“Rather, I am glad that you have come to see me like this, my brother. Our noble Metatron has finally gone against the will of heaven. This too cannot be anything other than a reversal of fortune.”

“… Is it really that you have no wish, Azazel? If you wanted, I was going to give you a copy of the Akashic Records.”

“I have no interest in the products of those losers. Hasn’t the source of this world already revealed itself to us? And yet, to try to chase him away with words? As someone who serves him, it is extremely disrespectful.”

Still, Metatron could not shake off his brother’s bloody smile.

“I swear to the Heavenly King. I, Kuarn, swear to protect my nephew. Also, my nephew will act according to my will without my personal interference. However, there is one condition.”

“Speak.”

“It’s nothing special. I just want to bring my nephew to the scene when he returns, that’s all.”

The sword god that my brother repeatedly mentioned. Metatron clearly saw his suicide and recorded it in detail in the Akashic Records.

The Second Coming? That's ridiculous. The God of Swords is a being that can no longer exist, at least in this world.

"i get it."

But Metatron was careful not to say anything. In any case, Kuarn swore in the name of the sword god.

That's how much weight there is in this oath. Breaking it means losing your identity.

"Thank you, little brother."

These are the words spoken by Metatron just before leaving Kuarn's residence.

"Thank you. I'm the one who should be thankful that you came, brother."

"okay……."

It was an oversight. It was a mistake made because I was blinded by love and couldn't judge the pros and cons.

The following year, Kuarn sold Metatron to the gods, but remained faithful to his oath.

Leon was kept hidden until he was 'ripe', avoiding the eyes of the gods, and his will of 'revenge' was respected.

Up until this point, everything was going according to Kuarn's plan.

* * *

The heavens and the earth shook from all sides. With every step Leon took, the ground split like a spider web. It seemed as if the ground could not support his weight. Space was distorted and even boiling red.

Everyone stopped moving, with their hair held, their stomachs pierced by a blind knife, their entrails spilling out.

Then he fixed his gaze on Leon. At the same time, his new form disappeared.

Phew!

Leon approached the swordsman. It wasn't a movement. It was a movement that folded the concept of time as if folding a piece of paper.

Anyway, Kanggeomma was acting within the shackles of physics. It was not yet fully awakened. That was why its reaction was a step late. Leon's fist hit Kanggeomma's jaw.

Pfft-!

There was a crashing sound that was hard to believe was the sound of an impact. The body of the strong sword horse that had risen into the sky lightly broke through the stratosphere and rose higher.

Gravity faded away, and I was enveloped in a sense of floating. I felt hazy. It was only a moment later that a gentle blue parabola appeared in my vision. Clouds floated across the sky like rafts.

'earth.'

The piece of land I was standing on became infinitely smaller, and the continent came into view. The advertised spectacle only stole my gaze for a moment. However, I had no time to feel exultation.

The air was so thin that it was hard to breathe. Direct sunlight, untouched by the ozone layer, was irritating to my eyes.

Kanggeomma lowered his shaking eyes. Leon was flying towards him, kicking the air repeatedly. He couldn't hear any sound because there was no attack, but the sound of the explosion seemed to hit his eardrums.

Leon, who met the eyes of Kang Geum-ma, and the things beyond, laughed.

Kanggeomma's jawbone shook again. His cheeks rippled slowly. His blood froze into red granules.

It was more like an explosion than a blow, so Kanggeomma received the shock wave in its entirety from the hypocenter.

The body, freed from gravity, traced a long ray of light and headed straight toward a point in the distance. Leon followed suit, kicking off the stratosphere and jumping again.

The scenery changed in a flash. The stars that were stuck in that spot trailed their tails like meteors, and the Earth and the Sun moved farther and farther away. A piece of stone that was traveling through space hit my back.

'ah.'

Only then did my mind come to me. That evil spirit running towards me like a scorpion was the one I had to cut and slice. I felt a sense of unity with the sashimi in my hand.

'That's enough.'

Kanggeomma raised the corners of his mouth. He flew away with a smile and soon crashed into the moon. The moon's surface was shattered into pieces.

The light shone through the thick, ashen dust. The pupils were white, and the slits were black.

The swordsman emerged from the hole. Debris like shards of stone fell from his body very slowly.

A tugging texture was born inside me. It was a humanity that I couldn't let go of.

"If you cut it."

Kang Geum-ma snuffed out the humanity that was shaking like a candle.

"It will be cut."

The round moon broke like an apple.

* * *

Let your consciousness sink into the terrible darkness for a moment.

.

.

.

《Activate the Magic Eye of Reverse Heaven》

* * *

A quiet, dusty light fixture, a red lantern with Chinese characters the size of a door, and a ceiling hung with oriental-style dolls.

The sweet aroma and fishy smell permeated my nostrils. It was a familiar yet unfamiliar sensation.

“Where is this?”

I held my forehead and straightened my upper body. Then, without thinking, my elbow hit my side.

A table shakes. A green bottle rolls around, splattering pieces with a loud noise.

“Hey, you little punk!”

The sudden shout brought me back to my senses. I blinked blankly and looked to the side.

Soon, the balloon-like pupils reflected a man who was snorting. A nervous-looking man with one sleeve flapping.

“Aren’t you going to come to your senses?!”

The first boss who existed only in my memories. The hero of the poem, Balor Joaquin, stands in front of me holding sashimi.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 291

Episode 291: The Hero of the First Poetry (2)

The boss grabbed my sagging arm and straightened me up.

“Get up, drink this, and come to your senses.”

The boss pushed the glass of water on the table toward me. His hand was still tightly holding the sashimi.

‘Still the same.’

No matter what this gentleman did, he never let go of his sword.

I drank the water the boss gave me, slowly and carefully, like a sinner.

“… Ugh.”

Then a groan escaped from me. It wasn’t because the water was poisoned, but rather…

“Why? I feel sick even if I only drink water on an empty stomach.”

The gentleman is like a ghost, and his eye for detail is still the same.

“…yes.”

I nodded silently. The boss stared at me with an angry face like a bull, then sighed softly.

“Wait a minute. I’ll bring you something simple.”

After saying those words, the boss quickly turned around and headed towards the kitchen.

“What is this?”

I drank all the water I had left in one gulp. It was bitter to rub my empty stomach with cold water, but at least the dizziness went away.

‘This is the store where I learned how to work under the boss.’

This is the conclusion I came to after looking around the interior carefully. I am not old enough to forget a place where I have stayed for nearly ten years.

“Even though I’m eighteen, I still have a bright future ahead of me… … .”

I stopped muttering and ran to the bathroom in a hurry. After passing through the short hallway and turning the corner, there was a bathroom. The soju baskets piled up on both sides of the hallway hit my toes.

“Ugh.”

It hurts. In the meantime, I was inwardly amazed. Each and every prop is so vivid. I could feel the pain of stubbing a toe, which is said to be the most painful thing in the world.

“… … !”

The moment I stood in front of the bathroom mirror, my eyes widened.

“oh my god.”

I scratched my cheek. Did I go back in time? If so, I would have thought, ‘Oh, it must all be my imagination.’

The reason I was so scared was because my face was just like Kanggeomma’s. I had the face of a character from ‘Miracle Protection M’ and I returned to the store I worked at on Earth.

It's confusing. Not to mention the situation, but even more so because my boss treats me like I always do.

"What are you doing?"

A voice suddenly came from behind me. I turned around like a child who stole money from his mother's wallet. The boss clicked his tongue with a pitiful look in his eyes.

"I was wondering why you didn't even close the bathroom door because you had something important to do, but what you're doing is touching your face? Did you like the changed face that much?"

"That's not it… … ."

"If not that, then what?"

"…I'm just a little out of it."

"What kind of spirit is this?"

"… … ."

Strangely, ever since I came here, I've been acting like a thief with numb feet. Is it because my family origin is the Seori Kang clan?

"Do it in moderation, in moderation. If you do that, your bones will wear out."

"Oh, no. What!"

"I prepared the food, so come and eat."

This time, I had no say. I checked my face in the mirror one last time before leaving the bathroom.

Thud, click.

I closed the door and turned off the lights. I didn't want to get stabbed in the face. I'm not saying I actually got stabbed.

"oh."

When I returned to where I was lying down, a sumptuous meal was laid out for me. Three dishes – a very generous meal by the boss' standards – soybean paste stew and rice.

This is my favorite table setting. It was so clean that there wasn't a single piece of glass left, as if they had swept the floor while setting it.

"Come and sit down and eat."

The boss, who had sat down at the table first, nodded to the person across from me. I hesitated for a moment, but eventually did as I was told.

I sat down cautiously across from him. The next moment, a suffocating silence fell.

"… … ."

I lowered my eyes. I counted the number of grains of rice and reflected on the situation. I also glanced at the boss.

"Are you having a good time?"

As expected, the scolding came down. The boss is very strict about table manners. I know this because I have been scolded many times for it.

'You're the boss.'

Miracle Protection M Was the world too harsh for me? Suspicion is the default. Even if I'm the CEO, I always keep the 'what if' in mind.

But this man is my boss. He took me in, raised me, and put me to bed. My eyes were stinging and the tip of my nose felt tingly.

Instead of speaking, I picked up the spoon. I silenced my mouth before any other emotions could come out.

'Damn. It's just rice, but it's so fucking delicious.'

Is it because I was fasting, or is it because my skills have been

improving? It wasn't to this extent.

I moved the spoon and chopsticks diligently. The boss looked at me expressionlessly.

He always has a cold look in his eyes, like a person who has become enlightened. I didn't care. That guy is always like that.

'Well, he is a great hero of the ancestral rites.'

It's not entirely wrong to say that I'm detached from worldly affairs.

"So. What happened?"

The boss, who had been quiet, finally spoke. He stopped just before his chopsticks touched the fish cake stew.

"Didn't you already know that?"

"What do you know by just showing up? You don't know anything."

"Oh, no. Just a moment."

Thump, I put down my chopsticks.

"It's not like I don't know anything."

"You still have selfish words that don't expect the other person to understand. What's the point of just using a knife? Your service spirit is terrible."

"That's not what I meant… … . Boss."

"why."

"How does my face look?"

The boss rolled his eyes.

"Are you crazy?"

"What?"

“The guy asked me what my face looked like. Do you like my changed face so much?”

“You see me with this face, sir, right?”

“right.”

“But why aren’t you surprised?”

“What should I be surprised at?”

“No, really.”

I roughly tousled my hair. I had forgotten. At that time, guests also usually had difficulty adapting to this unruly speech.

‘But later on, everyone said that he had a face imbued with the spirit of a craftsman.’

What I’m saying is that the boss is in no position to talk to me about service mentality.

That vegetable with that rice. The boss is just as good as me.

The difference between him and me is that he talks less and more. The boss is the former, and I am the latter.

‘Maybe my bad temper is something I learned from being tormented by this guy all the time.’

I feel like I’m facing myself much better now than when I looked in the mirror earlier.

Is this mirror therapy or something? My energy is being sucked out.

“You’ve always acted like an adult on the outside, but deep down you’ve always wanted to lean on someone.”

The president continued speaking with serious eyes.

“Look at it now. I’m sure you already know that. A conversation is not just about words, but also about emotions. If one side does it unilaterally, it’s a notification.”

Ah, now I understand. This guy.

“I don’t know your situation. I’m just guessing.”

You want to talk to me.

“So, let’s talk while we eat.”

The corners of the boss’s mouth remained straight. However, I felt a kind smile spread across my face.

“What happened in my hometown and the academy I founded for you.”

* * *

The president listened to my story with his eyes closed. I told him everything that had happened during the year since I entered Joaquin Academy.

To sum it up, I almost died once a month for a year. I’m not exaggerating, it was true. Midterms, Buffalo Dungeon, Avalon Island, Joaquin disaster, Gehenna Gate defense operation…

… These are incidents and accidents that make you wonder how I’m still alive today. I don’t know if it was luck or bad luck, but I can’t help but say that the heavens really helped me.

That’s not all. In the end, he was even beaten by Leon and flown into space. And as if that wasn’t enough, he was even crashed on the moon.

My memory was cut off there, and I’m sitting here eating with the boss. Now that I think about it, the causal relationship is a bit bizarre.

‘But, even when I was on Earth and flew to the Miraculous Protection M world, there was almost no causal relationship.’

One day, I opened my eyes and found myself possessed in someone else’s body. There was no trigger, like being hit by a truck or falling from a rooftop.

It just happened. It was like that a year and a half ago, and it's similar now.

And the cause of this causal relationship that has been cut off from both the front and back is right before our eyes.

The hero of the poem, Balor Joaquin. His Earthly name is the rather savory Hoakhyun.

"… That's how things turned out."

The president opened his eyes. Contrary to his meaningful words, his tone was very low.

"Do you have any idea?"

"huh."

"I know a little bit too. Why I went to that world. And how I ended up here after filming Leon and Dragonball."

"It's a question, it's a challenge."

The boss asked back, resting his chin on his hand.

"I have a question."

"That talking piece of shit is just a joke."

The boss sighed and said,

"The first question is one I cannot answer. It was not my will that intervened. All I did was recommend a game to you that resembled my hometown."

The boss continued talking, wetting his tongue with soju.

"Honestly, I was surprised at the time. I never thought that the academy I founded would come out in the form of a game. That must have been what the foreign press meant."

"… So, the culprit who dropped me into Miracle Protection M was not the president, but the foreign media, is that it?"

“Maybe so, maybe not.”

“Have you become a new person while I was away? Why has your speech become so slurred? It’s frustrating for the listener.”

“There is no such thing as ‘confirmation’ in the foreign press. He is merely an observer. He is extremely reluctant to intervene. However, if he intervenes, it is proof that the entire world line is in danger.”

Without saying a word, the boss rolled the soju glass back and forth in the palm of his hand.

“I think that’s what I dropped you there to prevent… … .”

It is a body with an extremely good cost-effectiveness, with a pale complexion that can still get drunk on a glass of soju.

“… It seems like the world is ruined.”

The boss muttered something that sounded like an apocalyptic prophecy. The world is going to end? I didn’t know what to expect, so I asked him right away.

“What are you talking about, the world is going to end?”

“It’s literally true. The world, no, the entire worldline will be destroyed.”

“The warrior… was destroyed by Leon van Reinhardt?”

“no.”

The boss shook his head firmly. Then he pointed his index finger at me and pointed it straight at me.

“you.”

My index finger also pointed to myself.

“I?”

“Yeah. You destroyed it.”

I didn't understand. Seeing my strangely changed expression, the boss put away the soju glass and filled the beer glass with soju.

"You should know that the power within you is enough to easily destroy a world."

"yes."

The boss speaks, holding a beer glass to his lips.

"Also, you know that your body belongs to a Lycan."

"yes."

He hums as if he is enjoying a leisurely time while completely drunk.

"Your humanity was what coordinated and supported those two. But in the end, you gave it up. You were consumed by the urge to cut down the false gods, and eventually became intoxicated with the sword."

The boss drank half of the soju left in his beer glass in one go. Oh, that's a lethal dose for that guy.

"You will meet the same fate as the God of Swords. No, it would be worse. The God of Swords committed suicide before destroying the world, but you will eventually cut the world apart. The last remaining bit of humanity seems to have come here through the 'Evil Eye of Reverse Heaven.' It is only a matter of time before the world is destroyed."

The boss I remember always had a face without shadows. However, just now, his taste seemed bitter. The glass he was drinking was a bitter cup in many ways.

"sorry……."

I squeezed my voice in pain as I looked at such a teacher. The boss opened his eyes wide. His eyes were swollen, probably because he had drunk to the limit.

"What do you have to be sorry for? You did your best."

The boss laughed bitterly.

“I’m not judging you just by listening to your story, but I’m saying this because I know you better than anyone else. You did what you could. I can’t fathom what the outside world would think, but I’m sure you did more than they expected.”

I let out a sigh. The boss praised me, but it was painful to hear.

“…Is there no other way?”

“… … .”

The owner stared at his beer glass with his mouth shut. The faint lighting mixed in like seasoning with the atmosphere of the store reflected on the glass surface.

He opened his mouth without looking at me.

“There is one. But it’s not a method I would recommend to my child.”

“Please let me know.”

I pulled my upper body forward and pushed my face in. The boss looked at me with only one eye open.

“You might think that death would be sweeter. Is that okay?”

He answered immediately.

“yes.”

“That world isn’t your home in the first place. There’s no need for you to sacrifice yourself like that. But why?”

“This is your hometown, sir.”

I smiled slightly.

“The president is my adoptive father, so isn’t this place just like my hometown?”

The boss looked dumbfounded for a moment. That’s the face he

usually makes when he's angry, so it's normal for him to yell at him.

"You loser."

But the boss laughed. He threw the beer mug over his shoulder and immediately started blowing on the bottle.

As I was trying to stop him, thinking that he might really die, he downed the bottle of soju and wiped his mouth.

"The beginning and the end are the same."

At this moment, the table, lights, and various decorations shook violently as if an earthquake had occurred. The walls and floor cracked and pillars of light rose through the gaps.

"Go back to the mythical age before the beginning. Then you can prevent the planned end."

The corners of the boss's mouth are half visible beyond the flash that splits the field of vision.

"Run faster than light and turn back time. Turn back everything."

"… … !"

While losing consciousness.

"I am not the progenitor of heroes."

The boss playfully stroked my head with one hand.

"You will be it, son."

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 292

Episode 292: The Hero of the Poetry (3)

Balor Joaquin's gaze lingered for a long time on the spot where the swordsman had left.

"They say children grow up in the blink of an eye."

He sat up, laughing hollowly, his tongue twisted and his body swaying.

'Oh, you seem to have had too much to drink.'

He stumbled toward the kitchen, eventually tripping. He reached out to grab the wall, but unfortunately, he ended up leaning toward the side where he had no arms. That was how the man who had once been called the hero of the poem was about to fall down.

"Did you drink too much?"

A young voice. Someone grabbed his remaining arm from behind. Despite the sudden appearance, the old Balor Joaquin, the current Hoakhyun, only flinched for a moment. He wasn't greatly flustered.

"That's true. It's been a while since I've seen my son, so I'm glad to see him. Sorry for worrying you."

Instead, he drew a soft curve with his lips and said this.

"Then shouldn't we have drank together? That should have been about that much time. Oh, maybe it's because you're still a minor."

“What good is it if it’s only on the outside? The inside is a fool. And that guy was a famous drinker. If I had been humble, I could have died, so I did it myself.”

“It’s really funny. The man who was called the hero of the poem becomes so defenseless when he drinks alcohol. If the demons had known this 700 years ago, they would have defeated you. They just disguise the alcohol as water and make you unconscious, and that’s the end of it.”

“You are being mean.”

Ho-ak-hyeon grumbled softly. The other person’s faint smile touched his back.

“…Is this also your will?”

“You said it with your own mouth earlier. I am a being independent of personal will or intention.”

The person behind you, whose face you couldn’t see, shakes his head.

“And you also added that I am an incompetent person who only observes.”

“I didn’t say anything like that.”

“Hahaha. Just kidding, just kidding.”

The other person smiled and lightly patted Ho-ak-hyeon on the back. Even in the midst of all this, Ho-ak-hyeon did not turn around. Like a stone statue, he insisted on looking straight ahead.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Ask me. I’ll tell you everything I know.”

A cheerful answer. Ho-ak-hyeon let out a low laugh inside.

‘I wonder if there is anything in the universe that this person doesn’t know.’

Before Kang Geum-ma suddenly appeared, I couldn't be surprised because there was a revelation from this person. In addition, he had hinted at the reality of the incident and a solution.

'This person knows everything.'

They do not interfere in anything. They are not interested in anything because they know everything. Those who want to interfere, interfere, and show off their influence are the ones with low divinity.

Compared to them, this person is just watching from a very high position.

'Some people might call it extravagance.'

Ho-ak-hyeon thought so too. Nevertheless, he spoke. Hoping for a small change from this omnipotent helper.

"In the end, what will happen to that child?"

He tried his best not to show it in front of Kang Geum-ma. However, the anxiety that was building up was squeezing his chest.

'I even relayed what this person said.'

After that, no one knows. Only God knows.

"There's a bone to your words. Joaquin, that's not what you're saying. Isn't that what you're trying to say? 'Take care of the strong sword.'?"

"Haha. How foolish of me. I dared to try to deceive you."

Ho-ak-hyeon admitted it coolly.

"But, yes. That's right. I'm asking you to please look after him. He may be crazy and have a fiery temper, but he's not a twisted person. He just grew up in a harsh environment and his mind went a little crazy."

"It seems a little off-topic. Well, even if I grew up with parents like that, I would probably go crazy. Domestic violence was common, my

dad was a habitual criminal, and my mom was probably a drug addict. There's no trash like that."

A clicking sound was heard. Hoakhyun let out a loud noise.

"They are also your creations."

"Oh, you guy."

"I know. I'm just observing, right?"

"I guess you have a lot going for you. But didn't Kang Geum-ma's parents punish you in their own way?"

"yes."

"How did you do it?"

Asking when you already know everything is in bad taste. Ho-ak-hyeon answered without hesitation.

"I killed him."

"It's funny. A man who was once called the hero of the poem is killing people out of personal feelings."

"A hero is someone who does not tolerate injustice, not someone who does righteousness. As you know, in our world, those who deserve to die die. On the other hand, the legal system here is lax. There are people who deserve to die who walk around openly."

Hoakhyun's eyes were firm.

"That's why I killed them. They deserved to die by my standards. If you say it was a personal punishment, I have nothing to say. But I have never killed anyone out of emotion since then. I can swear on this one thing in your name."

"What about the oath? I understand. Just as Kanggeomma felt a sense of disconnect from the common sense of the other world, you too were still unfamiliar with the morality and order of this side."

“That’s what it is.”

“Anyway, okay.”

The opponent passed Ho-ak-hyeon and headed toward the door. He was walking with his hands in his pockets, his back view. Ho-ak-hyeon also saw a glimpse of him for the first time. The revelation was a voice that had told him in his dream.

“I have a question. If you answer this, I’ll look after Kanggeomma. Something like an envelope with a note? Something like that.”

He said just before turning the doorknob.

“Why did you choose sashimi when you came to this world? That’s why even the Ganggeomma only uses sashimi on the other side.”

“… There’s no particular reason.”

Hoakhyun scratched his forehead with his thumb.

“When I first fell into this world and collapsed from hunger, this is where I got a meal. That’s how I ended up working and buried my bones… That’s the story.”

“Wait a minute, now that I hear it, you were just like Kang Geum-ma. Is that why you took him in?”

“I can’t say that it has no influence.”

“You have a human side.”

“First of all, he is human.”

“I also know who Kang Geum-ma grew up watching.”

Hoakhyun coughed lowly.

“That’s a bit.”

“Haha, why is your speech the same? Anyway, I was curious for a long time, and thanks to you, I got the answer. I feel like all the old weight has come off.”

“… … .”

“Do you have anything else to say? That’s what it looks like.”

“Just in case, I ask, do you have a name?”

“Yes, of course.”

As the opponent slowly turned his head, Ho-ak-hyeon’s eyes, which had been blinking, widened. He, who was always blunt, was now looking startled.

“GM”

The other person, the foreign god, pulled his cheek and laughed.

“Other name is Sword Horse.”

“… … ?!”

Ho-ak-hyeon stretched out his arm. This time, he reached out with his arm still attached, but he missed. His eyes closed quickly as the alcohol took effect.

As my mind sinks downward, a soft voice lingers in my ears.

“Thanks to the academy you founded, the swordsman just now was able to remain as a ‘human’ and not as ‘mine.’ This is the only case in the entire world. It’s your work. You can be proud, hero of the first generation.”

Knock knock.

The scenery outside the store was revealed. A lake. Infinite sashimi was stuck into the water like a memorial stone. This was the sacred place where he resided, the lake of swords.

“You know what? The shape of the universe is like a donut. People call it a ‘loop.’”

He said with a shrug.

“You can think of it roughly like that.”

One last word.

“Thank you, Dad. I really wanted to tell you that.”

He left the shop, leaving Balor Joaquin behind. His vision grew blurry and the hero of the poem fell into a deep sleep.

* * *

When I opened my eyes again, the surrounding scenery was no longer the universe. It was ‘something’ that was the universe.

Celestial bodies and galaxies flowing in half. Sword marks carved in the universe in a chaotic manner. It is too crazy to be a trace of a fight, so it is hard to believe.

The expression ‘astronomical’ is often used when one cannot quite grasp the scale of something, but that was exactly what happened when I saw it.

The space that meant infinity in human cognition was a mess like a rag. It became so messy that I couldn’t do anything while I was reunited with the boss.

‘This was made like this… … .’

I blankly looked down at my hands. The two sashimi I was holding tightly. Murasame and Mannyeonseori, both of which were very bruised, were crying sadly.

‘Is this what I am?’

It was ridiculous. How could they have messed up the universe like this with sashimi? What was even funnier was that they were able to breathe. Even though I am ignorant of science, I know that you can’t breathe in space.

‘So you’re not human anymore.’

This is what the current situation suggests. Of course, I wasn’t the only one. Leon, the warrior who had become as tattered as the universe, was the same.

“Haa… haa… … .”

His breathing was irregular. Leon’s right arm joint was bent backwards, and his left arm, which held the ball, was relatively intact. There were several holes in his stomach, and instead of blood, a black liquid sprinkled with star dust was overflowing. It looked like he was still alive, but had dissolved.

“Look at the end… the end….”

Leon muttered something under his breath.

I stared at Leon for a moment without saying anything. The guy raised his fist. Black energy seeped into the blade, making it squirm like a blood vessel.

“Geumma, you must kill me.”

Leon’s voice was desperate.

“That’s how it all ends.”

It is not a provocation. It is a genuine wish to end oneself. It is a message from an intuition that is sensitive to the entire universe. It easily sees through the intentions of an eighteen-year-old boy.

I sighed deeply.

Yes. Leon gathered false gods into his body. It was not to gain power, but to imprison them. He made his body into a prison to hold them. There is one reason why he did this.

“…Are you trying to die with them?”

For that, Leon sided with Kuarn and betrayed humanity. He wanted to take on the evil and sin of this world all by himself… … .

Leon was silent. A deep darkness shone through his blackened left eye. His right eye was already half-dyed. Perhaps the thoughts of the false gods were trying to consume him.

Suddenly, a sense of awe crossed his mind. It was a miracle that he

had remained sane until he reached that state in his boyish body. Perhaps it was thanks to his ‘miraculous protection’.

However, this does not justify Leon’s actions. He fired his sword at the heroes, and eventually killed Saki Kojima, the archer.

No matter what the cause, it is an unforgivable sin. You must pay the price. But that price is not your life.

That’s not a fair trade-off. It shouldn’t be the sword that punishes him. It should be humanity.

I closed my eyes. I split the time into small pieces to prepare for Leon’s attack. Then I focused on the inner voice. Then another me, Lycan, responded.

-What a ridiculous idea, going to the mythical era.

I asked.

‘Can you do it?’

-I’ve never done it before, but I’ll give it a try now.

The lycan’s spirit body stood next to me.

-Faster than light.

Flashes of brain light illuminated the silent universe.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 293

Episode 293: God of Death (1)

‘God of Swords… … .’

Kuarn’s eyes were wet with regret. At his feet, corpses were piled up like a mound. There were human corpses, of course, but there were also many of those of the Demon Tribe.

‘You finally opened your eyes.’

Kuarn didn’t even look at the corpses. He just looked up at the sky. The sky of Earth, where the atmosphere had disappeared, was no longer blue. An empty color, darkness was the roof of Earth.

“iced coffee.”

There were numerous knife marks everywhere. The universe that I thought was everything was being wounded.

Kuarn had been imagining this scene since time immemorial. This scene appeared often in his dreams.

“You are… really the best.”

Kuarne covered his eyes and was moved. This universe is about to end, so the end is imminent. However, it is beautiful because it is fleeting. People tend to feel a sense of longing for flowers that bloom for a limited time, rather than trees that are always green. Kuarne’s feelings were similar.

“Is this all you ever wanted and the end?”

It was then that a voice was heard from afar. Kuarn turned his head. His eyes, as rough as the sands of the desert, were directed at Manryuk Meain Poison.

“… The oxygen is probably thin, but you’re still able to move. Woman.”

Meain was the only hero standing on two legs. The others were foaming at the mouth with their eyes rolled back.

“I’m not just an ordinary human being.”

As Kuarn said, the atmosphere became thinner, making normal breathing impossible. Not just humans, but also demons. All living things born and raised on this planet breathe oxygen. But that natural right was taken away.

Oh my gosh… … .

The screams were entangled. Humans and demons, you and I, we are all dying together. They are not the only ones who should feel wronged. The situation will be the same on alien planets where life exists somewhere. The ‘end’ is progressing equally throughout the universe.

Meain waved the death of the universe around, then blurted out a word. To her only remaining conversation partner, Kuarn.

“Your goal is simply to die along with the universe? Don’t you think that your plan is too grandiose, given your trivial goal?”

“hmm.”

Kuarn thought for a moment. Should he kill or spare that woman who would disappear without a trace after casting three or four spells?

“Now that we’ve come to this, let me tell you a little bit.”

The worry was short. Anyway, that woman would find out soon

enough. ‘That person’ was using a sword as a brush to paint a picture in the universe, and it was not in his power to shamelessly add blood to it.

‘But there’s no reason for me to talk to you.’

Kuarn was in a very good mood right now. That feeling was reflected in his expression. The gleam in his eyes was clearer and more distinct than ever.

“Before I met him, I suffered from a sense of weariness. I felt skeptical about practicing the gospel of false gods as the truth.”

Kuarn recalled the memories. His eyes were moist with longing.

“But one day, he appeared before us. His face… well, I don’t remember with my weak brain, but I think he was a man. His voice was a little young. But gender doesn’t matter. I was confident that I could love him no matter what he looked like.”

“… … .”

Meain listened to Kuarn’s story in silence. While listening, she compared the contents of the story with the Akashic Records of the Prophecy. There may be a clue to break through this situation in what he said.

“When I first met him, he and I were enemies… … I was foolish. Even if it was the order of my master at the time, how dare I go against him. I should have at least committed treason. I should have done that to avoid it. But at that time, I was not as wise as I am now. And yet, despite that, he kindly reminded me with his sword.”

Kuarn scratched his cheek as if bugs were crawling under his skin. He muttered, not caring if blood was flowing or skin was peeling off.

“When I realized it, it was too late. He had already finished his task and entered eternal sleep. Alas, he was willing to give up this body, this universe… But he ended his life because he was no longer interested in this world.”

Kuarn’s eyes became dull and dead.

“But I knew instinctively. He will definitely return. When this world is full of filth, he will return and cleanse everything. That black sword is the sword that cuts even death, so it is my job to create an environment that will allow him to return.”

Kuarn suffered from lovesickness. When He disappeared from this world, Kuarn’s life ended as well. Despair plunged him into a deep pit. For tens of thousands of years, he floundered on the bottom of the sea. The sense of loss of everything tainted him. The most beautiful angel was seized by madness and fell into the heavens.

“So I formed the Gregorys and started a rebellion right away. I didn’t think it would succeed. It was because of my brother Metatron. He was the greatest of the angels. It didn’t matter. What’s important is that they ‘started a rebellion’, not the ‘result’.”

The corners of Kuarn’s mouth, which had been hanging down, suddenly rose.

“Then they infiltrated the gap between the demons and started a war. Up until then, the world was relatively clean. Until 700 years ago, that is. That’s right. That’s what you called the First Demon War.”

Kuarn ground his teeth. Suddenly, that face flashed before his eyes, and jealousy and anger welled up in him.

“Balor Joaquin… that odd fellow was using ‘some’ of his power. It was confusing. If it wasn’t him, why would he use his power? So I decided to observe. I watched the battle between First Legion Commander Lycan and the Sword God from a distance, and only at the last moment was I able to gauge his position.”

Kuarn laughed again. His mood swings were erratic.

“He is a being from outside. Therefore, the hero of the first generation, Balor Joaquin, was the bridgehead to bring him into this world. Therefore, the true Him will return later. And the right time will come.”

“When the warrior appears.”

Meain was told. Kuarn pursed his lips in surprise.

“You can figure it out just by hearing the context. You’re pretty smart for a human.”

“That’s right. You were the former headmaster of this academy that you tore apart. Even so, you’re one of the greatest minds in humanity.”

Kuarn snickered at those words. He glanced around the academy that had been reduced to ashes.

“The reason I attacked this place is because this is a prison. A prison that hinders His divinity and promotes His corrupted humanity. Also, you have committed atrocities. How ridiculous is it for a human to try to teach God? That is why I have completely destroyed it.”

“ha ha ha!”

Meain held her stomach and giggled. Kuarn’s eyebrows arched gently. I’ve seen people go crazy and scream right before they die.

‘That smile is different.’

That thought occurred to me. The laughter of that green-haired woman was not a fit of convulsion. It was the relief of a human being who had resolved an old question.

“The Academy is not this big building.”

“Meain kicked away the rubble that was rolling around her feet,” she said.

“A building like that? Just rebuild it. 700 years of history? That’s not a long time for the demons. It’s the same for humans. Just one individual can’t live that long, but the spirit of the era continues forever.”

Maya took a deep breath. Was it because of her mood? The air that had been so thick just a few minutes ago had become much softer.

‘It’s not because I’m feeling down…’

She could see the reason by glancing up at the sky. The confrontation

between Kuarn's ramblings and the Akashic Records was over.

'The god of the sword is a man, a young voice, the hero of the poem is a leader, a second coming, a warrior… … .'

Meain began to piece together the fragmented clues like a puzzle. Since the framework was already in place, it didn't take long.

"Strong sword horse."

Meain called the name. Kuarn's face suddenly distorted.

"His name is no longer Ganggeomma. That is a dirty name that was attached to his vessel. His true name is Hereb. He is the sword itself."

"no."

Mayne shook her head. Droplets of sweat dotted the floor.

"He's a strong man."

Meain raised her index finger and pointed upward. Kuarn glared at her as if he was going to kill her, then looked up at the sky he had been saving.

And he was completely speechless. Kuarn was dumbfounded. His already white face turned pale like a corpse.

[The true nature of the protection of transfer is revealed.]

[When used in conjunction with 'Reverse Heaven's Eye', the radius is expanded to the entire world line.]

A golden halo that spreads across the universe.

[The true nature of the protection of regeneration is revealed.]

[Seals the black marks across the worldline and helps the universe repair itself.]

The cosmic clock, once wounded, broken, and broken, is once again in sync.

[The god of protection of the tea ceremony is manifested.]

[The caster's speed exceeds the speed of light, so the time line is reversed.]

A woman's voice lingers in my ear. It may be good news to some, and bad news to others.

[The true nature of the protection of communication is revealed.]

[By this protection, these words are translated into all languages and delivered to everyone.]

Meanwhile, the heroes and demons who had not moved at all were squirming on the ground. On the other hand, Kuarn was out of focus. His pupils seemed empty.

"Ah… No. This can't be happening! This can't be happening!"

It's time to come back to reality from the dream you don't want to wake up from.

[The protection of the Sword God is manifested.]

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

《May God bless you.》

＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋＋

＊ ＊ ＊

I see a ray of light. I reach out. It seems within my grasp, yet it slips like silk through my fingertips.

'Just one more step.'

How many steps did I take? I stopped counting when the count exceeded 'trillion'.

I just rolled my feet. I didn't stop. I flew like a moth, using the purple light in the distance as a lighthouse. I even had the illusion that my body was melting into space.

‘No, it’s not a mistake.’

Having wandered the universe for billions of years, it may have become one with the universe.

I saw the birth and death of stars. I saw stars gather in groups of three or five to form galaxies. It has been hundreds of millions of years since I passed them and reached the margins of the universe. It has been a long time since I swam in the void and nothingness, chasing only the purple light.

Although the mind is as withered and gnarled as an old tree, there is no physical aging.

At least my appearance will be like that time. It will be like that time when my memory is vague. Because I have twisted the laws of the world.

I rewinded time. I became a being that transcended cause and effect. I ran endlessly with only one purpose.

-Wake up, Ganggeomma.

Lycans support my spirit.

-It’s almost time. If I let go here, I’ll be kicked out of the shackles of time and won’t be able to return to reality.

Without his advice, I would have stopped after only a few tens of thousands of years.

-There are people waiting for you. Think of them.

The devil’s whisper. Ironically, it revives the spark of hope.

“okay.”

I said. My consciousness was as silent as a clear sky, so it was my subconscious that answered.

“I have to go back.”

A light was cast upon my retina. A ray of light that guided and led me.

It is not a ray of light of world order, but a figure of longing faces. It is the human heart.

That was the moment.

A sticky sensation licked my cheek. I closed my eyes and opened them. My pupils were filled with light. White sap flowed out from my eyes like a wolf's breath.

I recognized my son-in-law clearly. The curtain of the abyss crumpled and then gently tore apart.

Those who showed up. The line was chaotic and the sizes were all random and uneven. However, their eyes were focused on one point.

〈I really wanted to see you again.〉

The rulers of the old world were confronted with a reality that transcended causality.

〈God of Swords.〉

They are gods. Gods do not move only within the framework of time and space. They exist in the past, present, and future. Cause and effect are also just frameworks they have created.

Slurp.

Sashimi cut off their words with a single stroke. In the middle of the abyss, the sword's name spread out like ripples in layers.

– In order not to strain your body and the world line, you must not prolong the battle.

Lycan added. I nodded.

"know."

Just one minute a day.

“It’s always been like that.”

I become a black person.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 294

Episode 294: God of Death (2)

Ryojo opened her eyes wide. She ran out of the room and hurriedly crossed the living room and headed toward the veranda.

In a jiffy.

Cynthia was startled by her daughter's behavior. She groaned and turned her gaze toward the veranda railing. She felt nauseous and her head was throbbing.

"…Why are you suddenly like that?"

Just moments ago, the mother and daughter were unconscious. This was because the air quality and ozone layer were damaged and oxygen was thin.

However, the Earth regained stability within the golden time of one minute. The life force that had been withering began to throb again.

"… … ."

Ryojo hung precariously on the veranda railing and looked up at the sky. It was as if a light blue curtain had been drawn over the pitch-black sky without a single ray of light. The ecstasy of the sky changing colors was captured in his sky blue eyes.

"Sword Demon."

Ryojo muttered with sad eyes. The one who saved humanity from the

brink of destruction was none other than Kanggeomma.

‘That dream.’

I had a dream while I was asleep. An abyss deeper than darkness. A space where time has forgotten its meaning. It was a dream where Kanggeomma fought endlessly with unknown forces. Fierce and lonely.

An eternal battle that will never end. It was a phenomenon that happened in the past, but it had a huge impact on the present and the future. The distorted causality is being reflected immediately.

It could just be a dream. Ryojo hoped deep down that it was so.

‘please.’

Every time I recalled the swordsman in my dream, my heart sank coldly. Reason and rationality faintly dismissed the possibility that it was just a dream. The scene unfolding before my eyes was enough to provide the basis for my hypothesis.

She swallowed. It felt like a thick chunk of ice was going down her throat.

“and-!”

Cynthia stood next to the troubled Ryojo. She rested her elbows on the railing and let her hands hang outward. A precarious position. Cynthia was a tough woman, just like Ryojo.

“The sky is so pretty.”

Cynthia said as she felt the sea breeze. The sky was half-and-half dark blue like dawn and half-and-half crimson like stone. Light and darkness, dawn and evening, past and present coexist. If you were to paint the journey of the universe on canvas, wouldn’t it be like this?

Cynthia smiled at her daughter as she thought about that. Dark blue and crimson bathed the side of their faces respectively.

“A few days ago, Cheongeom stopped by my house. That day, he

promised me that he would definitely come back. In my opinion, Cheongeom is a person who always keeps his promises. Ryojo, what do you think?"

Ryojo licked his lips and nodded lowly.

"… He keeps his word. No matter what happens."

"right?"

Smirk. Cynthia smiled brighter. She combed her daughter's hair with one hand.

"Then let's believe it. If you're really anxious, why don't you try praying? If you do something alone, Mom will help you."

"If I were to beg, who would I ask for it from…?"

Ryojo hesitated. She was originally far from religious. But perhaps because of the dream she had just had, her distrust of God grew even stronger.

'Maybe they are the ones fighting the Ganggeomma?'

Such irreverent questions lingered in his mind. That may be why Ryojo did not want to ask them.

"Who should I be praying to? I should be praying to Cheon Geum."

"The swordsman is a human. It seems absurd for a human to pray to another human."

"The object of prayer is not originally limited to God, daughter."

At this moment, a star twinkled in the sky. Thanks to the thinning atmosphere, it was shining brighter than ever.

The numbers increased. Hundreds, thousands. The units multiplied rapidly in an instant.

The sky was soon filled. The total was estimated to be 3 billion. That's more than half of the world's population.

The mother and daughter, whose gaze had been stolen for a moment, looked at each other at the same time. Cynthia smiled and continued.

“If each of those stars represents a person’s wish, then who are they praying to?”

It is a question with a set answer. Nowadays, there is only one person that people trust and rely on the most.

“Strong sword horse.”

Humanity has gradually become more focused on the real than on the vague existence. They have not entrusted everything to the will of heaven. It is different from the past when they would first seek God when things did not go as they wanted.

Many people were influenced by Kang Geum-ma’s independent nature. A society that valued individual will over faith in God arrived.

Ryojo looked up at the sky again. She closed her eyes and clasped her hands together. Cynthia followed her daughter and clasped her hands together.

The two spoke quietly but earnestly to ‘him’.

‘Sword.’

Then, the tips of her hair seemed to stand on end, and a thin light spread across her skin. The light rose high into a beam of light.

Hope. Another star has decorated the sky.

* * *

The fight was a mess. There was no light, so my vision was completely dark. My five senses were dull. I could barely attack and counterattack with my hazy senses.

The enemy is invisible. You can’t even tell if blood is splashing. Sashimi’s movements are slow, as if he’s cutting under water.

I took a short breath. I kicked the air. I swung the sashimi. Lycan intermittently lit up the front with flashes of lightning. I stamped my feet, chasing the fragments of that vision.

Kookookookookung.

“Just give up.”

One of the gods spoke, taking human form. A handsome middle-aged man with a nice beard and hair. This is what a statue of a god would look like.

〈You know it too. Your power is certainly great. I know it well, for it was the power that destroyed us once. You may not know it, but one hundred thousandth of us has already died by your sword.〉

Plague. You swung your sword at almost the speed of light, but you only killed one in ten thousand? That means at least hundreds of millions. There must have been a lot of fucking gods.

〈But now you have given up your divinity and chosen to become human. You cannot defeat us in that state.〉

I heard a murmur behind the middle-aged man. I vaguely knew that it was a mockery directed at me. It was not that [Communication Protection] immediately interpreted the language of the gods and conveyed it to me.

“How foolish. To give up immortality and choose mortality.”

〈Humans suffer so much for a moment of pleasure. It is truly foolish, God of Swords.〉

〈This is the one who killed us. You can’t even recognize yourself, covered in the darkness of the abyss. You’ve become so weak.〉

The middle-aged man at the forefront waved his hand as if to tell them to stop. The noise died down. It seemed as though the author was the leader of those guys.

〈I’m sorry, but this is you now. Face the situation. You are stronger. More so than you were in the past. However, as you are, you are still

an imperfect god.〉

The middle-aged man held out his hand. The corners of his mouth formed a kindly curve, and his beard sparkled like gold dust.

“My name is Jupiter. As the leader of the gods, I offer you this offer. Take my place as our leader.”

A sudden offer. I looked back and forth between the middle-aged man, Jupiter, and beyond.

‘I guess we’ve reached a point where we can’t hear any noise.’

-I guess so.

My back-up spirit. That is, Lycan answered my thoughts. He guarded my surroundings with his ashen spirit.

‘Isn’t that a complete lie?’

-God does not lie. Even though they are harmful to us, one thing is certain. In a way, it is their identity, so it is natural. Well… It seems like their appearance is a little deceiving.

Lycan narrowed his eyes. His glare stung like static electricity.

〈Sword God, I am not speaking only to you. I will also give a place to the creature that is in you. Was your name Lycan? How about it? Isn’t it a tempting offer? A mortal being becoming immortal is unprecedented.〉

His attitude was somewhat harsher than that of me. His words and gaze were filled with contempt.

‘You just keep talking and ignoring me.’

-That’s understandable. From their perspective, I’m a creature worse than an insect. They must be really upset that they’re forcing the position of God on such a creature. I’m just a bonus, so to speak. To lure you, Sword Demon, to their side.

Lycan spoke with his arms crossed crookedly. Even so, his eyes

remained calm. Indeed, the one who was once the lord of the Demon Realm maintained his composure in any situation.

‘So what are you going to do, Shin?’

– Well, that’s true. To gain divinity means that you can interfere with the truth. It also means that you can gain a new body and be resurrected. Right now, I’m in an ambiguous state, neither alive nor dead.

Lycan smirked. Jupiter curled the corners of his mouth as if he had heard that. His expression seemed to indicate that he had expected that. Lycan twisted his lips and scolded.

-One, I refuse.

〈How arrogant of a creature to raise an objection. Well, tell me your reason before you perish.〉

Jupiter’s eyes flashed dangerously. Lycan twisted his lips and scolded.

-Do you know how many people have fallen victim to your tricks?

“I don’t know. I don’t want to know.”

-That’s why, you idiot.

Lycan spat out curses like phlegm. Is it because we’ve been together for so long? The pronunciation is just right for me. I, Kanggeomma, acknowledge Lycan, the commander of the Demon King’s 1st Corps, as a Korean.

〈It’s a shame.〉

Jupiter covered his forehead and shook his head. He sighed with emotionless eyes.

〈The creature is crawling up to the Creator. This is also our immorality. Perhaps this is why we were destroyed by the sword god in the past.〉

Jupiter glanced at me. The murderous intent he had been trying to

suppress in his pupils seemed to be welling up. His golden beard slid like a yellow tentacle for a moment.

“I hope you don’t make the wrong judgment.”

Jupiter spoke as if warning. His eyes were red, and his skin was slowly turning green. He was on the verge of going berserk like a werewolf under the full moon.

Grrrrr.

The same goes for the gods behind Jupiter. The dark light cast by the absolutes distorted the abyss.

〈I am not making this suggestion because I am pleased with you. We have been defeated by you and have come to realize that the world is not one, but many, perhaps infinite.〉

Jupiter’s voice dripped with boundless greed.

〈We want it all. Unfortunately, we cannot cross that boundary. We are stuck in this world forever. But I realized it after you tore my body apart.〉

Jupiter bared his teeth coldly. He snapped his fingers to tempt me.

〈You are the sword that cuts and cuts everything. So, tear the boundaries of the world with your sword. Then, I will entrust the entire world to you.〉

They had everything in the world, yet they could not control their desires. That was their nature and a fate close to a curse.

The gods have lost interest in this world, I thought. This world will be peaceful while they are out in the world. Besides, it will take astronomical amounts of time for them to travel all over the world.

‘But what about other worldlines?’

Is it okay to only care about this world? At least I know. I know the future when these greedy monsters will spread their evil to other worlds.

There, too, they will wreak havoc and devastate the world. Even if there were gods there, it is clear that they would have a negative impact.

-If it's only for this world, then it's right to accept their offer.

Lycan advised.

-If you refuse like me, your humanity will be diminished faster than if you kill them all. I will respect your choice, but for now… … .

Lycan stopped talking. In the black background of the Bokmajeon, specks of light began to form.

Jupiter and the other gods looked puzzled. Something strange had happened in the Abyss, the exclusive space of the gods.

As they stirred, warm, warm-hearted drops of light formed a huge sphere around us. The next moment, the lights all formed into the same shape.

-This is… … .

Lycan looked around in disbelief. Lights appeared and cast a halo around him.

The bare skin of the abyss was revealed. The sides that had been hidden in the darkness were exposed. Swords of light surrounded them and aimed at them all at once.

Each one is insignificant. But if there are many of them, let alone billions, even if they are all crowded together, they burn as brightly as the sun.

My eyes counted them one by one, then soon slid down to the gods.

'Now the table top looks good.'

It looks like a mixture of a deep-sea creature like an octopus and a human. I can't help but laugh out loud when I look at it.

"I don't negotiate with fish, I'm a knife wielder."

I extended Murasame towards the enemy lines. A ray of light, the hope of humanity, surged through the darkness.

“I will win.”

The abyss screamed. The sound of death rose between the nets of splendid light.

“I’ll cut them all down here.”

It is the black human spirit that cuts down God.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 295

Episode 295 Miraculous Protection (1)

“Ahhhhh, no… … !”

Kuarn shouted as if he was having a seizure. The stars, the splendid sky embroidered with human desires, looked down at him as if he were an insect.

“God of the Sword, why did you give up your divinity and choose to remain human?”

In the middle of the battlefield, screams rang out repeatedly. The more it did, the more the demons’ fighting spirit dropped. It was understandable, since the leader of the group was not only slaughtering his own troops, but was also acting like a child.

“2nd Corps Commander!”

The unbearable vampire elder roared. He breathed fire from his eyes and bared his sharp fangs.

“What kind of mischief is this so-called leader of the Demon King’s army doing! No, I don’t even know if your goals are aligned with ours now! Tell me. If you have deceived our entire Demon Clan, we vampire clans will never sit still.”

The vampires swarmed behind the elder like rats. Their eyes flashed fiercely and they shouted curses one by one.

“Do you think being strong is everything? You damn angel.”

“Anyway, I should have known from the moment I saw her face that I couldn’t tell if she was a man or a woman.”

“… Didn’t you clearly say that you would confess to Kuarn-sama after the war ended yesterday?”

“Quiet.”

“Ah, I miss you. Lycan, the eternal master of Gehenna.”

The spark of war was extinguished in an instant. Not only vampires, but also the demons who had lost their will to fight followed them. It was as if they were seeing the end of a general who had turned his back on the soldiers’ faith.

The voices of the demons grew louder. Most of them were blatant accusations directed at Kuarn.

“Lord Kuarn… … .”

His confidant, Herya, had sad eyes. Kuarn was her creator. He had become an object of ridicule. Her mouth felt bitter. However, she could not readily approach Kuarn. She just trotted around in place.

‘I understand why the demons are angry. I don’t want to admit it, but… … .’

These are all valid accusations. In fact, wasn’t it Kuarun who brought this on himself?

‘This incident was indeed brought upon by Kuarn.’

Herya nodded her head. She had learned emotions from the conversation she had with Kanggeomma, and learned how to discern reason by applying herself to a situation. She had become able to discern right from wrong. Her blind trust in her lord had been chipped away.

“…What is this.”

Changseong muttered as he slung the spear on his shoulder. His breath rose to his shoulder, and the spear shook rhythmically with

his breathing. He had many minor injuries here and there on his body, but none were fatal.

“How will this end?”

Judging by the atmosphere, it seems like there has been an internal conflict within the Demon Clan.

Changseong let out a hollow laugh. It left a bad aftertaste. It felt like he had done his job. Still, thanks to the brief lull in the situation, the heroes were able to take an unexpected break.

Both forces are exhausted. If you are a living being, your stamina will inevitably be depleted. The fatigue caused by war is felt by both humans and demons.

The war was briefly at a stalemate.

‘In the meantime, that guy Kuarn is rolling around on the dirt floor.’

Changseong squinted his eyes to secure his vision far into the distance. Is that guy the same guy who had everyone trembling just now? Even putting that aside, why is Kuarn acting so flustered…?

Changseong looked up at the sky. Countless stars moved in formation, as if they were being guided by someone’s will. No work of art I’ve seen in over seventy years could compare to that sky.

‘Cheongeom, you.’

Changseong chuckled. A star twinkled as if responding to his laughter. That was it. Everyone, including Changseong, got goosebumps.

“Ah, I see.”

Kuarn suddenly changed his expression. His face was so emotionless that it made you wonder if it was really him who was venting his anger.

Kuarn looked around widely. His eyes sparkled transparently like snake eyes. His fierce murderous intent struck both heroes and

demons without distinction.

“I think I was mistaken. It wasn’t just this academy that put the brakes on him. It was this world itself. It was because of mere mortals like you that he couldn’t leave the world.”

Kuarn spoke in an agitated tone. The heroic demon clenched his weapon tightly as if he had made a promise. His body reacted before his mind.

‘The evil spirit is coming.’

Everyone thought the same thing. The two sides drew concentric circles around Kuarn, with him in the middle. Even though the walls of humans and demons blocked all sides, Kuarn was torn apart. Those blinded by love cannot see anything.

“… if he destroys everything, … if he has no place to return to, … he will inevitably become the master of the world.”

“Stop talking nonsense!”

The Dark Elf Chieftain, Rogue, interrupted. He and the Dark Elves naturally blended in with the heroic forces. They looked similar except for their ears, so there was little sense of discomfort.

“Even if it’s you, it’s impossible for you to deal with all of us alone. I know you’ve lost your mind for a long time, but can’t you even grasp the situation now?”

“You are the leader of the dark elves, aren’t you?”

Kuarn smiled gently. He cried and laughed. His emotions were ever-changing.

“Is this the second time you’ve seen me at the Nephilim Temple? Your face looks nice.”

“Do you remember what you said to me?”

“Sorry, I’m in a rush.”

“I made a threat that the next time I see you, I will exterminate the dark elves!”

Kuarn stroked his sharp chin and replied.

“I think I said something like that.”

“Because of those words, we had no choice but to hide in the cracks of humanity.”

“As expected of a dark elf who is known for betrayal, you were wise. If you had been hiding in the Demon Realm, you would not be standing still like you are now.”

“Of course. Because of that, you will die here. And judging by your bluff, you are finished now, Kuarn. No, I don’t even want to call you by that name anymore, Azazel.”

“It’s all a boast… … .”

Kuarn burst into laughter.

“No matter how great my country is, it’s impossible for me to deal with all of this on my own.”

Kuarn admitted it readily.

“… One, if ‘he’ is with me, there’s still room for a garage.”

Kuarn’s eyes glowed yellow. At the same time, everyone shouted and rushed at him. Swords swung at him, and all kinds of attribute magic rained down. The metallic sound and loud noises clashed together.

Ting, titi titi.

Everything was blocked. It was because Kuarn had created a barrier. Instead of narrowing the radius, he made the barrier thicker to defend against it.

But this is temporary. Humanity and the Demons are better together than expected. The barrier is only a temporary measure.

Jeokjeok-

The barrier was already cracking like an egg breaking. Several flying objects and fireballs were slicing through the gaps and invading.

‘Humanity and the Demons originally started from the same starting line.’

Kuarn knew very well how they were divided, the whole process. Not only that, he also contributed to it as a servant of God. He was one of the ones who divided them.

‘And one more.’

An evil smile appeared on Kuarn’s lips. The results of the protection and magic were quickly apparent. The barrier was soon destroyed.

“It’s clear! Go straight, go straight!”

Just as the sharp blades were about to attack him, Kuarn finished reciting the spell he had been reciting in his mind.

Boom! A coffin fell from the sky. Dust rose loudly. The coffin flattened the demons at the point of impact. This gave an idea of how heavy the towering coffin was.

The door tilted with a rusty noise. Five fingers suddenly emerged from the two-inch gap and grabbed the corner of the door like eagle talons.

The spot where his finger passed was dented like aluminum. Then, the hand forcefully opened the door to the side. The door flew far away and crashed into the bell tower at the top of the special pavilion.

Ding, ding, ding. Three sacred tones. A strong wind blew away all the dust, revealing the figure of the one who broke open the coffin.

A man walked out. His eyes were clouded by a gray-white film, and his eyes were out of focus. The ground shook heavily as he trudged along.

“Are you here?”

Kuarn welcomed him with open arms, his hair fluttering like a peacock’s tail.

“older brother.”

Holy Wings, Metatron has come.

That alone turned the tables.

* * *

Leon Van Reinhardt blinked. He was left alone on the moon. As soon as the lightning flashed, the swordsman disappeared. It was only after a while that he felt something strange.

Leon looked down at his stomach. The blood that had been pouring out like slurry had stopped. He could no longer hear the whispers inside him.

“The beings that were in my body are leaving.”

The divinity faded. My body and mind were as light as a feather.

‘What on earth is going on… … .’

My head was complicated. I felt guilty only later. The void left by the gods’ disappearance was filled with regret. Standing there blankly in the dark universe made me even more troubled and lonely.

“…what did I do.”

Leon’s knees gave way. He sank to the ground and wept. His sobs were low on the gray moon.

‘I have to train.’

I don’t know how. Maybe it would be best to commit suicide here. But I didn’t want to do that.

“The reason why Kanggeomma kept me alive.”

It must mean that he should not die and accept the price of his sins. Somehow, Leon easily figured out Kanggeomma's intentions. Even though they had only talked about it a few times.

"I am a hypocrite."

Leon confessed into the pitch-black darkness. The echoes rang out repeatedly for emphasis.

"A traitor who abandoned humanity for revenge."

Confession followed. The urge to vomit welled up. Each word of excretion felt more disgusting than the vomit itself.

It was a necessary process. Humans naturally learn right from wrong through right and wrong. Even if you judge them with extreme punishment, it is useless if they do not know themselves. You have to dissect yourself piece by piece. That is where it starts.

"… … !"

Leon felt a cold sweat run down his back. Even if the god had left, this was a body that had been imbued with divinity. His senses had long since surpassed those of humans.

"It's my father."

Leon muttered as he looked at the Earth. A spiral cloud mass was concentrated in one spot. Joaquin Academy. Father, Metatron is there.

The question was left aside. Why was my father appearing at this time? I couldn't understand the English, but my muscles tensed up because of the ominous feeling.

'We have to return to Earth somehow.'

Leon stood up, using his foot as a cane. His body was swaying. His legs felt weak, like a deflated balloon. It was only natural, since he had been struggling on a cosmic scale. His body was no better than a rag.

Leon slammed his fist into his thigh. A broken machine can be easily fixed with a punch, but the body is not a machine. The bruises only grew.

“please.”

Leon was desperate. Even though the universe was full of nothingness, if only this voice could reach someone’s ears.

Damn it.

I felt a presence right next to me. I turned my head. Leon’s blue eyes became as small as grains of rice.

Kanggeomma elbowed Leon on the shoulder. His atmosphere was completely different. His pupils were dark, as if they contained the universe. They were eyes that observed not one universe, but multiple universes.

“let’s go.”

Something that can’t happen.

“I’ll tell you the rest of the story later.”

The warrior saw a miracle.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 296

Episode 296 Miraculous Protection (2)

People in this world grow up hearing myths from the time they are babies. They dream while listening to the stories of those who act as God's judges.

'They want to be like angels!'

Innocent children have pure yearning. They like angels much more than God, because angels have more elements to stimulate their imagination.

With pure white wings, they fly across the sky, destroying evil. They exercise justice. They tear the night apart and light the dawn. Their ivory feathers descend as if they are embracing those who seek salvation. The morning sunlight casts a halo over them, making their facial features invisible.

But in the shadows of such faces, the eyes shine with a noble light. They speak to humans with warm hands.

-Do not tremble in the darkness. We have come.

Romance. It is the predecessor of the hero, the successor of the angel. Although it is an invincible existence to the ancients, the world does not know their secret story.

History is the record of the victors. Angels have always been victors, so they were the main characters of myths. They were symbols of divinity. People revered angels.

Among them, Metatron was called the most brilliant angel. He was an angel of a different class from other angels, so much so that he was practically considered a demigod. It would be difficult to praise his power and character.

It certainly was, until he broke open the coffin and appeared.

“Grrrrrrr.”

Metatron bared his teeth fiercely and drooled. The drool he made was similar to that of a bear or an animal. He really looked like a beast, not a metaphor.

“Let me introduce you to you! My older brother, Metatron!”

Kuarn straightened his shoulders and introduced himself. He revealed the identity of the man with the cloudy eyes and the screaming.

The crowd was confused. Numerous eyes were shaking.

‘Metatron.’

It was a sight completely different from the image he had longed for and dreamed of as a child. Metatron was wearing shackles on his ankles. He had been wearing them for so long that his skin was chapped and scabs were stuck to it.

The air became stifling. The heroes and demons alike swallowed dry saliva.

Goooooooo.

The aura that Metatron radiated weighed heavily on their shoulders. Their hearts were pounding so hard that their left chest ached. The object of their childhood awe now seemed like a god of death.

Metatron twisted his waist halfway. His right shoulder twitched. It was just after that that a storm suddenly blew in. The scale of the storm was literally a storm.

The crack of an eye. Dark Elf Chieftain Rogue rolled his eyes to the side. His pupils shrank. It was a biological reaction when seeing an

unbelievable sight.

“Hey, this is.”

Regime. A simple punch. Dozens of demons were wiped out in one blow. It wasn’t even within striking distance.

Wind pressure. The tornado created by the fist pierced through the camp like a train cutting through a tunnel.

‘… Is this possible with brute force alone?’

Log turned his gaze to the side of the pack. Kuarn smiled brightly. His thin pupils were sly.

‘What did Kuarn do?’

It was as Log had guessed. Kuarn had softened the air and increased the destructive power of the regime. It was a technique that the brothers had often used when they were both angels.

“As expected… you’re amazing, hyung.”

Kuarn was impressed. Although his magic was young, it was ultimately only an assist. The destructive power was purely Metatron’s domain. If a mere hero had stretched out his fist, it would have been like a breeze.

The time that had stopped moved again. At the same time, the heroes and demons also prepared their positions in unison. The demons quickly cast a protective spell, and the heroes erected shields to form an iron wall.

Metatron’s bare feet crushed the ground, making the ground soft as clay.

Kwaaang!

He galloped. A one-on-many fight, a battle of horses and horses(?) was the opening salvo of the battle. One attacked, and many defended.

“What the heck, what kind of power is that!”

Thirty tanks were supporting the shields with all their might. They were warrior-level heroes. All of them were great warriors. They even gathered all of them together.

But it was still tough. The iron wall was dented by the pressure of the regime. The shock went through the shield, muscles, and bones. I couldn’t let go of the tension for even a moment. My muscles were in a state of contraction without any time to relax. Sweat and blood were dripping down my body.

The situation was the same for the demons. It was even worse. Unlike the heroes, they were actually fighting back with their fists.

“Why are we attacking from up close?!”

Metatron’s muscles were imprinted with destruction. Perhaps it was his nature that made him particularly cruel to the demons.

Wow!

It was common for the barrier to be destroyed. There were many mines that gave up on defense, counterattacked, and then had their bodies explode.

Metatron kicked up a cloud of dust and ran wild in all directions. He crossed at subsonic speeds, alternately punching the demons’ defenses and iron walls. He swung his arms, which were hanging down, like scythes, harvesting life. The movements of the muscles attached to his arms were clear.

The mass of hundreds collapsed helplessly at the blow of the regime. The bottom of the falling fist collapsed the minions. His hands were covered in blood. The blood that had not been washed off was drawn to the regime like a whip. It was a violent dance that ignored defense.

Metatron was strong. He felt his mythical strength. It was not an empty boast that he had slaughtered Gregory alone. Even this was weaker than when he was in his right mind. His two feet were sealed with chains, so he could only use his two fists.

Just stretch, strike, and destroy. Metatron's attacks are true to the essence of destruction. There are no named techniques.

Ugh-

That alone made him peerless. Even attribute magic couldn't penetrate his solid muscles. Normally, the hot flames like lava would only scorch his skin. It was strength and endurance beyond the standard.

'For the Izawa confrontation to be successful, at least a corps commander must be present.'

Changseong clenched his teeth hard. He was supporting the shield with his back along with the tankers. His arms were no longer able to support him. His feet sank.

'Quarn.'

He saw Kuarn through the narrow field of vision between his shields. The creature was watching the chaos from a distance.

"Why don't you join Metatron?"

If Kuarn joins, the situation will change in an instant. After a fierce battle, many heroes, demons, and key forces have been lost. They are still holding on somehow, but the survivors are also exhausted.

'In this situation, the collaboration between Metatron and that guy is… … .'

It was creepy to even think about it. But Kuarn only cast magic to assist Metatron.

'Something feels strange. Even if you used great magic, there must be something going on that makes you just watch like that.'

After staring at him for a long time, Changseong made a decision. He shouted at the sword master at the top of his lungs.

"Nibelung!"

His voice reached the Emperor's ears even in the midst of the noisy commotion. When the Emperor saw him, Changseong smiled.

"Would you like to dance a sword dance with me?"

Changseong, who was leaning back against his shield, raised his spear. A ferocious smile appeared on the sword master's face.

"Yeah. My hands were already itching."

He drew his sword without hesitation. The sword's name was clear.

"Isn't the best defense a good offense?"

"Yeah. That's how you should be my friend."

Changseong lifted his back from the shield. An opening was created in the solid iron wall, large enough for one person to pass through.

Changseong took a deep breath as he looked out at the wide open battlefield. His chest swelled greatly.

'Metatron is currently in a standoff with the Demons.'

His heart pounded. Oxygen accelerated brain activity. He read the situation broadly.

'In the meantime, we must approach Kuarn.'

Changseong ran ahead. Geomje followed right away. Hyeonja, Manryuk, Cheolgak, and Olmute also joined the procession. As soon as they left, another shield blocked the entrance.

The tanks' eyes followed the six heroes' steps through the gaps in their shields.

"They willingly became the bait."

The moment they crossed the line of defense, they were prepared to die. In the most dangerous situation, what they chose was sacrifice. It was an example of heroism.

"Euryaaaaah!"

One tank roared. The legless roar quickly spread. The tanks who had been pushed back tried to advance. The dealers also supported their backs and supported their weight. The heroes advanced little by little, but surely.

Six heroes ran. Changseong was in the front. On the right wing were Geomje, Cheolgak, and All Mute. On the left wing were the Poison Twins.

“I think Metatron is probably being manipulated.”

Changseong said as he ran forward without looking back. Man-lik added.

“So, the host is Kuarn? Okay.”

Meaine nodded to her sister. Media nodded. They quickly split left and right. It looked like they were splitting into two. That’s twins.

“All Mute, you are with me. You just need to disturb Metatron’s five senses with your protection. Even if it’s just for a moment.”

Changseong said. Instead of answering, Olmute spread his palms wide. Then he clapped his hands loudly. The white sound rippled and reverberated throughout the area.

Metatron’s fist stopped. He raised his cloudy white eyes and looked around. His eyes were hazy, like someone who had just woken up. All Mute’s [Protection] had taken away his vision for a moment. This gave him time to approach Kuarn. Changsung turned away from Metatron and prepared for any situation.

“Ironhead, you go with me. Kick that table in Kuarn once. I’ll have to stab that little brat in the gut.”

The swordsman said. Mao Lang puffed out his calves.

“I’ll just turn that half-and-half guy into an ugly guy.”

The old legend and the new generation communicated smoothly. The distance between them and Kuarn was shortened in an instant. The fists of the Poison Twins, who ran out first, rushed toward Kuarn.

“Useless thing.”

Kuarn narrowed his eyes and unfolded his curtain. The barrier, which was as soft as a soap bubble, disrupted the attack points. However, it burst. This was because the Poison Twins had raised their claws and tore the barrier apart.

Media’s [Poet’s Protection]. It is a protection that foresees the future right before your eyes. I figured out the type of barrier that Kuarn would deploy a few seconds ago and relayed it to my older sister.

At that point, Meaine suggested a solution. She was the only magician among the heroes. She was well-versed in magic. She had been pondering the weaknesses of the empty attribute magic throughout the battle. And finally, she had found a breakthrough. Now, she could respond flexibly to the barrier.

The barrier has been lifted. The Poison Twins have split apart again. It is the turn of the second contingent.

The sword master’s black sword glided freely out of his hands. The pinnacle of swordsmanship. Waaaaaaaaaaaaa-, the straight sword drew a dizzying sword path and then plummeted like lightning. The sword stroke aimed for Kuarn’s face.

Kuarn twisted his head. A bloodline ran down his left cheek. A creaking sound was heard from the right. Mao Lang’s legs, shaking violently, pressed against his temple.

Kuarn caught it and blew it away. But Mao Lang easily knocked it away. Kuarn’s martial arts skills weren’t that great. It was doable.

Kuarn’s complexion was not good. He was pouring all his magical power into brainwashing Metatron. It was difficult to control his brother alone.

“… Now that I think about it, it was because of you.”

Kuarn opened his eyes with a stern expression. A faint ray of light emerged from the corner of his eyes.

“You guys were the ones who contaminated him.”

He continued muttering with a cool laugh.

“Everything, in this place.”

Kuarn’s skin began to turn black. A pair of horns rose from its forehead, and its pupils split vertically between its eyes. Ten pairs of bat wings spread out through its back hide. The wing surfaces were sticky with blood and mucus.

Devil.

The six heroes hesitated. Kuarn declared, his mouth ripped upward. His appearance was more hideous than that of any other demon.

“I will knit together your skins and offer them to Him.”

At that moment, the comet fell to the ground, trailing its tail. Everyone’s attention was diverted to Kuarn and the star. Since the two events occurred at the same time, everyone was confused.

-Don’t tremble in the darkness.

A voice echoed as if trying to calm them down.

-I’m here.

Ivory feathers fluttered across the ground. A boy with blue eyes that held a shining, exotic color… … .

[A miraculous protection is manifested.]

…Leon van Reinhard. The hero, the demon, and even Metatron looked at the warrior in amazement.

Blind spot of vision. Kanggeomma, the foreign correspondent smiled happily there. Then, he soon closed his eyes.

‘The main character always appears at the end.’

Now it’s time to look into the abyss. The real protagonist is still there.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 297

Episode 297 Joaquin Academy (1)

The gods, or sea creatures, resisted desperately. They were not beings who were called gods for nothing. The scale of their attack was literally a 'cosmic' rescue.

"You foolish child. Do you think you can destroy us all with human wishes?"

Jupiter is urging me. Where his handsome face used to be, there is now a green octopus head.

"Oh. Possible."

I replied briefly and pulled out Murasame and Eternal Frost. A light flashed between the sashimi that was burning in the abyss.

Crunch!

The long sword light cut vertically across the abyssal horizon. With a single stroke of the sword, countless gods were separated into upper/lower, left/right directions and annihilated.

I tried to resist in my own way, but it was futile. My sashimi is a knife that cuts and cuts everything. Even God does not make exceptions.

Hurrr… … .

Jupiter created a moon the size of a soccer ball in his right hand and

a sun in his left. Then he made the two spheres collide in front of his chest as if making a water sign.

○

●

The energy created by combining the opposing properties of yin and yang is darkness that even sucks up light. This is the process of forming a black hole. It is completely different from the black hole created by Kuarn.

Kookookookookung.

The abyss itself refracted and twisted my sword path. Thanks to that, the bastard narrowly missed the light of the sword. A few of the tentacles that had grown like whiskers were cut off, though.

〈You idiot. How can you be stronger now than you were in the past? Even after giving up your divinity and choosing mere humanity? When we created this world, we didn't even include such causality!〉

Jupiter glared with bloodshot eyes. He was the only god who had withstood the sword strikes. The rest either dodged or were caught in the sword light and scattered into space dust.

The number of gods had dwindled noticeably. The number that had been close to several thousand was now less than twenty. And the remaining gods lined up behind Jupiter, glaring at me as if they were going to kill me.

〈Sword God, I know you came from another universe. Is that why? Are you so strong because you came from an outside world that we don't know? Are our visions so narrow? Tell me. If we go outside, can we become as strong as you?〉

Even in the midst of all this, they reveal their dark desires.

'I should say it's really consistent.'

As Lycan said, they are the embodiment of greed, but they can't seem

to tell lies. They are strangely honest.

But they're missing the point. Their problem isn't who I am or where I come from.

"Do you know what your problem is?"

I said as I looked at the blade. It was a new thought, but the ripples flowing through the sashimi were beautiful. I was dazzled by this beauty and devoted my whole life to it.

"I wasn't satisfied with what I had."

I turned my gaze back to them.

"The point is that you always look for the cause outside. You think I'm strong because I'm from outside? Don't be ridiculous. Do you even know what kind of life I've lived?"

I was unhappy in my previous life. My life was filled with persecution and violence. I was born to disgusting authors who I could even call parents.

Since there was no one to feed me at home, I started begging when I could walk. Since I had no clothes, I searched through used clothing collection boxes to cover myself. Even those were often torn to pieces by my parents.

My father, who would beat me like a dog whenever he drank, and my mother, who would always neglect me while drunk.

Even though I had parents, I was practically an orphan. Home was not a cozy haven for me, but rather a hell.

That doesn't mean that school or society was kind to me.

The kids teased me and avoided me, calling me a beggar, and the adults were indifferent to me. They might have treated me like a burden, but they didn't show it.

Still, I never complained. I held onto the small hope that night would eventually end and morning would come, and that gave me the will

to live.

However, it was too harsh for a child who had not yet reached the age of 18 to bear, and at one point he even thought about giving up on life.

‘Why only me?’

I’ve had that thought many times. Well, someone might say that to me.

For example, ‘Where did you not starve to death?’, ‘Be thankful you were born in Korea.’, etc.

Happiness and unhappiness are relative, so it is possible that your life may not seem so bottom-tier from someone else’s perspective.

News about parents killing or abandoning their children is reported at least once or twice a year.

Compared to them, my parents were better people, at least they didn’t kill their children.

– you might think so.

Of course, from my perspective, that’s bullshit.

Those authors didn’t just kill my body, they killed my spirit.

I held on to my lifeline tenaciously on my own without their help.

And the fruit of that desperation was a meeting with the CEO.

‘Live as a human being.’

That’s what he kept emphasizing to me.

‘It’s true that life is a series of sufferings. But that doesn’t mean we should give up being human. An unfortunate family doesn’t give us an excuse to commit evil deeds.’

Perhaps it was the Master’s self-reflection or self-mockery.

‘You asked me before why I took you away? It’s because you looked so tough. I really thought you’d stab a person with a knife. Well, I don’t care if a new kid stabs someone, but I don’t want that to happen around my store. That’s my honest opinion.’

The Master, like the gods, spoke only the truth.

‘I don’t regret it. On the contrary, it’s the opposite.’

But the weight of the words is different.

Even if the gods want to do it, they ‘cannot’, but the master ‘does not’ do it. That one letter difference is as high and low as the difference between heaven and earth.

‘I feel proud that I was able to help you live as a human being.’

The Master was a hero of the poem. He was a man who had walked the path of violence and death. He was a man who had to go through trials that required him to regress endlessly for the sake of his task.

In addition, he was eventually swept into an unfamiliar world. He must have wandered the Earth for decades in search of a being who would put an end to his task.

It’s understandable why the teacher always spoke so bluntly and had such a cynical attitude. His life must have been even more difficult than mine.

‘The day I reached out to you.’

The Master saw his past self in my face.

‘… That was the most satisfying and proud day of my life.’

He taught me how to use a sword and showed me kindness. He made me human. He gave me a place and a home where I could make friends.

‘humanity.’

That’s where my strength comes from.

〈It seems like you have no intention of telling me.〉

Jupiter's eyes darkened. He turned his head halfway back. The gods flinched at the coldness of his gaze. There seemed to be some kind of agreement being exchanged in his eyes.

After a while, the gods except Jupiter nodded silently, indicating that they would join in the cause.

〈I will correct my past mistakes here.〉

Jupiter spread his arms. Dark holes appeared in his palms. The next moment, the holes began to swirl and suck in the gods.

Goooooooo!

As the number of gods decreased, Jupiter grew bigger and bigger. Even when he tilted his head back, only the dark outline of an octopus' head could be seen.

Flash.

A red dot shone in the huge shadow. It was a calm gaze.

〈For the first time, our Aesir gods have united as one.〉

Jupiter told me so. Every time he opened his mouth, a thick purple mist would come out. The light sashimi caught in the poisonous mist melted away. Billions of wishes went out like candles.

"There is no more hope."

Jupiter spoke with boastfulness. I couldn't help but chuckle at that.

"no."

It's a bit far-fetched, but I can't think of anything else to say in response.

"There's still one left."

A holy light envelops Murasame. After quickly cleansing these evil spirits, I want to return to my home, to the academy where everyone

is. That is my wish and my humanity.

“And thank you.”

He slowly lifted the sashimi. He didn’t put any skill or emotion into the knife. Raising and lowering the knife was just a ’cause’ to bring about a ‘result’.

“Thanks to that, I didn’t have to go through the trouble of cutting it multiple times.”

A brilliant red line engraved from Jupiter’s shoulder to his side. I see the death of the god. And my sashimi is the sword that brings about that death. The realms of the past, present, and future all permeate my mind. Cause and effect are clearly explained, and the sword moves for only one purpose.

“Cut it.”

As Jupiter extended his mighty hand, my sashimi also drew a diagonal line.

The final sword. The hand of God and the sword of man crossed. The birth and end of a universe exploded at the same time.

* * *

“Mommy.”

Someone tapped me on the shoulder. I opened my eyes, which had been closed. I rolled my narrowed pupils to the side.

“congratulations.”

The person who woke me up said that right away. Maybe it was because my focus was not good. I couldn’t see his face at all. When I tried to answer, my voice was stuck in my throat.

“First, lie down and listen.”

I’m lying down. But it doesn’t seem like it was a good situation to be lying down. Oh, shit. I can’t remember what happened. It’s because

the fragmented timeline is all messed up in my head.

‘Fuck.’

As I bit my lower lip, the other person covered my eyes with his hand before he could speak. I could feel the feel of his calluses. Judging by the position of his calluses, his hands had been used with knives quite a bit.

“Ganggeomma, you just broke the chains of evil that were affecting a world, no, no. the entire world line.”

There was a hint of laughter in his voice. He continued.

“It’s a ridiculous probability. In terms of numbers, I’m not sure. In Earth terms, it’s the probability of being struck by lightning? I guess you could say the probability of being struck by lightning 76 quadrillion times. I don’t know exactly. I’m bad with numbers. Anyway, Geomma, you saved the entire world line.”

My lips are parched. I want to say something or ask something, but not even a hoarse sound comes out.

“Enough with Saddam. Let’s get to the main point.”

“… … ?”

“I’ll give you a choice.”

A clear energy passes through the forehead and enters the brain. The head feels refreshed. The jumbled and fragmented cause and effect is reassembled clearly.

I have now observed all the worlds without distinction of domains and realized the truth. So I have naturally come to know the identity of the person who is trying to have a one-sided conversation with me.

I opened my mouth. The other person made the sound instead.

“You are me.”

“You are me.”

Literally resonant. It’s a strange experience. It feels like two people are sharing a brain.

The other person took his hand away from my eyes. Now, as I saw his face clearly, a sentence came to mind.

[GM offers you two options.]

A proposal from my distant future self to my past self.

[1. Will you reign over all things as a foreigner and control them?]

[2. Or, would you like to remain human and return to Joaquin Academy?]

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 298

Episode 298 Joaquin Academy (2)

The reappearance of the warrior, Leon van Reinhardt, was suggestive of many things.

Leon killed the archer Saki Kojima. Everyone at the scene saw it.

During his lifetime, Jeolgung was not viewed positively by many due to his arrogant nature. However, toward the end, did he experience some kind of change of heart? Jeolgung pulled the strings toward the sky and saved countless lives.

Sacrifice. Since his last appearance was that of a hero, he would be re-evaluated after the war. Also, as a trait of the magnates who like 'reversals', many good stories would be added.

'Jeolgung, even though that gentleman's personality was like that, he wasn't a bad person to the core.'

Something like this.

The opposite case is Leon Van Reinhardt. A boy who took on the karma of a warrior but turned into an enemy of humanity. A traitor who betrayed humanity's expectations. If you just list the things he did, he would be a textbook traitor! It would be impossible to avoid the cold stares and criticism that would follow.

That was bound to happen.

Kwaaaaang!

The sword master opened his eyes wide and looked at the epicenter. The epicenter was the sky. Leon, with his ivory feather wings, and Kuarn, with his black bat wings, were facing off.

“Nephew! Have you let me down even now?! Ah, you half-assed warrior. You incompetent warrior who can’t even bring about the awakening of the Demon King. Even after this war ends, you will be the enemy of both humanity and the Demons. This is an immutable fact.”

Kuarn cursed at Leon, his tongue dripping.

“Is that all? It will be recorded. In that case, you should be torn to pieces and die here. Shedding tears of blood at the overflowing generosity of this uncle!”

Kuarn’s voice was as rusty as a lynx. His face had changed into that of a black goat, and his teeth were sharp and jagged. He looked like a demon drawn in a painting.

“… everything is my karma.”

Leon thought as he swung his balmung. It was as Kuarn said. If he lived, he would have no place to go, and if he died, he would be described as an enemy of the world.

‘If I hadn’t come back here, at least I could have lived quietly somewhere alive.’

No, Leon was willing to face his own shortcomings. He was willing to humbly accept it even if everyone cursed at him.

‘The confrontation with Kuarn is not an atonement for him.’

It was originally something he was supposed to do. He was just blinded by anger and now he is doing it. He is not doing this because he wants something.

“I don’t ask God to forgive my sins.”

Leon opened his eyes. A golden ring spun in the exact center of his pupil.

“Foolish and ungodly, warrior. You will beg me, not God, to kill you!”

Kuarn’s eyes were yellow with madness. He could not hold back the pleasure and screams that were welling up. He poured out everything he had. Every word was so dirty and vulgar that it was almost deafening.

The devil’s whisper did not reach Leon. Leon flapped his wings lightly. The feathers fluttered like they were floating through the clouds.

Kookookookook!

The two were entangled in the sky. They drew concentric circles that intersected in a circle like ∞ and a figure 8. Light and darkness were drawn like a long ribbon at the tip of the new shape.

It wasn’t a show. The two fought with all their might. They came at each other with the intent to kill each other and fired magic. Every time they crossed at the junction, light flashed and thunder shook the sky.

Kkwarung! Kkwarung! Kurururung… … .

The heroes and demons, including the sword master, watched the battle as if they were watching an air show. Among them was Metatron, who was running wild like a bull.

Metatron opened his lips, drool dripping from them. His tongue was stiff and his speech was slurred.

“Le… On… … .”

He chewed on the name stammeringly. His pupils, which had been dim, slowly began to form a gunshot. His fists, which had been clenched with great strength, loosened.

“Ah, uh… ah… … .”

Metatron was nothing more than a living corpse. His heart had been worn away by the gods’ cruel torture. He had a strong body, but it

was only a shell. He was like a puppet on strings, thinking and moving according to others.

Wiggle.

Metatron's arm muscles throbbed. Hot blood spread through his heart and throughout his body.

Wow!

Metatron crushed the chains that bound his right foot with his left foot. It was so easy to escape. Freedom was not far away.

The battle was fierce. Swords and magic clashed, sometimes deeply wounding each other. At first glance, the offense and defense seemed evenly matched.

However, the thoughts of those with high levels were different. Their levels rose two or three levels because of this war. They were able to follow the flow of the attack and defense with their eyes.

'The situation is leaning towards Kuarn.'

Meaine, who had been watching the workshop, was silent. As a wingless human, she only stomped her feet like a dog chasing a chicken and looking up at the roof.

'Quarn can regenerate itself. But it's not doing it. It's not using its full power. It's probably conserving its strength for the next battle.'

He's a cunning guy. He manages his strength even while talking nonstop. He acts crazier than anyone else, but he's calculating in battle. If you watch him closely, you'll see that his offensive and defensive shifts are quick and precise.

'He's not just a talker. That's why he was the leader of the group twice.'

Gregory and the Demonic Gehenna. The two forces did not join together because they were moved by Kuarn's cause. They submitted to Kuarn's power. The logic of power does not distinguish between angels, mortals, or species. Overwhelming violence is persuasive in

itself.

‘But if you overuse it, no one will follow you.’

You must exercise your power at the right time. That way you will be respected and revered. If you don’t know how to use your power, you will just be a loser.

Kuarn is the former. The demons followed him even though they knew he was a different species. If Kuarn hadn’t been fighting among his own kind, the demons would have fought with their lives.

“If this continues, Leon will definitely lose.”

In contrast to Kuarn’s clever fighting style, Leon’s offensive was very honest. He just went straight ahead. Even though it seemed like he was pushing forward, there were no direct hits.

‘It’ll probably feel like you’re cutting through water.’

Even if they awakened in a short period of time, Leon was still eighteen. On the other hand, Kuarn was an old monster who had lived for tens of thousands of years. Although their strength was equal, the difference in experience was great.

I wonder if he has enough combat sense to offset his actual combat experience.

“Like a strong swordsman… … .”

The voice of the heart came out of the mouth. The appropriate use of power, the allocation of power, the sense of battle. Kanggeomma was a boy who had it all. Sometimes he struggled at the crossroads of being a swordsman and a swordsman, but he never crossed the line.

That is the difference with Kuarn. Unlike the demons who only hope for Kuarn’s defeat, the heroes are eagerly waiting for Kanggeomma. Manryuk was also greatly affected by Kanggeomma’s absence.

It was then. When the road surface shook, the startled people lowered their gazes and then raised them. Their eyes were focused on the source of the strangeness.

At the center of attention, Metatron lowered his hips deeply into a jumping stance. The movements of his lower body muscles were dynamic.

“no!”

The surrounding Changsung tried to stop him, as they thought Metatron was trying to join Kuarn.

Metatron glanced at Changseong. There was no hostility in his eyes.

“Stay away. You might get caught up.”

He left a word and exploded. Changseong was blown away by the wind pressure. Tomu covered the area in thick fog for a moment.

Changseong, who got up as if his lower abdomen was being bounced, looked up at the sky through the dust. The next moment, his pupils began to dilate and shrink repeatedly.

He rubbed his eyes and opened them wide. His eyeballs felt stinging.

‘Hey, Metatron is helping the warrior!’

Metatron immediately grabbed Kuarn from behind and unleashed a barrage of punches. The afterimages of his fists rained down, as if they were eating away at his vision. Leon was chasing after him in front, holding his balmung.

The father and son skipped the reunion and tied up Kuarn. The blood of the precious angel flowed through the veins of both of them.

“Are you finally showing your fatherly love, brother?”

Kuarn muttered, his face crumpled. He had been thinking about this situation since Leon showed up. That’s why he didn’t put in all his effort.

“Now that things have come to this, I guess there’s no need to conserve my strength.”

Surrounded by his older brother and nephew from the front and

back, dozens of pairs of black arms tore through Kuarn's armpits. Blood and flesh were stuck to his sparse hair.

The joints of the black arms bent in strange directions and met the barrage of fists. Since Metatron's regime was heavy, the black arms were blown up instead.

However, each time an arm fell off, it multiplied by two. The same was true in front. No matter how much Leon cut off the pouring arms, they continued to increase in number uncontrollably. The number of black arms quickly reached two hundred pairs.

"Kwarn, you punk! What have you done!"

Metatron roared. His head and body were playing separately. It had been a few minutes since he came to his senses. His mind was hazy as if he had been poisoned, and his limbs felt heavy as if they were a thousand pounds. The shackles on his ankles were gone, but his mind was still bound.

"Why are you so surprised? When I sold you, I made a pact with the gods."

The name of this strange supernatural ability is Buljeol. The power of a god is something close to abstraction. It is a realm outside the laws of physics. Fists and swords cannot destroy ideas.

"The condition of the contract is the flesh of the 'Warrior' Leon. They accept that contract right away. Isn't that funny? Making a contract with the people who had betrayed them in the past. How shameful it was to have been the lackeys of such greedy incarnations! Then I realized once again. There is no one else who is the master of the world!"

"You're crazy, Azazel. You accept their power to avoid being a hunting dog. Do you think your actions will be justified by using such absurd logic?"

Blood vessels bulged on Kuarn's black temples.

"Justification? That's ridiculous. I just want to give this world to Him. Everything about me is subordinate to Him. Whether my

actions are justified or not is also His domain to judge!”

“Azazel… … .”

The sight of his brother, consumed by madness and even throwing away his angelic disguise, tormented Metatron.

Metatron had also been impressed by the ‘God of Swords’. The gods who only cared about their own desires were a cancer to this world. Even Metatron, who had served them as his master, felt deeply disillusioned.

One day, the sword god suddenly appeared and cut out the evil parts of the world, namely the gods.

‘Even though he was an enemy, he was truly a god.’

However, Metatron at that time could not deny his birth. He was an angel who was designed not to be able to defy the gods. Therefore, he was granted the strongest power.

‘It’s not the sword god’s fault that Azazel has changed like this.’

All of this is purely Kuarn’s madness. It was a path that his younger brother chose, one that no one forced him to take. He misinterpreted the sword god as he pleased and blindly worshipped him.

Metatron stared beyond Kuarn. Leon was fighting a hard battle with the black arms that were constantly emerging.

‘My son, Leon, you did your best.’

Metatron closed his eyes and opened them. His pupils hardened with determination. He was determined to burn all the energy in his body and become one with Kuarn.

‘This tiresome feud ends here.’

Just as Metatron was about to kick the air, a mysterious light suddenly poured out from a gap in the clouds.

As the night passes and dawn comes, the divine energy warmly

embraces the weary and tired battlefield.

The sky above the sky. A black presence stood there, looming.

With his back to the halo, he pointed to Kuarn as sashimi.

“All, all, you.”

Kuarn’s lips, which had been flowing with ridicule, turned pale and dead. He sensed his own words.

Not death, but ‘erasure’. Kanggeomma’s sashimi is a sword that erases existence. There is no mercy or tolerance.

Ch. Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 299

Episode 299 Joaquin Academy (3)

“You won’t regret it?”

Let’s decide without much hesitation between the two options, is what another me said.

“uh.”

I nodded. After much thought and consideration, my answer was already decided.

“You knew it. That I would choose it.”

‘Another me’ asked this question even though he knew it well. Because no one knows me better than I do.

“I knew it, but it’s not confirmed until you say it out loud.”

Another me shrugged and smiled. I stared at him blankly and asked.

“But you’re a foreigner. Is it okay for you to interfere in worldly affairs like this? I heard from the Pope that foreigners are just observers.”

He laughed out loud.

“Usually, yes. But there are no such things as absolute laws in this world. The world is flexible, full of variables. That’s true even now. To be honest, I thought you’d choose option 1.”

It was an unexpected answer. I was puzzled for a moment, but I listened to what he had to say.

“Because I chose number 1. Don’t ask me why. My circumstances are too long to explain in detail. It feels like you’re asking me to tell you everything that’s happened since I was possessed by that world.”

“ah.”

“Do you understand right away? Even if I were to compress your one-year journey into a single volume, it would still be enough to produce a full-length novel. For me, it would be more than that. In my worldline, the Second World War broke out after I graduated from Joaquin Academy as scheduled. Do you want to hear? Just tell me. I have an abundance of time.”

Another me spoke as if floating. I immediately shook my head.

I know the value of time. Go back hundreds of millions of years at superluminal speed. Every second will feel like gold.

‘This guy probably won’t be upset or care much about it.’

Because it’s me. Moreover, if it were me, he wouldn’t be able to communicate smoothly since he doesn’t have much of a way to talk.

‘Now that I think about it, I was the god of swords too.’

Well, that strange way of communication is understandable at first glance. And there’s no one to talk to… … .

I regret being a little cold to you back then. It’s something that happened in the past, so there’s nothing I can do about it now.

“Okay, the story seems to be almost over. Let’s wrap it up.”

Another me slowly stood up, leaning on my knees. I looked up at him with slightly bewildered eyes.

‘We’re obviously the same height, but I didn’t know our eye levels would be so different.’

This other me, who speaks so friendly and reciprocal – stands in a position that no one can surpass.

The ambition of those ‘kids’ to have the entire world was an outrageous act that was once again shocking.

‘Not interfering with the world line every single time, from this guy’s perspective, it must mean that there is no need to intervene.’

I can assure you that no matter how hard they try, they will never be able to jump over this guy. Even if they jump over him, it will still end up in the palm of Buddha’s hand.

If I had to say something, since foreign media intervened in this matter, they achieved their intended goal. In any case, the entire world line was shaken up.

“You don’t have to worry about jumping over timelines like you did when you came. I, and therefore you, are already there. To put it in a difficult way, it’s like ‘swapping’ your and my existence.”

A foreign correspondent reached out to me as I was sitting there.

“To put it simply, I’m suggesting that we switch places. Don’t worry, we didn’t do much. All I did was send Leon, who was struggling on the moon, back to Earth.”

… Isn’t that a big deal? It’s obvious that he’s trying to just gloss over it.

“Hold my hand. Then we’ll be home.”

Another me laughed merrily. I hesitated for a moment before taking the hand offered.

“Congratulations on your graduation. You’re still a high school graduate.”

It was a farewell in his own way. The foreign press who heard those words were momentarily dumbfounded and then raised the corners of their lips.

“Congratulations on your graduation in advance. Two years can seem like a long time to a teenager, but it goes by so quickly.”

“I know. I was forty in my past life.”

I grabbed his hand. Then my body began to disintegrate into pieces, starting from the extremities.

“So I’m going to write down every single day I spend at the Academy without missing a single one. My teacher always emphasized that.”

“The habit of writing a diary.”

The foreign press received the afterword.

“The weather is good. Who knows, maybe someone out there is reading your story. Maybe someone bigger than me.”

“There is a being above foreign media?”

“I told you. There are no absolute laws in this world. I am just a cog in the wheel that maintains the world line, but I am not everything. Anyway, time is up.”

The following were the final greetings from foreign media.

“Be happy. You deserve it.”

I felt my consciousness fading away and I was completely angry.

* * *

[The last fragment, ‘Joaquin Academy’ was obtained.]

-Pfft!

“The beginning and the end of everything.”

[Acquire all fragments to fully release your latent divinity.]

[… … .]

[… … .]

[Thank you for your effort.]

* * *

Kuarun was shocked by the dark new model visible through the raindrops.

He trembled convulsively, his goat-like jaw quivering and his rectangular pupils shrinking.

‘What is his condition now?’

If Kanggeomma had been elevated to a true god, I would have welcomed him with open arms. Even if I stabbed him in the face with my sword in rage, I would have greeted him with a smile.

Kuarn’s wish was not directed at himself. His mind was filled with the swordsman. There was no place for him there.

I had a dream every night that He was the master of this world and I was the submissive one.

Just imagining it made his spine tingle and his back tingle. But now, Kuarn felt the chills for a different reason. He could tell at a glance that he was a servant of the gods in the past.

The being that is slowly approaching, Kanggeomma. He is a human, not a god.

From that perspective, the atmosphere of Ganggeomma was incredibly strange. Although he was human, his inherent power was greater than that of a god. It was truly amazing.

“Oh, my goodness. How could that be possible!”

Kuarn screamed. He managed to squeeze out his voice somehow.

“How… …! How can a god be contained in a mere human body! This is beyond words!”

It was a tantrum. The long-cherished wish that had lasted for hundreds of thousands of years had collapsed. The torrent of madness

had completely drowned out reason. The already hideous expression on his face had become even more distorted.

Kang Geum-ma didn't respond. He just looked down at Joaquin Academy.

It was nothing but ruins. The once-shiny buildings were completely devastated, and the Academy's proud main building was completely destroyed. It was hard to find a single intact spot.

There.

The heroes look up at the strong sword horse while covered in a pile of dust. They support each other and are filled with joy.

'Oh, I see.'

The Academy is the headquarters and cradle of heroes. A building is just a building. Just rebuild it and that's it.

There are still heroes. That's enough. The Academy is strong. Their knowledge and wisdom will continue into the future.

"Answer me, Ganggeomma!"

Kuarn pressed fiercely. The demon had lost everything. Only the life he held most dear remained.

Kanggeomma held a sashimi knife. The blade was entangled in a ray of light. It was a light so cold that it seemed as if the sun itself had shone down on it.

Swish.

A gentle breeze blew. The low-growing grasses swayed. It cooled the sweat of the heroes. The demons also felt the kindness of the wind. It was a current that did not discriminate between the enemy and the enemy.

"I! I can't tolerate your existence. You could have been brilliant. But why! Did you choose the path of a dirty human? Why! How! Can you give up everything in the world!"

Kuarn ran forward with a roar. He roughly shook off Leon and Metatron who were trying to stop him. The torn off black arms rushed toward a single point.

“I didn’t give up anything.”

Kanggeomma said so. It was a word that did not even make sense to Kuarun who had closed his ears. It was not something he had said with the expectation of a response anyway. He had no interest in chatting with someone who was about to die.

“Unlike you.”

So I gave him a short rebuke.

Kuarn approached within striking distance. Behind him, black arms rose in the shape of a mantra and snapped their fingers at once.

The number of black arms is 5,000 pairs. Therefore, 10,000 magic spells were cast simultaneously. Even when viewed separately, the magic spells were powerful enough to strike the strong swordsman.

Magic spells that decorate the sky splendidly.

Kanggeomma put down the sashimi as he watched the space twist and turn.

The sword fell. All the swords melted and fell. Immediately after, my vision became clouded with white.

The magic and black arms stopped right in front of Kanggeomma’s nose. The distance until the clash was only an inch.

In the world bleached white, they flashed like a cross, then soon transformed into red spheres like small suns exploding and exploded one after another.

Kwakwakwakwakwang!

The calm wind turned into a fierce hot wind and blew back, and the smoky air hung low on the ground.

The heroes and demons lay flat on their stomachs, gripping the dirt hard to avoid being blown away by the gust of wind.

In the midst of the thunderous noise, someone slowly tilted his head back. His two eyes opened wide.

"… … !"

His pupils grew as big as lanterns. As he looked up with a shocked expression, the heroes beside him also turned their gazes in the same direction.

And the reaction was the same: the greatest amazement is silence.

If you divide the sky and the earth, you get the horizon. If you divide the sea, you get the horizon. In this way, dividing the sky and the earth into up and down and horizontally is the law of all things in the universe.

But here is an ecstasy that defies both law and common sense.

The open sky encompasses the universe containing celestial bodies and galaxies.

It wasn't like the clouds were splitting apart or anything. It was literally splitting the sky in two.

The magnificent and beautiful scenery overwhelmed everyone. The heroes' retinas were as transparent as glass beads, and starlight was reflected. In the center of it all, the strong sword horse stood with its feet on the clouds.

Far away. High. The vast stars are but dust. Even galaxies and celestial bodies are nothing but consumables that adorn him.

Oh, heavens! If He is not God, who would call himself God?

The heroes shed tears, buried their foreheads in the pavement, and worshipped the heavens with the backs of their heads.

The blessings of God who encouraged them are there in the scene.

Despair and sorrow were completely washed away. Waves of worship spread throughout the land in an instant.

The demon tribe was no exception. They too worshipped in their own way.

As deep silence descended, only Kuarn groaned.

"…ah."

Kuarn averted his gaze. He scratched his chest with his rough fingernails.

The bloodline that divides the mind. Starting from that small gap, it cracked like a chain, and soon red spider webs were drawn all over the body.

The gaps between the gaps become increasingly tight. At a point when there is no more bare skin left.

Kuarn barely raised his head. Tears flowed down his skin, which was covered in blood vessels.

"You really are taking everything away from me… … ."

That was the end of it. With a "pop," the new Kuarn form went off. It evaporated without leaving anything behind.

Damn it.

My feet touched the ground. My hair swayed as if I was walking through water.

My gaze lingered on my feet for a long time. It had been a while since I had set foot on the ground. It was an unfamiliar feeling.

Take a deep breath. Feel the texture of the air seep into your nostrils. Then, lift your gaze from the floor and look around you.

A field of corpses, pools of blood stained with blood, entangled with the dead, bowing their heads to me. A suffocating silence pervades everywhere.

I can’t help but laugh bitterly. But I’m still waiting with bated breath for you to tell me.

“Raise your head.”

I opened my mouth.

“It is our victory.”

The declaration rang out in the silent world.

Ch. 300 Conquering the Academy with Just a Sashimi Knife Chapter 300

Episode 300 Epilogue (Complete)

Sky blue hair spread out over a desk full of documents. In the office, where a deathly silence flowed, only the sound of breathing could be heard.

Dalgrak.

The sound of something hitting something woke Ryojo from his deep sleep. When he suddenly raised his head, all he saw was a pure white field of vision.

“… … ?”

After a moment of wondering, Ryojo let out a deep sigh. His breath hit the paper stuck to his forehead and it fluttered. When he removed the paper, all he could see was steaming hot coffee and a beautiful, white hand.

“Principal… … .”

“Oh my, did I wake you up?”

Media had an innocent smile on her lips. Ryojo smiled bashfully, then quickly brought the coffee cup to his lips.

“I don’t think that’s something that someone who brought me coffee just to wake me up should be saying.”

“Haha, sorry. But the situation is what it is. Please understand a little.

The ‘next’ principal, Saki Ryoujo.”

Ryojo quietly put down his coffee cup. He just rubbed the lipstick-stained cup with his thumb.

“I don’t want to work my students like this either, but please bear with it until the handover. The succession ceremony for the head of the academy is coming up soon, right?”

“Yes, well… … .”

“But Ryojo, you learned everything in just one month. In my case, it took me half a year just to handle the handover.”

“…Why is it that I can get what the principal took half a year in just one month?”

Ryojo said as if he felt wronged.

“The smarter you are, the harder it is for your body to suffer!”

“Isn’t it the opposite?”

“My heart~”

Media smiled and sank deep into the sofa. The leather was worn and peeling, but the cushioning was still intact.

‘There’s only one week left for me to sit on this sofa.’

Media closed her eyes and stared at the quiet ceiling.

‘Seven years from that day.’

Seven years have passed since that day when humanity and the demon race fought for their survival, and when the world might have been completely destroyed.

‘At that time, I really thought the world was falling apart.’

Memories of the past flicker beneath my eyelids.

That day, there were numerous casualties. Not only the casualties of

the heroes who participated in the war, but also the civilian casualties were severe. Media closed her eyes and frowned. She had estimated and written the casualty list herself. Tears and nausea welled up as she wrote each letter, but she had written the names one by one.

‘It wasn’t just casualties. Joaquin Academy was also on the verge of collapse.’

Immediately after the war, the Academy was in ruins. Although the site was the size of a small city, about two-thirds of it had been literally ‘deleted’. The remaining buildings were also in poor condition.

‘At that time, really… … .’

Just thinking about it makes my throat ache. She is the head of the academy. And during her tenure, the academy almost collapsed. Guilt weighed on my shoulders.

‘Everything was hopeless.’

Media smiled bitterly. Then, she opened her eyes slightly at the sound of a rustling sound. A warm smell tickled the tip of her nose.

“It seems like it’s the principal who should be drinking coffee, not me.”

Before I knew it, Ryojo, sitting across from me, was pouring coffee. He dropped three cubes of sugar into the cup and stirred it with a teaspoon.

“Does the principal enjoy it?”

Ryojo rolled the teaspoon in his mouth, tasted the liver, and then pushed the glass in. It had been a month since he had started receiving handover from Media. If you count back to when they were cadets, they had already known each other for eight years. They had become close enough to share not only their tastes but also their intimate family history.

Media looked back and forth between the mug and Ryojo’s face.

When she first saw her, she looked like she was dripping with emotion, but now she had grown into a mature lady. Even among her peers, Ryojo was particularly mature.

‘Kojima, since he died, he’s the one who actually took over the administration of the Saki family.’

As if he had foreseen my death, the palace had written a will in advance, and the eldest daughter, Saki Hina, was named as the next head of the family.

However, inheriting the Saki family meant something completely different from inheriting a noble family. It was no different from taking on the entire nation of Japan. It would have been overwhelming for Hina alone.

So Ryojo helped his sister. Ryojo took charge of the actual administration and processed and reviewed it. I don’t know what the change in his feelings was. The death of the palace may have contributed to the change. Media pretended to guess but didn’t ask.

‘No matter how much I think about it, he’s an amazing kid.’

Ryojo was a second-rate genius who maintained the Saki family and the glory of his country. After finishing his work, he handed over all authority to Saki Hina without any regrets. He could have swallowed up the family if he had wanted to, but he did not abuse his authority.

Media, who valued this point, offered Ryojo the next principal position. They chose Ryojo as the new principal who would rebuild the academy and bring about a wave of reform.

Ryojo flatly rejected the offer. He didn’t want to get involved in such matters any more. He was busy preparing for his wedding.

‘I was really sleepy.’

Media was persistent. After working day and night to get Ryojo’s approval (although he himself forgot about it), he was able to get Ryojo’s approval. Since people knew Ryojo’s competence, there were few who raised objections. Of course, some people were angry, saying that twenty-five was too young, but when ‘someone’ supported him,

the voices of discontent melted away like snow.

'If 'that guy' comes out and supports it, who can oppose it? If they even make eye contact, they'll start to leak.'

Media smiled as she looked down at her coffee cup. Her smile was reflected in the cinnamon-colored water.

"Oh, right. How's your relationship with Abel? You live under the same roof."

Ryojo's eyebrows furrowed slightly at the teasing question. She coughed and pretended to be calm.

"It's a little unfamiliar, but I can get by just fine."

Five years ago, Korea, the land of courtesy in the East, made a bold decision. It was double marriage. It was one of the solutions to overcome the population decline caused by the Great War.

"Oh~ This is the dignity of a senior's wife?!"

Media chuckled, holding the coffee cup to her lips.

"If you're going to tease me, I won't be the principal."

"sorry."

Media lowered her head. Her movements were as natural as flowing water, having been practicing dogeza for a month. Her forehead was hard and shiny.

"Can I ask you one more question, Ryojo?"

Media's nature is such that she can't stand being curious. In Ryojo's eyes, that pathological curiosity was just lust no matter how much she looked at it.

… What can I do?

"Ask me. If you don't answer, I won't let you go home from work."

Ryojo raised his index finger and spoke as if warning.

“But there’s only one. If you don’t keep your promise, then for real, for sure.”

“I wonder if that’s the case, hehe.”

Media drank the entire glass in one gulp. She licked the coffee off her lips with her tongue and opened her mouth again.

“Hey, what’s that… … . If there are two wives, how do they share a room… … ?”

Ryojo’s eyes grew cold. They looked like a sky covered with dark clouds.

“Me on odd days, Abel on even days. Okay?”

Ryojo jumped up and left the office. Bam! The sound of the door closing was loud.

“Hmm.”

Media crossed her legs and thought. She calculated which day was more common, odd or even.

‘But come to think of it… Ryojo and Abel share it half and half, but for him, it’s every day.’

A chill ran down her spine. She hugged herself with trembling hands. It was early summer. It was the time when the spiders were late in their twilight and the plants were late in their nutritious diet.

* * *

Crunch, crunch.

Ryojo’s quick steps paved the pavement. The pavement blocks were newly laid. There weren’t even any weeds growing between the gaps.

Boohoo, his pocket vibrated. Ryojo took out his cell phone. For the first time in a while, the travel club group chat room was noisy.

[Weapon: Ryojo, are you getting off work? When are you coming

back? If I recall because of you, you'll take responsibility, right?]

The one who opens the group chat room is always Speed Weapon. He works for the association. He is constantly working under Chang Sung, who became the association president after Victor Poison retired. However, his head is still going strong, and he is known as a promising young man within the association. The vice president of the association (former vice president) is his direct superior.

[Rachel: (Picture of drinking beer.)]

In fact, Changseong's niece joined the 'Lancelot Company', which has all-mute. Rachel's job satisfaction was the best. The company's free spirit suited her lively personality well.

[Sanhana: Oh no, I'm the only one who can't attend today… … (ㅜ△ㅜ). Enjoy your share too~]

She pretends to be in her twenties, but it's hard to lie about her age. Meaine Poison. She will soon become the head of the Jeonjeon University academy, and is currently in charge of the Gehenna Demonic Realm. There's no one there who's as knowledgeable as she is.

In addition, Meaine was secretly helping Leon and Metatron in their retreat. Originally, Leon should have been locked up in the brain prison. However, due to his performance at the end, he was compromised to be exiled to Gehenna. Here too, 'he's' influence played a part. This is a secret known only to those who know.

[Hontail: I, I… … .]

Humanity and the Demons have declared an end to the war. It is not a ceasefire, but a ceasefire. If there were any more bloodshed, it would surely lead to mutual destruction. However, the conflict between the two forces is deep. If it had been possible, the relationship would have been smoothed out long ago.

[Hontail: I can't stand it anymore!!!]

[Weapon: (Picture of Horntail inhaling the sashimi.)]

[Weapon: It looks like a lake will disappear today.]

A bridgehead was needed between the two, and the Dragon Clan volunteered to take on the role. They were a deeply rooted neutral force, and had not even participated in the Great War of the Inma, so they had a good cause. Hontail is still living in Inse, or more precisely, in Choi Seol-ah's, as their representative.

"The hurricanes have gathered too."

Ryojo chuckled and put his phone back. The towering main building and the stone sun next door were spilling a crimson tint on the academy.

Suddenly, he looked around. There was a memorial stone engraved with the names of the soldiers who died in the war. Ryojo's eyes lingered on one spot for a while.

"The Palace, Saki Kojima 1973. 02. 23. ~ 2035. 01. 27."

Instead of the chrysanthemums on the beach, Ryojo picked some wild chrysanthemums from the lawn and threw them in front of the monument. Then, with an indifferent expression, he continued on his way.

Korean sushi was bustling. It was filled with happy faces. Geumje, Changseong, Cheolgak, Olmute, Sung Bu-hyeop-jang. Everyone was there except for those who couldn't come because of work.

"Oh, you're here?"

The first to greet Ryojo was Abel. She greeted the guests while holding a tray in her arms.

"You're here, the next principal!"

Following this, the others also found Ryojo and spoke to him one by one. They were all already slightly drunk.

Knox and Chloe are working hard to open the fish belly while sitting at the counter with them. Behind them are various awards and trophies. The Auditore siblings are well-known in the culinary world

as knife wielders. It was thanks to their training under the ‘good boss’.

“What about the kids?”

Ryojo asked, hanging his coat on a hanger. Abel nodded.

“In the room.”

“How much did you eat?”

“Maybe two million won? Most of it went straight into my mouth, you know.”

“Oh my, put it in the ledger. Two million won is too much.”

“Of course. Since it’s come to this, should I throw in some expensive alcohol and throw it on you?”

“call.”

The Korean sushi hostesses chattered among themselves. Their speech was not gentle, but it was not sharp either. Although it was awkward, the two were women who had the same husband. Hating each other would only leave scars.

Step, step.

Someone is coming down the stairs. The sound stops and everyone’s eyes are focused on one place. The classmates who were drinking in the room also opened their doors and looked at the same place.

“did you sleep well?”

Ryojo laughed. Kang Geum-ma yawned and sighed.

“If you’re here, wake me up. The upstairs is so soundproofed that I didn’t even realize you were here.”

“I was sleeping so soundly that I didn’t even notice if someone picked me up. So, change the day and night. What if I get sick during my vacation?”

Abel grumbled. Kanggeomma scratched his cheek awkwardly.

Beep! Beep!

The cell phone of the Sung Bu Association Chairman rang. He answered the phone after asking for the understanding of the star-like heroes.

“what?!”

The expression on the face of the chairman of the Sungbu Association turned grave in an instant. His urgent gaze slid towards Kanggeomma.

“What’s going on?”

“That’s… It seems like there’s been friction between the standing army near the gate and the camped demons. They’re still just raising their voices, but if we leave it like this, the situation could get worse… … .”

The prosthetic hand of the chairman of the Sungbu Association was covering the screen of the mobile phone. This cautious nature was the reason why he sat there.

Kang Geum-ma nodded.

“I’ll go and take care of it.”

The Vice President of the Holy Association was about to ask something back, but then closed his mouth. If that person steps forward, the situation will be resolved perfectly. He is the only person who can encompass both humanity and the demon race.

Kanggeomma passed everyone and headed towards the door. Then he turned around with an expression of “Oh no.”

“Did you forget this?”

Ryojo held out two sticks of sashimi. They were her husband’s clones.

“Today, July 7th, is your birthday.”

“That’s why we all gathered here.”

“It’s also an odd day.”

Kanggeomma grabbed Ryojo’s hand and the hilt of the sword.

“I’ll be back.”

-Complete-